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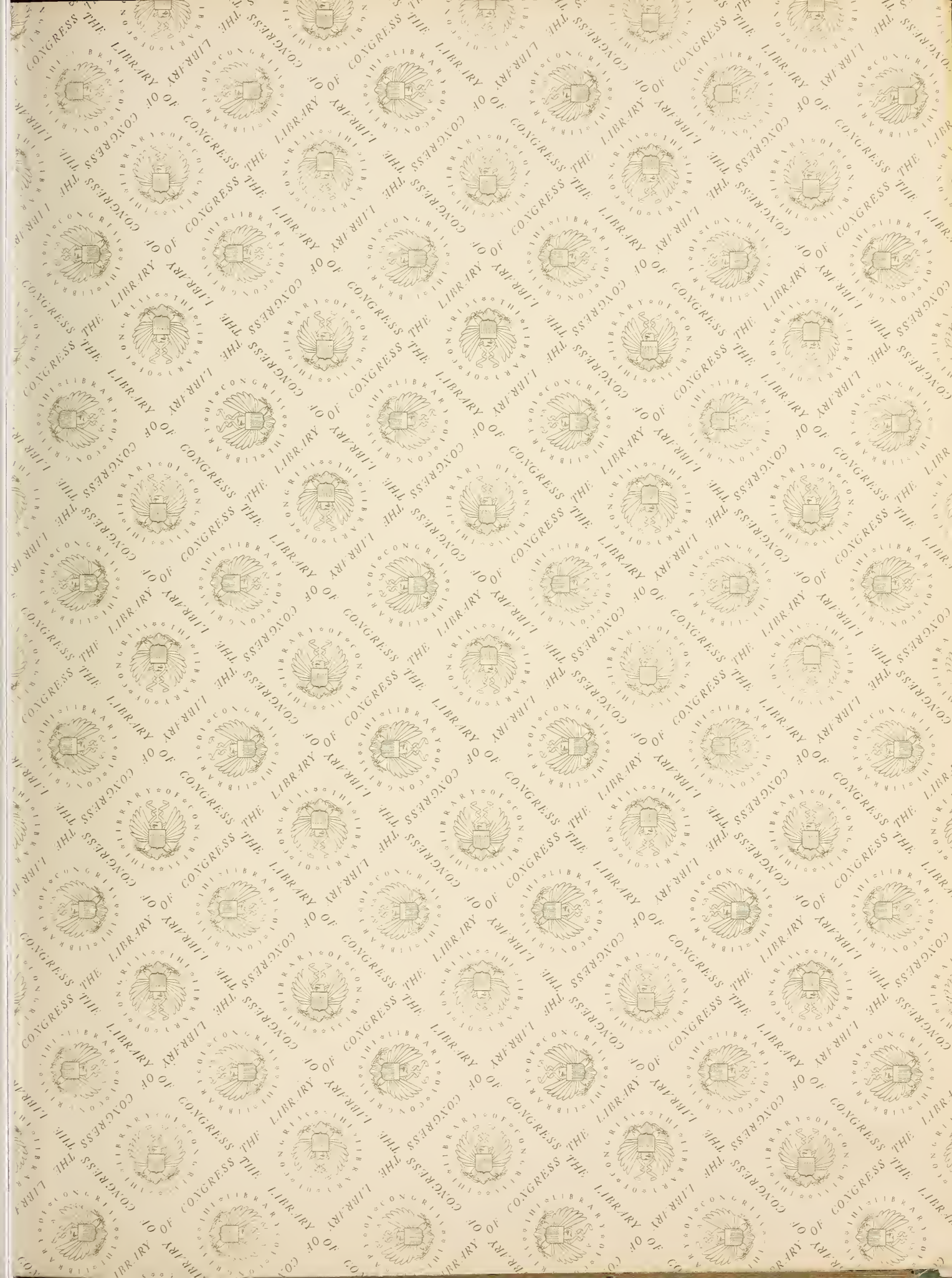
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read
how I feel about love
by Shirley Temple

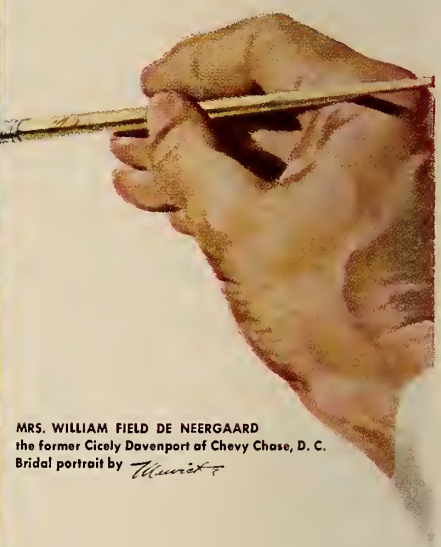
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Capture the look of New Loveliness

WITH YOUR

First Cake of Camay!





MRS. WILLIAM FIELD DE NEERGAARD
the former Cicely Davenport of Chevy Chase, D. C.
Bridal portrait by Hurrell

How thankful you feel—when Someone New wins your heart—if your skin's at its glorious best! And your skin *will* be softer—clearer, too—with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care—use Camay alone. Marvel at the difference your *first cake* of Camay makes!

Camay—All That A Beauty Soap Should Be!

A finer beauty soap than Camay does not exist! It's so mild—so quick with its creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. When Camay's your complexion care, the *first cake* can bring new beauty!

THE ROAD TO A ROMANCE



It began with a blind date at a Syracuse sorority. But how could Bill be blind to Cicely's complexion? It's so clear—so fresh-looking—soft as a camellia petal. Cicely found there is complexion magic in Camay's creamy lather!



It led to a flying honeymoon! And Cicely brought home a British sixpence for a charm. But her *special* charm is her complexion. Cicely says: "Your *first cake* of Camay can bring a smoother skin. See for yourself!"

TRY THE BIG, ECONOMICAL BATH-SIZE CAMAY



Camay The Soap of Beautiful Women

DEC 14 1950

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Are you in the know?



Can you remedy cold, red hands with—

- ☐ *Open-oir workauts*
- ☐ *Mittens*
- ☐ *Latian*

If Winter turns your mitts to icy "lobster claws"—chances are, your circulation needs recharging. Get more outdoor exercise. Swap tight gloves for warm, wool mittens that give your fingers wiggle-room. And use hand lotion, faithfully. (Did you guess all 3 answers were right?) On certain days, you don't have to guess which Kotex absorbency's right for you. Try *all 3:* Regular, Junior, Super—(different sizes, for different days). See which answers *your* needs!



For some gals, which style demands special grooming?

- ☐ *Horseshoe neckline*
- ☐ *Batwing sleeves*
- ☐ *Pleated skirts*

Squires soon tire of gals who perspire and don't *do* something about it! Use underarm deodorants; dress shields. And with batwing sleeves, you can wear a bra with *built-in* shields: special precaution to save your dress, your daintiness. At "calendar" time, smooth grooming's no problem—when you let Kotex banish revealing outlines. With those special, *flat pressed ends* no telltale outlines show. You can flaunt *any* smart new fashion—minus a single secret qualm!



How to straighten out a feud you started?

- ☐ *Moke the first mave*
- ☐ *Wait far him ta coll*
- ☐ *Try the weeping technique*

You blow your top. And you're sorry—even before you hear the door slam. Well, *tell* him so, in a little note. Or ask the crowd over and include your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? 'Taint worth it . . . any more than it is to fret over trying days' woes. You needn't, for Kotex gives you the *extra* protection of an exclusive *safety center*. A Kotex feature that guards against accidents; spares you "those" nagging cares.



If you're conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?

☐ *Take a public-speaking caurse* ☐ *Avoid gong gatherings* ☐ *Ga in for sports*

Your sound track fails you in "parlor" chatter? Join a sports group. Go skating. Bowling . . . (who can be a dumb belle when she scores a strike?) Hop on a snow train . . . and look who's talking! *You*, leading the yacketty-yak about ski lessons, boots, waxes.

And once in the sports whirl don't be a quitter. On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort . . . downy softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. (Comfort and confidence are team-mates!)



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ *Circle yaur calendar*
- ☐ *Perk up your wordrobe*
- ☐ *Buy o new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. (Why not buy two—for a *change?*)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

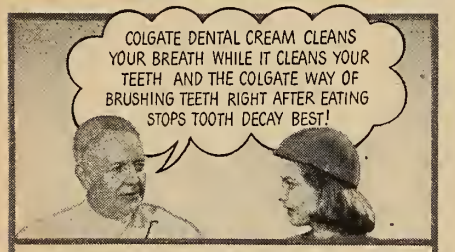
More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



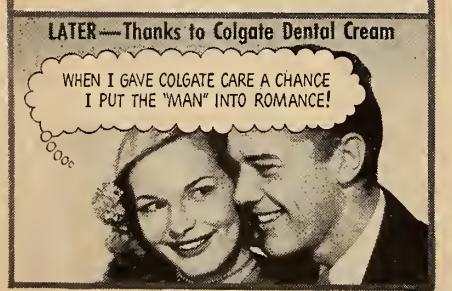


READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, has proof of such results!



Use Colgate Dental Cream
- **To Clean Your Breath**
- **While You Clean Your Teeth—**
- **And Help Stop Tooth Decay!**



***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

JANUARY, 1951

modern screen

The Most Unusual Contest Ever Offered!

BRING A STAR TO YOUR HOME.....see page 88

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Silvered with stars, spangled with song, and wrapped up in romance...

M-G-M says "Happy New Year" with the tops in Technicolor musicals!

It's a lulu of a hula-happy musical actually filmed on a tropic island paradise.



M-G-M presents

"PAGAN LOVE SONG"

starring

ESTHER WILLIAMS

wooed with songs by

HOWARD KEEL

that "Annie Get Your Gun" guy!

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

HEAR THE FAMED
"PAGAN LOVE SONG"
and others:

"Sea Of The Moon"
"House Of Singing Bamboo"
"Why Is Love So Crazy"
"Singing In The Sun"
"Tahiti"

SUNG BY THE STARS IN
THE M-G-M RECORDS ALBUM

Screen Play by ROBERT NATHAN
and JERRY DAVIS • Based on the Book
"TAHITI LANDFALL" by WILLIAM S. STONE
Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by ARTHUR FREED
Directed by ROBERT ALTON • Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Advertisement

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

'TWAS A COUPLE OF NIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE not a creature was stirring . . . they were all absorbed in listening to ABC's fabulous Friday night programs.

Yes, ma'am, here's one handsomely wrapped "package" that'll give you plenty of excitement all season long.

The Santa Claus samaritan of the hills rides into thrilling action at 7:30 PM (EST). Yes, it's THE LONE RANGER offering the special brand of "good will toward men" that makes tingling listening. (Season's greetings and "cheerios" from General Mills.)

THE FAT MAN jovially sets the pace at 8 PM (EST). The portly crime-chaser is a refreshing bracer on a Friday night . . . and at this time of year, appropriately enough, is carried by Camels (Cigarettes, that is!).

What else keeps folks by the fireside on Friday nights? THIS IS YOUR F.B.I. on your local ABC station is one big factor! This great public service Jerry Devine dramatization, with cases taken from actual F.B.I. files, is an 8:30 PM (EST) high-light. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States sponsors this dynamic documentary.

Another Friday night special "fillip" comes along at 9 PM (EST) when THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET gladden your local ABC station's airwaves. OZZIE, HARRIET, DAVID and RICKY continue to whip up family fun that's bright as sunshine. (To quote a "snack" note from the wizard-of-OZZIE: "At noon, at night, at other times . . . warm up with soups by H. J. HEINZ!")

Stay in the saddle, sister, because THE SHERIFF is riding into your home at 9:30 PM (EST). The fearless Friday night enforcer of law and order is a most welcome guest as he tells the tales of the west that everyone likes best. The Pacific Coast Borax Company keeps THE SHERIFF's shiny star well polished.

HARRY WISMER "sparks" the CHAMPION ROLL CALL to sports at 9:55 PM (EST) for Champion Spark Plugs . . . and at 10 PM (EST) you'll thrill to the action of THE FIGHTS . . . punch-ful of Friday night entertainment. Gillette keenly sponsors the series.

That's it for your Friday night pleasure on your local ABC station . . . a prize "package" of variety and spice all season long.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Joan Lansing



WHAT HAPPENED TO LANA?

■ When she came out of the anesthetic and they told her she had lost the baby, Lana Turner cried.

"We wanted that baby more than anything else on earth," she said.

She looked at the nurse and then her eyes traversed the room at St. John's Hospital, and they seemed to say, "Why should this happen to me? What have I done to deserve this?"

The irony of it all was that Lana had gone through a strenuous schedule in the making of *Mr. Imperium* with Ezio Pinza. She had taken the location trips in stride, the long hours, the lengthy rehearsals, the hot, hard hours under the burning lights. She had been especially careful of her every step. No unnecessary chances for her. No repetition of the miscarriage she had suffered in New York in January 1949.

Bob and Lana wanted a little playmate for eight-year-old Cheryl and it looked very much as if their wish were well on the road to fulfillment—well on the way until that perverse fate, which has doggedly followed Lana's every footstep, caught up with her.

It was Monday night, October 23rd. Lana was at home with her husband in the new Holmby Hills residence they had recently purchased. Lana stepped from her den to a porch which had been freshly waxed and, when she started to slip, she called out "Bob."

Topping came running from the den. He picked Lana up in his arms, rushed her into his car, and raced down to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica.

Dr. Leslie Spicer took over, but it was too late. Lana had suffered a miscarriage. There was no need to give her a low spinal to protect the baby. Since the baby, in its sixth month of development, was dead.

Physically Lana had a relatively easy time in her ordeal, but mentally she suffered poignantly—for if ever a child was wanted, this was it.

Two years ago when Lana suffered her first miscarriage, the RH blood factor was involved, but this time the doctors declared that the negative RH factor had nothing to do with the miscarriage.

Last spring when Lana discovered that she was an expectant mother she told everyone. "Bob and I couldn't possibly be happier. Both of us have always wanted and planned for a large family."

Fortunately, Lana may still have other babies. In fact there is nothing that would more quickly drive the sadness out of her heart than the knowledge that she is again expecting.

(*"The Sorrows of Lana Turner" will appear in February's* MODERN SCREEN.)

Q. Is it true that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan are on the verge of a divorce?
—J. H., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. *There has been no divorce talk, but newspapermen on the Continent predict that Rita's marriage to Aly will not be her last. Of late, Rita and her husband have not been seen together very much in public. Rita has dated no individual man, but from time to time, she has surrounded herself with single men and couples. Rita has been told that unless she makes a motion picture early in 1951 there is a very great danger that the American public will forget her completely.*

Q. I've been told that during the making of *Red Badge of Courage* Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin refused to talk to each other and in fact, engaged in several fist fights. Is that true?
—T. Y., AUSTIN, TEXAS

A. *There were absolutely no fist fights between Mauldin and Murphy on the set of the picture in question.*

(*Continued on page 23*)

Mr. Music

Mr. Music makes it the happiest holiday of all!

It's Mr. Music, Himself . . . In
The Musical Story Packed with
All The Fun and Songs
and Dancing and Spectacle
Anyone Could Ask For!

Starring
BING CROSBY
NANCY OLSON
CHARLES COBURN
RUTH HUSSEY
with
ROBERT STACK
Tom Ewell · Charles Kemper
and MARGE & GOWER CHAMPION

Songs!

"LIFE IS SO PECULIAR"
"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"
"HIGH ON THE LIST"
"AND YOU'LL BE HOME"
"WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY"
"WASN'T I THERE"
"MILADY"
"ONCE MORE THE BLUE AND WHITE"
"MISTER MUSIC"



Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH
Suggested by a Play by Samson Raphaelson
Lyrics by Johnny Burke

Directed by RICHARD HAYDN
Written for the Screen by Arthur Sheekman
Music by James Van Heusen • A Paramount Picture



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



"Come as your suppressed desire . . ." the invitation read. So Jane Powell borrowed the corset she wears in MGM's *Two Weeks With Love* and her husband, Geary, wore a costume from *Nancy Goes to Rio* at the Press Photographers' Ball.

EVERYBODY CLICKED AT THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' BALL . . . ONLY HARVEY MISSED HIS PREMIÈRE . . . SCHIAPARELLI'S

For fun, gaiety, and glamourous costumes the Hollywood Press Photographers' Ball doesn't have to take a back seat to any Mardi Gras. This year the camera boys asked the stars to come as their suppressed desires, and the effect was hilarious.

For a while Bob Cummings stole the show as a Petty girl done up in a blond wig and a pink and blue bathing suit. His wife was dressed up as his manager.

Both Shelley Winters and Dorothy Parker showed up as angels! Very worldly angels, to be sure.

Anne Baxter, in full Santa Claus costume, complete with white whiskers, said she picked that because St. Nick only has to work one day a year. John Hodiak went Anne one better in a beachcomber's outfit—because they never have to work.

The most startling personality switch was made by super dignified Jean Hersholt. No one recgnized him as a decrepit, red nosed tramp.

In a lovely ballerina costume, Liz Taylor looked like she would pirouette any minute, while Nicky Hilton was an old fashioned Southern gambler. Next to me sat Paul Brinkman as a sultan with a harem of one: Jeanne Crain, of course.

Van Johnson was a minister, but that wasn't his suppressed desire. He had waited until the last minute, and that was the quickest costume he could get from the studio wardrobe department. Evie was a princess.

Ann Blyth was Sadie Thompson and her date, Scott Brady, came as a lamppost for her to lean against.

One of the most exciting costumes of the evening was Steve Cochran's. He was an eagle, and the costume was so real that he couldn't open his mouth, so he couldn't be fed. Steve was with Yvonne DeCarlo, whose suppressed desire was to be an opera singer.

Dressed as Marlene Dietrich, beautiful Arlene Dahl looked like it was-her ambition to show her legs, but Lex Barker apparently wanted to get away from those drafty Tarzan outfits. His Russian Hussar outfit made him the most completely covered man there. That pair has that "we'll get married soon" look.

John Derek was a soldier with a dove of peace on his shoulder, while Patti was the Goddess of War. Gene Tierney made a charming French doll, and Art Linkletter was dressed in nothing but money!—a popular suppressed desire!

Roddy McDowall, as Charlie Chaplin, was with Betty Lynn, as Clara Bow. But a pair of show stoppers came as themselves: Cesar Romero and Anne Sheridan did a Charleston that had the crowd howling for more.

Almost too disguised were Larry Parks, Bet-



Piper Lourie ond friend orrive with cove-mon Rock Hudson. (*For a story of Piper and news of* MODERN SCREEN'S *contest see page 55*)



Shelley Winters is the one with the holo. Sodie Thompson Blyth—it's Ann under thot blonde wig—cocks on eor for some heovenly music.



Hobo King Red Skelton is o part-time comero fiend. He wos beside himself when Arlene Dohl (in Dietrich's *Kismet* costume) offered to pose.



Like the courtly Southern gentlemon he portroys, Nick Hilton offers ossistonce to beoutiful Liz Toylor, who desired to be o ballet doncer.



Jonet Leigh come os Juliet, with Tony Curtis os her Romeo. Jonet could hove hod her choice of Romeos thot night, but stoyed with Tony.



These two were just o couple of clowns on their woy to o browl, ond hod everyone guessing. Gentlemon is Betty Gorrett ond lody, Lorry.

COLLECTION OPENED OUR EYES . . . JUNE ALLYSON HAD THE BABY SHOWER SHE'S WANTED FOR SO LONG.

ty Garrett and Ruth Roman. They were clowns, and no one recognized them.

The entertainment—as if the party wasn't entertainment enough—was headlined by Red Skelton, who was dressed in rags and tatters underneath a regal ermine robe, Danny Kaye (he played it straight), and Bill Bendix (a railroad engineer). Bob Mitchum as Brigham Young, the man of many wives, sang a duet with Jane Russell, done up as one of the wives.

The party went on until the wee, small hours.

SHIRLEY Temple is now free to marry Charles Black, the man whom the whole world knows Shirley loves and who loves Shirley. Her California divorce from John Agar became final December 6.

But whether or not Shirley and the San Francisco socialite, who took an advertising job in Los Angeles just to be near his beloved, are married by the time you read this depends on whether or not young Black is in the Navy.

Black came out of World War II a Lieutenant Commander with a wonderful record. He had done heroic intelligence missions behind the Jap lines in the Dutch East Indies.

Many reserves have already been called for the war in Korea and when I asked Shirley if there were any barriers to their marriage, she said in a serious and sober voice, "The only thing that would stop us is world affairs. Who can say what will happen?"

I am willing to say that if they aren't married by the time you read this, they will be soon, war or no war. (*For Shirley's article, How I Feel About Love, please turn to page 35*)

June Allyson's adoring husband, Dick Powell told me:

"She's the happiest pregnant woman I've ever seen."

One look at Junie and you're bound to agree.

The girls who gathered at Helen Rose's shower for Junie know that what Dick said was true. With every gift June let out a squeal of joy. The presents were all lovely, and she was so happy that at last she had a baby shower. She had wanted one for so long.

Lana Turner, Frances Bergen, Liz Taylor, Mrs. Van Johnson, and all of June's girlfriends at MGM brought fetching presents for June's baby.

One of the gifts that received a lot of attention was made by Mrs. Ricardo Montalban (Georgianna Young, Loretta's sister). It was a tree to hang baby clothes on, and the top was made like a baby's head, with felt eyelashes. On the stand was a yellow organdy

"We'll remember him as long as there is music . . ."

■ Al Jolson, the greatest showman of our age, died as he lived—with a smile in his eyes and a joke on his lips. With millions of others throughout the world I share the loss of a great American, a great man, and a great friend. For Al was a friend to everyone who listened to him, and made them feel it. My own loss is a particularly personal one for Al had been a close friend of mine for more than thirty-five years, and I'll never forget that he last talked to all of us on my radio program in a speech from far off Korea that won the thanks not only of the fighting boys out there, but from their anxious parents here at home as well. (*A recent picture of Jolson and his wife, Erle, is at right.*)



Al was close to seventy—he never wanted to reveal his true age—when he went to Korea as the first entertainer from home to visit the battlefront. Just as he had been the first entertainer to go overseas in World War II. At that age it spelled extra hardship for him, but he felt the kids who were risking their lives and going through untold suffering needed help, and he was going to see that they got it in whatever measure he could give. The greatest happiness in the closing years of his life was that *The Jolson Story* and *Jolson Sings Again* brought him the same solid popularity with this generation that he had enjoyed years ago. He was so proud when he told me his recent records had exceeded Crosby, Como, Sinatra, and other crooners in sales. "Gosh," he said, "I never dreamed the modern kids would like the way I sing, but the teen-agers, bless them, are the best customers for my records."

It was Bing Crosby who had Al on a radio program for the first time after the tremendous success of *The Jolson Story*, and, by one of those quirks of fate, it was for another program of Bing's that Al, tired as he was from the exhausting Korean trip, journeyed to San Francisco, where he died. Al loved to sing, any time, any place, and for any audience, large or small. It was the secret of his success and his popularity, for his listeners sensed that love of singing in him, and responded to it with joy and enthusiasm.

Yes, Al is gone, but his songs will ring forever in our hearts. And the memory of him never can grow dim as long as there is music in the world.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

dress, a bath robe, a bonnet and baby shoes, so that all together it looked just like a life size baby doll.

June says she hopes her baby doesn't arrive on Christmas Day because Pamela, her adopted daughter, would be so disappointed if June wasn't home for Christmas.

LET'S take a look at those rumors that the Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton marriage won't last a year.

They had barely gotten to the altar when some of the cynics started knifing away. The reason? Elizabeth was just too beautiful, and Nicky was just too wealthy.

It's certainly true that Elizabeth was one of the most gorgeous brides Hollywood has ever seen. As for Nicky, not only is he heir to one of the nation's biggest hotel chains, but he has controlling interest in the swank Bel Air Hotel.

But is that enough reason for the sour grapes?

To know Elizabeth, is to recognize that she is mature beyond her years. As I watched them dance at the Hollywood Photographers' Ball, I thought:

"You're beautiful, all right. Beautiful like a fox and twice as smart."

They know the rumors. And they are learning first hand about the adjustments to married life in Hollywood or any other town. They also know it's more than worth the effort.

I THINK this next year will tell whether or not Janet Leigh becomes Hollywood's latest femme fatale. She is certainly pretty enough to be a heart breaker.

I can just see you shaking your head and saying, "Oh, no. She's too sweet."

You're absolutely right. She's one of the sweetest young girls in our town. But don't forget that many a glamour gal has left a trail of broken hearts when she didn't think she was any more dangerous than the kid sister of the boy who lived next door.

Janet wasn't any older than someone's kid sister when she married the first time. She was 15. Before she was out of her teens, she tried matrimony again—with disastrous effects.

Last year, Janet was again that close to wedding bells with Arthur Loew, Jr. She had even picked Liz Taylor as her matron of honor.

This year, Janet is being seen everywhere with Tony Curtis, and the glamour is beginning to show.

Next year, who knows? It'll be interesting to watch. (*Interesting to read is, If This Isn't Love, on page 16.—Ed.*)

The zoo that Errol Flynn has at his hilltop "Mulholland Farm" above Hollywood may soon be just another memory like Pola Negri's leopards.

Latest resident of the private zoo to leave is Chico, Errol's pet ape. The neighbors complained about Chico, and I can hardly say I blame them. I'll wager his bride wouldn't have cared for this kind of pet either.

Having an ape live across the street would be enough to make me nervous, but Chico developed a very disturbing habit. He began getting up early, and his shrieking got on the neighbors' nerves. The few neighbors who weren't nervous already, that is.

THE one Hollywood affair that brought out white ties and tails was the very ultra ultra Sadler's Wells Ballet followed by a supper party at Romanoff's

MODERN SCREEN magazine and all the other camera boys had a field day. Can you imagine Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, Cilfton Webb, and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck—all sitting at the same table?

Nearby, I sat with the Gregory Pecks, Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson and Bentley Ryan, attractive young Hollywood lawyer.

We were all in a daze after the ballet. It was so wonderful. Margot Fonteyn, who is grace and perfect precision personified, was the subject of our conversation. She is certainly the top ballerina of the world today. Very late, she and her partner, Robert Helpmann, joined the Colman party.

I saw Greer Garson at the theater, and she has put on just a speck of weight, which is very becoming.

Mary Lee Fairbanks (Mrs. Douglas) told me young Doug was still in London. She was sitting with Richard Greene and Patricia Medina. Incidentally, it was their second appearance together in a week, and that started up the question again of whether or not they will reconcile. They won't.

Seems it was a night for husbands to bring their estranged wives. Ida Lupino was there with none other than Collier Young.

JEAN Simmons and Stewart Granger certainly prove that it's love that makes the world go 'round.

I've never seen two young people more radiantly happy or more in love than Jean and Stewart when the three of us dined together at Romanoff's the night they announced their engagement.

They told me they hoped to marry sometime during the first of the year with Cary Grant and Betsy Drake as their best man and matron of honor. But I wouldn't be surprised if they are Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this—even if it means going against the wishes of Jean's British boss, J. Arthur Rank.

Confidentially, I hope they do, because it's over three years since they first fell in love. Rank persuaded them to part then, because Jean was only 17.

"And now?" I asked.

"Now I'm 21, and my own boss of the heart department," Jean said. "And my heart still belongs to Granger!"

THE fashion news of the year was Madame Schiaparelli's invasion of Hollywood. Quite a switch when you consider that American fashion experts (Continued on page 10)

...when the mug of a mud-spattered G.I. was the prettiest sight in the world!
To Johnny she wasn't just another 'over-there' girl . . . she was the real, real thing!
WARNER BROS.' MADE-FOR-YOUR-HEART STORY OF THE BATTLIN' BOZOS OF COMPANY 'B'-FOR-BRUISER!
BREAKTHROUGH
STARRING
DAVID BRIAN JOHN AGAR FRANK LOVEJOY and beautiful SUZANNE
DIRECTED BY LEWIS SEILER Screen Play by BERNARD GIRARD and TED SHERDEMAN From a Story by Joseph I. Breen, Jr. PRODUCED BY BRYAN FOY



Straight out of the Arabian Nights, via Beverly Hills. Paul Brinkman and Jeanne are gorgeous as a Sultan and his one and only harem girl.



It's easy to see why John Lindsay should want to photograph his wife. Diana Lynn is as dazzling with raven hair as she is when blonde.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

travel to France twice a year to see the famous Paris collections.

Her showing at the Beverly Hills hotel was given as a benefit for the John Tracy Clinic, started for deaf children by Mrs. Spencer Tracy to help children afflicted like her son John.

Keynote of Schiap's collection was light colors. The gowns were white, yellow, orange and flame.

So you can imagine my surprise when she turned up at dinner in a smart silk dress—but black!

Don't think our designers didn't perk up and take notes on her newest styles. But one said: "Bringing color to California is like bringing coals to Newcastle!"

Meow!

WHO would have thought looking at Greer Garson a year ago that marriage would have had such a profound effect on her?

She was so urban and sophisticated as she moved through the most elite drawing rooms of Beverly Hills and Bel Air that no one could dream that in just a short year she would be winning blue ribbons for prize cattle at a county fair in New Mexico.

But when Greer does something, she does it all the way, and that's the attitude she had when she married Buddy Fogelson over a year and a half ago.

First she became an American citizen. Then while Buddy was in the hospital she began shipping prize cattle to his ranch in New Mexico. When he got out of the hospital she took him to Palm Springs to nurse him back to health.

You have to take your hat off to Greer for the way she has fit herself in to her husband's way of life.

THE plush premiere of *Harvey* at the Cathay Circle Theater was like old times, with all the glitter and glamour, the parade of beautifully gowned and bejeweled stars, and the welcoming shrieks of the fans in the bleachers, all adding to the excitement of the evening.

Number one spotlight-getter was Shelley Winters, who arrived on the arm of Dan Dailey. Mighty fetching she looked, too, all done up in shimmering cloth of gold which matched her shiny golden hair.

"This is one time they can't accuse me of breaking up a home," Shelley laughed. "Dan and his wife were separated before I ever met him!"

Shelley and Farley Granger have not resumed their steady romancing, now that he's back from Europe. And it doesn't look as if they'll ever be thataway again. Of course, they're still good friends—or are they?

What a gala night it was! I can't remember actually when I have been so neck-deep in stars, which was ginger-peachy for me, because I was broadcasting the event to 90,000,000 people via my own radio show and a special recording for the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Yvonne DeCarlo, who was there with Steve Cochran, had on enough mink to last a lifetime in Labrador.

Deborah Paget, who had never attended a premiere before, was there when the doors opened. She was that excited.

A cute couple, too, were Donald O'Connor and his wife. Don was sporting one of those dinner jackets in midnight blue. And speaking of dress clothes, Bill "Hopalong" Boyd always looks so-o-o handsome in his. There's something about the contrast of black and that silvery hair of his that never fails to set the gals' hearts a-pumping extra fast. Judging from the cheers he received, Bill has as many ardent fans among the grown-ups as he numbers among his kids.

There was lots of applause, too, for Judy Canova and her new bridegroom, Phillip Rivero. It was his first "preem" and he took it big. But no bigger than Judy, who was decked to the teeth in a dazzling white fox and orchids.

Howard Duff was with Piper (flower eating) Laurie. Evelyn Keyes with Freddie DeCordova, the Jack Bennys, the Ezio Pinzas, the Pat O'Briens, Ruth Hussey—etc., etc.

Well, everybody was there except *Harvey*—and after the premiere there was a table marked "Reserved for Harvey" at the Cocoanut Grove but he didn't show up there either.

I love the card that went with a bouquet of flowers a young actor sent to Evelyn Keyes. It said:

"May you rise with the cost of living."

I DON'T like to snitch on anyone, and maybe this word of warning will be sufficient for a pretty and very popular young married star:

She's being very indiscreet in her frequent meetings with another popular star, now separated from his wife.

Even if those meetings are quite public, and she takes her girl friend with her, people are beginning to talk. And it's not nice talk, either.

If it's just a passing infatuation, as I suspect, she's a silly girl to jeopardize her home, her children, and the love of her adoring husband. She's asking for trouble, too, because he's the jealous type—as he has already proved once. If it is a serious romance, then make the break a clean one.

IT'S wonderful to see the public's response to Alan Ladd's "Adopt a G.I. Pen Pal" campaign which is snowballing to huge proportions.

Like all of us, Alan was heartsick when he saw so many of our wounded American boys—just kids—on his recent visits to Farfield hospital near San Francisco. He was also distressed to learn that 30 percent of the men there and in Korea have no family ties at all and, therefore, receive no mail of any kind.

Right away he got busy, and with the help of Sue and their daughter Carol, he started enlisting friends to "adopt" a soldier, sailor, or marine by writing personal letters to them. The idea caught on like wildfire, and already Alan has received over 1200 thank-you letters from the boys, telling him how much the mail from their new "families" encourages them to keep on doing their bitter duty so magnificently.

It's not too late for you to help either. Just call the Armed Forces Information Service in your own city—it's listed in your telephone book—and ask for the names of the chaplains on duty. They will help you to "adopt" your own G. I. pen pal. So don't forget to call.

AND speaking of letters, according to my mail, the thing that impressed you most about Hollywood during the past months was the response of the motion picture industry to the war in Korea.

When Bob Hope took a whole troupe to Korea, Hollywood was really in the swing with junkets of stars traveling wherever our soldiers, sailors, and marines are stationed, and Jack Benny decided to play Santa Claus to the lonesome boys in Korea.

Usually my letters about Ruth Roman are from young men who want to date her. This time one came from a Washington, D. C. orchestra leader who had heard about her visits to the wounded vets. Ruth said that what the vets wanted more than anything was money enough to telephone their wives and mothers. The orchestra leader asked permission to turn over his tips to her for that fund.

The mail has certainly disproved the belief that all bobbie-soxers are silly. Here's a typical letter I got from a teen-ager in Chicago:

"Ann Blyth is my idea of the perfect American girl. A lovely, sincere and warm person, it shows on the screen. What pleases me is that she's deeply religious. Believe me, this world of ours could do with some faith in God. Otherwise we wouldn't have these wars, one after another."

It makes you feel warm inside to know that the younger generation is thinking like that. For when the cards are down, how can a nation with this real kind of faith ever lose?

Keep the letters coming, because I certainly want to know what you think of the stars and who you want to hear about.



UGLY. **"Scrubbing my hands constantly,** in order to keep them 'hospital clean,' could easily make them look red and ugly," says Jean Crow, Registered Nurse of Baltimore, Maryland.



LOVELY. **"But my hands never show** the harsh treatment they undergo," she continues. "I use Noxzema throughout the day to help keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

Hands Look Lovelier in 24 Hours*... or your money back!

Noxzema Hand Care Helps Soften, Whiten, Heal Red, Rough "Working Hands"—Chapped Hands!

● **Doctors' tests prove it!** If your hands are red, rough and chapped... they can look lovelier in 24 hours! *In tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed improvement—often within 24 hours—with Noxzema. Read what it can do for you:

1. Help red, rough "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter and so much lovelier!
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, chapped skin!
3. *Help heal* those tiny surface cuts and cracks!
4. Supply a protective film of oil-and-moisture to skin!
5. And—it's a snow-white, dainty *greaseless* cream!



Helps Soothe, Heal Those Sore Chapped Hands! Chapped hands are *cut* hands. And they need more than just a "perfumed prettifier." *Medicated* Noxzema helps heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks—quickly—helps chapped hands feel better, look lovelier!

Helps "Housework Hands" Regain Natural Beauty! When daily chores leave your hands red and rough—let gentle, soothing Noxzema come to their rescue. It helps unsightly "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter—often overnight! And it's *greaseless*—never leaves your hands feeling "sticky"!





Mrs. J. I. Ransome, Dallas housewife, says: "Housework left my hands looking rough and dry—until I discovered Noxzema! Now my hands always look soft, smooth and lovely."



Winona McClure, Denver school teacher, says: "I first started using Noxzema for chapped hands. It was so effective that it's been my regular hand cream ever since!"



Betty Jane Hokenstrom, Minneapolis secretary, says: "Office work can be hard on hands. But I use Noxzema every day to help keep my hands looking their loveliest!"

Money-Back Offer! No matter what hand care you use now—try soothing, *medicated* Noxzema tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—simply return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted with results! Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema Skin Cream today—40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.



NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM
Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin



Bette Dovis befriends stoge-struck Anne Boxter.



Anne persuodes director Gory Merrill to stor her.



Gory tries to comfort jeolous, oging Bette.



Anne becomes fomous, but Bette finds reol hoppiness os Gory's wife.

Picture of the Month

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



ALL ABOUT EVE

■ *All About Eve* runs over two hours, and is vastly entertaining. Some of it seems to me pretty unrealistic—for instance, the idea of a girl's telling her life story while a bunch of other people sit silently by, neither quivering, interrupting, nor even blowing their noses, is a little dated by now, but maybe I'm carping. Bette Davis hasn't acted so much or so good in years—she's cast as an aging stage star who's in love with a younger man, and frightened. Anne Baxter, as the evil young girl who moves into Bette's life and dressing-room (that's where she relates her lying saga to the rapt audience of which I spoke), and who later tries to take over Bette's career and her man, seemed a bit hammy, and something less than convincing to me. So I guess I'll have to sit there blushing when they go and hand her the Academy Award. Also suavely unbelievable is George Sanders as a wicked columnist who wields a vitriolic pen. I liked Gary Merrill (Bette's fiance). Celeste Holm and Hugh Marlowe made a very nice playwright and wife, and plenty of the dialogue is fresh and exciting. I don't know if it's a good satire on stage people, but it's certainly not a boring one, for which 20th Century-Fox should be justly proud.



TO PLEASE A LADY

Here are some big famous popular stars in a lousy picture, so if you're a Gable or Stanwyck fan, you'll just have to take your chances. Clark's a racing car driver, Barbara's a newspaper columnist. She can make or break people, and she's positively intolerant of evil-doers. She thinks Clark's ruthless, runs over folks at the race track on purpose, so she villifies him in her many columns until the poor slob is practically forced into a bread line. Then an embezzler she's also been attacking in her column kills himself. "Gosh," Barbara cries, heartbrokenly, "I see you can be responsible for killing someone even when you got no such an intention. And here I went and rooned Clark Gable." So they get married. Honest, it goes something like that.
Cast: Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou.—MGM.



THE MINIVER STORY

The Minivers are back, and you can have 'em. Mrs. M. (Greer) is loaded with charm, but the story is so full of maudlin situations, it's nearly unbearable. There's poor John Hodiak, the brave chins-up American soldier who's fallen in love with Mrs. M. yet resolves to go back to his own most fortunate wife. While you're reeling from the tragedy, the Miniver daughter announces that she's in love with a general who's too old and decadent for any good reason. (He understands classical music, and he's been married.) Then Mrs. M. springs some personal news on poor graying Walter Pidgeon Miniver, newly returned from the war. She has only a little while to live herself. Besides that, the little boy Miniver keeps talking about the way he prefers America (where he'd been boarded out for the duration). I remember liking the original Mrs. Miniver picture very much, so I guess I'm simply getting old and sour.
Cast: Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, John Hodiak, Leo Genn, Cathy O'Donnell.—MGM.

Wonderful Deodorant News for You!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer.* For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!
Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

MAD WEDNESDAY

Mad Wednesday starts off with a scene from Harold Lloyd's old masterpiece, *The Freshman*, and goes on from there. You watch the years turn the fiery young football hero into a pathetic aging bookkeeper who finally loses his job. On the day he loses his job, he becomes acquainted with strong drink, and horse-racing, and that's the beginning. He buys a circus, he wears a plaid suit, he escorts a lion through the streets as he goes calling on bankers. (Most of the bankers faint dead away, but there's one little guy who's nearly stone blind, and he sits right there and talks back. "You got no call to bring a dawg in here," he sniffs. "He don't smell good. Go on, Rover, get outa here.") There is no moral to this picture except maybe the one about all work and no play, because the minute Harold embarks on a career of gambling, women and song, he flourishes, and so will you, watching him. He even ends up with a beautiful young girl (Frances Ramsden) as his wife. He's been in love with her six older sisters (one at a time), hopelessly, fatally, in love, but never had nerve or money enough to tell any of them his story, and now the seventh falls into his lap, and she's the prize of the pack. "Your sisters kept getting better and better," he tells her at one point, and she says, "Well, Mother'd had more practice." *Mad Wednesday* is a prize of a picture. Go see it.

Cast: Harold Lloyd, Raymond Walburn, Jimmy Conlin, Frances Ramsden.—RKO.

easy money!

Christmos shopping taken your last cent? Need a little extra money to start off the new year brightly? Earning a dollar bill is just as easy as answering this questionnaire. Yes, that's all. Simply answer the questions below, and then mail them to us—quickly! A crisp, new dollar bill will come your way if you are among the first one hundred people to send the filled questionnaire to us. Don't lose a minute!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in the Jonuary issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, 3, AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know whot stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ If This Isn't Love (Curtis, Leigh)
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ He Might Have Been My Son (John Derek)
- ☐ My Predictions for 1951 by Hedda Hopper
- ☐ Life With Loretta (Loretto Young)
- ☐ Season in the Sun (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ How I Feel About Love by Shirley Temple
- ☐ Moriko's Mirocle
- ☐ What Now, Frankie Boy? (Frank Sinotra, Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Homemade for Happiness (Richord Widmark)
- ☐ The Girl Who Tamed Don Juan (Errol Flynn)
- ☐ What Price Glamour? (Betty Grable)
- ☐ He Gets Away With Murder (Burt Lancoster)
- ☐ Reunion In Italy (Robert Taylor, Borboro Stanwyck)
- ☐ My Christmas Story by Bing Crosby
- ☐ It's a Good Life (Piper Laurie)
- ☐ No Sad Songs For Ronnie (Ronold Reagan)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joon (Joon Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

.....

.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

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.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

.....

.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?

.....

What FEMALE stor do you like least?

.....

My name is.....

.....

My address is.....

.....

City ..... Zone.....

State..... I am .... yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Which of these pictures have you seen in 1950: Borricode ☐, Cinderella ☐, Dear Wife ☐, Devil's Doorway ☐, Fother of the Bride ☐, Key to the City ☐, Mon on the Eiffel Tower ☐, My Friend Irma Goes West ☐, Noncy Goes to Rio ☐, No Sad Songs For Me ☐, Our Very Own ☐, Slottery's Hurricone ☐, So Young So Bad ☐, Stage Fright ☐, Sword in the Desert ☐, The Big Lift ☐, The Black Rose ☐, The Doughter of Rosie O'Grady ☐, The Happy Years ☐, The Men ☐, The Petty Girl ☐, The Sleeping City ☐, Wogonmaster ☐, Winchester 73 ☐.



TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE

A delightful period piece (*Life With Father* era) about a family's vacation at a place called Kissamee-in-the-Catskills. Jane Powell is the older daughter whose cross is that she doesn't yet wear corsets. (A man won't look at a girl who doesn't wear corsets.) Jane desperately admires Ricardo Montalban, but there she is without a you-know-what, and a 19-year-old lady menace (Phyllis Kirk) on the loose. Louis Calhern plays the father who inadvertently blows up his sons, and the younger daughter is acted by Debbie Reynolds, who sings, dances, has a beautiful flair for comedy, and is darn cute to look at. Carleton (*Lost Boundaries, Summer Stock*) Carpenter gangles through this too, and what I'm curious about is, does he really walk like that?

Cast: Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban, Louis Calhern.—MGM.



THE JACKPOT

A very funny picture about an average American family and what happens when they win an average American $24,000 jackpot. Jimmy Stewart's the man of the house who's been bewailing his dull life. Not that he doesn't love his wife and kids, just that it's suddenly hit him all of a heap that he'll never get to the North Pole with Admiral Byrd. Radio prize changes that. Jimmy and wife Barbara Hale don't get cash. They get oil paintings, grand pianos, an interior decorator who comes to live with them, and the news that the income tax on all this largesse will amount to $7000. They have $490 in the bank, so their happy home nearly breaks up, and their small daughter's constant demanding to know if they're planning a divorce (she's very modern) doesn't help any. But it's all good clean fun, and I heartily recommend it.

Cast: James Stewart, Barbara Hale, James Gleason.—20th Century-Fox.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN

Errol Flynn and eight trusty Confederate soldiers are supposed to meet an outlaw leader in the mountains of California. Outlaw leader's going to furnish some men, help the Confederacy take the West. Errol gets mixed up with injuns, helps rescue a beautiful Yankee girl on her way to meet her Union fiance, gets in trouble with the Union fiance, and then the outlaw leader is killed by Indians, and the Union fiance goes for the Union Army, and Errol and his band are doomed. They die gallantly, protecting a lady (injuns get 'em, but they've sent the lady off in a different direction) and when the Union soldiers arrive, they erect a rebel flag on the spot. Noblesse oblige. Patrice Wymore plays the Yankee girl, and she's the one Errol married in real life, as you probably know.

Cast: Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore, Scott Forbes, Guinn Williams.—Warners.



MRS. O'MALLEY AND MR. MALONE

There has hardly ever been a more enjoyable mystery picture than this one, even if it's not very mysterious. The partners-in-detection involved are Marjorie Main, a farm lady who's going to New York to pick up a passel of money she won from a radio contest, and James Whitmore, a lawyer who's going to New York to track down a guy who owes him ten thousand dollars. He and Marjorie race through a New York bound train finding corpses galore, and getting into hilarious trouble. The picture's dialogue is fast and funny. When somebody asks Whitmore, "Will you take the case?" he says, "No, I drink it by the bottle," and a lady who's been slapping his face stops long enough to tell him, "You'd be a nice man for a girl who could like a man like you."

Cast: Marjorie Main, James Whitmore, Ann Dvorak.—MGM.



TRIPOLI

In 1805, the Marines (seven of them) went traipsing across the Libyan desert to fight a bunch of Tripoli pirates who "had challenged America's right to use the sea." With the seven Marines was an unusual army, built around some followers of a dethroned Pasha, a bunch of Greek mercenaries (headed by Howard Da Silva, whose Greek sounds strictly from Brooklyn), and a few other weird men and true. The plots and counterplots beat me. Maureen O'Hara (with a French maid named Henriette, also from Flatbush) tries to wed the rich, dethroned Pasha for his money, until she discovers he's not an honorable man. Then she settles for John Payne, the pride of the Marines. Any upright money-loving girl would have done the same. I liked them nice sandstorm-in-the-desert scenes, though.

Cast: Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, Howard Da Silva.—Paramount.

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NOT JUST A PROMISE... but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that *in 14 days* regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion! Start your Palmolive facials tonight.



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!



Since her surprise romance with Tony Curtis started, Janet has stopped dating Arthur Loew, Jr., whom friends had thought she would marry.

If this isn't love...

Why does Tony Curtis say, "I've never felt like this before"? Why is he wearing his heart in his eyes . . . if this isn't love?

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

■ They met at a party three years ago.

A publicity man ushered Tony Curtis over to Janet Leigh's table and said, "Tony Curtis, this is Janet Leigh." Tony smiled and said, "How do you do?" Janet smiled back. That's how Hollywood's most tempestuous love affair began.

Tony says he can't explain it. "I just stood there," he recalls, "looking at her—I guess I was staring—and feeling kind of silly, but my heart started to beat in double time, and I said to myself, 'Gee, Bernie! This Janet Leigh is really something,' and then I went over and asked someone about her, and he said, 'Lay off, kid—that girl's married.' When I heard that, it was kind of like a bullet in my heart. No kidding. I was only twenty-one at the time, and you know how it is when you're twenty-one. You start dreaming awfully fast, and then suddenly—Poof! The whole thing goes up in smoke."

Janet, who by nature is much more calm and contained, (*Continued on opposite page*)

than Tony, says, "To be perfectly honest, when I first met Tony it was at that big party, and all the faces were blurred. I remember meeting him, but that's all."

Janet, of course, was married to Stanley Reames at the time.

"I just couldn't seem to forget her," Tony says. "And then one day, I picked up the paper and read that Janet had gotten a divorce. I was sorry that her marriage had broken up, but at the same time, I was glad that she was free. Then she started going around with Arthur Loew, Jr."

ARTHUR LOEW, JR. and Tony Curtis come from two different worlds. Tony's father was a tailor on New York's East Side. Arthur Loew, Jr., is a rich man's son.

Tony realized this when he thought of them together making the rounds of all the night spots he couldn't afford.

He used to walk around the lot at Universal, day-dreaming. The gaffers and prop men who love him dearly, would stop him and say, "What you thinkin' about, kid?" And Tony, honest and unaffected, would say "I'm thinking of that Janet Leigh."

Then it happened. One of the prop men out at Universal thought it would be a great practical joke. One night, he picked up his phone and dialed Tony's home.

"Curtis," he said. "I understand that you made a pass at my girl some time ago. And I don't like it."

"Who is this?" Tony demanded.

"This is Arthur Loew, Jr.," the prop man lied, "and next time I see you with her, I'm gonna beat your brains in."

Tony blew his top. "Listen, you jerk," he shouted, "if you think you can, come out to my house right now."

The prop man almost died laughing.

As for Tony, he was so angry that he phoned a friend of his over at Metro and said, "Look, I'd like to get Janet Leigh's phone number." The friend gave it to him. Tony rang up Janet and made a date.

Poor Loew, of course, didn't have the slightest idea of what was going on.

Anyway, Tony and Janet started seeing each other, Arthur Loew, Jr. dropped out of the picture.

Hollywood had expected a marriage between Arthur and Janet, and no one realized that Tony Curtis had swept Janet off her feet in a whirlwind courtship.

They said that Janet was madly in love with a New Yorker named Bob Quarrie.

Apparently, Janet was not, because after a few days in New York last October, she flew back to Hollywood to start work on *Two Tickets to Broadway*, and she flew directly into Tony's arms.

Tony had a day off from *The Prince Who Was A Thief* and he and Janet spent it at her new little house in Brentwood.

They pored over Janet's scrapbooks; they confided in each other; they were obviously in love. They still are.

"Yeah," he says, "it's true. I'm really stuck on Janet. She's the first girl I've ever been in love with, and I've got it bad.

"Maybe I'm acting like a kid about her, but she's the first woman I've ever really known. I mean a mature, grown-up woman. She knows what it's all about.

"We're both in the same business. She realizes the problems I have. Everything I've gone through, she's gone through herself. A lot of people say we're opposites, that she's a small-town girl, and I'm a guy from the big city.

"It's not like that at all. She comes from a small town. She never had much dough. She helps her folks out. So do I. I'm making $300 a week now, but I started for peanuts and so did Janet.

"She's a plain, simple girl, and I'm a plain simple guy. Maybe she's had more experience because she's been married, and I haven't, (*Continued on page 69*)

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



When fastening stockings, what helps prevent runs?

☐ *Lady, be seated* ☐ *Round garters*

Don't let garter-pull strain your nylons. Fasten them while in a sitting position to avoid future hosiery strain, runs, when seated. Another neat trick is to cover garter clasps with Kleenex. Saves stocking wear and tear, saves money.



When you need a tissue, do you—

☐ *Find one handy* ☐ *Fumble with many*

Next to your bed, you'll like Kleenex best—to check a sneeze or sniffle! Keep a box on the night stand. No fumbling; no need to turn on the light to find a *Kleenex* tissue. Only Kleenex serves *one at a time*—not a handful!—and another pops up, ready to use. Saves tender noses!



How to save your glamour after peeling onions?

☐ *Try salt* ☐ *Use Kleenex*

Both answers are right. Rid hands of onion odor by rubbing with dry salt . . . soothe "weepy" eyes with Kleenex! To save your complexion—after cold creaming, let soft, absorbent Kleenex gulp up the grease. (A special process keeps this sturdy tissue *extra* soft.)



FREE! Instructions for making this attractive Kleenex box cover!

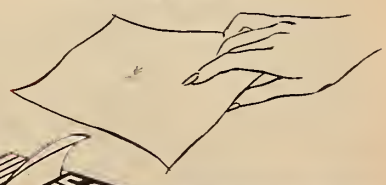
Turn scraps of fabric—your man's old ties, for instance—into a handsome box cover for Kleenex tissues. (As shown above.) Easy to make! Convenient to use! *Free* instructions by Mary Brooks Picken, famous sewing authority. Get *your* Patch-Patch design by writing to Educational Director, Dept. PP-71, International Cellucotton Products Co., Chicago 11, Illinois.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

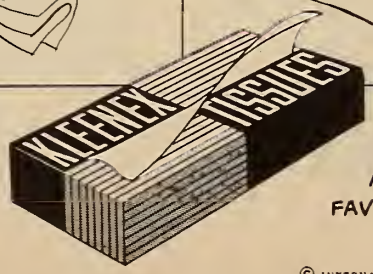
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

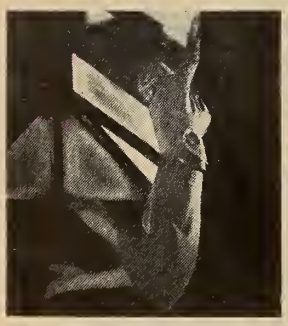
© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

"I rode 150 miles on a roller coaster!"

says **ANN SHERIDAN**, co-starring in **"WOMAN ON THE RUN"**
A Fidelity Picture From Universal-International.



"Retaking this scene for 'Woman on the Run' kept me on a roller coaster hour after hour. I rubbed my hands raw, gripping the rail.



And hanging from this skylight nearly tore my fingers.



But I smoothed my hands with Jergens Lotion . . .



For romantic close-ups with Dennis O'Keefe!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10¢ TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)

a special service for Modern Screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ A Hollywood lady on a shopping tour is more than a star—she's a woman on the hunt—for a bargain. She's looking for style, glamour, quality, and beauty—at the right price. She'll shop from one coast to the other for just the thing she wants. Her final purchases for herself are just what every woman would want, *and* could afford!

In this exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature, a different star each month will report on her prize buys. To get any item, write to the store mentioned, enclose a check or money order (and gift card if you like) and they will rush your selection to you or another address. Prices include postage and tax. Delivery guaranteed. Monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned. Money will be refunded on items returned within 10 days after delivery.

ann blyth

your hollywood shopper

for january



Ann Blyth's latest movie is Universal-International's *Katie Did It,* co-starring Mark Stevens.

■ Would you believe it! I've just been on the longest shopping trip in history and still feel chipper.

When Aunt Cissy and I go hunting for odds and ends, things for my new home in the Valley, or something special for Uncle Pat, we're usually exhausted just looking at our lists. But this was the most sensational, refreshing trip a girl could want. Shopping on a grand scale is any gal's dream, and it's such fun being able to share my finds with you.

Hunting for a bargain is second nature to me, anyway. First I combed the state of California for unusual buys and when I was in New York recently I turned that town upside down looking for more rare treats. These, plus a few special finds rushed to me by my friends in other parts of the country, add up to a pretty out-of-this-world collection, if I say so myself. There are things for the home, personal items, and gift suggestions which I hope you will want to use just as I have used them for myself.

All you have to do is write directly to the store mentioned for anything that strikes your fancy.

Hope you enjoy the things you select, and the happiest New Year to you all.



SMALL WONDER THEY GO TOGETHER! *It's an adorable lipstick-compact. The compact is in the middle, topped with simulated leather that encircles the two cases. The bottom of the perfume holder pulls out and has a spill-proof glass vial. The lower half of the lipstick holder, taking any regular lipstick, comes out, too. Top in red, green, navy, tan. Goldtone finish. $2.07. Lord & Taylor, Dept. 18, Fifth Avenue and 38th Street, New York 18.*



HAVE YOU GOT ANY TIES? *Well, here's one that will add zip to any outfit. Made like a small cravat, of gaily colored plaid taffeta, criss-crossed, it snaps on in a jiffy and is set for the day. Stunning with suits, sweaters or blouses. It sports a handsome antiqued gilt medallion pin that is charming on, or can be taken off to lead a handsome life of its own. $2.00. (Add 12c ppd. out of New York) Stern Bros., 42nd Street, New York.*



THIS DARLING DOUBLE-DUTY DRUM *is a most versatile companion. Unzip one end for a moire taffeta case outfitted for mending with thimble, thread, needles and pins. Unzip the other, it's a velvet-lined case for your own jewels! I love to take it across the country or tuck it in my dresser. In navy, dark green, ice blue, peach, contrasting lining. 2½" x 2½". Give 2nd choice. $2.95. Bren Linda, Dept. M. S., 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.*

ann blyth

your hollywood shopper

for january



I turned California upside down and New York inside out, looking for these wonderful bargains that I know you'll love.



THIS I SIMPLY MUST HAVE! *It's a delectable décolleté blouse of frill cotton bouclé guaranteed to steal any important scene. Knitted firmly so it can't stretch or snag. Wide-banded baby ribbing around the neck, sleeves and waist for a soft flattering look. Smart boat neck and cap sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38. White, black, flame and gold. Give your second choice. $4.23. Famous Fashion Shops, 419 Madison Avenue, New York 17.*



GET THE HANG OF IT *and you'll rave about these "sur-grip" trouser hangers the way Uncle Pat does. Of light-weight chrome-plated steel with wire springs, they're really unique. Squeeze the horseshoe to slip rubber prongs inside inner cuffs, then release to hold trousers firm. Crease stays in, bagginess stays out, trousers stay on the hanger. $1.00, (min. order 2 hangers) add 16c postage. James McCreery & Co., Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, New York 1.*



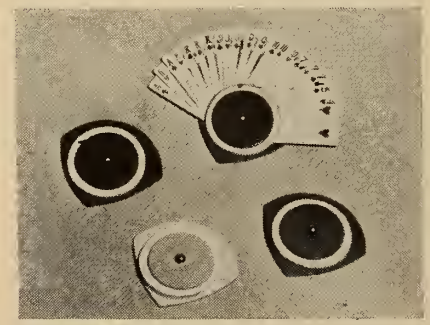
THESE ARE MY BEST FRIENDS! *I just love this sparkling simulated rhinestone pin and earring set and it's all the rage this season. A cluster of individually set oval stones forms the beautiful round pin, with a safety catch, adding simple elegance to anything it touches. Its match-mate is a pair of dramatic earrings made of one diamond-shaped stone from which dangles a larger diamond-shaped group. $4.99. Gimbels, Broadway & 33rd Street, New York 1.*



A TWIST OF THE WRIST *and this automatic tooth brush shoots just enough of your favorite paste onto the bristles. No more lost caps or mutilated tubes, because a built-in compartment holds the paste in readiness. An aerated cap protects the brush head. Perfect for traveling. Red, blue, green, amber. $1.00. Extra brush heads, nylon (or) bristle, 25c ea. Tuth-Pak Co. 375 W. 54th St., Los Angeles 43, California, Dept. g-16.*



NO DISH JUGGLING FOR ME! *I'm thrilled with this practical folding table. Perfect for a buffet, it's tall enough (24 inches high) to fit over your knees and doesn't wobble. Serve one to a guest or let two share it. It can hold a radio or books, too. The top is a decorative tray 13" x 17½", with garden bouquet design. Choice of white or black legs. $2.95 (plus 12c tax in Calif.). Fortner & Perrin (Dept. D) Glendale 3, California.*



YOU NEVER TIP YOUR HAND *with one of these novel fan-hand card holders. Made especially for canasta, but good for any card game, it holds as many cards as you're lucky enough to pick up. Tricorner-shaped board with a rotating circle and piece of foam rubber, it keeps the cards neatly in place. Set of four holders in red, blue, green and yellow. $2.50. The Salt and Pepper Shop, 445 East 86 Street, New York 28.*



YOU'LL GET A BOOT *out of these cozy foot-warmers. Quilted percale cotton in gaily colored assorted designs, the cuffs turn down to show a matching solid hue, which runs down the center to the toe. Or wear the cuff up for extra warmth. Wonderful with any sit-by-the-fire outfit. Durable ply-suede soles. Easily washable. Red, green or blue cuffs. Small, medium, large. $2.95. Grenada, 18 East 41 Street, New York 17.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



THEIR LIFE SPAN IS UNLIMITED. *There's nothing like this pot of "Gay Deceiver" geraniums to brighten up a kitchen window sill or any dark corner on a bleak winter's day. Delicately crafted in wax, they look so fresh and real it's hard to tell they're not nature's own. No fuss or bother with sun or water. Three blossoms in red, white or pink with deep green leaves in 4½" white pot. $3.50, Constance Spry, Inc., 322M Park Avenue, New York 22.*



THE YOUNG FRY WILL VIE *over this wonderful magnetic harbor. A playboard on four removable steel legs forms the ocean blue harbor on which land-strips, lighthouse, buoy, boathouse, docks and a fleet of three ships are put in place. Move the small magnetic block beneath the playboard under any of the ships and they steam along, responding to the magnet's every move. $3.25. The Crow's Nest, 59 Park Avenue, New York 16.*



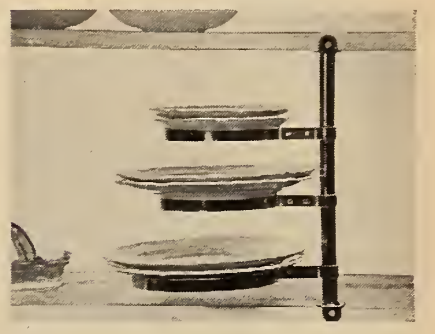
YOU'LL THINK YOU'RE IN FRANCE *when you sip coffee from this individual coffee filter. Made just the way it's done in Parisian cafés, it turns out a delicious brew. Place your coffee in the top compartment, pour boiling water over it and voilà, it's done. Perfect for a single cup for a bachelor girl like me. It's such fun to drink from that soda-like glass and holder. Aluminum with glass. $2.25. Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue, New York 10.*



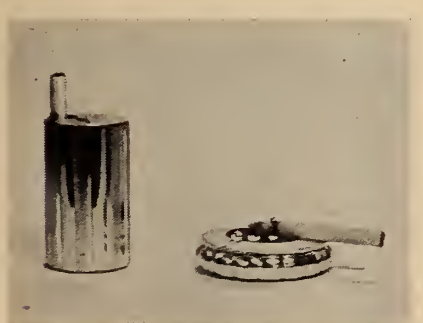
THIS GUITAR PLAYS FOR YOU!* *Strumming on this cowboy guitar is great fun for the kiddies (and for grown-ups, too). A real instrument made of bright plastic with steel strings and neck cord, its face is decorated with a cowboy, six-shooters, bucking bronco and steer head. *(Play it a while, then turn the crank and let it play you a lusty western tune). $1.98. C & W Products Co., Dept. W-12, 202 Grand Street, Brooklyn 11, New York.*



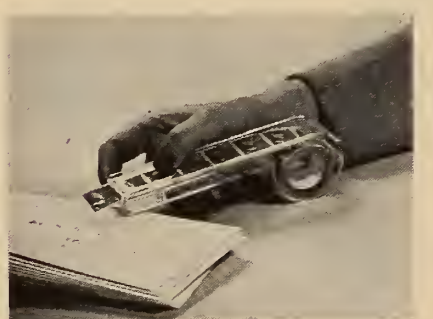
LIGHT UP YOUR DARKEST THOUGHTS *with this fascinating bed-side secretary. Jot down a middle-of-the-night inspiration without groping for a light switch. Just press down to write, and presto—your light. Batteries and paper replaceable. Red, green, wine, brown, navy, ivory, light blue, pink, gold-tooled leather with gold-plated automatic pencil. Specify first and second color choice. $6.50. Abbott Gifts, 22 W. 21 Street, New York 11.*



MAKE ROOM FOR YOUR PLATES *with this unusual new chrome kitchen device. It attaches to any cabinet, has holders for three different size plates, and swings out in a jiffy. A fine space-saver, plates can be stacked high, yet are readily available. Adaptable as a swing out flower pot bracket, too. It easily fastens onto any wall or post and takes a pot in each of its holders. $3.95, Morris Products, 92 Liberty Street, New York 6.*



YOU'LL SURELY BE INVITED AGAIN *if you send your hostess this unusual cigarette case and ash tray set. In fact you'll want one for yourself! Made to look like a pepper mill with a slide-back top, the cylindrical cigarette case stands 3" high and holds a full pack. The ash tray carries three cigarettes and has a spill-proof top that lifts up like a compact for dumping the ashes. Silver or gold-tone finish. $3.25. Miller & Rhodes, Richmond, Virginia.*



LICKITY-SPLIT IT'S DONE! *This handy new jiffy mailer dispenses stamps, performs the thankless task of licking them moist, and keeps a supply on hand. Your thumb helps do the trick. Made of plastic with a felt moisture device, it holds a roll of 1's, 2's, 3's, 4's, 5's, 10's and air mails, available at any U.S. Post Office. It helps me answer my fan mail. $1.95. The Hollywood Bazaar, Dept. 12, 17151 Ventura Blvd., Encino, California.*



THE SQUIRRELS DON'T STAND A CHANCE *when Cousin Kevin's let loose near this peanut-vender bank. In bright yellow, it's modeled after the Planter's peanut man, monocle and all. His transparent top hat comes full of peanuts . . . ½ pound, in fact. His face holds oodles of coins. Push a coin in the slot and a handful of nuts rush out. It's no trouble teaching the children to save. $2.75. Novelty Mart, 59 East 8 Street, New York 3.*

ann blyth
your hollywood shopper





GUESS I'M BEING RATHER CLANNISH, *but I'm just mad about this authentic "McDonald" plaid vest. Bright red stripes on a soft green and navy background, it makes a perfect foil for your best blouse or skirt. Wear it under a suit or with a dark velvet skirt depending on the hour. It is beautifully tailored in fine virgin wool, lined with rayon satin and has pearl buttons. $5.98. The Ettingers, 360 First Avenue, New York 10.*



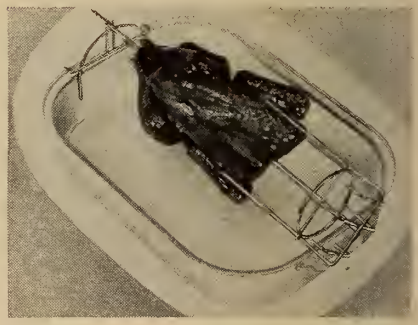
HERE'S A REAL DUTCH TREAT. *This charming miniature all-metal stove that holds salt and pepper shakers, will warm your heart on a cold winter's day. The gaily painted Pennsylvania-Dutch design, done by hand, is a perfect decoration in the kitchen or dining room. You can hang it on the wall, too. Without the shakers use it as an ashtray or as a cute base for your favorite plant. $4.00. Hazel Jasper, 142 E. 45 Street, New York 17.*



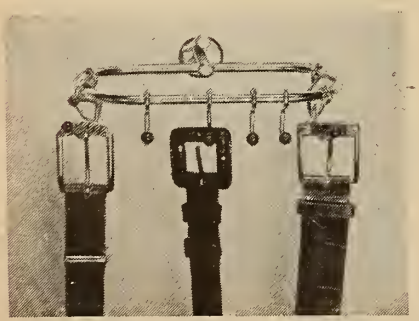
"BURNING CANDLES AT BOTH ENDS" *is passé. The newest and most exciting thing in illuminators is a pair of these fat long-lasting candles. High (5½), wide (3") and handsome, they're decorative and ever so useful any place they're put. Use them as they come or set them in a dish. In a variety of colors with initials in contrasting shades. Candles burn down inside so monogram lasts the life of the candle. $3.95. Klepa Arts, 8113 W. 3rd St., Hollywood 48, Calif.*



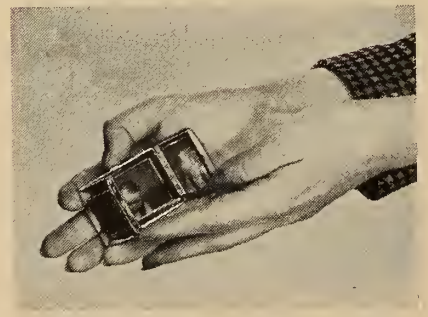
THEY'LL WIN ANY SAFETY AWARD! *These glow-gloves lead a double life. By day an attractive grey (weather-proof and water-proof), but at night, under lights they shine with brilliance that can be seen more than two blocks away because of Scotchlite, a reflective. Wonderful idea for auto drivers and pedestrians. Inner palm tan pigskin. Sizes 6-8½. $2.95. King Sales Company, 101 W. 42 Street, New York 18.*



YOU CAN'T GET FOWLED UP *with this versatile indoor-outdoor skewer roaster-broiler. Aunt Cissy thinks it's grand. Of sturdy steel, it snaps on to both oval or square roasting pans and adjusts to size. A flick of the handle turns a chicken, duck or turkey, up to fifteen pounds, and oven heat circulates evenly. Small lugs in the handle lock under the pan so the fowl can't turn itself. $1.75. R. H. Macy & Company, Herald Square, New York 1.*



SAVE YOURSELF SOME "WAIST" SPACE *with this marvelous gimmick for taking care of a gal's whole belt wardrobe. Made of chrome finished steel, and only 6½" long, it has eight handy hooks with red plastic guards which hold several belts each. No need to mislay the belt to your best dress; it has its own hook. Comes with screws to attach to a closet door or wall. $2.50, Nu Novelty Company, Dept. M, 317 West 45 Street, New York 19.*



MY FAMILY'S ALWAYS WITH ME *in this tiny portable picture frame. Three separate sections give me room for snaps of Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat (in the double section) and two extras. The center frame holds a picture 1½" x 2", the two side ones are 1" x 1½" with a metal edge. Closed it looks like a cigarette lighter. A side button pops it open. Fits in a purse. Goldtone finish. $2.20. Richter's, 585 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



BRIGHT AS A NEW PENNY *is this cunning copper pot filled with your favorite all-year-round plant. I use it in our breakfast nook. The bucket really swings to and fro. A perfect size for any corner shelf, centerpiece or end-table decoration, it stands 6½ inches high. Lacquered to prevent tarnish or discoloration. It comes without the plant, which is inexpensive at any florist's shop. $2.00. The Copper Shop, 9 W. 42 Street, New York 18.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

the inside story

(Continued from page 4)

Q. I understand that Nancy Olson who starred in *Sunset Boulevard* has been seeing a lot of Montgomery Clift on the sly. Will you verify that?

—V. V., Paris, Ky.

A. *Pure nonsense. Clift and Olson have never been out together. Nancy is married to Alan Lerner, the playwright. Both of them recently bought Paulette Goddard's house in New York.*

Q. Can you tell me if Bob Hope goes over all his movie scripts inserting funny lines wherever possible?

—D. S., Troy, N. Y.

A. *Hope has a separate fund for the purpose. Whenever a screenplay for him is finished, he hands it over to his radio and TV writers. They "punch it up," in return for which Bob pays them extra money.*

Q. Recently I read that Harry James and Betty Grable were straining at the leash and that Betty would get a divorce and marry Dan Dailey who is getting a divorce from his wife. True or false?

—G. F., Atlanta, Ga.

A. *False. The James family has just moved into a new home. Betty and Harry seem happily-married and well adjusted. The rumor of Dailey being in love with Betty Grable has been circulated for years. It has no foundation in truth. Dailey plans to concentrate on his career.*

Q. Is Judy Garland completely recovered from her mental and physical illness of a few months ago?

—R. E., Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

A. *Not yet.*

Q. Once and for all, is Farley Granger sweet on Shelley Winters or was it just good publicity?

—R Y., Boston, Mass.

A. *Good publicity.*

Q. Why does everyone say that Elizabeth Taylor's marriage won't last six months or a year? Doesn't that sort of gossip drive Liz crazy? Why don't the gossip columnists give the marriage a chance to last?

—T. V., Cheyenne, Wyoming

A. *The pessimistic outlook on the Taylor-Hilton marriage is founded on these facts and assumptions: both Liz and Nicky are strong-willed and slightly spoiled; both are relatively young and inexperienced; marriages in which the wife's career over-shadows the husband's usually end disastrously. Liz doesn't mind the gossip, but according to her "It's a new experience to Nicky and he can't understand it. He gets mad and wants to know why people make up those lies." Liz is determined to make her marriage work, and she has never yet failed at anything she has set her heart on.*

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.



SUDDEN CHILL?
Sudden changes of temperature, like wet feet, cold feet, and drafts, may reduce body resistance so that germs in the throat can make trouble.



YOU START SNEEZING . . .
That sneeze or cough is usually a hint that a cold may be on its way, and that you'd better do something about it.



Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following: (1) Bacillus influenzae, (2) Pneumococcus Type III, (3) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (4) Friedlander's bacillus, (5) Staphylococcus aureus, (6) Streptococcus viridans, (7) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (8) Pneumococcus Type IV.

THESE "BUGS" MAY INVADE THROAT
These "bugs" in throat go into action . . . They are called Secondary Invaders . . . can attack tissue and cause much of the misery associated with colds, say numerous authorities.



Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!*
—for Colds and Sore Throat
a safe, direct way with no dangerous side-effects

Listerine antiseptic, gargled early and often, may entirely head off a cold, or sore throat due to a cold—or lessen its severity, once started.

Careful tests, made over a twelve-year period, showed that there were fewer colds and sore throats, and generally milder ones, for those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day than for those who did not gargle. That is understandable!

Kills Secondary Invaders

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill germs by millions—attacks them before they attack you . . . halts a mass invasion.

Tests showed germ reductions ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

So, whatever else you do, at the first sign of a sniffle, or cough, or a scratchy throat, start with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may spare yourself an unpleasant siege of trouble.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

That Belvedere Man



whose phenomenal wit
(SITTING PRETTY)

and phenomenal genius
(BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE)

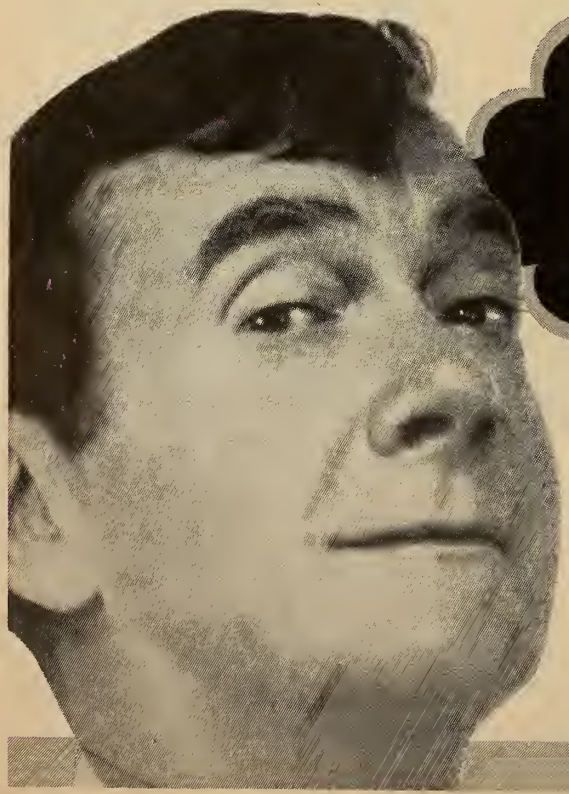




and phenomenal prowess
(CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN)

stunned a nation . . . **now moves heaven and earth . . . with laughter!**





for Heaven's Sake

20th CENTURY-FOX

CLIFTON WEBB · JOAN BENNETT · ROBERT CUMMINGS · EDMUND GWENN

JOAN BLONDELL · GIGI PERREAU · JACK LA RUE · VON ZELL · HARRY TOMMY RETTIG

Directed by GEORGE SEATON · Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

Written for the screen by GEORGE SEATON · From a play by HARRY SEGALL

	MEN		WOMEN
1	ALAN LADD	1	JUNE ALLYSON
2	CLARK GABLE	2	LANA TURNER
3	JOHN WAYNE	3	SHIRLEY TEMPLE
4	BING CROSBY	4	BETTY GRABLE
5	FARLEY GRANGER	5	BARBARA STANWYCK
6	GLENN FORD	6	JANE POWELL
7	RONALD REAGAN	7	JUNE HAVER
8	MONTGOMERY CLIFT	8	LIZ TAYLOR
9	ROBERT TAYLOR	9	ESTHER WILLIAMS
10	VAN JOHNSON	10	JANE WYMAN





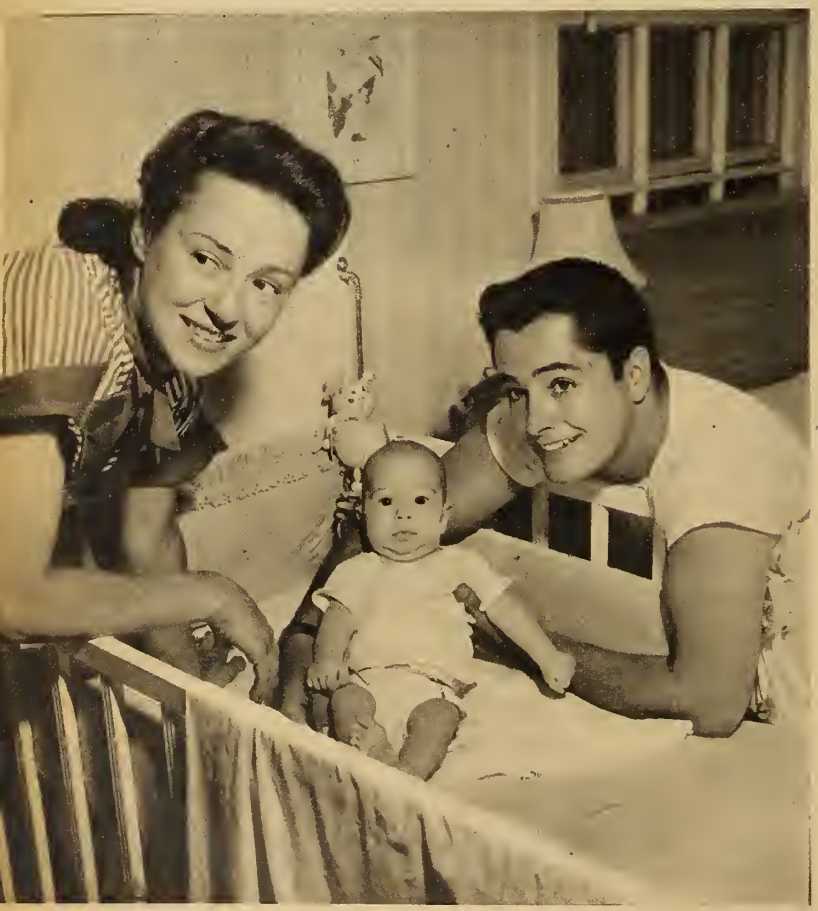
your FAVORITES for 1950

■ The stars that shine in Hollywood do so because of you, and the stars who are most aware of this never fade. Alan Ladd, for example, is first on MODERN SCREEN's popularity poll for the third consecutive year. (The ten top male and female stars of 1950 are in the lists above.) The Hollywood Reporter has explained Ladd's appeal (and indirectly the appeal of all those mentioned) in perhaps the best way. "Ladd," it said, "has always understood his responsibility to the industry and to the people who put him where he is." That's why he remains top moneymaker at Paramount, and topman to our more than 4,500,000 readers.

Clark Gable and Bing Crosby, second and fourth on the poll, are familiar names to everyone; their popularity has never been in question . . . But now, at last, John Wayne has come into his own as third on your star parade. His career has been long and enviable, but in 1950 the applause reached a new crescendo . . . Farley Granger's career so far has been short but exceedingly sweet. His boyish appeal combined with his very serious approach to acting went right to the spot—number five among the favored few. June Allyson, now at the peak of her personal happiness, and with many endearing screen performances behind her, soared from third to first place in 1950 . . . Lana Turner, Shirley Temple, Betty Grable—their names are synonymous with Hollywood. You've followed the paths of their personal and professional lives for many years. As stars and as women, they've proved their mettle, which is why you'll always find them near the top of any popularity poll . . . This year you've put Barbara Stanwyck high in fifth place. She's a screen oldtimer, but young enough to grow in depth and wise enough to achieve personal contentment . . . Most of your choices have appeared on the poll before, some like Glenn Ford and Montgomery Clift, have slipped a little in 1950, others have remained stationary. Ronald Reagan's new at the top, but now firmly established in seventh place. And Jane Wyman, who had hovered below the ten mark, moved up to take her place with a record of magnificent performances behind her. . . . All favorites, all different types, these twenty stars have two things in common: they are outstanding citizens, and they are sincerely pleased by your recognition.

he might have been my son

by Russell Harlan *John Derek's cameraman and oldest friend*



Patti, John, and the head of the household, my godson, Russell.

■ Just about fryin' size, he stood there. So quiet—a city kid staring at all the animals on our Lasky Ranch location. Back then we were shooting *Fighting Caravan*—with Gary Cooper. He was a good-looking, six-year-old kid. Not good-looking the way fans see him now. Good-looking the way all kids are—broken-nosed, freckled, snub-nosed, or whatever.

"Hi, you all," I said. Shyly he stared up at my face. He didn't answer. Obviously this was no child actor with a mom who'd prompted him to speak up. Turned out his mother was an actress, name of Dolores Johnson. The woman supposed to take care of him while Dolores worked hadn't shown up that morning. Pictures being as informal as they were 16 years ago, Dolores had just brought her little boy along to work with her. His name was Derek Harris.

Being a fellow who likes kids, I tried to break the ice. "Want to ride a horse?" I asked him. He managed a big smile. Borrowing the double for Coop's horse, we had ourselves a ride. I found myself telling him about my folks' ranch down near Vista, California, where there were horses to ride any time. And somehow I found myself promising to take him down—maybe the next (*Continued on page 71*)

He was six when I met him, just a shy little kid wanting love...



Some use a crystal ball. Others turn to tea leaves. But Hedda studies the stars to give Modern Screen a Hopper's eye-view of the future.

my predictions for 1951

by hedda hopper

■ Maybe I ought to have my headlines examined—but if you'll kindly hold on to your hats—here I go again!

It's that time of year when I heave a scribbled old calendar marked "1950" into my wastebasket and prop a clean, new 1951 job on my desk, and that changeover always does something to me. It brings on a rash of Hollywood predictions. Yep, every time.

Here's a year gone by—and what a year!—with a hundred stories started—but the endings still dangling. Comedies and tragedies. Romances, rifts, courtships, carryings-on. There are new marriages to prove, old ones to steady, or end.

What's the new 1951 heart of the matter? Here are three hundred and sixty-five bright new days on deck to make or mar hearts and homes, lives and livings. Who'll be the new stars? Who'll capture 1950's prized Oscar? What will be the big, unforgettable pictures of 1951? Can they match or top *Sunset Boulevard,* dig deeper than *No Way Out,* touch your heart and funny bone more than *Mister 880*? What dark clouds hang heavy over the stars' heads as the moving finger writes Hollywood history in 1951, A.D.?

Well, here's how it looks from where I sit—and it's a hot seat, too, believe me. Playing prophetess. I can be oh, so wrong, but there's a kind of delicious dare about New Year's that tingles my spine. So the neck end of it's sticking out a mile and maybe not so rashly as it seems. Coming events cast their shadows before, don't they? Let's flip forward that new calendar a few pages. Let's look first at Hollywood's underdealt hand of hearts—but let's be sure to call a spade a spade. I predict that—

Elizabeth Taylor and Nick Hilton will make a happy go of their young and too-publicized marriage. (*Continued on page 66*)



THEIR OWN BABY will bring June Allyson and Dick Powell more happiness than ever before, in 1951.



RESTED, SURE OF HERSELF and of her talent, Judy Garland will be back knocking 'em dead once more.



HAPPINESS TOGETHER in spite of rumors is in store for beautiful Liz and Nicky Hilton in the new year.



A SOLID FUTURE together is assured for Clark Gable and his wife Sylvia, who is surprisingly happy living simply on their Encino ranch.



NO WEDDING BELLS for Farley Granger and Shelley Winters. He's too busy seeing the world, and she's not the marrying type, anyway.



MARRIAGE WITH IRENE Wrightsman seems certain far busy Kirk Douglas who knows his mind. They'll wed when his decree is final.



NO MORE RIFTS in Betty Hutton's marriage ta Ted Briskin. Their long-distance arrangement (between Hallywood and Chicago) suits them.



PARTING OF THE WAYS is sad but definite in the Dailey household. Dan will enlarge his successful career, and find new friends.



THEY'LL NEED EACH OTHER more than ever, naw that Lana Turner and Bob Topping have had the misfortune to lose their baby.



by Tom Lewis

Life with Loretta

. . . . is always new, always gay. She taught me to see Hollywood through her eyes.

■ Ten years ago, when Gretchen and I had been married but a few months, I was suddenly called to New York on business, and because my wife was then involved in production, I had to make the trip by myself. I remember that I apologized for leaving her alone as we said goodbye.

"Nonsense, darling," she told me, breezily (a little too breezily, I thought at the time). "Have a good trip. I won't be lonely."

I knew perfectly what she meant, but it was not until several days later that I was able to really understand it. On my very first evening in New York, I was invited to a cocktail party on upper Park Avenue. I had been there perhaps thirty minutes, when our hostess asked me if I would care to meet Greta Garbo. I had noticed Miss Garbo earlier, sitting quietly in a corner with several intimate friends, and had hoped that I might have the opportunity of meeting her.

When we were introduced, she gave me a cordial but concise greeting that seemed to end it right there. But then our hostess rushed in to fill the void with, "Mr. Lewis' wife is also in the cinema."

"Who *is* she?" asked Miss Garbo, with a trace of curiosity.

"Loretta Young," I supplied. (*Continued on page 74*)



Tom Lewis is producer, wife Loretto stor of *Cause for Alarm.*

Season in the Sun

Sue's learning golf to avoid becoming a "golf widow." She plays with Alan at Tahoe.



The Ladds struck gold in California, but not the sort you mine . . . Only the gold of brilliant sands, of the sun shining down on Lake Tahoe . . .



Although the Ladds had been to Tahoe before, this was the children's first visit. Alan wanted to show them the California scenery, including Carmel and Yosemite.

The Ladd children were sold on Arizona (they went there on location with Alan), but that was before they'd seen June Lake.



Captain Bud Scott takes the family on a breathtakingly beautiful speedboat ride around Lake Tahoe. David, conspicuous by his absence, doesn't particularly like such large bodies of water, although he loves to swim at home.

■ A while back, the Ladd family journeyed to Arizona to watch Alan become Technicolored in *Branded,* his latest Paramount movie. Arizona made quite an impression on the Ladd children. They wouldn't talk about anything else for weeks afterward. This bothered Alan. After all, Arizona may have been beautiful, but what was wrong with California? It was loaded with scenic wonders. There was Yosemite, June Lake, Carmel, Lake Tahoe—everything. "Let's not leap to conclusions," he told his kids. "Let's see California first." They were willing. They'd tag along with him anytime. So Alan and Sue packed the valises again, polished up two sets of golf clubs and the children, piled them all into the convertible and set out. It was quite a trip—as you can see on these pages—the sky couldn't have been bluer, the days couldn't have been longer. They rode, boated, golfed, picnicked and just admired the many wonders around them. (*Continued on next page*)

MORE →

Season in the Sun cont'd

David and Alana saw most of Tahoe from the saddle. Both of them are old hands at riding—picked up their information back home at Alsulad ranch. But no matter how the rest of the family pleaded, they couldn't get David near the water. At first, he just shook his head when they offered him a speedboat ride. Then he burst into tears, so he was left on shore while the others zipped around Lake Tahoe. Alana, feeling slightly superior, turned her face toward the sun and let the wind lift her hair. Aside from that incident, though, David was really in there pitching. And now he hardly talks about Arizona at all.



On their way to Tahoe, Alan, Alana, and David stop to explore the rocky countryside near June Lake, while chief cook, Sue, prepares a picnic lunch for her hungry ones.



David doesn't mind the water, as long as he's on a horse. Both he and Alana are seasoned riders. Here a guide takes them on a rambling tour of the country around Lake Tahoe.



Complete in cowboy outfits, the children are off on another jaunt through the wide open spaces of Tahoe. Alan prefers golf to riding. He plays it whenever he's free.



Dressed up in a lifebelt almost as big as he is, David's prepared for any emergency. He took a good, firm hold on dry land when his family urged him to come boating.



Piled high among the suitcases, David waves goodbye to a wonderful vacation. Yosemite, June Lake, Carmel, Lake Tahoe—it was all just perfect to the littlest Ladd.

How I feel about Love

by Shirley Temple

■ I was flying through the air with the greatest of ease, headed for Hawaii at the rate of about 200 miles an hour, when I made the decision that changed my whole life.

"This is wonderful," I thought, looking down at the blue Pacific ocean 17,000 feet below, "but I might as well make up my mind. I'm a homegirl and I'm going to stay that way."

Linda Susan, snuggled against my shoulder, stirred in her sleep. She half opened her eyes, looked up at me and smiled, then dropped off again. I felt secure and happy for the first time in months, mostly because I had decided *not* to do something that might have meant a great deal to my future.

I had decided to discard a great opportunity which was simply this—David Selznick, who is famous for performing miracles in the acting profession, had given me the chance of a lifetime. He wanted me to go to Europe and study for six months with a famous director who had never seen me in a movie. This man was to train me as he had others, and then I was to be launched in an entirely new type of picture.

The actress part of me realized that this might mean many years of added life before the cameras and perhaps proof positive to everyone that I had grown up to become what is known as a "great talent."

The woman and mother side of me simply said, "You can't do it. You can't drag Susan around Europe. Stay home and see what life will bring you."

I won't live to regret that decision. As a matter of fact it was only a few hours afterwards that I began to meet new (*Continued on page 80*)



Charles Black and Shirley attend the opening of *Little Boy Blue*. They have seen each other constantly since they met in Hawaii last winter. He's a television executive at KTTV, in Los Angeles.

Shirley discusses her past, present, and future . . . a frank and revealing article.

Hollywood's loveliest Christmas Story

MARIKA'S MIRACLE



BASED ON AN IDEA BY BARBARA STANWYCK AS TOLD TO JIM HENAGHAN

■ It was a pretty ordinary miracle, except to Marika. To her, it was just as though a door had opened in one of the pages of her favorite book of fairy tales, and she had been permitted to walk in and meet the wonderful people she had read about so often. It was proof that Alice really went through the looking-glass—and proof, too, as her father told her, that the world is full of good people.

Because it was Christmas Eve, an enchanted day, and this is a fantasy, let us say it all began in the street outside the magnificently ornate gate of Splendid Studio, in Hollywood.

It was rather late in the afternoon, and chilly. A slight rain filled the air with tiny drops of moisture that clung to clothing and wet the feet through shoes that were thin at the soles. Marika was eight. And on this day, filled with the adventure of the season in a strange land, she had wandered from her home and had been beckoned by the glittering sign, atop the gate, that spelled S-P-L-E-N-D-I-D in the murky sky.

She stood for a long time watching the word flicker on and off in red and green and dazzling white. The rain was forgotten and the chill almost forgotten, and pretty (*Continued on page 81*)



what now, Frankie boy?



Ava Gardner was not solely responsible for Frank's separation from his wife (*below with their children*). Much of their trouble has been due to diverging interests.

If Ava and Frank consider marriage he'll have to sing, "I can't give you anything but love, baby." Will that be enough?

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES





MGM released Frank so he could do television. He's working hard, but feels the separation from Ava keenly, and misses Hollywood.

■ The year 1950 will go down in the records as the year of the open season on Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra.

In 1950 everything was thrown at these two but the kitchen sink, and only the plumbers' union prevented them from getting that.

Frankie was typed as the kind of guy who'd steal cod liver oil from babies and virtue from any amount of innocent girls. Ava was labelled home-wrecker, siren, thoughtless pleasure-seeker.

During this time, neither of them could have been more understanding, considerate, or sweeter to get along with. For they were in love—they still are—in a way that few couples could hope to be.

Now that Frank is in New York, working on his television show, and Ava is in Hollywood working in *Show Boat,* their love has grown.

During October and November, it was love by telephone, love via airmail, love by Western Union, and the substitution of Ava's voice for her heart.

Like doctors, hotel telephone operators are pledged to silence, but if you could see Frank Sinatra's telephone bill for long distance calls from New York to Ava Gardner in Hollywood—you wouldn't believe your eyes.

"A guy like Sinatra," one of his friends recently explained, "cares absolutely nothing about money when he's fallen for a girl. My guess is that he's spent over a thousand bucks in the last three months on long distance calls to Ava.

"All she has to do is to say she wants anything, and in a minute she's got it. When she came back from Spain, she was on a Spanish kick, wanted to learn pure Castilian. She happened to mention that to Frank. Fifteen minutes later, a messenger boy drove up to her house with a complete set of Spanish language records.

"Fortunately for Frank, Ava doesn't especially like jewelry. Usually she wears only a good luck medallion he gave her, and earrings for which she recently had her ears pierced. Frank gave her a nifty piece of ice when she was in Spain, but the papers got it all wrong. One paper said they were emeralds valued at $10,000; another called them diamonds, costing $50,000, and a (*Continued on page 70*)

HOMEMADE FOR



■ Everything was picture-postcard-perfect. Sun-tanned couples were speeding up and down the canyon road in their convertibles. The horsey set was cantering along the bridle paths. Beside their backyard swimming pools, the sophisticates were sipping cocktails and munching canapes. But in front of Richard Widmark's house, a gaunt-looking young man was clipping a boxwood hedge. Dressed in dungarees, his face covered with a week's growth of beard, he looked amazingly like a hobo.

Abruptly, a station wagon screeched to a halt beside the hedge. A proper, matronly sort of woman leaned out from behind the wheel. "Young man," she called.

The young man turned off his electric clippers, and sauntered over to the car.

"Tell me," asked the woman, imperiously, "what do you get for clipping hedges?"

"Well," said Richard Widmark, "the lady who lives here lets me live with her."

The matron drove off in a cloud of dust. (*Cont'd on page 42*)

The dining room (*above*) opens into a gabled living room whose big stone hearth and solid furniture achieve informality.



HAPPINESS

by Marva Peterson



Like the rest of the rooms, the library is square and lofty. Dick papered the ceiling, and lined the walls with shelves to give coziness without cutting down space. He also built, papered, and painted a closet bar. Decorating the kitchen was another weekend project.



The spacious master bedroom is so cheery and comfortable it's a second living room. Dick made the book shelves and Jean whipped up drapes and lamp shades. The furniture, along with other handsome pieces in the house, comes from Jean's girlhood home in Chicago.



The grounds were once o botanical garden.



The house is one-story, unpretentious.

Give him a lawn,
he'll mow it down; give
him a table, he'll
finish it off.
Widmark's a tough guy
to beat when he's making
his house beautiful.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

MORE →



Dick gathered the twiddley-bits, an English expression for bric-a-brac, on many trips abroad. The chairs are hangovers fram his bachelar apartment in New York.

Dick laughed so long and hard it brought his wife and five-year-old daughter, Ann, out of the house.

"What's so funny?" Jean Widmark asked.

Dick told her, and she smiled. "Why don't you do some work in the backyard?" she said. "Or maybe you'd better come into the house for awhile."

Widmark gave her one of those long-suffering, husbandly looks and continued his hedge-clipping. He wasn't going to let his beard (which he'd grown especially for *Halls of Montezuma*) keep him off the streets. Not while there was work to be done, anyway.

His home projects take the form of wall-papering the kitchen, simonizing his 1935 Ford, or painting the half-mile of white fence that surrounds his property.

Apparently, Widmark has always been this hyper-active. Soon after he and Jean were married and living in New York, he began to feel cramped in a city apartment so they moved into a succession of rented suburban homes in Bronxville and White Plains. The fact that the houses were rented didn't stop Dick from working on them. He cheerfully plunged (*Continued on page 58*)

HOMEMADE FOR HAPPINESS



Jean, Dick and Ann are a close-knit family. The threesome prefer being home together to anything else in the world.



the girl who tamed don juan

SHE WAS ERROL'S LEADING LADY AND SHE LIKED THE ROLE ENOUGH TO MAKE IT REAL. by Steve Cronin

■ Almost as soon as his second wife, Nora, left him to marry Dick Haymes, Errol Flynn was out looking for a bride. He had a little trouble—as all great lovers do—there wasn't a girl for miles who, when asked, would say no.

But there wasn't a girl for miles who struck him the way Patrice Wymore did. She was 22, red-headed, corn-fed, and almost as tall as he was. When she looked him in the eye he saw his future.

They were married on October 23, 1950, in Monte Carlo. Mayor Charles Palmaro, decorated in a red and white sash, conducted the civil ceremony in French. The couple took it sitting down in big armchairs. When it was over, the Mayor handed them a medal bearing Monaco's coat of arms.

Six hundred people gathered outside the Town Hall, their pockets stuffed with rice, and as the newlyweds dashed to their black Rolls Royce the rice flew and the air was filled with romance.

The bride wore an off-white street length gown with a stole lined in blue satin (to match the sapphire *(Continued on page 86)*



Married Oct. 23, the Flynns toast their new life.

what price GLAMOUR?

Betty knows that the wearer, not the price, makes a gown attractive. She paid $8.95 for this dress, flattering as an original.

Part of a three piece suit is Betty's gabardine skirt ($12.95). An Eisenhower jacket and slacks complete the serviceable, smart outfit.



This sleek, and always stylish sunning outfit is only $11.95 in most stores. The white sharkskin shorts have a polka dot trim matching the halter.





Another gabardine favorite, both for its beauty and its price, ($69.95) is this slack suit with matching skirt. Incidentally, Harry's shirt set him back $3.95.



One of Betty's extravagances is the Allardyce race track blouse which cost $29.95. Usually, she wears cashmere or angora sweaters.



Deceivingly low-priced but obviously good looking are this jersey blouse and cotton twill shorts whose total cost was $8.00.



Bargains can be beautiful! Betty's lightweight slack suit and the red heart print dress were inexpensive purchases at a small, Beverly Hills shop.

A Paris gown will flatten your wallet but it won't always flatter your figure. Ask Betty who can look like a million for only $8.95.

BY LESLIE SNYDER

■ The petite blonde took a dress from the rack of brightly colored frocks before her.

"This is awfully cute." She tipped her head, gathered the green and white polka dot dress into her tiny waist and held the hanger just under her chin to get the effect.

"It's very becoming," the sales girl agreed. "Particularly on . . ." she stopped suddenly, recognizing the blonde with the luscious, much publicized figure.

"S-a-a-a-a-y. You're BETTY GRABLE!" The excitement in her voice made Betty start.

"Yes, I am," she smiled, "and I like this dress." She turned back to the mirror. "Let's take it into a dressing room and try it on." She started toward the nearest curtained alcove.

"But, Miss Grable!" The girl hurried after her. "We have some much *nicer* things. That dress is only $8.95."

"Doesn't make any difference," Betty said firmly. "I like it, and if it fits me I'll take it."

(*Continued on page 84*)


HE GETS AWAY

Lancaster can maim you with a glance, and kill you with a word. He often does. And he's the only man in Hollywood who doesn't have to apologize.

by Mickell Novak

WITH MURDER

THE DIRECTOR yelled "Cut!" and the actors began moving off the set. The muscular young star put a restraining hand on a character actor near him and said, "You know, I think you're missing the characterization in this scene. Why don't you try a different inflection in your lines—something like *this* ——," and he proceeded to reinterpret the older man's reading.

An hour later in the studio commissary, the character man confided to a friend, "Why I was an established leading man on Broadway when he was still chinning himself on his crib!" He pondered a moment, then shrugged it off. "But who can say Burt Lancaster is wrong? I'm here on a $55.00 call, but Burt is loaned out for $150,000 a picture!"

In a later film, Lancaster and his top-rung feminine co-star prepared to do a scene. "Just a moment," said the high-salaried lady, turning to the director. "Shall I play the scene the way *you* directed it, or the way Burt directed it?"

The question of whether Burt Lancaster is right or wrong—whether he gets away with murder or justifiable homicide—is a problem that has been debated in the drawing rooms of Hollywood for four years without ever having been resolved.

There are those who maintain that Lancaster is just the same stubble-chinned, uncombed fugitive from a flea-bitten circus that he was when he first hit town five years ago; that he has always been forthright, outspoken, blunt, and devastatingly logical.

There are others who agree that while Burt is still stubble-chinned and uncombed, he is also opinionated, rude, and monomaniacally egocentric; that by the time he had made his second picture, *Desert Fury,* he had reached the point where he considered himself a muscular version of Orson Welles, with a dictatorial finger in almost every phase of the whole production pie.

In all fairness to Lancaster, his side of some celebrated "incidents" should be given a hearing.

Incident #1: A high-flown female writer publicly squawked that Burt was "rude" and had walked out on her in the middle of an interview.

Burt's version: "The dame was too condescending. She tolerated me, and I will not be tolerated!"

Incident #2: A New York night club photographer complained that when he attempted to take a picture of Burt, the star had stubbornly refused and had pushed him around.

Burt's version: "The guy was persistent and abusive, even after I asked him, courteously, not to take my picture that night. He got in my way as I tried to leave the club, so I shoved him aside."

Incident #3: A writer complained to everyone within hearing distance that Burt, without just cause, had refused to give him an interview.

Burt's version: "I had plenty of cause. I cancelled out on that interview after I heard the guy pop off at a party about what an egotistical, no-good ham I was."

Few Hollywood stars would dare such basic honesty in their (*Continued on page 83*)



REUNION *in* ITALY

"Hello, Doll," said Bob Taylor. "H

■ Of course we were early at the airport. From Los Angeles to Bob Taylor in Rome—and back—Missy was early everywhere.

Our first stop was Tucson, Arizona, and the world premiere of Hal Wallis' production of *The Furies,* much of which had been filmed near Tucson. Stanwyck went because they'd asked her to dedicate the Walter Huston Memorial Scholarship at the University of Arizona. She loved Walter Huston—as trouper and as a person. She'd



Barbara couldn't believe that she was really in Italy. When she visited St. Mark's Cathedral with her good friend and publicist, Helen Ferguson, she said, "I've so often worked against this background, I'm sure I'm on stage 12."



Bob commissioned the famous Roman sculptor, Manucci, to do a head of Barbara. He worked mostly from photos, but she sat in person for the final job. Bob's secretary, Tullia, was along



Whenever Bob had a day off from work, he and Barbara went shopping in Rome. They each had a pair of Roman sandals made by Michele Ceglia, creator of custom shoes. Barbara believes in comfort, and wore hers a lot.



Exotic Venice was almost too hot to appreciate. The Taylors rested from sight-seeing at the Piazza cafe in St. Mark's square. They sat in the sun though the shady side was more popular.

miled Barbara, and then they kissed while half of Rome stood by and cheered. by Helen Ferguson

no idea the citizenry of Tucson would be at the airport, almost en masse, to greet her. But there they were, all wearing western regalia. From the Mayor, to the cowboys who'd worked on the picture.

She was half an hour early for the dedication ceremonies at the University. She didn't get through her speech without breaking. Her effort to do so was valiant—but it failed. Her audience wept with her. There was no applause when she finished. The communion between her and her listeners and the tears they shared were the heart's applause for Walter Huston. In that quiet, too, she unveiled his portrait. Standing beneath it, head tilted to look upon him, painted in his role for *The Furies*, screen star Barbara Stanwyck, for all her silver hair, seemed like a bereft little girl.

Within the hour Barbara had showered, changed, was on her way to Davis-Monthan Air Base to christen and autograph a new bomber. After waiting 15 minutes in the broiling desert sun for the ceremonies to start, she scrawled her name with a flourish, smashed the champagne bottle against the nose of the plane with strength and competence, and with equal competence kissed every one of its 14-man crew quite thoroughly as she presented each of them with a key ring bearing the bomber's insignia—dice numbered 7-11.

Two broadcasts and one cocktail party later she again showered and changed, and at the premiere, again paid tribute to Huston. She meant (*Continued on next page*)

REUNION in ITALY cont'd

every word of it, "Ladies and gentlemen. You are about to see the Hal Wallis production of *The Furies* in which, unfortunately for our industry, Walter Huston plays his final role. It is Walter's picture. Mr. Wendell Corey, Mr. Gilbert Roland, Miss Judith Anderson and myself are in the supporting cast. For me, this is the greatest honor I have ever had."

After the premiere, in the teeming rain, she went again to the Air Base. First to the Enlisted Men's Club where she danced till 12:30, then to the Officers' Club where she danced till two.

Next morning, next lap of the "Road to Rome." The Governor's car took us to the airport. American Airlines to Dallas. To New York.

They held the connecting plane ten minutes at Dallas because we came in right on deadline. Sprint to make it? Brother, you think Stanwyck hurries to be on time? She's jet-propelled.

New York, LaGuardia Field at midnight after the sweetest, smoothest landing! Barbara wanted to write a fan letter to the pilot, but the photographers were waiting. Because it was midnight and Saturday she got lost in her agitation because she knew that the poor guys were having their date night ruined.

"Why didn't you walk out on me?" she demanded. "Why hang around to photograph some gray haired dame like me, when you could have been dancing with a doll?"

Her adroit switch to the vernacular, her apologies, sent them into a spin. "Don't go calling yourself no dame, Barbara," one of them said. And she couldn't have been more flattered.

Gil Cote, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Herb Steinberg, Paramount, were there to meet her. Each with a limousine. Tactful doll, she herded them both into one car with her. The other followed, luggage filled. Sandwiches and black coffee at the hotel, unpacking, and chatter. We turned in at three o'clock in the morning.

Gil Cote had told Barbara about Danny's Hideaway. "Wonderful steaks," he'd said, knowing Barbara. We went there on our first night in New York. "Wonderful steaks" plus. Plus meaning the friendships that grew from Danny's delighted hospitality which refused to allow Barbara to pay for a dinner. We dined no place else in the city. "Danny's Hideaway—my New York 'home,'" Stanwyck said. As is customary (*Continued on page 76*)



Barbara never tired of wandering through the



Admirers followed "our love couple" everywhere to applaud and take pictures.



Even the natives get lost in Rome, but Bob's uncanny sense of direction piloted them perfectly on their tours.



On the set of *Quo Vadis*, Emperor Nero, Peter Ustinov, amuses the Taylors and Mervyn LeRoy.

mony beoutiful churches in Rome. Here she odmires St. Poul's Cothedrol. The climax of her visit in the Holy City wos on oudience with the Pope.



Borbara, o push-over for o zoo, visits every one she con. In Rome she met George, the chimp.



"Romeo" rarely rises to the accasion in such an eloborote manner but he did it for Stonwyck.



The Taylors ond Mervyn LeRoy sot next to Jeon Simmons, ot the Venice Film Festivol.

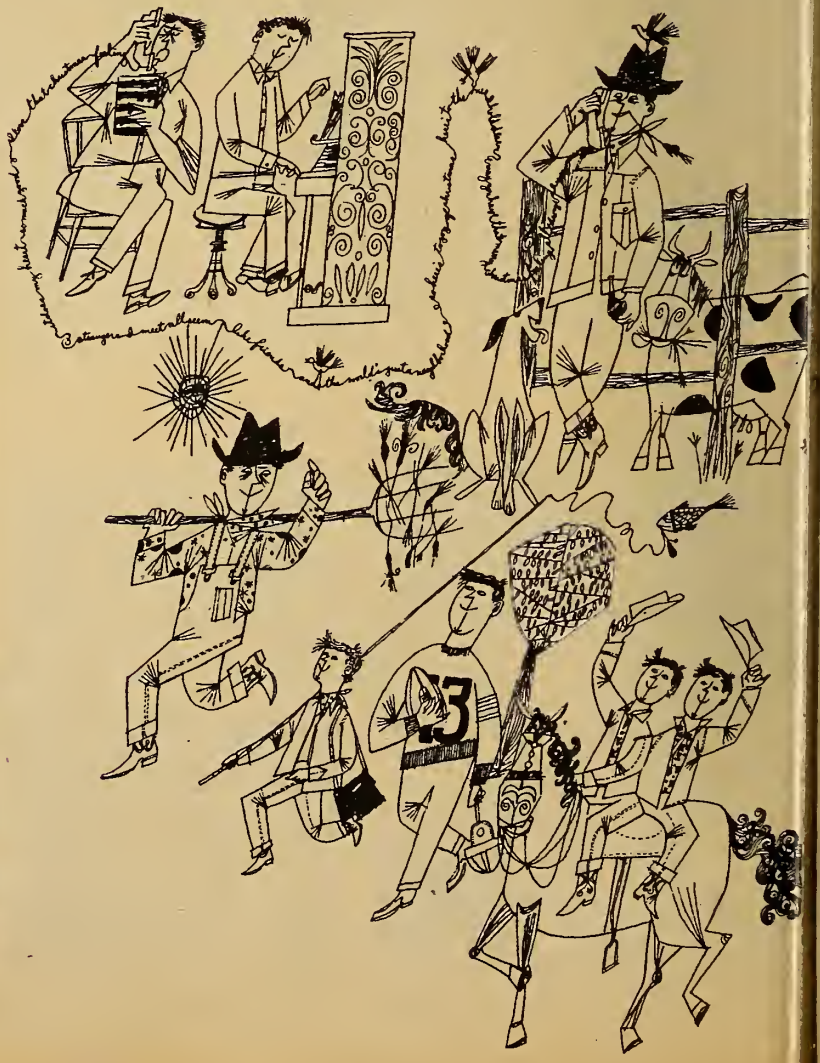
The meaning
of Christmas itself
is the greatest
gift of all. It's the
light and hope
of the world.
God grant it may be
with us always.



my christmas



"I'm proud of the fine way the boys handled their songs."





story by bing crosby

■ This year, the spirit of Christmas descended on the Crosby clan a couple of months ahead of schedule. The four sprouts and I had just finished up a heavy haying season on the ranch at Elko, Nevada, and were loafing around at Hayden Lake for a few weeks before we were due to check in at school and CBS, respectively. We'd been doing some fishing, riding, and throwing the football around a bit, and Christmas was absolutely the last thing on our minds.

Then, one sizzling afternoon when the thermometer was flirting with the idea of blowing its top, I got a call from Hollywood. It was Johnny Burke, a lyric writer of considerable repute. He was plainly excited.

"Hey, Bing, listen to this!" he said, with a gasp.

There was a moment's pause, broken up by the shuffling background noise of Jimmy Van Heusen sliding into place behind the piano. Then Johnny, in his fractured tenor voice, began to sing.

I must pause to mention that Johnny Burke is not my favorite singer. Personally, I like Sinatra better, or the Andews sisters, or even, for that matter, a certain weary baritone of my acquaintance. But while Johnny's voice isn't much to boast about, his material is always bright and new. He had a Christmas song . . . a heart-warming little ditty about a snowman who melted away, and as his voice came over (*Continued on page 82*)

IT'S A GOOD LIFE



She'd rather act than eat—but Hollywood would rather see her star than starve. So they've worked out a deal. Piper Laurie can act anytime —and Hollywood will feed her on caviar.

BY TOM CARLILE



Now eighteen and a high school graduate, Piper is ready to concentrate on her career which already has reached star proportions.



Piper has lots of beaus, but hasn't settled on any one. Besides Mom's cooking's still too good to leave.

■ Universal's had her for less than a year. She was 17 and a high school student when they offered her a salary, which she refused. "It would have been like stealing," she says, especially since she would have been willing to pay *them* for a chance to act. Almost as soon as she got her high school diploma she was cast in *Louisa,* and after that, in *The Milkman.* She felt a little easier then about taking the money. Now she's 18, lovely owner of a term contract, and star in *The Prince Who Was A Thief.* That's not bad, and Piper Laurie knows it.

Her big break came about half a year ago. Piper was carrying a basket of fruit to the mayor of Chicago. (The fruit was a present from Ann Blyth, the mayor of Toluca Lake.) She was standing in City Hall, waiting for an elevator, when Ben Katz, head of Universal-International's Chicago office, rushed up to her. He was red-faced and excited.

"Just got a wire from Hollywood," he told Piper. "Don't tell anyone, but they're going to star you in a two million dollar Technicolor production. Congratulations!"

"You're kidding," said Piper, calmly.

"No. Honest," said Mr. Katz.

Piper smiled knowingly as she stepped into the elevator. But three floors up she turned white. "He *must* be kidding," she thought, but she realized then that he wasn't.

Half an hour later in her hotel room the phone rang. It was a long distance call from her agent in Hollywood.

"Don't say anything, kid," he said, "but U-I is giving you the starring role in a big Technicolor picture. Isn't that terrific?"

"Terrific!" said Piper, dazedly.

The next phone call was from her mother in Beverly Hills. "Don't say anything, baby," her mother said, "but Universal is starring you in a big picture. I'm so proud of you."

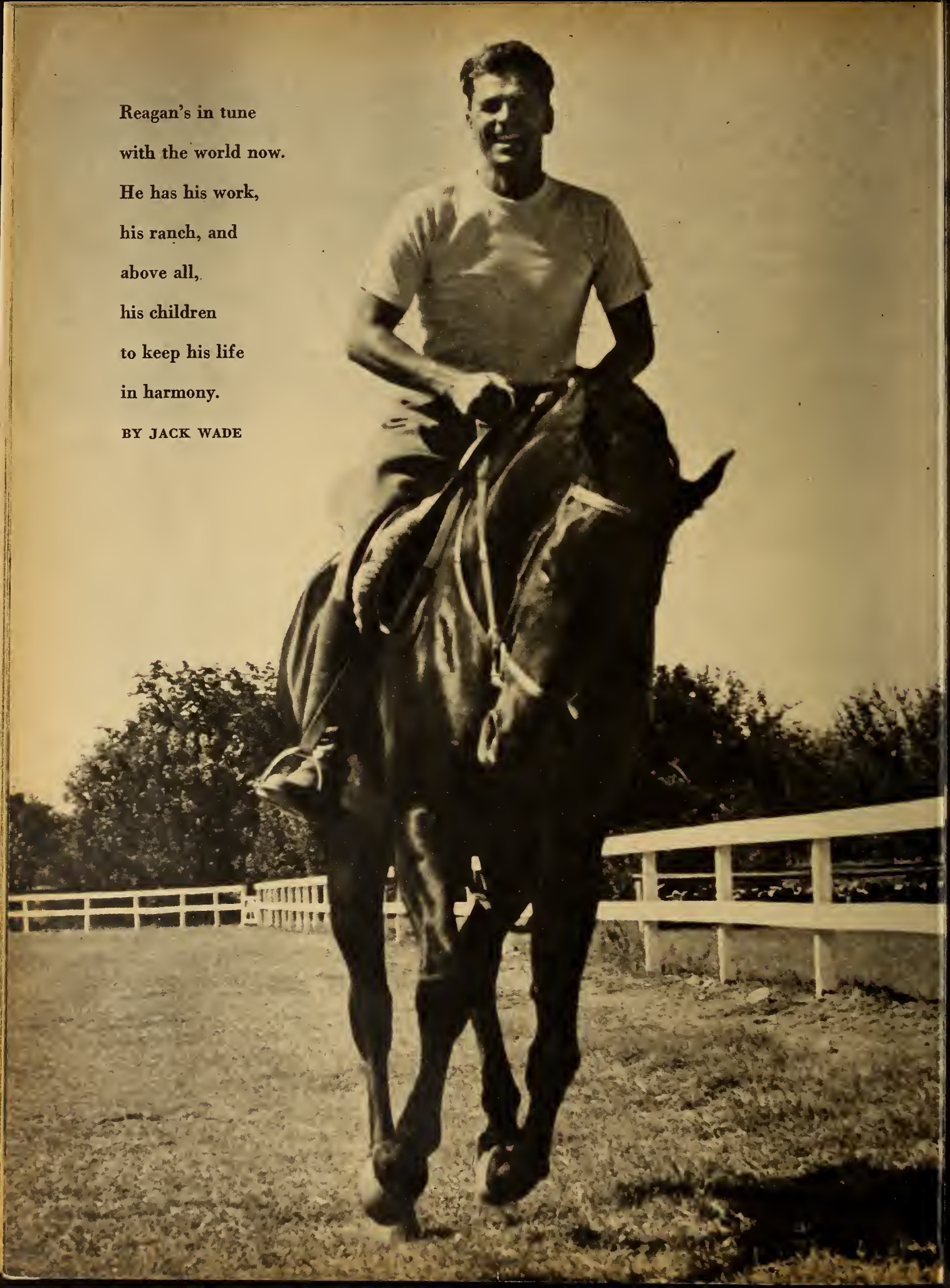
By that time, Piper couldn't have said (*Continued on page 85*)



bring a movie star to your home

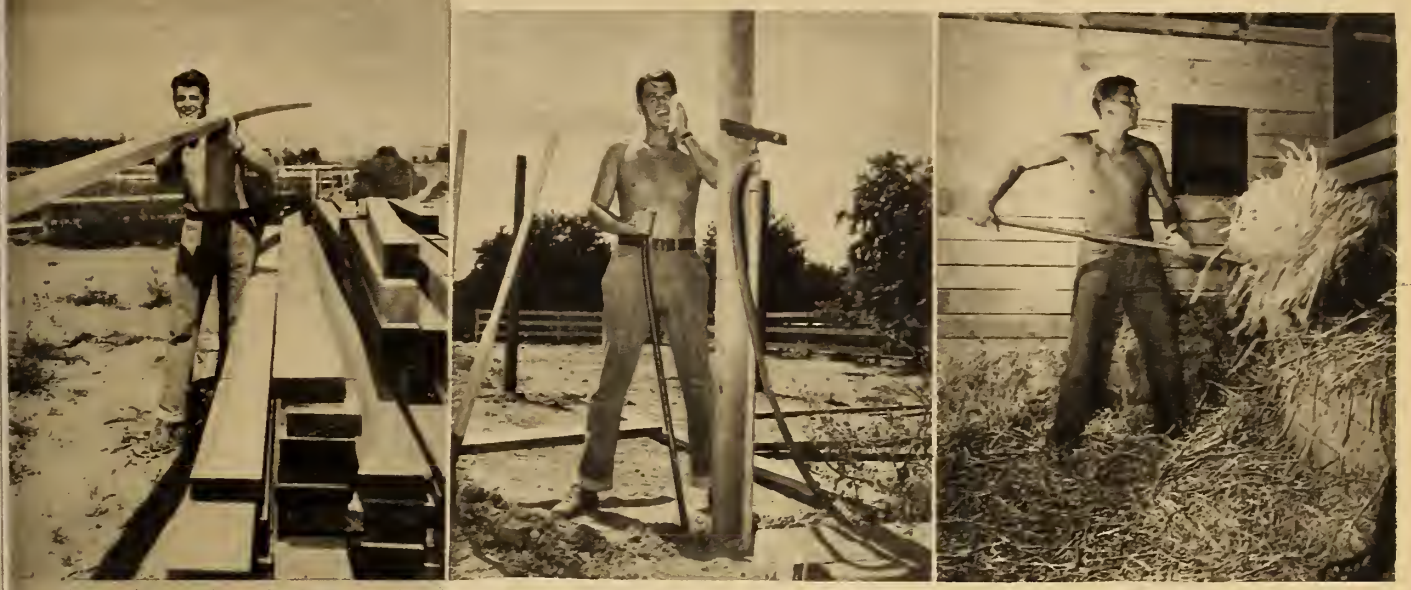
How would you like to have Piper Laurie visit you in person? Would you like to meet Tony Curtis, too? How about seeing a brilliant premiere of their new picture, *The Prince Who Was A Thief,* in your home town theater? All this plus a prize of a $1000 Government Bond will happen to the winner of MODERN SCREEN's exciting contest. Turn to page 88 for the easy rules.

over $6500 in prizes



Reagan's in tune
with the world now.
He has his work,
his ranch, and
above all,
his children
to keep his life
in harmony.

BY JACK WADE



His eight acre horse breeding ranch in San Fernanda Valley keeps Ronnie busy. On weekends the children join him in farm chores and riding.



No sad songs for Ronnie

■ In an exuberant moment last month, Ronald Reagan bought two new suits, several shirts, a handful of neckties, and immediately outgrew his apartment.

"When I came in that afternoon and couldn't find an empty chair to put down my packages," Ronnie later told friends, "I glumly surveyed the place I've called home for two years and decided it was time for a little chat with the landlord."

The landlord wouldn't hear of his moving.

"Come with me," he told Ronnie, mysteriously.

Ronnie came with him out into the courtyard and upstairs into another wing of the building. He stood patiently while the landlord rattled the key in the lock of a door and then ushered him into a pleasant, airy living room. Just outside, Ronnie noticed, was a spacious sundeck overlooking the Mocambo across the street.

Ronnie signed up on the spot, and by the following noon all of his belongings were moved in. It was as simple as that.

As a rule, bachelors have a bad time living alone. They can't find their socks. The laundry loses their shirt buttons. They forget to eat the right vitamins, and become indifferent about appointments.

But it hasn't been that way with Ronald Reagan. No frayed shirts. No dirty dishes in the sink. Hardly any troubles at (*Continued on page 87*)

homemade for happiness

(*Continued from page 42*) into such ambitious projects as bookcase building, resetting the bathroom tile, and staining the woodwork.

"Sometimes, I couldn't see much sense in putting all that work into someone else's property," his wife recalls, "but so long as it made Dick happy I worked along as his bungling assistant. I can see now that it was a good apprenticeship for the work we're doing in our own house. At least, we know a little more about home decorating than we did during those first years of our marriage."

The Widmarks bought their present house after trying out three others. Their first California rental was a caretaker's adobe cottage which they refer to in retrospect as "Snake-haven."

"We didn't mind the coyotes howling at night," Dick says, "but when I had to kill a rattlesnake, Jean said we'd better fly the coop. Fly we did."

The next Widmark home was in a crowded (crowded for Widmark, that is) section of Santa Monica. Dick, who loves privacy to the point of isolation, was under the impression that people were breathing down his neck, so he took his wife and child and moved into Claude Rains' house in Brentwood. Very nice, very stylized, very formal—but not exactly Widmark.

"We were just like a lot of couples are," Jean says. "We couldn't put our feeling about a home into words. We felt that when we saw what we wanted, it would hit us all of a sudden. I'd look at the house, Dick would look at it. We'd look at each other and we'd know at once that this was it. The real estate agents were very anxious to make a sale and they kept showing us house after house, but in the end we found the house ourselves."

When Harry Carey, the veteran Western star, passed away several years ago, his wife, Ollie, decided to sell their roomy, rambling California ranch house in Mandeville Canyon. Before Ollie could put it on the market, Dick and Jean rushed to make her an offer. She accepted it. Mrs. Carey says, "I was glad to turn the house over to people who really loved it and appreciated its charm."

The house is twenty years old—a one-story frame job that spreads out in the middle of an acre. The acre was once a botanical garden, and ginger plants, a rare Chinese tree, and half a dozen experimental fruit-bearers still remain from those days. A good deal of shrubbery which is too unique and valuable to be cleared out almost obscures the house which has no particular style. Neither is it impressive to look at. Its fundamental beauty lies in its spacious, uncomplicated floor plan. All the rooms, including the baths, are large, square, and high-ceilinged. The living room seems even larger than it is, because it has a gabled ceiling and one wall of windows that overlooks the rose garden. The dining room is spacious enough to seat twelve or fifteen guests, and the master bedroom, with its great stone fireplace, is practically a second living room.

Only the library is small enough to be considered cozy. But even here, Dick and Jean have cleverly lined the walls with book cases and magazine racks to provide plenty of shelf storage without taking up floor space.

Throughout the entire house there's ample evidence of Dick's weekend projects. There's the closet-bar which he built, papered, and painted. There's the early American antique table which he cut down to coffee table height. The bedroom bookcases are a tribute to his carpentry. In the big old-fashioned kitchen, though, there's a trace of handiwork he'd rather you wouldn't mention. Seems he started fixing the room by painting it blue. Then, in a fit of inspiration, he decided to paper one wall. He ran short of paper, and when he went back to get a second roll, he discovered that the paper was out of stock, which was why he'd gotten a good bargain in the first place.

If the fresh paint and unique papering are indicative of the Widmark weekends, the furnishings are a chronicle of the Widmark travels.

Take the twin easy chairs beside the living room fireplace. They represent Dick's earliest venture into the field of home furnishings. He bought them, with Jean's help, for his first bachelor apartment in New York. They weren't married at the time, but together, they stumbled onto a smart trick of economy buying. They learned that chairs bought in the boudoir section of a department store are often less expensive than similar chairs in the regular furniture department. Then all they had to do was get them upholstered in an appropriate fabric.

The Widmark bedroom set is the one Jean had when she was Miss Jean Hazelwood of Chicago. A good many other furniture pieces also come from the Hazelwood homestead. After Jean's mother died, her father sold the family home and stored the furnishings in a Chicago warehouse. He urged Jean and Dick to look things over and select what they liked best. "Poking through the Loop warehouse," Dick says, "got to be our favorite in-between-trains diversion whenever we were traveling from coast to coast."

The Chippendale mirror, Queen Anne chest, and Victorian seat in the living room are mute evidences of the number of trans-continental stop-offs.

The oil painting over the fireplace was bought by Dick a year ago. He had a few days off from filming *Night and The City* in England so he and Jean flew to Paris. As soon as he saw the painting of the Seine after dark in a little Montmartre art gallery, he knew it was for him. But he acted casual about it, because he'd been told not to get enthusiastic about anything he really wanted to buy in France. It almost killed him, but he didn't buy the painting that first night. They returned the next morning and bought it on the spot. The oil is by a young artist named Kiilakoff, who paints only at night.

While Dick worked in England, Jean and little Ann used to roam the Sussex countryside in search of antiques. On the weekends, they'd lead Dick to their discoveries, and he'd say yes or no. Their most impressive British find is a heavy monk's table and six chairs which they use in the dining room. The table also acts as a base for Dick's movie projector when he wants to show home movies.

Two cricket tables, three milking stools, and a wing-back chair are also remembrances of the English trip as well as a collection of twiddley-bits, the British equivalent of bric-a-brac.

Dick and Jean have lived in their canyon home for almost a year now and still friends rave over its individuality and homey quality. Only the other day, one of them asked Mrs. Widmark to disclose the name of her interior decorator. "I really mean it, dear," she gushed. "Your decorator has captured your personalities."

It wasn't very Hollywood-like, but Jean told the truth. "We decorated it ourselves." And the Widmark house looks it—solid, intelligent, in good taste. In short, almost pure Widmark. The End

bobbie fog, fashion editor

beverly tyler at the rainbow room

■ You will soon be seeing Beverly Tyler in *The Fireball,* a picture to be released by 20th Century-Fox. Now you see her on a visit to New York (at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center) wearing a strictly tailored suit—inspired by men's practical fashions. Women borrow everything from the males. Now we invade his closet for another steal, a suit with two skirts, the jacket copied from the one he keeps for smoking. More male thefts: fabric, vest, and link fastenings. The sum total is a wardrobe-in-one. To mix, one ensemble pairs the menswear checked jacket with the solids—skirt and vest of rayon gabardine. Another time play it lightly and match skirt and vest with top. In navy and gray checks with navy, black and white with black, and brown and tan with brown. 10-18. $24.99.
By Zimco.



This suit may be purchased at **Jonas Shoppes** in Akron, Columbus or Cleveland, Ohio; Detroit, Michigan; Richmond, Virginia. To order by mail, write Jonas Shoppes, 62 West 14th Street. N.Y.C.


modern
screen
fashions



around the clock around the town

seeing skyscrapers

For an early start on your sightseeing trek, simplicity and comfort in attire are preferred. Here, a dress of checked menswear combines a strip of rolled collar, raglan sleeve ending high and a string of buttons closing down center. The full skirt meets at the waist in soft pleats. Navy or brown checks. Sizes 9-15. $14.95. **By Jonathan Logan.**

BUY IN PERSON OR ORDER BY MAIL FROM THE BROADWAY DEPT. STORE, LOS ANGELES; POWERS DRY GOODS, MINNEAPOLIS; DENVER DRY GOODS, DENVER.

Photographed at the Seventh-floor Roof-top Garden of the Palazzo D'Italia, Rockefeller Center





Hat by Stetson

clock watching

A traditional meeting place, under the clock at the Biltmore, in a traditional suit. Cut sharply with uncluttered lines, the jacket is broken with triple folds outlined with stitching. The skirt—slim—with a narrow fold down center front. Gray or brown checked sharkskin. Sizes 10-18. $25.
By Henry Rosenfeld.

BUY IN PERSON OR ORDER BY MAIL FROM RUSSEKS, NEW YORK; SAGE ALLEN, HARTFORD; THE HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Slouch Hat by Stetson
Scarf by Glentex

dinner at the stork club

Wonderful construction and iridescent
Venetian doeskin, make an admirable all
season suit in the usual Rosenblum manner.
A pale felt hat and a light scarf
keep the monotone theme.
Suit in beige, brown, gold, blue,
green. Sizes 10-20. $35.

By Rosenblum of California

BUY IN PERSON OR ORDER BY MAIL FROM ARNOLD CONSTABLE, NEW YORK; KAUFMANS, PITTSBURGH; THE MAY COMPANY, LOS ANGELES.

around the clock around the town



late arrivals at el morocco

Make an entrance in tissue faille. Silky petals, each are tipped with a pearl, at shoulder and pocket. Sleeves of three-quarter length meet the sophisticated longer gloves. Green, navy, coral, caramel. Sizes 10-18, for 5′5″ and under. $12.95.
By Barbette Brief.

BUY IN PERSON OR ORDER BY MAIL FROM JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA; WOODWARD AND LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Gloves by Crescendoe
Velvet stole by Glentex

step softly













1. Cozy bootie in embossed leather, lined with shearling for double warmth. Black, brown, red, blue, pink, green, black and yellow, brown and tan.

2. A soft-as-a-bunny scuff in shearling. Two cross bands over the toes give minimum coverage, maximum wear insured by leather soles. In 13 jewel-toned colors. All sizes.

3. Cross band shearling slipper with the added support of a sling over the ankle. Leather soles. In the same beautiful jewel-toned colors. All sizes.

4. Another softie slipper with one horizontal band, one curving around the instep, and sling back. In shearling. In all sizes. Leather soles.

5. For variance, try the twice banded scuff with the perky tongue. Rolled sling and leather soles. All colors and sizes.

6. Hardy souls will appreciate this tailored bedroom slipper, in soft leather with elastic gussets at each side. All slippers have foam cushioned inner sole. Eight colors.

All slippers by Baranee

BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE BARANEE, 190 WEST 237TH STREET, NEW YORK 63, N. Y.



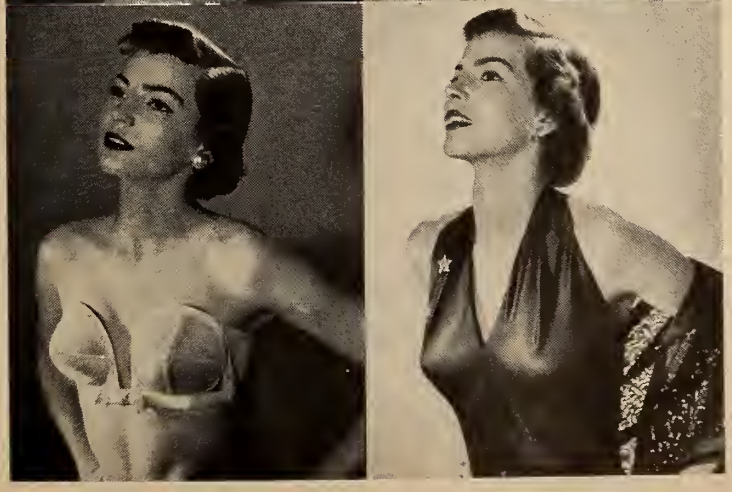
A



B



C



D

close to you

A For V-necklines: A low cut bra for low cut fashions. Nylon keeps it light in weight, the net lining gives added support. In white or black. $3.50. Linen blouse by **Katja of Sweden.**

B For sweaters: Nylon taffeta bra lined with net. Circular stitching for proper, rounded look, elastic band gives added side control. White only. $3.95. Sweater by **Jantzen.**

C For active sports: Nicely curved bra of cotton broadcloth and alternate sections of delicate net. White only. $2.50. Golf dress by **Serbin.**

D For wide necklines: One bra answer to all bare top dresses. Stitched rayon satin undercup, the top half is net—slashed and wired way down. Batiste lastex back. White or black. $5.00 Dress by **Henry Rosenfeld.**

All bras by Hollywood-Maxwell.

BUY THESE BRAS IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON, MASS.

my predictions for 1951

(*Continued from page 28*) Shirley Temple will change her name to Mrs. Charles Black and gradually give up her Hollywood career.

Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman will find a way to make a match.

Bob Walker will find a wife and found a home for himself and his boys.

Doris Day will be Mrs. Martin Melcher (if she already isn't by the time this prints).

Ava Gardner will discover a new lover boy, but Nancy won't take Frankie back again.

Farley Granger will live alone and like it for another year, anyway, and so will his old sweetie, Shelley Winters.

Janet Leigh won't love Tony Curtis half as much as her brilliant new picture breaks. So she'll keep saying, "No."

The Dan Daileys will sign their bill of divorcement and Dan will play the field.

Errol Flynn will stay put and pacified with Patrice Wymore at least through '51. So will Bette Davis with Gary Merrill.

Clark Gable and his lady fair will grow cozier and cozier out on the farm.

The Crosby clan will allow no more marriage break rumors, with their family life put back in good order.

Betty Hutton will risk no more marriage rifts with Ted Briskin.

June Allyson will be one of the happiest girls in the world for the greatest reason in the world—a new baby. And Dick Powell will be a foolish father and first class family man.

That will do for a starter on the question-marks. So let's get down to some whys:

I SUPPOSE it sounds foolish to forecast wedded bliss for Liz and Nick Hilton in the face of all the wild rumors still rattling around. But those rumors, don't forget, flew out of their biggest marriage mistake and greatest newlywed ordeal—that injudicious, three-months long European honeymoon. It's over now and two people are mighty glad—Elizabeth and Nick.

It's rough enough adjusting to a husband or wife, besides taking on a three-ring circus at the same time, and neither Nick nor Elizabeth ever cleared the sawdust out of their eyes the whole confusing trip. Every ambitious hostess, titled count and no-account used and abused them for their own benefit. They were never alone, never got the chance to know each other—until they came home to America. Nick heard nothing but, "*Miss* Taylor this, and *Miss* Taylor that," deadly to a groom's manly pride. He got fed up and he acted up. But that's over, thank goodness.

I know Elizabeth is madly in love with Nick Hilton. She tells me so in exactly those words every time I talk to her. I also know Nick worships the ground she walks on. They've both come down to earth by now. Nick's busy running his Bel-Air Hotel, Liz is back before the cameras. They've moved into their newly decorated suite, they're looking for a house, Liz has even learned to cook, they've got reality roped. They have arguments—sure they always will—and who doesn't? But they're starting off right at home after their wrong beginnings abroad. The Hiltons don't step around; they stick to their family and friends. There's no baby started as I write—yep, I checked that—but Nick wants one soon as possible. Mrs. Hilton would like to wait, but Heaven will handle that. Put this down for Elizabeth next year: A new hold on happiness—and maybe that baby.

The same kind of bliss lines up for Shirley Temple in my book because, first, Shirley, too, is in love, so in love, so in love. She's kept a mum marathon throughout 1950 but she can't fool me or anyone else. The dark, handsome, and close mouthed San Franciscan who snared her heart with a flowered *lei* almost a year ago in Honolulu has never let it go, not for a minute. He's not courting Shirley for her glamour or her gold. He's proven he wants no share of her fame. But he does want Shirley. There have been visits I know that stayed secret, constant calls and rendezvous discreetly masked. There still are. Charles Black has a career and a life of his own in a world well apart from Hollywood, and that leads me right to my second Temple prediction.

AFTER she marries, Shirley will soon retire from the screen. She may even leave the home of her childhood for keeps and the world of her golden girl memories—Hollywood. She has had that world rise up and slap her down, hard. She's got her values back now and they're less Hollywood than ever before. All Shirley's actions this past year have pointed to that—her quiet life, her nursing, her earnest attention to Linda Susan. She's after a home and a new life—and if it's to be found in San Francisco or Honolulu—that's where she'll go. And I think the world's blessing will go with her. Mine certainly will.

Now wedding bells can be catching, and I think they can be catching Kirk Douglas in 1951, too. Kirk will be doing more than humming "Good night Irene"—I've a hunch he'll be saying it to Irene Wrightsman very regularly. Only the other night, at my house, I asked him, "Have you proposed to Irene yet?" and Kirk replied innocently, "Proposed? Why, I didn't think they did that anymore except in novels!" *But* he's not fooling me. He's a cocky, confident chap who's out after the best and right now, like a lot of boys from across the tracks who've fought their way up, Kirk has a lady complex. There's something fatally fascinating about society girls to slugger-uppers who've made the grade. I believe the Champ will make Irene Wrightsman his bride, because Kirk gets what he wants, and he wants a society girl, which Irene definitely is. She's also sweet and smart and she's been around for all the sophistication she needs. She's seen enough of playboys and she wants a real man. Beside, who wouldn't fall for Douglas? I'm scheduling that match just as soon as Kirk's decree is final.

From where I'm sitting, tolerance is just a big word for peace. War can't get going where there's sympathetic understanding of nation for nation, man for man, and creed for creed.—*Bing Crosby as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

BUT what about some other hot and heavies of this mid-century year? Take Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra—and then take them out of the picture before too many moons wax and wane. Because the present Mrs. S. has no intentions of giving her wandering troubadour a divorce. And where does that leave Ava—emotionally tied forever and a day to a man she can never marry? I don't think so. Watch that headlined pair next year and watch for the breakup of a torrid romance. It can happen any day.

Last year about this time I was pretty certain that Farley Granger and Shelley Winters would make a team. Now, I'm sure they won't. In fact, I'll go further out on a limb and say that Farley hasn't one thought of marriage roosting under his curly mop. Farley has learned a lot in 1950. Primarily, he's learned that there's a great, wide, interesting world outside of Hollywood. He made this Chris Columbus discovery on trips to Mexico, Europe, and several times, to New York. He found art, music, new things and new thoughts. He met interesting people. Farley is just starting on a hungry bachelorhood dedicated to life experience, yes, experience in romance, too.

Certainly Shelley Winters was one of the first of those and one of the best for Farley. There's not a gal in town who's more fun, or was better equipped to snap serious Granger out of his boyish shyness. When they first started sighing and swooning, a catty character around Hollywood asked Shelley pointedly, "But what do *you* see in such a *nice* boy as Farley Granger?" Shot back Shelley, "He's even nicer at night!"

Me, I wish there were a dozen Shelley Winters around town. They brighten up Hollywood like a dancing bonfire. I adore her—and in his way, Farley Granger still does. But the golden moment for that pair is gone. I don't expect either one to marry—not for a long time. In completely different ways, neither one's the marrying type—not now.

THE other evening I had a gorgeous girl over to my house and asked her a rather personal question. I asked Janet Leigh, "Are you engaged?" and she answered, "Yes I am. I'm engaged to my career." That should banish a flock of rumors because truer words were never spoken, although they're sad ones, I know, for Tony Curtis, Arthur Loew, Jr., Bob Quarrie—or any one of the smitten Romeos beauing Janet hopefully around. But I know she means them and you can bet your best hat that Janet won't say "Yes" or even "Maybe" to anyone until she's secure in her very great ambitions—which will take all of 1951 to realize. I can predict Janet's single blessedness in '51 as safely as—say—I can bank on the stag standing of those cautious customers Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando—until they, too, have hit a higher top. Or, as I can confidently forecast Peter Lawford's bachelorhood until he finds a girl with the right social standing, title, or wealth that he considers worthy of his highly esteemed self. And I might as well polish off the other Hollywood "I do" chances while I'm at it, briefly, and like this:

Sally Forrest and Milo Frank—yes, and soon. Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger—very definitely for sure: they're officially engaged, aren't they? Ida Lupino and Howard Duff? No, indeed. Lupino's still married to Collier Young and there are no divorce papers filed. Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker—also No—Lex has too roving an eye. Ruth Roman and Bill Walsh—same as a year ago; Ruth's still too wrapped up in her work to take on marriage. Jane Wyman and Greg Bautzer—now, wait a minute—look at Greg's fickle record with almost everyone in town—Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers. Jane may be "the one," but I doubt it.

I'll tell you who I bet *will* get married, and that's Robert Walker, because Bob desperately needs a home for his boys. They're his whole life and his balance. He's made a marvelous comeback from despair and he wants to anchor it. Maybe not with Nancy Davis—but he'll find someone to love and marry, because he must.

NOW how about the Hollywood homes that hit the front pages in 1950? I wouldn't predict divorces even if I knew some were brewing, because I don't believe in widening any domestic cracks as

long as there's an outside chance. Luckily, I don't have to. If you're worrying about the Clark Gables, for instance, you can stop. Clark and Sylvia knew what they wanted and now they've got it. The other day Clark was gushing like a groom to me over the virtues of the pampered Lady everyone said would never, never measure up to the rugged King. Well, Clark took her on location to Montana with him for *Across the Wide Missouri*. "I didn't think she could take it, Hedda," the King marvelled. "Rough stuff. No comforts, no fun, camp cookin', in bed at eight, up at five. But you know what—she had a wonderful time!" I'm sure she did and I'm sure the Gables do, every minute, making like country squires at Encino.

I said when Lana married Bob Topping four years ago—and right in MODERN SCREEN—that they meant their vows and I've said it since in the same pages. I'll say it again for 1951. The same goes for Dick Powell and June Allyson who long ago straightened out any difficulties that pestered them. Dick looks younger than springtime these days, June never cuter. I can see nothing but sunshine ahead for them both. And for Bette Davis and Gary Merrill too, for another reason.

Bette is in the full flush of a major comeback right now—and it's hooked right on to the man she married. Gary Merrill was her leading man in *All About Eve*—the greatest acting job of her life. Right after that great performance she married Gary. When Bette's career is rosy, so is her home life. When it's not, she isn't fit to live with. Nothing can stop her—or Gary, for that matter—in the year to come. They'll be happy as clams. So will the Bing Crosbys.

The other night there was a family clambake over at Everett and Florence Crosby's house. Everett, of course, is Bing's brother and manager. Twenty-five Crosbys were gathered, including a wonderful old lady, Bing's mom. The four Crosby boys were there and the whole shebang sang and celebrated for the first time in twenty-odd years. The Crosbys are happy again. When the dinner was through, Bing and Dixie packed up Mama Crosby's things and sped her off to Pebble Beach for a stay with them.

What people forget about the Crosbys is that—spats or no spats, and even with Bing's sometimes selfish gallavantings off alone between pictures for golf—there's a strong family tie that never wavers. The death of Bing's beloved dad brought the clan close again and now Mrs. Crosby is a staunch character who is keeping it there. And there's a woman for you!—Until her husband's death she cooked all his meals, mended his clothes, looked to his comforts in person. She once told me, "The reason my children sometimes find unhappiness is because they have too much." She could say that again—and for all Hollywood. As long as Mama Crosby is around, don't you worry about her banjo-eyed son and his wonderful wife, Dixie.

THERE are two more headlined homes I can figure for Fifty-One—one yes and one no—and like this: Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin have found the solution to their on-again-off-again marriage. Ted's back in the family business in Chicago; Betty's working in Hollywood. When they fly to each other for week or month ends, they're dying to see each other. Meanwhile, both skip the irritations of two high tension careers. It's a long-distance love life, but for the Briskins it's logical. But nothing will bring the Dan Daileys back together again. The minute their property settlement's worked out, they'll get a divorce. I have Elizabeth's word for that, too, and it's an old story:

"We are simply two temperamentally different people," she told me. "And we'll never match up. Dan tried. I tried. It didn't work. I like horses, the outdoors, and home life. Dan likes the bright lights, boogie-woogie, a twenty-four hour studio day. That's wonderful for his career, and it's his career he's really married to—not me. We must end it as soon as possible so we can keep on being friends." That's sensible, but sad, so on that note let's have Cupid corralled with his smiles and sorrows for the New Year and pass on to careers.

Nothing affects the stars' private lives more than their public ones—and there are some changes to be made, as you'll see for yourself in 1951, right in your neighborhood theater.

They say "old soldiers never die—they simply fade away." It's that way with old stars, too. Dozens of them are still around but their candlepower grows dimmer all the time. Who are the new comets certain to cross the Hollywood heavens and crowd out some stars in 1951. Here's my pick:

Marlon Brando. They come along once in a blue moon like that brilliant brat. Selfish, unmannered, a screwball, if you please—but glowing with greatness, that's Brando. *The Men* may win brash Bud Brando an Academy Award for his first picture. *A Streetcar Named Desire* may do it next year if he misses this trip. He's head and shoulders above all the new star bets. For Marlon I predict success unlimited. He could be the Barrymore of this era.

Next comes David Wayne. He's brilliant. He's versatile. After knocking them dead with comedy in *The Reformer and the Redhead* and *Adam's Rib*, Davey Wayne switched to play a child murderer in *M*. He's smooth, Broadway seasoned, and *Up Front*, the Bill Mauldin movie, will make him a rave star for sure. They can't type David Wayne and they can't tie him down.



Howard Keel. *Annie Get Your Gun,* Howard's first picture, was sensational. *Pagan Love Song* and *Three Guys Named Mike,* prove him no morning glory freak. 1951 is Howard's big year. He's got the prize role in *Showboat*—to send him right off to glory. Big, virile, and good looking, a guy who can act like a million and sing like two. How can he miss?

Barry Sullivan. Last year MGM let Barry go three times for a vacation—each time they had to call him back. He has four unreleased hits as I write, including *Inside Straight* and *Grounds For Marriage. A Life of Her Own* was a bad picture for Lana Turner but good for Barry. He has the spark of sex, and women love him. Enough said.

To those four of a kind add Keefe Brasselle, fiery Lloyd Bridges (*The Sound of Fury*) and nimble footed Gene Nelson. And don't forget Frank Lovejoy of *Home of the Brave,* and *Goodbye My Fancy* or Richard Basehart, a great young actor getting his break at last in *Fourteen Hours.* Those nine youths will make nine old men move over. And that's as it should be. I'd pick Audie Murphy, too, after *The Red Badge of Courage* but the irony there is that Captain Murphy will undoubtedly join his Texas regiment just as Hollywood makes that hero, at long last, a major star.

THERE is no wonder girl to match Marlon Brando; in fact, 1951's women are weaker (natch) than the men. But not too weak to snatch some picture plums from their senior sisters.

Patricia Neal with *The Breaking Point* and *Three Secrets* both starring her, heads my list of Favored Fillies for Fifty-One. Jerry Wald, a producer whose judgment I respect, told me, "If that girl ever gets a dramatic part worthy of her talent—watch out!" I agree. What's more, I think just that will happen to Pat this coming year.

Janet Leigh is set to cash in in '51. That's when Howard Hughes' pet project *Jet Pilot* comes out at last starring Janet, and that's when Janet's first musical *Two Tickets to Broadway* also breaks. Watch her shoot to the skies.

Sally Forrest, a fine little actress and dancer too, will follow *Mystery Street* and *Excuse My Dust* with important pictures at MGM to match her zooming popularity. If Judy Holliday—who doesn't like Hollywood—can make herself a star with one picture a year, she will. *Born Yesterday* has the whole town talking about Judy. Jan Sterling of *Caged* will have her '51 Ace in the Hole with Kirk Douglas in the picture of the same name, and I think she'll take the jackpot. *The Philippines* should do as much to boost Michelline Prelle as it does to bring back Ty Power. Marge Champion and brother Gower—will be the new Fred and Adele Astaire of the dance after *Showboat.* They're terrific. Mala Powers, Peggy Dow, Barbara Bates and Nancy Olson have their lucky numbers up, too—but they won't be Academy winners or anything like that—not for a good many years. And let me get that prediction off my chest right now—and with it a bow to the old timers who feel these hot young breaths down their necks:

Bette Davis' smashing comeback will win her third Oscar for *All About Eve.* If it doesn't, the award is a mockery. Bette's searching study of an actress in that great picture (which could win the production Oscar, too) is not only the masterpiece of her career, but one of the great Hollywood performances of all time. Oscars are won on scenes, and the scene where Bette realizes what she really is beneath her artificial fame is beyond technique; it breaks your heart. She has no rival—although look for Anne Baxter (in the same picture) Barbara Stanwyck (*The Furies*) Gertrude Lawrence and Jane Wyman (*The Glass Menagerie*) and Gloria Swanson (*Sunset Boulevard*) to win nominations. If Gloria wins, sentiment will play a part.

Jimmy Stewart is my choice for the best actor of the year. Jimmy's screen job of the lovable lush and his rabbit in *Harvey* matched Frank Fay's on Broadway. However, he'll be closely pressed by Marlon Brando for *The Men*—the only young performance of Academy calibre. And don't forget Edmund Gwenn for *Mister 880*—that's worth it, too. I don't believe Hollywood will bow to the late Walter Huston for his work in *The Furies,* although sentiment could work that, too, and it was masterly. But I'm still picking Jimmy to earn his second gold paperweight.

Now what about the pictures that may turn out to be Academy winners for next year? In these tragic times Hollywood must reach the human heart, lift up and entertain, get back to grass roots for its stories, drama and emotions—and it will because that's what the public wants. Already Liz Taylor and Spencer Tracy are making *Father's Little Dividend* to follow *Father of the Bride,* which cleaned up. *Born Yesterday,* a fun fest, will be a big picture of 1951. So will *The Mudlark*—a ragged urchin and a queen—which made Darryl Zanuck weep every time he saw it. Gene Kelly in *An American in Paris* with ballet to Gershwin's music. The glorious tunes and Southern glamor of *Showboat.* Cecil B. DeMille's circus epic, *The Greatest Show On Earth. Quo Vadis*—a spectacle which I hope is beautiful and not a big bore. And there'll be Technicolor musicals as long as stars sing and dance, as long as Betty Grable and girls with legs like hers hold out.

There'll be serious, searching pictures too, but tied to the real warp and woof of life. *Sister Carrie* with Sir Laurence Olivier and Jennifer Jones. *A Place in the Sun* with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift. *A Streetcar Named Desire* with wonderful Vivien Leigh back again and Marlon Brando. The epic westerns will keep roaring—they're timeless—and they always win. You'll see more science adventure on film like the Buck Rogers hits of '51—*Rocketship X* and *Destination Moon.* The most hush-hush picture shooting in Hollywood right now is Howard Hawks' mysterious *The Thing.*

YOU'LL pay more to see these pictures—inflation and the defense boom. But the same shot in the arm will help cure Hollywood's box-office miseries. Stars will troop back from abroad—the frozen money there is about used up. Stars will move out of big houses into little ones—if they can find them. They're not afraid of atom bombs, but they are of taxes. Stars will seek the comforting old fads and fashions, try to bring back the good old days. As they brought back square dancing and then the Charleston in '50, I predict waltzes may be the rage in '51. Stars will hug their hearths more and they'll go to church. Stars will be like everyone else in this America of ours, sobered, scared, and—if they've got the sense I think they have—determined to get their liberties and independence back again.

One movieland bugaboo has faded and another flared. Television is no longer a scarey, veiled threat for Hollywood stars. It's familiar—and a future opportunity for every star. When things are right, Hollywood, where the talent and producing knowhow lies, will step in and take over that booming baby of show business. But that's not yet, Nanette—for three good reasons. One, there's no coaxial cable to California, and won't be in 1951 so the audience is still too small for screen stars to play for. Therefore, two, there's not enough money in it for them. And three, no foolproof way has been found for you—the audience—to pay to see them play in your own front room. I can easily predict that you won't be seeing the big ones there—not next year.

But war is something else. It can happen overnight and it can strip Hollywood overnight of the young talent it so badly needs. Tony Curtis, Farley Granger, John Agar—almost every promising young actor you can name will see service if full-dress war occurs, and maybe, if it doesn't. Some older veterans of the last scrap will see service, too—like Glenn Ford, Ty Power, Gene Kelly, and a hundred more. War can change the lives of every star in town.

That war is in the laps of the gods—but there's another war, a private, personal, and important battle that rests in the lap of one particular Hollywood star. In 1951 she will win it, or lose it forever. To me, in a way, it's the most important single star question to be answered next year. Because, to me, Judy Garland is not only one of the greatest talents ever developed by Hollywood, but her tragic 1950 struggle symbolizes the tortured soul of Hollywood. She incarnates its burning ambition—and the bitter price—which are Hollywood's Heaven and Hell.

Hollywood alone made Judy Garland great and Hollywood has almost destroyed her. She has been cast adrift by the studio which fathered her career and there are no adoption offers. Right now the future of that career and of her very life teeters in the balance. She is by no means well—as her doctors say she is. She needs loving care, understanding, encouragement, and loyal friends—a large order.

I know that if Judy gets the right encouragement she can come through. Ethel Barrymore caught her hurrying away from an MGM stage like a frightened deer one day last year. "Why, Judy," she said, "what's the matter? Why aren't you going in there to work?"

"I can't," she answered. "I'm afraid to."

Ethel took her shoulder and lifted her chin. "*You*—afraid?" she asked, as only a Barrymore can ask it. "Why, you're the greatest performer Hollywood has ever produced. You're Judy Garland! Now, I want you to go back in there and knock 'em dead!"

And Judy went back. And Judy did.

I'd like to say that myself to Judy Garland as this crucial year dawns for her. "Go back in there—knock 'em dead." And I'd like every friend she has in this wide world to say the same. I don't care, myself, if every New Year's prediction I've made bounces back and blacks my eyes—if only this one will come true: If only Judy Garland can came back to work, rested, refreshed and in firm control of her magnificent talent. It's a fifty-fifty chance. It's touch and go. But I'm saying that in 1951 she will.

THE END

WAS MY FACE RED!

The only rival Red Skelton has to his children's affection is his Buick station wagon. One day Red took the kids to a studio showing of "The Yellow Cab Man." Proudly, he watched them laugh in the right places. After two thirds of the way through the picture, there was a scene where cars of all kinds converge in a hilariously confused scene. When that ended, his daughter stood up, saying, "Let's go, the cars are over."

—*Kolma Flake*

if this isn't love

(*Continued from page 17*) but maybe that's why I've fallen for her like a ton of bricks.

"Want to know what we do on dates? We go down to the beach and lie on the sand, and there's none of that baloney about trying to impress each other.

"Every time I look at Janet, I see her with my heart. On the level. For me right now, she's the only one."

Tony can talk about her for hours. The only thing that stops him is mention of marriage. When you ask him if he and Janet plan marriage, a glazed look comes over his eyes. He says that he has $1200 in the bank, that marriage is a big step, that he hasn't known Janet long. He's sensible enough to realize that his emotions might subside.

"About marriage," he says, "that's too early. Who knows how I'll make out in Hollywood. If I'm no good, maybe they'll give me back to the Indians.

"Janet, on the other hand—she's an established star. I don't know how many pictures she's been in—twelve or fifteen or or twenty. But she's a star. You know what happens when a husband has to play second fiddle to a wife. Usually winds up in a divorce. None of that for me.

"Of course, I'm sure right now. But I'm young and Janet's young. Things change, we have to see what happens in the future.

"All I can say is that I'm in love with Janet Leigh. At least, I think it's love, because I've never felt this way before."

Each time Tony dates Janet, he brings her a gift—a nosegay, a charm bracelet, a little vase—nothing very expensive, because he doesn't have much money. But he never shows up at her house empty-handed. "I just want her to know that I'm thinking of her."

By now Janet knows that. Tony has placed his heart on a platter. But whether or not she will accept it, she doesn't say.

DESPITE her girlish appearance Janet Leigh is a woman of the world. Twice married before she was twenty-one, she knows men well. Essentially, however, she is sweet, kind and thoughtful, unembittered by two marital failures, and sure in her heart that her third will be a success.

She made a mistake in tactics when she began going steadily with Arthur Loew, Jr. The assumption was that these two were engaged, and when a bethrothal did not materialize, Janet was out in the cold. For a few fast weeks she had no male escorts at all. All the eligible bachelors had been convinced that Janet was Arthur Loew property.

Janet is determined not to make the same error with Tony. Should this friendship fail to materialize into something fruitful, she wants to make certain that she will still have a coterie of male admirers.

She isn't exactly playing Tony Curtis of Hollywood off against Bob Quarrie of New York, but at the same time she is not coming right out as Tony has and saying, "Yes, Tony is the boy for me."

She will not deny that she is extremely fond of him, but when it comes to a confession of love, she is keeping that a secret.

Whether or not the flame of his love will burn long and lastingly, whether this is real and not the wild infatuation of a boy who has never known love before—no man knows.

At this point in Hollywood, however, everyone recognizes the attraction between Tony and Janet as the town's sweetest, nicest, most youthful love affair.

It's the kind of boy-meets-girl friendship that makes every man and woman over the age of thirty wish they were young again. THE END

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what now, frankie boy?

(*Continued from page 39*) third said they were $50,000 worth of pearls that came from the estate of some dead chorus girl. A lot of bunk! Frank gave her a diamond necklace. I don't know exactly, but I think it cost seven and a half thousand dollars.

"But as I said, money means nothing to Frank when he's in love. He's a guy who started with nothing. Used to pick up and cash in empty bottles for the deposit dough in Hoboken. He doesn't want money. He wants happiness.

"When he's with Ava, he's happy. It's as simple as that."

FRANK and Ava have both loved before and lost. Both of them have worked long and hard for the success they've achieved. But success, until they met, brought them little happiness.

The sad truth about Frank's marriage to Nancy is that it was a failure years before he ever met Ava Gardner. Ava had absolutely nothing to do with the Sinatra marital discord.

What happened between Nancy and Frank happens to couples everywhere.

Nancy realized last year that their interests lay farther and farther apart. She tried to enroll at the University of California for some extension courses in art and music appreciation. But by then it was too late. Frank had fallen out of love with her. They seemed to have nothing in common but the past, and somehow, memories aren't enough to hold a marriage together. Only faith in the future can do that.

When Nancy learned that Frank was determined to have his freedom, that further reconciliations were impossible, she agreed to a legal separation.

Whether she did this because divorce is forbidden by her religion or because she thought Frank would one day return to her, only Nancy knows.

"When no one wants him any more," she once said, "I'll take him back."

Frank hasn't been having much fun lately.

He's been working like a dog on his television show—television is much more strenuous for an actor than movies—and he's unhappy because Ava's in Hollywood.

He misses his children, and he also misses Hollywood. He isn't saying so—as a matter of fact, he won't even publicly acknowledge that there is anything at all between him and Ava—but in his heart, Frank would like to return to Hollywood and make motion pictures.

He feels that his potential was never fully realized on the screen. He enjoyed his feature roles and comedy parts, but wishes he'd had a chance to exhibit his talent for serious acting in roles of wider range.

The official reason Frank left MGM, is that he wanted his television rights. When the studio wouldn't grant them, he applied for his release. MGM agreed to let him go.

Recently, Red Skelton, when his MGM contract came up for renewal, made the same demands. Skelton was given the right to perform on TV.

YOU can't get anyone to talk about it officially, but unofficially it is well-known that the MGM front office was more than a little ruffled about Frank's attachment to Ava Gardner and vice versa.

It is no secret, for example, that Ava was put on the carpet by studio officials who told her that she was making herself unpopular by continuing to see Frank. It was strongly suggested to Ava that she stop seeing him.

It is characteristic of Ava that she immediately made her stand definite and her intentions plain.

"Frank Sinatra," she said, "is a man who is legally separated. In the eyes of the law, in the eyes of the State, and what is most important to me, in the eyes of God, he is free and unattached.

"Because he is legally separated, does that mean that for the rest of his natural life he can never again go out with any woman? Because he is legally free, does that mean I can't see him?

Hollywood is the only place in the world where they put beautiful frames in pictures.—*Kirk Douglas as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

"Who am I harming by seeing Frank? Do I harm him? Do I harm myself? Do I harm the public? I refuse to believe that the American public will penalize me because I like Frank Sinatra's company.

"Is this the first time in the history of the world that an actor has been divorced or legally separated? I had nothing to do with the separation. I've been married twice myself. I would sooner cut off my right arm than interfere in any marriage, because I've had interference in marriages of my own, and I know what that can do to a wife.

"I like Frank, and I value his friendship, and I don't intend to give it up. All of us are entitled to a little happiness in life, especially if we do no harm. Tell me, what's wrong with my thinking?"

The stocky, little grey-haired man to whom Ava had been talking, this very powerful motion picture magnate rose from his seat.

"There is nothing wrong with your thinking," he explained. "I want you to have all the happiness in the world, Ava. I just don't want you to have its hurt."

AVA, of course, knows what hurt is. Mickey Rooney hurt her. Artie Shaw hurt her. What now will be the end result of her friendship with Sinatra?

The love affair under the present circumstances cannot possibly end in marriage. Because Nancy Sinatra will not, at this time anyway, grant Frank a divorce.

Sinatra is paying Nancy one-third of his income, approximately $18,000 a month for the support of his children. In addition, she owns outright their Holmby Hills residence and a new Cadillac.

Needless to say, she lacks nothing materially under this setup. She is sought after as a guest, friend, and social acquaintance. "I think," a friend of hers recently pointed out, "that she's really one of the luckiest women in the world. Marriage to Frank has never been a bowl of cherries. He was always her biggest worry. And now, she's gotten rid of him. She'll never lack for friends. She's always been one of the most popular women in Hollywood among men and women."

As for Ava, few men in Hollywood will dare ask her for a date. They know how she feels about Frank, and they know how Frank feels about her. As a result, she dines with her sister, Bappie, or goes out with her business manager, Benton Cole.

"Where will it end?" That's the question everyone asks of Ava. "What now, little chick? If this Sinatra guy can't marry you, aren't you wasting your time? Isn't this whole affair destined to fade into nothingness?"

Ava strolls about her living room, and there over the sofa hangs the painting of New York, a picture painted by Sinatra himself. Looking at it, she, too, may wonder what will become of it all.

A reporter who asked her if she ever intended to marry Frank, was startled when she said, "No, I don't think so. Eventually, I think I'll wind up marrying some man who isn't in show business, and having five or six kids. That's what I really want. I've married two men in show business, and I can tell you they don't make very good husbands."

Ava knows the score all right. She knows exactly what her chances of happiness with Frank are. But somehow, Ava cannot resist love.

Ever since she flowered into maturity, a beautiful and provocative woman, she has let her heart rule her head. In her sense of values, love comes first.

THE END

he might have been my son

(*Continued from page 26*) Sunday. Well, I had me a pal then. We were "Dare" and "Russ." He tagged after me and my movie camera until it came time to quit for the day. Then he solemnly reminded me of my promise to take him out to the ranch, so I asked his mother about it. She said she'd be grateful because he'd missed the companionship of men since she and his father had been divorced a year before.

So the next Sunday he was making a big hit with my folks. With me, too. Seeing the treasures of ranch life through his young eyes was really fine. But when I dropped him off at his home back in Hollywood that evening I didn't dream I'd be taking him on hunting and camping trips, that I'd come close to killing him some day, and that someday he'd be John Derek, the movie star.

For a time I almost lost track of him. Being a cameraman I was pretty busy getting a reputation. And being a bachelor I guess I was more interested in the big girls than in little boys.

TWO things conspired to change that. My mother kept asking me about him and I kept promising I'd look him up again. And suddenly my hunting and camping pals began bringing their sons along on trips.

All in all, a couple of years had passed by that time and he was in military school, but he hadn't forgotten me. His welcome made me a little ashamed I'd not come around sooner. He was exceptionally handsome. He looked like the idealized young military school student in an advertisement. Too perfect. When he changed into levis, he looked a little more natural to me.

Down at the ranch, I handed him a 22 rifle and jokingly suggested he hit a flying crow, knowing that's difficult for anyone, and almost impossible for a novice. But that eight-year-old kid blasted my grown-up smugness and the crow. Brought them down on the first shot! At the moment I thought it was pure luck. His other shots proved me wrong. Modestly he explained they were pretty good at school about teaching them to shoot. Inwardly I began to chuckle, thinking how I could whittle down some of the bragging fathers I knew. Well, that was the real start of our long friendship.

Before the day was over, I realized my little friend was a kid who had to be tough because he was mighty handsome and because he didn't have his dad around to help him be tough enough.

There was the business about the fellows who called him a sissy. I remembered my own impression that he looked just too perfect. He'd been in a few fights already and he hadn't won every time. I

decided to set about teaching him what fine points I knew about fighting. I went overboard to the point where the teacher at his school advised me to teach him something else because he was piling into anyone who so much as looked cross-eyed at him. Well, I had to say a good piece to him. Thinking it over awhile I finally came up with, "Now you've proved you can fight, be sure any fight's worthwhile. Never turn a joke into a fight. If there's the slightest chance the other fellow's kidding, just take it that way. If he's serious, still give him a break. Warn him you're a trained fighter. If he still asks for it, then let him have it and fight to win. You're a kid who can't afford to lose."

He didn't lose his belligerence about his looks as I found out one day when I acquired a fine new Graflex camera. I was eager to get the picture of the boy who looked like the ideal military school student. I wouldn't let him change into other clothes in the car as he'd gotten into the habit of doing. I finally found the perfect background for the shot—a wonderful old stone wall. He got out and stood by the wall obediently for just a moment, but before I could get my shot he started crying and backing away. Said it was a sissy picture. I had to give him a spank across the britches and tell him not to be so sensitive, before he'd let me take it. It didn't turn out to be the picture I'd hoped for. He was glowering at me. Anyway, that's the last time I saw him cry.

It wasn't long after that when he saw a picture of a really good skating act. He set out to be a good skater. He reached the point where he was practicing rolling even over rough, vacant lots. One day I'd just driven up when he tried that, fell and cut himself clear across the bottom of his knee so deeply you could see the cartilage. I rushed him to an emergency hospital, the blood streaming. It took twelve stitches to sew his leg up. Finally, with relief in his soft voice, he said, "I hurt myself but I didn't cry."

Nor did he cry the time I almost killed him. But *I* almost cried then. He was about twelve and he was beginning to handle a 20 gauge shotgun pretty well, so I decided to take him along on a duck hunt down at the Salton Sea. We were in a boat in a shallow part of the sea when I brought down two ducks in two lucky shots. My birds fell onto a slough beside us. I knew I was too heavy to try to walk over the crust, but I was sure Dare was light enough. Just as he got to where they lay, he suddenly sank into the mud and slime clear up to his shoulders. I don't remember how I managed to drag him out. I remember only the horror of seeing him sinking faster and faster with the ducks in his arms. Back in the boat, both of us coated in mud from head to foot, he started laughing, saying it was fun! Before long I realized he hadn't been frightened because he thought I could do anything.

Luckily, anything he called on me to do I managed to do although I had some close shaves. Like the time someone gave him a tall, mean, jug-headed pinto and he took four or five kids down to the corral to see it. It was one of those horses it takes about three days to catch even in a corral. By the time I happened to drive up, he'd knocked himself out trying to catch his horse. I stopped and watched a few moments before he spotted me. My knees got a little weak as I heard him shout to the other kids that I'd show him how to catch the horse right away. With no real assurance, I took his lariat and tied a huge loop into it. Then I gave it back telling him to get the horse going around the corral, and (*Continued on page 74*)

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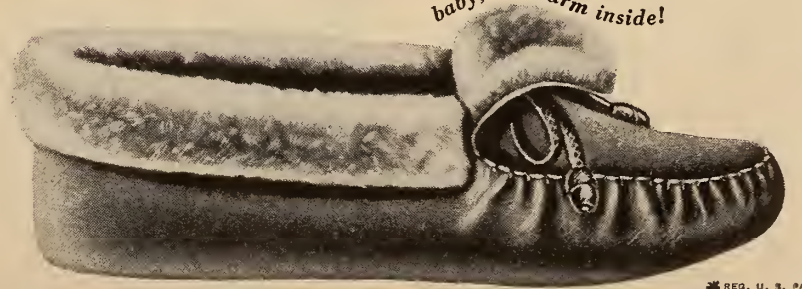


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tell it to joan

by joan evans



There's magic in good manners . . . for winning dates and influencing parents.

THE older I get—and I'm now at the ripe old age of sixteen—the more I believe that having just plain old fashioned good manners is better than being popular with boys or being beautiful or having lots of money. All of those things are nice but, honestly, it seems to me that manners are more important.

Before I go on to tell you how I feel, I have to confess that I've forgotten my manners many times. And when I say "manners" I don't mean just remembering to say "please" and "thank you" and writing a nice note when someone sends you a present. So to the hundreds of kids who have written this month to ask, "Shouldn't your date walk you to the door?" or "Should you always ask your boy friend to meet your parents?" or "I get confused when I introduce people"—to these kids I want to say that although these things are important, it's bigger than that. Let me give you myself as the horrible example.

It was a Sunday. I had gone out with a bunch of kids to a swimming party followed by an early buffet supper. My mother and father had gone to a friend's house and my date was to drop me at their friends and they would bring me home.

Well, my party was a mess. It was just one of those times when nothing jelled. I work so darned hard six days a week that when a Sunday goes wrong I feel that I've been cheated out of recreation I should have. So, angry and cross, I came into the room where I found my parents and their friends, and I began to tell all about the bad time I had had. My father tried to shift the conversation back to where it was before I came in. But I wasn't interested. I didn't even stop to think that I had interrupted their conversation.

When we left my father said, "Joan, if you ever pull a trick like that again, I'm not going to wait until we get in the car to tell you how rude you were. I'm going to say it in front of everybody, and it will be embarrassing to the others and to you and to me."

Then my mother said, "There is something you should always remember when you're with people. Before you open your mouth you should ask yourself, 'Is what I'm about to say going to be interesting to others?'"

I'll never forget that—I hope. Unless what you say will interest, entertain or amuse—then why say it? The exception, of course, is when you're talking to an intimate friend and ask for advice or help.

I LEARNED, the hard way, that the basis of all good manners is consideration of other people.

You can even break rules if following the rule makes people uncomfortable. One of the rules everyone learns when he's a kid is that he should not walk between two people who are facing each other. That's fine, and all etiquette is made for a purpose. The purpose of this rule is not to make the two people talking bob their heads around as you pass. But if you have to practically climb over the backs of chairs and disarrange a room in order to avoid crossing between people then this is more annoying than a quick cross.

Another example. We all know that a boy is supposed to hold a door open for a girl and that any young person holds a door open for an older person. But suppose you have opened it and the darn thing slips out of your hands. It is much easier—saves time and trouble—if you dash ahead and hold it open from the other side.

Also it's the rule that you rise when an older person enters the room. But if you're wedged in a corner and if, by standing, you have to move a piece of furniture or run the risk of knocking something over—then it is much better to stay seated.

In other words, you don't need to memorize Emily Post to have good manners. All you have to do is to ask yourself, "Am I making others uncomfortable? Am I boring others?" If the answer is "Yes" then you'd better change your ways. I know I'll never forget the bawling out my parents gave me about just this. And I'm glad I won't.

I HAVE another reason, besides all the questions I've had on the subject, for writing about teen-age manners this month. I was on a personal appearance tour all summer and into the fall. For the most part the kids were swell. When I'd come out of the theater there they'd be with their autograph books and their cameras. It was a great big thrill for me. I like people. I like to talk to people and I like to have my picture taken. And, besides, I'm so new at being in the movies, that it tickles me pink to think that anybody really wants my autograph. So, unless I had to dash off to do a radio or television show or, as happened in Portland, Oregon, do four different theaters in one night, I liked to hang around the theater and talk to the kids.

We were all about the same age, and I sincerely wanted to know how they enjoyed *Our Very Own* and *Edge of Doom*—the pictures I was publicizing. I wanted to know what they thought about a lot of things. I felt like one of a gang and I loved it.

But then something happened in Denver that made me sick all over. Farley Granger and I worked on the stage together for the first time, to do our little ad lib act. When we came on, Farley had his arm around my shoulders. Well, the kids in the audience began to scream, "Don't put your arm around her. Put your arms around me." And when the act was over and we got outside they climbed up on the car trying to get to Farley. They smashed in the top. They tried to tear his ring off and his wrist watch. I was knocked down in the rush.

When I got back to the hotel with my teacher I was shaking, not only because I was frightened but because I was so mad that this hysteria—and there's no other word for it—could make perfectly nice kids behave so badly. I don't think anybody—actors or not—should have to go through what Farley and I did. Those kids were just rude!

If you remember that "politeness is to do and to say the kindest thing in the kindest way" and if you remember that all rules can be broken IF it makes the other person more comfortable—here are some rules you should try to follow.

WHEN a boy and girl are going into a restaurant together, the boy holds the door open and the girl follows the waiter, going first into the place. Same goes for a theater. The girl follows the usher. A boy opens the car door for a girl while standing on the outside and then goes around to the driver's seat. In giving an order in a restaurant it used to be that the girl told the boy what she wanted, and he told the waiter. This seems silly now and most people don't obey this rule. A girl

can tell the waiter directly.

It's rude for a girl not to be ready when the boy calls for her on a date. She should have her coat out when he arrives. If he's a new boy she should introduce him to her parents and then say, "Well, I think we should go now." And then she should ask her parents, "What time should we be home?"

It is just as rude for the boy to keep a girl waiting. Being late isn't smart and it makes the other person uncomfortable. In fact, everything about good manners goes back to plain decency and consideration.

Here are some letters on different subjects:

"Dear Joan: Do you think a twenty-year-old sister or your mother should open a fifteen-year-old girl's mail?—R. I., Chester, Pa."

If there's one thing in the world that everybody needs, it is a little privacy. Nobody has a right to open another person's mail, no matter how close the relationship or what the age difference. With one exception! If your parents think you're receiving letters that you should not be receiving, the only way they can protect you is to see what's in them. But that's the only exception.

"Dear Joan: During the summer I met a girl whom I liked very much, only she lives in Long Island. What is the best way I can get to know her when I only see her in the summer?—A. B., Cambridge, Mass."

You can certainly write her during the winter. This is a swell way to get to know a person. I know a boy who lives in New York whom I hadn't seen for two years, until recently. And honestly, carrying on a correspondence with him for those two years let me know him much better than if I could have seen him all the time. When you and this girl meet again this summer you'll have so much to talk about.

"Dear Joan: A boy I liked got fresh with me and made me cry. I said I didn't want to see him but our parents are acquainted, belong to the same church. If I don't speak to him they will suspect something. Please advise me.—A. H., Buffalo, N. Y."

Can't you talk to the boy and tell him how awkward the whole situation is for you? Has he, by the way, apologized? If he has and if he seems really sorry perhaps you would feel like giving him another chance, putting him sort of on probation until he proves that he won't get fresh again. If you don't want to do this then you should explain the situation to your mother. You know how I feel—that there's almost nothing that can't be settled by the people involved sitting down together and talking the problem over.

"Dear Joan: Your skin always looks so clear and smooth. How about tipping us poor gals on how you do it?—E. S. Detroit, Mich."

Well, thanks, for the nice compliment. I have to work hard, particularly in California where the climate is so dry, to keep my skin fairly smooth. What I do is to scrub my face with soap and water *and* a complexion brush night and morning. At night I plaster my face with baby oil. And whenever I have any free time or am doing homework I keep baby oil on it. The important thing for us teen-agers is to keep our faces super clean. Oil makes skin smooth.

"Dear Miss Evans: I am fourteen and have a terrible disposition. My mother says this and so do my aunt and my cousin. I try to be nice but I can't. My mother gives me any old question to answer and I can't seem to give a decent answer. Can you tell me how I can be nicer to everybody?—S. B., Chicago, Ill."

It is simply wonderful that you admit you have a bad disposition and want to do better. That's the biggest step in solving your problem. You know that line from Shakespeare, "Assume a virtue if you have it not?" Pretend you have a good disposition. Act the part and all of a sudden you'll find you're not pretending any longer.

I had a very high temper which I had to conquer, and I did a couple of old, seemingly corny things that were helpful. When your mother asks you "any old question," don't answer immediately. Count off five in your mind and think out what you're going to say, giving a nice answer instead of a sharp one. Then keep a note book and every time you show your bad disposition give yourself an X and when you're nice make a check mark. The fact that you have to put down the X's is good. When you see the checks outnumbering them you'll know you're on your way to conquering a big personality problem.

And that winds up another page. I'd like to tell you that I'm so grateful to you for writing and I wish to goodness I could answer every letter personally but it just isn't humanly possible. I try to pick the most interesting and most typical letters every month.

Bye now. See you next month. And Happy New Year.

Editor's note: Do you have a teenager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, 1416 Queens Road, West Hollywood, California.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I sat at the side of the pool in Banff National Park, Alberta, and watched some people doing fancy strokes and dives. One of them came over and sat beside me. When he asked me if I could swim, I said no, so he showed me the crawl stroke. I tried it and practiced a while. Later the desk clerk asked me if I knew who'd been instructing me. I didn't. So he told me—Errol Flynn.

Annie Nohorchka
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will — if they reach your dress — cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

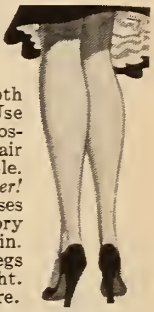
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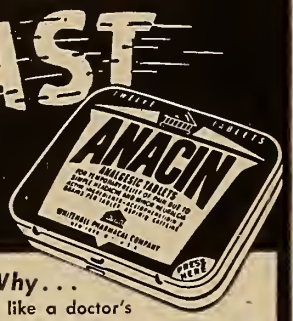
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he might have been my son

(*Continued from page 71*) drop the loop in front of it so it'd run into the noose.

"Why, of course. Why didn't I think of that," he shouted and rushed off. Doggoned if it didn't work and save my reputation. It was about that time I wakened to the fact he was turning into an excellent horseman.

By the time he was 17, when talent scouts began to notice him, he was painting very well and had his heart set on being a cameraman. When D. O. Selznick offered him that first contract he wasn't as enthusiastic as most fellows would have been. Selznick had nothing specific in mind for him, promising simply to groom and pay him. Dare felt it was a waste of time. I didn't. I told him I thought it was fine because Selznick had a reputation of really teaching his young players something and of developing them. After he thought it over, he accepted the offer.

Of course before he could be cast in a picture, he was drafted. The day he came to see me about that I could tell he had something special on his mind.

On his mind was the fact the army wasn't using him in the infantry but had given him an opportunity to select a specialized field for training.

Quickly I said, "Get into aviation."

"No," he said quietly but firmly. "Takes too long to get overseas that way. Quickest way's with the paratroopers."

He listened respectfully to my arguments but he got overseas the quickest way. Into the fight in the Philippines. Into the occupation of Japan.

When he came back, he was definitely grown up. He knew more about what he wanted from life. When 20th Century-Fox offered him a contract, he buckled down and worked. He found good friends among the other players—particularly one named Patti Behrs.

He didn't ask my advice about her. Long before when he had come to me for advice about girls I'd balked. I'd told him, "This one you have to figure out for yourself. You're the one who's there, not me. I can't operate the way you do nor you the way I do when it comes to girls."

So he figured Patti out all by himself. And as soon as he moved over to Columbia where he got his big break in *Knock On Any Door*, he married her.

I heartily approve except for one small item. Patti's a mean woman. She won't give me the recipe for those thin, thin flannel pancakes she tosses off so easily. She says if she did I'd just settle down on my new ranch to make and eat them instead of coming around to get them. She needn't worry about that. Not when she can whip up those French dishes.

Nor as long as she and Dare insist on retaining custody of my godson, Russell Andre Derek. When I left for Alaska on location for Howard Hawks' *The Big Sky*, I was pretty worried. As everyone probably knows, the baby had a tough start in life. A start which nearly had Dare crying again after all these years.

But when I came back and dropped in on them, it was quite different. I called out, "Hi, you all," as usual.

"Hi, hurry closer," Dare called. "Baby's talking already!"

As I came closer, the baby gurgled.

"Oh, he didn't say anything," I snorted disappointedly.

"He certainly did. He asked, 'How was Alaska, Godpop?'" Dare interpreted.

"Rugged and. . . ." Their laughter stopped me. I'd swallowed the bait.

I joined their laughter. Under Dare's gaiety was a deeper and stronger toughness than I'd ever heard before. A good, solid kind. And I thought to myself, "Why not? He's contributed new life to the world. He's part of a real family at last."

Modern Screen's editors tell me John Derek says that I'm responsible for most of the right attitudes he has.

I couldn't help remembering a day not long ago when I sat proudly in the audience while my eldest daughter, 12-year-old Diane, was awarded the Sportsmanship Medal for the year at her school. While she is, I believe, Olympic Championship swimming material, the medal was for attitude as well as performance. As I applauded proudly there came to my mind the face of that teacher who said angrily, "Why don't you teach him something besides fighting?" And goaded me into a saner philosophy—that of sportsmanship.

That's only one of the ways in which Dare's faith in me made me stop to figure things out more carefully.

But don't tell him I said that just yet. You see my wife, my three daughters and I have just moved into a ranch of our own. There's a lot of help I need. As soon as John Derek finishes *The Hero* at Columbia—quite a rugged picture by the way—I aim to get him down to our ranch to show me how to set tile for the swimming pool I'm building myself. Then I fancy having some Mexican murals by John Derek on the thick adobe walls of our house. Then. . . .

Well, he may have been fryin' size when I first met him, but he's too tough to fry now. When he gives me advice—like how to feed the Angus cattle I'm getting—I don't try to fry him. I listen with respect.

The End

life with loretta

(*Continued from page 31*) "Oh, yes," said Miss Garbo, warming. "Where do you live in Hollywood?"

"In Beverly Hills," I said. "On one of the streets with palm trees."

"Oh dear, how do you ever have any privacy there?" Miss Garbo asked. "How does your wife go out without being bothered?"

"I don't believe the thought ever occurred to her," I said, matter-of-factly. "You see, Loretta has lived in Hollywood since she was a little girl, and to her, it is the most delightful and natural place in the world. It's her home town, and she loves everything about it, including the bother. Why, her older sister lives on the same street two blocks away, and her younger sister just three blocks east. I don't believe she could ever feel intruded upon, unhappy, or lonely in Hollywood. The town is too deeply intermingled with her whole life."

I found that I had put into words the feeling that I had understood but vaguely when I said goodbye to Gretchen three days before. Many times since then, I have experienced innumerable fresh awakenings to the deep and personal meaning which Hollywood has for my wife. To the majority of the people who work and live in this city, it is a transient place, a brief stop-over in a career for some, a goal achieved for others. To Gretchen, it has been a way of life . . . an experience spanning almost all of her years.

When we were first married I, who came to Hollywood with a typical eastern

attitude, used to be surprised at many things which Gretchen would say and think and do. But that was before I even vaguely understood what it means to be the product of a movie environment. It is one thing to read, as I did, the statement in my wife's biography that she began working in motion pictures when she was six years old. And it is quite another thing to attempt to share and understand what those experiences really meant in her life. That process has been going on in our household for a number of years now, and the end is not in sight. Sometimes, it is quite a shock.

Not long ago, for instance, we borrowed an old print of *Laugh, Clown, Laugh,* which Gretchen made with Lon Chaney when she was just 13 years old. It was her first important role, and as we sat watching that jumpy, old print, it told me more than anything that Gretchen has ever said how desperately she wanted to be a movie actress when she was a little girl. The image on the screen bore very little resemblance to the woman beside me. I had to laugh a couple of times at her sheer earnestness. She had absolutely no humor about her role. Sometimes she looked serious, sometimes scared. She had a body like a boy and was made up to look like an imitation of the movie sirens of the era. But she acted the daylights out of her part.

That picture also gave me a new insight into something that columnist Dorothy Manners once told me. "When Gretchen and her sisters were just starting in pictures," she said, "everyone knew that Sally and Polly Ann would be beautiful women. But no one could guess whether Gretchen would turn into a swan or an ugly duckling. It was too soon to know."

If I had been asked to cast my vote in those days, it would have been "duckling." Gretchen looked like a starved waif in her mother's high-heeled shoes after an irresponsible session with a lipstick. But I am told that the change came quickly, and when it did, there was no further doubt about her beauty.

I HAVE often marveled at the genuinely warm-hearted regard which Gretchen feels for the movie industry. To be sure, it has been good to her, given her an exciting career, money, the affection of countless moviegoers who like her work on the screen. But it has taken years for me to understand how good, how abundantly good, Hollywood has been to her, even when she was a naive, impulsive, and ambitious child trying to speed to stardom.

I learned a great deal about how good on the night that we stood in the lobby of Cathay Circle, after a preview, looking at a window exhibit of stills from old movies, including some of Gretchen's own.

"Hollywood must have been wonderful in the old days," I said.

"It was," she told me. "I can remember when I came to my first première. It was here, at Cathay Circle, and I was feeling very proud because I had just signed my very first contract. I dressed up elegantly, and was on top of the world. When I saw the picture, *Seventh Heaven,* I could hardly wait until the next day because I knew so definitely the kind of role I wanted to play. I sat in my producer's reception room an hour, waiting to see him and tell him that I wanted to do a picture just like the one I'd seen Janet Gaynor do.

"He didn't laugh at me. Instead, he led me out of his office, holding my hand, and said, 'Gretchen, we'll do our best to find you a story like *Seventh Heaven.*'

"It wasn't until months later that I knew that every studio in town was looking for a story property like *Seventh Heaven.* Today, I never see that man without thinking about the tender way he let me down from my enthusiasm. He could have crushed me with one cynical word. But he didn't, and I'll always remember him for it."

Some people are attracted to the movie capital because of its glamour and unreality. To Gretchen, Hollywood has always meant work. Her mother has told me that she did not realize that stars were supposed to be glamorous until she read it in a movie magazine, long after she was an established star. Then she became glamorous because she realized it was her duty.

Gretchen's concentration on work—on acting, that is—has given her a very clear-cut idea about the difference between laziness and energy conservation. Early in our marriage, I couldn't understand why she never exercised . . . played tennis or golf, or rode horseback. She is so opposed to exercise that I am convinced she would not walk across the living room if she could get a ride. Yet she will work very hard at ballet if she is to dance in a picture, and she would ride a horse headlong down a cliff to get an exciting scene on film. But exercise, just to be exercising—no! It has no purpose, and things must have a purpose to play an important role in her life.

Frequently, as a joke, she will ask me, "Tom, why did you go to college?"

"To get an education," I reply.

"A waste of time," she will say. "People should go to school to learn something to help them earn a living. Now our children are going to school . . . the best school . . . to learn something useful. But not to your school."

I will never win that argument. Nor did I do so well the day I mentioned to Gretchen that an actress I had met always made out the menus for her household, wrote out a daily list of chores for the maid, and supervised all her purchases.

"You know, I did a picture with her once," Gretchen replied, with a twinkle. "She was always forgetting her lines and



it tied up the whole cast while she learned them. Now really, why should I write out a menu for the cook when she knows how to cook a hundred times better than I do? It's simply silly."

For the same reason, Gretchen could never be a successful club-woman, or even an unsuccessful club-woman, for that matter. I think she would run like an antelope from Robert's Rules of Parliamentary Procedure. Yet I have always been amused that she became the sponsor and first president of St. Anne's Foundation without once realizing the responsibility she was assuming. It sort of sneaked up on her. But once Gretchen became aware of the plight of the unmarried mothers whom the Foundation cares for, she became a demon of efficiency.

"If we can improve the situation for the girls at St. Anne's," she told me, "surely it will help the world a little bit."

WHENEVER Gretchen decides that a cause is valid and purposeful, she acts directly, and even bluntly. I discovered this myself on the day we first met. While I was still associated with Young and Rubicam, I was given the job of producing a series of half-hour dramatic shows which hinged on obtaining the free services of the top stars as their contribution to the Motion Picture Relief Fund Home. One of the first stars the committee took me to see was Loretta Young. I remember that she sat very quietly while I outlined the weekly format of the show, proclaiming that I knew it would be the best dramatic program on the air.

"You can count on me and most of the people in Hollywood to help the Motion Picture Home, Mr. Lewis," she said. "But we actors certainly can't guarantee that the shows will be successful. That will depend entirely on the quality of the scripts. And now that that's settled, would you like some tea?"

To a large degree, it is her directness that gives Gretchen much of her appeal to our friends outside of the movie industry, for she approaches everything with a freshness and basic honesty that is rarely seen in sophisticated actresses. At first, I had some doubts that Gretchen would like my friends from New York, and that they would like her. But I remember the first night that we had dinner with my college friends, George Gallup and his wife, Ophelia. I thought that George, a college professor and statistician, would be the last person on earth to appeal to Gretchen. But it was just like putting a hungry child in a candy shop. She spent the entire evening learning everything she could about George's work. I hardly had a chance to get a word in edgewise. Today, we both regard them as our closest friends.

Most of Gretchen's friendships are deep and enduring, and usually based upon an experience which is warmly shared. For example, Gretchen and Irene Dunne became good friends during our engagement, and it was rather revealing, I feel, how their friendship began. It was during a lavish party which Elsa Maxwell had given for a group of the reigning Hollywood beauties. During dinner, Irene leaned across the table to say, "I've just heard about you and Tom, and I wanted to tell you that I think it will be an ideal marriage." Later in the evening, while applauding an extemporaneous speech by Elsa, Irene tipped over backwards in her chair and did a complete somersault. Although she landed beautifully on her feet, it embarrassed Irene terribly, and she was quiet the rest of the evening.

Before Gretchen left the party, she made a point of talking to Irene again. "I wanted to thank you for your very sincere congratulations on our marriage," she said. "And I want to compliment you on your acrobatics. There wasn't another woman at the table, myself included, who could have done what you did without losing her dignity."

They have been fast friends ever since.

FOR more than ten years, Gretchen and I have carefully avoided the usual hazards of Hollywood marriages by keeping our personal lives and our careers clearly distinguished. This spring, when Dore Schary arranged for Gretchen to appear in the film, *Cause for Alarm*, which I produced for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we made it clear to one another that we would not bring our work home . . . that it would end as soon as we stepped through the front door.

"Otherwise, once we start working on this picture," I told her, "we won't have any fun. If you have any problems about the picture, take them up with me at the studio over lunch."

I am happy to say that we were able to hold to that plan, with only occasional lapses. One evening, when Gretchen came home tired, she started to say that she just couldn't do a scene the way it was written. I simply put my fingers in my ears, and she understood immediately. *Cause for Alarm* rolled along with surprisingly few complications. We completed it in just 14 days, principally because we rehearsed extensively before we shot a foot of film.

"You have me at a disadvantage about one thing," Gretchen joked. "You'll always know when I'm late to the studio because you have to drive me there."

All during the course of shooting I frequently would come back to my office to find a note from Loretta Young lying on the top of my desk. I forgot to mention her notes. They have been one of the greatest delights of my life with Gretchen. She leaves them all over the house for me, under my hairbrush, in the ashtray, or propped against a lamp. "I kame by to sho u my nu hairdoo. I will see u tonite. Luv," she will write, with perfect phonetic spelling. She always signs them, "Me."

We are frequently asked if we intend to continue working together as a husband-and-wife team. The answer to that is no, unless circumstances just happen to bring us together in our work. We both feel that husband-and-wife teams are unnatural and tend to place an undue stress upon career and the details of your work. Gretchen loves Hollywood and her work, and I certainly enjoy mine, but we are also very fond of our family, our personal life, and one another. After ten years of happy marriage, we are convinced that we are right about this.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Gene Autry's horse was making a personal appearance at a Toledo store. While we were looking on, a man standing next to us tried to start a conversation with us. Annoyed, I turned abruptly to him. How embarrassed we were to discover that the friendly man was Gene Autry, himself.

Mrs. L. G. Frederick
Willow Run, Michigan

reunion in italy

(*Continued from page 50*) with her, she meant what she said. Neither Danny, nor Captain Pete, waiter Tony, nor Amando expected her to remember her quick "I sure will," when they said, "If you see the Pope in Rome, have him bless a rosary for us." They hadn't known her very long. . . .

The T.W.A. flight to Gander was smooth and uneventful. Barbara was preoccupied with her secret process for stilling her fear of her first ocean flight and finding reassurance in the fact that Mrs. Charles Lindbergh was aboard, Paris-bound to meet her husband.

After we left Gander and its sharp, exhilarating cold, everyone settled down patiently and uncomfortably for the night.

Hours later, the monotonous hours that are part and parcel of long flights, we looked down on England. It was a neat little patchwork quilt, spread firmly on the sea. Tight and sturdy and serviceable. Then we were over France with its larger farms and more widely separated villages. The monotony of the trip was over. We swooped down to Orly Field outside Paris. We were two hours ahead of schedule!

Members of the press and half-a-dozen photographers greeted Barbara with enthusiasm and courteously refrained from photographing Mrs. Lindbergh who quietly indicated she did not wish to be photographed. Colonel Lindbergh was waiting inside the airport and the excitement over Stanwyck provided a complete diverting of attention from the Lindberghs' meeting.

It was on the flight from Paris to Rome that Missy found her wings. We were flying over the Alps. The captain on this part of the flight was a fugitive from a sight-seeing bus, I'm sure. His steady announcements, via the plane's loud speaker, identified practically every majestic, glacier-draped peak. He gave instructions, suggestions and exposure advice to the camera-happy passengers who were clicking shutters absorbedly. Barbara was at the porthole, looking down, leaning her head against the glass. Suddenly she turned, a look of bewilderment darkening her eyes. "Get me," she commanded, "*I'm* looking down! *I'm* not afraid!" She grinned. She looked smug. And why not? Losing a fear, a gal has a right to be pleased with herself.

OUR sight-seeing pilot circled Rome. Not once, but twice. It made a magnificent panorama, the ancient, rambling Holy City. But we were nearing a long journey's end; Bob Taylor, Missy knew, was waiting at Ciampino Airport. And Bob, more than Rome, was Missy's destination.

We landed at Ciampino—on the steel-stripped runway with which the Americans temporarily repaired the damaged airport during the war, and which has not yet been replaced by the Italians.

"Bob's thin," Barbara said sharply. How she'd seen him so quickly I'll never know. She was right. Bob was thin. Fifteen pounds thinner. His role of Marcus in *Quo Vadis* was rugged—and working day after day, month after month, in the hottest weather Rome has had in 50 years was rugged, too. But leave it to Taylor to look sensational, anyway, in a seersucker Eisenhower he had designed himself and a pair of linen slacks. His grin was one of those ear-to-ear things, and it crinkled his eyes to slits. It had been nearly four months since the Taylors had seen each other.

"Hello, Doll," he said. "Hi, Bob," she said. Then they kissed as the scores of smiling Italians applauded like mad. Flowers were thrust upon Stanwyck, great cellophane-covered bouquets, and the crowd opened a path for the Tay-lores to walk through.

Driving to the apartment Bob had taken in anticipation of her visit, Barbara became conscious of persistently tooted horns and looking back, discovered the parade. A dozen cars were trailing Bob's and in each there were two or three photographers. All grinning delightedly. At a stop-signal they drew up beside and around Bob's car, cameras levelled toward Bob and Barbara. "Keess!" they commanded. And Bob and Barbara did as they were told. Again, at the apartment entrance, the Tay-lores were surrounded, flash bulbs popped, and, "Keess, keess," they were commanded. The Taylors keesed, keesed, then the photographers were gone. Barbara was with Bob in Rome.

Bob's apartment was in one of the new buildings in the modern Monte Parioli section which has been developed since the war. These modern apartment houses huddle together with the haphazard proximity which marks all of Rome. My admiration for Bob's abnormal sense of direction was instant, constant, and oft expressed. Getting lost in Rome is normal, even for Romans, I learned. But Taylor never gets lost—not in Rome—nor when he's flying—in whatever soupy weather—anywhere over the United States.

Bob's housekeeping set-up was evidence of his perfectionist planning. Parici, the cook, sixty-five and militarily erect, erstwhile chef for the late King Victor Emanuel; Renato, the houseman, young and rigidly devoted to his duties. Paola, maid and laundress, pretty, tiny (height 4' 10"), efficient—and determined to learn English.

"Hi," said Barbara as Signora Tay-lore was presented to the smiling trio, and swung her arm in an arc as she said it. This gesture was to more than make up for her lack of Italian. It became the Stanwyck "signature" wherever she went, and it delighted the Italians who intuitively replied in kind to its informality.

After Bob had briefed us earnestly on the apartment's temperament (the uncertainty of the water supply, the capriciousness of the electricity, the control of its window shutters), after he warned us to answer the telephone with "pronto" instead of "hello," we unpacked and settled down. We were ready to find out for ourselves just what "when in Rome, do as the Romans do," really meant.

We quickly discovered we'd started off contrary to what the "Romans do." For, during the month of August, Rome is deserted. It's the hottest month of the year, and no one who can leave Rome, even for a few days, stays in town. It's not quite a ghost city but it's a skeleton populace that remains at work or in residence. The majority of shops are closed. The traffic of its small cars is reduced to a minimum. This Holy Year it was somewhat different because Rome is the destination for thousands and thousands of pilgrims from every country. The sight of these groups, the priests, the nuns and the peasants in their native costumes, never palled.

The day we went to St. Peter's was no exception.

The pilgrims moved in and out, chanting, or knelt and prayed in unison. We took the elevator to the roof of St. Peter's, then walked part way up the steep stone steps of the dome. We watched little old peasant women from northern Italy, their wrinkled, leathery faces lighted with glowing eyes, climb the seven flights of steps to the roof, and run happily toward the dome to take the long steep steps to the top! Theirs was the deep joy and energy of the dedicated pilgrim.

Barbara never tired of watching them. One late afternoon we sat and watched for hours on the wide shallow steps in front of St. Peter's.

We saw all the sights of Rome; the ancient ruins, the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, the monuments, the statues. We went to St. Paoll's, to St. Giovanni's, to Ste. Maria's, to St. Peter's. Except on Saturday nights, dinner was at home because Bob was working. And, the heat of Rome being a 24-hour debilitating process, we learned to sit quietly after dinner, hoping, sometimes even praying, for a breeze.

Paola's language lessons proceeded under the largely pantomimic tutelage of the Taylors. Dinner over, Bob and Barbara would sit on the floor in the living room, each in possession of an English-Italian dictionary and the language lessons were on. Somehow, in the confusion, Paola learned English. Barbara, no linguist, learned to say "buon giorno" (good morning), "buona sera" (good evening). She learned to say "multo bella" (very pretty), and "multo buono" (very good). She learned to say "grazie" (thank you) and "arivederci" (until we meet again) and with her smile and her "Hi" she didn't need any other words.

Rome's one concession to punctuality is that all shops close at 1:00 p.m. It is the law. Fines are levied if a shop is caught open at 1:05. They reopen at 4:00 or at 4:15. Or maybe they don't reopen at all. The Romans lunch from 1:00 to 2:00—and sleep for two hours afterward. This Roman daily custom put Missy in a daily state of suspended enthusiasm. Eventually, she'd nibble a bit of lunch when the Romans did, although her indifference to food was a great cross for Parici to bear. After lunch, she'd sit in disciplined patience, waiting for the shops to open.

Except, of course, on the days she visited Cinecitta to watch Bob at work, or to pose for Manucci, the sculptor Bob had commissioned to do a bust of her. Going to the studio to watch Bob work was a great innovation in Missy's scheme of things. In the 11 years of their marriage she has never visited Bob when he was working. She doesn't believe a wife's place is on her husband's job. However, in Rome, Bob's sincere desire for her to visit the set broke down her "principles." And the magnitude of *Quo Vadis* made set-visiting more than visiting Bob. *Quo Vadis* had been a decade in the planning. It had taken two years of concentrated work to complete



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ The name of Gloria Swanson came up. One of the minor mysteries of Hollywood was that Gloria wasn't "doing anything in pictures." Why perhaps, we told each other, Swanson couldn't carry a picture today as the star, but she certainly would have considerable pulling power at the box office if someone could talk her into playing a strong secondary lead.—*January, 1939—Modern Screen.*

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the arrangements for its filming in Rome—to repair the bomb damaged Cinecitta, Rome's only motion picture studio, to transport the necessary modern equipment from Hollywood, to locate and secure the lions and other animals, to design and make the thousands of costumes, to build the enormous sets, including the gigantic reproduction of the Circus Maximus, etc., etc., etc! No wonder Missy broke her unbreakable rule and took a "postman's holiday" by watching Bob and Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, and Peter Ustinov at work.

THEY weren't doing a very spectacular scene the first of her visiting days. Only shooting a section of the Circus Maximus. The principals and only 3,000 extras were working that day. It was hot. Rome-hot. The day before 132 people had fainted. On this day only three had to be revived. How Bob stood it, wearing pounds of metal armor; how Peter Ustinov, playing Nero, survived the long hours in the sun wearing the heavy velvet, ermine-bound robes becoming an Emperor, I'll never know. But Mervyn LeRoy, Bob and Peter had been working every day since May and, obviously, aside from the loss of weight and a good solid "bushed" tiredness at the day's end they seemed to be bearing up nobly.

Noble is the word for everything about *Quo Vadis*. From Bob's noble Roman mien to the proportions of the entire spectacular production. *Quo Vadis* will not be ready for release for a long time but when this magnificent Technicolor presentation of the story of the early Christians is released it will take its high place among the enduring classics of the screen.

BUT whether Barbara went to Cinecitta or shopping, 5:30 was Rosati-time.

Rome's sidewalk cafes are always crowded. Donati's is the mecca for tourists intent upon watching each other and upon watching the Romans pass by. Rosati's is more relaxed—it is where the Romans go to sip tea or consume the giant dishes of ice cream, topped with gobs of syrupy fruit, which they seem to relish.

Barbara went to Rosati's every day wearing her customary spotless white blouse, dark skirt and Roman sandals. The Romans did not stare at her while she sat there. Not until Bob joined her on one of the few days he finished working early enough to do so. Barbara exaggerates when she says she never is recognized unless she is with Bob, but there certainly is a different kind of recognition when they are together. This day when Bob joined us there was instant excitement. The tea-sippers stared frankly, the passing pedestrians stopped, stared and talked excitedly to each other. Clerks and customers popped out of adjacent shops, passing cars stopped. Everyone was smiling and bowing and chattering about the "love couple" as the Taylors were called in Italy.

It was at the Lido in Venice that I first heard them called that. When Bob got a weekend off, with Tullia Picella, his Italian secretary (a Wellesley graduate) as interpreter, we flew to Venice on a Friday morning. Venice is gorgeous from the air —Venice is gorgeous period. Venice is the proof that travel folders don't lie.

The Venetians must have primitive telegraphic powers. As Bob and Barbara's gondola moved through the Grand Canal every bridge across the Canal was lined with applauding fans. They applauded as the Tay-lores' gondola approached the bridge, then moved across the bridge to applaud as the gondola came under the bridge.

Around St. Mark's Square Bob and Barbara did a window-shopping tour. A happy crowd of about a thousand fans followed them for a full hour. Venetians, like Romans, are avid photographers. Several such asked if they might take pictures, but none asked for autographs, none shot a picture without asking permission. Courtesy in the best Italian tradition.

The unforgettable greeting was at the Lido. Our speedboat docked at the Hotel Excelsior landing in front of the long, red-carpeted corridor under the bridge, which leads up to the hotel lobby.

As Bob stepped from the boat the Saturday night crowd, lined across the bridge, recognized him and applauded. He turned to help Barbara from the boat and the cheering started. Full and strong, "Viva Bob and Barbara!" they cried, "Viva Bob and Barbara!" and something else in Italian. Tullia translated quickly. "They say 'our love couple'," she said. And had to shout to be heard above the noise of the crowd.

By the time Bob and Barbara reached the lobby the crowd on the bridge had increased and moved against the lobby windows. Inside the lobby all the guests had gathered to welcome them too. The applause crackled, growing in volume and "Bravo, Bob and Barbara" was called out over and over. This greeting from exquisitely gowned and bejewelled women and formally dressed men, was more restrained but quite as sincere and spontaneous as that of the crowd outside. With enthusiasm and frankly evident admiration the guests followed Bob and Barbara to the terrace. That terrace was a fairyland, its trees drenched with multi-colored lights, shell-pink tableclothes, gold-backed chairs, a golden throne outlined against the dark, moon-bearing sky. The throne was there because tonight was the Cinderella Gala. As Bob and Barbara stepped onto the terrace the orchestra recognizing them played "You Are My Lucky Star."

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IT was an evening of enchantment. Barbara's eyes glowed, Bob's smile flashed. On our return to Venice, as our speedboat neared the Gritti Palace, from a half-dozen lantern-lighted gondolas moving abreast of each other, came the music of violins and accordions in accompaniment for some unknown baritone and soprano. I was sure it wasn't real. I was just dreaming myself into a Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operetta.

It was hard to leave Venice. Bob and Barbara went again to the Lido for the opening of the Venice Film Festival with Mervyn LeRoy, Jean Simmons, Maria Montez, et al. Their enthusiastic reception was even greater than it had been the night before. Yes, it was very hard to leave Venice. The only way you can leave is by promising yourself that, somehow, someway, some day—you will return.

Of course Barbara insists she still doesn't believe it. "I've spent so much time in 'Venice' on process stages that I never stopped expecting someone to yell 'cut' and the grips to move one of the side walls away. I'm sure I was only on Paramount's Stage 12."

Barbara's great accomplishment in Rome was—resignation. The Romans are calmly superior to the stress and strain of punctuality. It's taken them centuries to achieve their civilization and what the centuries have done clocks and schedules can't undo. After a while you stop expecting them to be on time and, if an appointment made for three on Tuesday materializes that same week you really think you're getting places. So a giant and gentle resignation cast an aura of calm about Miss S. Except for the day she wanted to go to the zoo and some American newspapermen were an hour and a half late for an 11 o'clock appointment.

"You're late," said Barbara, and the gentle resignation wasn't evident.

"This is Rome," the spokesman for the group thus capsuled apologies and explanations.

"But we're Americans," said Missy. That gave the lady the last word. Subsequent appointments with our countrymen were kept with solemn punctuality, as though on some lonely outpost, we were faithful to a distant tradition.

Inevitably, in every city, Barbara visits the zoo. If, of course, there is one. Her zoo visiting started years ago, when David Belasco said to her, "Any woman who wants to know how to walk will go to the zoo, watch the animals walk. Watch the panthers walk. Watch and watch until she can walk as they do." It's a long time now that Stanwyck has known how to walk. But she still goes to zoos.

At the zoo in Rome Barbara made friends with George, the brilliantly trained chimpanzee and his infinitely gentle, feminine and appealing mate, Catherine. Catherine is quite a personality. We were all enamored and put up no resistance to her affectionate demonstrativeness. Even though we knew there was more valor than discretion in permitting her embraces. Afterward, as we itched and scratched, we wondered if she really was as adorable as we had thought she was.

FONTANA, the Rome Coutourier, sent word through Bob's secretary, Tullia, that she'd like to arrange a private showing of her collection for Signora Tay-lore. The Signora was not impressed—no foreign-made wardrobe for her, she said. But, the third time she received the gentle suggestion she capitulated. Bob got off early that day and went along. Fontana's gowns are lovely. She uses superb materials, exquisite embroidery. Her formal gowns are breathtakingly feminine. We all oh'd and ah'd over every model, unanimously decided each one should be worn by Loretta Young. Fontana has yet not succumbed to high price-tag fever prevalent among top designers in America and France. 175,000 (lira) for a formal evening gown sounds like a lot of money, but $280.00, which is a lot of money, is a comparatively modest price. The Paris ateliers blandly put 90,000 francs, or $260.00 on their tags for just a simple daytime street dress.

Even respecting Fontana's sane prices, we just oh'd and ah'd, wished Loretta could see Fontana's collection, and drifted away from there. Next day Barbara had Tullia phone to order one street dress.

Day after that Barbara had Tullia phone to order a cocktail dress. Next day at the fittings, Fontana brought in one of her fabulous evening gowns. Started to fit it on Barbara. "Signore Tay-lore liked it so much," she said appealingly. That's when Barbara discovered Bob was gifting her with the trio of gowns.

By now Barbara was possessed with her "mission." She was determined not to return to New York without rosaries blessed by the Pope for the boys and Danny. Tullia had placed Barbara's request for an audience with His Holiness before the Monsignor, and received an appointment for Barbara to appear in person at the Vatican before the request was considered. Missy went rosary-shopping. I always thought a rosary was a rosary. Missy thought these rosaries had to be something special. They had to be "masculine" she said. The rosary hunt took us in and out of a pretty good percentage of the hundreds of shops all over Rome where rosaries are sold. She bought the sixth rosary late on a Saturday afternoon. At the apartment she found her notice that her private audience had been granted for the next day at Castel Gondolfo, the Pope's summer palace.

Next day, Barbara started to dress at noon. She wore, as instructed, a black suit, covered her hair with a fine black net veil. She wore white gloves, and carried, looped over her left arm, the six heavy rosaries; carnelian, jade, amber and topaz-quartz respectively. Bob, with other members of the *Quo Vadis* company had had his audience with His Holiness at the Vatican just before filming the production started, and shared Barbara's excitement. Her appointment was for 5:15 "precisely." Castel Gondolfo is about 40 minutes (as Julio drives) from Rome. Barbara was dressed and waiting for Julio at three o'clock.

Arriving at the Castel gates at 4:30 she wandered with Bob in the milling crowd before the gates until 5:15 precisely, then was passed through the gates, ushered through one room after another, and at last, clutching her rosaries, awaited His Holiness in one of the smaller reception rooms, where she received his blessing. Barbara was deeply moved, as she had been moved by the sight of the pilgrims' devotion at St. Peter's. For herself she would never have sought the audience. For what the rosaries, blessed by His Holiness, would mean to Danny and Pete, to Amando and Tony—"my waiters"—she had sought and secured it. Wordless, as she is in moments of personal emotion, she was intensely quiet on the drive back to Rome. Bob held her hand tightly, and she smiled softly to herself all the way.

"Mission accomplished" was now descriptive of Barbara's visit. The rosaries were blessed and Bob's schedule required weeks of day and night work to finish *Quo Vadis*.

There were almost as many farewell flowers in the apartment for Missy during the next three days as there had been to welcome her upon her arrival. There were tuberoses from Ceglia, the bootmaker, tuberoses from the glovemaker and great red dahlias from Bob's tailor. In all this fragrance, Tullia and Paola, Parici, Julio and Renato moved about their work, their smiles conspicuously and touchingly absent.

"Paola dolora," said Paola over and over. "Paola very sad," she elucidated, in her clear, unaccented, third-person English, "and she speaks for everyone."

Bob was working and couldn't see us off at the airport on Friday, but Tullia, Paola and Julio were there and said their goodbyes with frankly tear-filled eyes. Missy, though touched by their caring, said her goodbyes abruptly and strode to the plane —without a backward glance. Looking back after a goodbye is her one superstition about flying.

The motors were warmed. Our plane was airborne. Our visit to Rome was committed to memory.

The road back spread out before us. We flew to Paris whose incredible beauty was misted in rain. We wandered eagerly through the streets, dined at Maxim's, heard the sweet music of violins at Monseigneur's . . . The next few days were a kaleidoscope of interviews, press conferences, sight-seeing, perfume-buying. And then, one morning, we boarded the Queen Elizabeth at Cherbourg. Cables and flowers from Bob were awaiting each of us in our cabins.

The crossing was rough, but Barbara and I paced the deck for hours, discovered the remote, hypnotic beauty of the moon at sea, stood on the top deck with the wind slapping our faces. Then Barbara sent a cable to Bob. "Will meet you in New York whenever you finish!"

New York. Our penthouse suite at the Sherry was like a garden. Loveliest of all the flowers were the two huge baskets, Barbara's and mine, from Bob. Each bearing hand-written note from Signore Taylore.

Our official homecoming was our dinner that night at Danny's Hideaway. What a welcome it was! Danny's eyes were dancing as he took us to "the Royal Booth." The table was beautifully decorated with red roses and gardenias and green tapers.

Danny handed Barbara an envelope. She read it in the candlelight, and was surprised, and pleased and touched. It was from Bob. We were his dinner guests. He just wanted to be "with us" on our first night home. He'd thought of everything, ordered the dinner and the flowers from Rome.

Halfway through dinner and in her most offhand manner, Stanwyck presented the rosaries one at a time to Danny and the boys . . .

Our "few days" in New York stretched into weeks of concentrated appointments—interviews, radio appearances, photographs —all in connection with Barbara's picture for MGM, *To Please A Lady,* co-starring Clark Gable.

We flew to Indianapolis for the premiere of *To Please A Lady.* Indianapolis loved Missy. The newspapers headlined her arrival; the Governor greeted her; she danced with the soldiers of the 28th Infantry Division. It was an exciting and gratifying stopover, but then we were on our way again. This time headed for Los Angeles. Home.

We made the Eastern Airlines hop to Chicago, and then via TWA went West. All in all we'd covered 18,000 miles by the time we'd reached our doorstep. Every single mile of that, we'd been up in the clouds.

THE END

WAS MY FACE RED!

When John Hodiak displayed some tenseness before the camera in one of his first pictures, *Lifeboat,* Alfred Hitchcock tried to soothe him by saying, "What's there to worry about, John? Remember, this is just another picture." Then paused dramatically before adding, "On which your whole future depends."

—*Kolma Flake*

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how I feel about love

(*Continued from page 35*) people who lead interesting lives far removed from acting. They seemed to confirm my conclusion—that home and family would always be the most important factors in my life.

WHEN the editors of MODERN SCREEN asked me to write this article for them I agreed, but I said that anything I thought about life, love, philosophy and faith would be, as in a movie "with no reference to any real persons, living or dead." It would be impertinent of me, I think, to refer to people in my private life by name, because we all have a right of privacy in our hearts.

To really begin about the way I feel, I'll confess that events leading up to my important decision were the very things that should have caused me to decide to leave Hollywood for awhile and start, so to speak, writing my life in an entirely new book.

Frankly, I had reached the stage of being very close to a cynic. But I discovered that you can look at things in a highly realistic manner without being bitter. You can fail at love or love can fail you. This doesn't mean that you need to go around announcing you've discovered there is no such thing. If you do, you mark yourself as someone who isn't equipped for genuine living.

Do I sound like a wise old lady? I'm not. You know, I am aware that many people have said that a girl named Shirley Temple would be a lot better off if she moved to the other side of town, away from her family and the home she has known almost all her life. It would help her to grow up and "broaden" herself.

Believe me, I have grown up, and believe me, I don't want to be "broadened." (In the hips or anywhere else.) I've known people who were in a tearing hurry to "get away from home." Usually they wound up years later in some distant place saying, "It was all so foolish. I didn't gain anything. Now I'm homesick and want to go back." Usually they can't, though. The roots have been torn up. The home they had was a part of them. When they left they destroyed it.

I like the home I live in. I love being close to my mother and father. It has meant a great deal to all of us and to Linda Susan, and *never* has there been discord which would prevent the chances of any of us for happiness.

ABOUT a year ago I went through a severe personal experience. I guess everyone knows what it was and I am personally in favor of not repeating the circumstances. I will say, though, that the event marked my abrupt "growing up." With the door firmly closed on a certain chapter in my life I began to make new plans. I think that my training as an actress since childhood helped me to avoid any deep suffering.

Frankly, I think it is high time someone took the podium and explained that those in the acting profession are not really the emotionally unstable people they have been painted for lo! these many years.

It is because their business is "play acting" that the legend has grown up about their not knowing the difference between a script and their own lives. The truth is that actors, with the exception of a few whose troubles are broadcast out of all proportion to actual importance, are generally happier people than the average.

I believe that all of us are actors in a sense. Those who never have known acting as a business are more likely to delude themselves with pretending in their own lives than the individual who is constantly aware of the abrupt change between the characters he must pretend to be, and what he actually is.

For instance, I know a girl who wants to marry a boy who is rapidly becoming a success in business. She is constantly acting by pretending what isn't true—that she is socially his superior and therefore her "contacts" will help him; that she is going to inherit quite a bit of money; that she is somehow "better" than other people he knows.

I am afraid that if he marries her they are headed for a great deal of unhappiness. He will discover that she is merely socially ambitious. He probably won't mind if she doesn't inherit any money, but what will bother him is that she will spend their dollars as though they had more than enough. As for being "better," the poor lad is going to some day be a bad audience for her constant "acting."

ON the other hand, I know a young actress who's planning to wed a doctor. People say, "what a mistake he's making! She'll never stop playing Mrs. Kildaire." Actually, he is making no mistake at all. This girl, because of her own work, will be able to understand the irregularity of the hours he must work. When he gets up at five o'clock in the morning for early hour operations she won't be sleeping blissfully. The chances are, she'll be up at the same time, getting ready for her own call to the set.

This is a girl who knows how much hard work her man went through to get going in his profession. Seven years of severe concentration. She herself went through the disciplined work of modeling, three years of stage acting, and another two years of indoctrination into picture work. The result is that she has consideration of others, tremendous energy, and a happy spirit that comes with being able to survive a tough school of experience. She has met people in many different lines of work and therefore will not be ill at ease with her husband's associates.

I could cite a dozen other different ways in which the actress' chances for successful marriage are so much greater than my first illustration about the girl who is really acting every waking moment.

A friend of mine once told me—if you want to get at the truth in human relationship all you have to do is take a good look at any given situation, say to yourself, "What I see may be right, but perhaps the real answer is just the opposite." I, myself, had to pretend for a time that "everything was all right" in my life when it wasn't. That will never happen to me again. And that is why I have consistently refused to let my name be "linked" with anyone's. If I did, with the result that a romance was "dreamed up," I'd soon get the name for being fickle.

HERE again I want to speak up for the girls of my profession. You may read hundreds of words about their many romances, but the genuine actress is ninety-nine times out of one hundred a girl who is planning for a home and a family of her own. Just as in any town some "get off the beam" for awhile, but the stories that circulate usually are about girls whose connection with movie-making is really very slight.

Now, to be a little more personal about myself. I know that there have been many, many books and articles written on the subject of how to be happy. Happy as a bachelor girl. Happy as a wife. Happy in love. Happy when out of love. Life has been more thoroughly studied by experts through the years than any other subject, from law to atom bombs. Yet the one thing we are still trying to learn to do is to get along with each other.

I don't want to seem matter of fact, but by looking at those around me—particularly my family—I see that those who have achieved happiness are those who concentrate on the things so taken for granted by most people that they may even seem unimportant.

A reporter friend of mine dropped in to see me the other day. I was knee deep in a pile of old scripts and papers.

"I should think you'd have a secretary do that," he said.

"It's a temptation," I admitted, "but part of woman's business is house cleaning. I may squawk about it, but all of these things at one time or another have been an important part of my life, and I don't see why I should ask anyone else to take care of them."

I'm not trying to say that I do all my own work, or to paint a picture of myself as a brave girl getting on in the world. I know that I am very well off and I want to avoid false impressions. Not long ago, I was very embarrassed to read that I planned to support myself by training to be a nurse. Actually, I had only been doing volunteer work in orthopedic training.

This twisted report got into the newspapers and I was horrified. In the first place, it was obvious that I don't need any other type of work as a profession other than the one I have. In the second place, it takes four years of training to be accepted. I wondered what the army of girls working so hard to enter a great profession might think of my supposedly casual entrance on the scene.

THE truth is that I have been giving about three or four days a week to hospital visits and other allied things. I have always been interested and I hope I always will be. It seems to me that every young woman has an obligation to do some sort of volunteer work. If she's lonely, she'll find that other people have far worse problems. As for finding love, it's right there. Perhaps she won't meet a man as a result, but if she tries to bring love to people she'll find that it will come back to her many times over. If she is too busy to be concerned about the problems of others, they'll be too busy to think about her.

To put it simply, I think we young women make the gravest mistake of all in thinking about love in the terms of "man" alone.

For all of us love is ninety-nine per cent of life and the secret of finding the happiness we want seems to be in being prepared to receive it. And how to do that? Well, the foundation is there for all to see in those who are happy. They are those who have religion and practice it, those who hold qualities of good citizenship above the gay, free social life, and those who place the needs of their homes and families above their own.

I'm not sure how close I come to membership in that select group, but I'm going to try.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



At the opening of the Shamrock Hotel in Houston, I happened to pick up a piece of stationery. I heard someone say, "Let us have no stealing here." I looked around, and to my embarrassment, I saw Howard Duff quietly laughing at me.

Hattie Fay Moody
Nesson, Ark.

marika's miracle

(*Continued from page 37*) soon her eyes grew tired but she continued to watch.

A policeman sat in a warm cubicle beside the gate and observed the little girl. Presently he put down his pipe and went out and spoke to her.

"Aren't you cold?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Marika.

"It's getting late," said the policeman. "Hadn't you better be getting on home? It's Christmas Eve, you know."

"There is no hurry, sir," said Marika. "My father is away looking for work. We are new here, and we have agreed not to have Christmas this year like the Americans. Maybe next year, if things are better."

The policeman didn't have an answer ready. He just chewed hard on his pipe for a moment, then went over and took Marika by the hand and led her inside his office.

"Wait here a moment," he said. "That's nonsense. It's Christmas Eve all over the world—for everybody." And he hurried away to do something about this emergency.

MARIKA sat on the big chair and thought about that. So it was Christmas Eve all over the world, for everybody. She couldn't quite believe that. She had been other places on other Christmas Eves and it hadn't been Christmas Eve at all. The gentleman was mistaken.

Her eyes were heavy, and for some reason she didn't want to sit there and think about it any longer. She left the cubicle and stepped into the studio street. It seemed barren, with long rows of tall structures that looked like warehouses on either side, and very few people about. Marika walked down between the buildings.

It seemed as though she had walked for a long time, and she was quite tired when she saw a white door partly opened in one of the buildings. She went inside.

It was dark in there, but off in the distance a small light showed and Marika went toward it. She could hardly believe her eyes, for there before her was a stable, almost, she thought, like a stable on a farm she remembered in a distant past. There was the floor littered with straw, horse trappings hanging from the stall posts, dusty windows, a cow munching from a broken bale, the smell of sweet hay, and many familiar sights, sounds and scents. There was even a donkey gazing at her in lazy speculation. Marika lay down on the straw and in a moment she was weeping for something she thought she had forgotten. Soon she fell asleep.

It was there the policeman and his hastily-recruited group of studio workers found her. There was a hurried, whispered consultation; members of the party were dispatched on urgent errands, and the policeman gently picked Marika up, still asleep, and carried her like a rag doll from the building.

When Marika opened her eyes, she was frightened for a moment, but only for a short moment. She was seated in a very big chair in a room that was larger than any she had ever seen. It looked like the main salon of a prince's palace. The lights were very bright and everywhere she looked there were people with happy, smiling faces.

There was the policeman, hovering close. There were men in overalls, girls in short skirts and ballet shoes. There was a Bishop in magnificent robes, men and women in evening dress, a man in a dark suit and a hat pulled down over a badly scarred face. There were men who looked like business leaders and men who looked like beggars. It seemed as though a sampling of people from every walk of life had been gathered and placed in the big room. And over in a corner, behind a huge Christmas tree that was the most magnificent sight Marika had ever seen, there were musicians softly playing songs of happiness.

The policeman raised his hand and called for everyone to be quiet, and then, on a signal from a jolly accordionist dressed as a Swiss mountaineer, everyone began to sing and move about with merry gestures.

Marika was tongue-tied and wide-eyed with the wonder of it all. And she pinched herself, as she had heard people do, to make sure she was awake.

SUDDENLY a wide door opened and snow flew into the room, whipped by a strong wind that scattered the flakes over everyone. Eight champing reindeer pranced inside, drawing a sled on which the round, fat figure of Santa Claus himself sat, chuckling and waving at Marika. While willing hands held his beasts, Santa got down off his sled, carrying a bag almost as big as he was. He placed it before the tree and walked to where Marika sat. He bowed deeply and reached for her hand.

"Come, little one," he said. "It is Christmas Eve all over the world today and I am in a great hurry. Come and see what Santa has brought you."

Trembling with excitement, Marika took Santa's hand and permitted him to lead her to the tree. The big red bag was opened and, to the squeals of delight of everyone, packages wrapped gaily in all colors were placed at Marika's feet. Everyone gathered then about the tree to help the child open her presents, while Santa sat on a strong chair and chuckled as only Santa does.

There was a doll, almost as large as Marika, and a good deal plumper, that said "Mama." There was a white dress of lace, a blue dress of organdie, and a pink dress of wool. There was a dark coat, with brass buttons, and a hat to match. There were shoes, it seemed, without number, books uncountable, each with a title that spelled magic adventure. There were roller skates and games, mittens and rubbers, candy and fruit. Some of the gifts were expensively wrapped, others were simple things, like maybe an orange, a banana and a few nuts wrapped in white tissue. But there were more presents that Marika had ever known existed.

The room became warm with giving and the lights multiplied in the corners of



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Rosalind Russell and Jimmie Stewart, incidentally, are making their love scenes so convincing on this program that it sounds like the real stuff. And those on the inside say that since Rosalind's return from England, Jimmie Stewart has had an option on all her spare time.—*February, 1939—Modern Screen.*



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Marika's eyes as moisture reflected them, and soon she couldn't see at all, could just feel Christmas everywhere.

In the office of the head of Splendid Studio, the boss sat at his desk and pushed a button. His secretary answered.

"What's going on around here?" the boss asked. "I feel something strange in the air."

"It's Christmas Eve, sir," the secretary said.

"I know," said the boss. "But where is everybody? I don't hear a soul on the streets."

"They're on Stage Ten," said the secretary. "There's a Christmas party going on over there."

A few minutes later the boss opened the door of stage ten and his eyes grew large. All the noise on the stage stopped, and people appeared uncomfortable. All except Marika. She merely looked up at him and smiled.

"Come in, sir," she said. "It's Christmas Eve. It's Christmas Eve for everyone—everywhere—today.

"Merry Christmas," said the boss, and he came in.

The stars were out when the policeman carried Marika, now half asleep from the excitement of it all, into the street and placed her in the long limousine. He put the packages in with her and covered her with a lap robe. The boss got in beside her and ordered the driver to start. Marika nestled against his shoulder and looked through weary eyelids up at the twinkling lights in the sky. "They must be real, too," she thought. "Today, even the stars are real."

Marika's father was standing hatless in the street when the car drove up, and he shook with fear and uncertainty as the chauffeur opened the door and began lifting out Marika's presents. The boss emerged in a moment, carrying the sleeping child. He put her in her father's arms, then pressed a pad of bills and a small white card in his hands.

"It's an advance," he said. "Come and see me Monday."

"I thought she was lost," Marika's father mumbled.

"No," said the boss. "We were lost. She found us."

The big car drove away, and still Marika slept in her father's arms. And he looked up into the sky, too, and his cheeks were wet although it was not raining.

It's just a fable, maybe, but it has happened, or something like it. It was Marika's miracle, and it proved that on Christmas Eve it *is* Christmas Eve everywhere, even in Hollywood. And that for one magic day, make-believe joins with the goodness of man and becomes reality and moves closer to God. THE END

my christmas story

(*Continued from page 53*) that distant Hollywood-to-Hayden-Lake hookup, I began to get a feeling for the song. Before he hung up, Johnny said that he and Jimmy had a couple of other fine Yuletide tunes, too.

"Deck them out with boughs of holly," I said. "The boys and I will be down next week and see what kind of family harmony we can work up."

"Don't worry, Pop," said Linny. "We'll kill 'em."

The next week, when we started rehearsing at Decca's recording studios, it seemed like the most natural thing in the world to record the songs as a family Christmas album. So that's what we did. The twins, Denny and Phil, chose the snowman number. Linny took over a bright little song called "I Hitched a Ride with Santa Claus." Gary and the old man drew the end-piece, a straightforward song entitled "That Christmas Feeling," which comes mighty close, I think, to expressing the real spirit of Christmas:

"I love that Christmas feeling,
It does my heart so much good.
Strangers I meet all seem like friends
And the world's just a neighborhood.
So here's to the joy of Christmas;
Here's to the ones I hold dear,
May you have that merry Christmas feeling
*All through a happy new year."**

Even if I do say so, our little Christmas album turned out to be a fair country set of sides . . . pretty good, that is, for five farmers just in from the range. And I am not without a touch of pride whenever I think of the fine way the boys handled their numbers. If they keep coming along in this fashion, I'll have something to fall back on in my old age.

Of course, it's perfectly natural that our first family offering should be a selection of Christmas songs. The Irishers and I have been singing together at Yuletide for lo! these many years, and it would be a break in a long tradition if this year, too, we don't spend a large part of Christmas day out in the crisp winter air caroling our neighbors, friends, and the other members of the Crosby family. Last year, we covered about 30 houses . . . starting out in Holmby Hills and playing the circuit all the way out to old Ski-snoot's place in North Hollywood.

*By permission of Burke-Van Heusen and Associates.

The boys like to end up their caroling at the Hope house. He always puts at least $5 in the kitty they collect for charity. So do Johnny Burke and the others who seem to like our version of "Silent Night." But at brother Everett's house, they don't even bother to pass the hat. He always gives them a dime apiece.

This year, I hope Christmas will be pretty much the way it has always been at our house since the boys have been old enough to enjoy it. Especially in these troubled times, Christmas should be a time for kids to enjoy themselves, and a time for us old folks to pause and count our blessings.

I know that this year when the boys come home from Bellarmine Prep up north where Gary is a senior, Dennis and Phil sophomores, and Linny a freshman, the air will be full of talk of football. For this year, Gary is playing fullback on the school team and I know I'll have to watch while the whole season is replayed on the living room rug. And we'll probably take in all of the football games that are being played within two hundred miles of Los Angeles during the holidays.

Like as not, the kids will bring home some of their friends from school. Each year when they do, I am reminded of our big house in Spokane, a block away from Gonzaga, which was always a human swarm on Christmas Day. To this day I don't know how Dad managed to hold up under the job of carving the turkey for all those kids. Most of us were back for seconds before he could sit down. Yet as soon as he spotted an empty plate down the table, he would yell, "Back up your cart, son!" and reload it with turkey. Everett and Ted always got stuck with the dishes.

As always, our Christmas this year will begin with early mass at our neighborhood church, the Good Shepherd. For many years, it has been my humble privilege to sing "Adeste Fidelis" at this early mass. Perhaps this year I can talk Monseignor Concannon into allowing the sprouts to backstop me on the chorus.

After church, we will rush home and start tearing away at the packages piled under our big tree. We'll miss Dad, who passed away this fall, when we open our presents. He always liked to come over early on Christmas Day and sit by the tree with Mom while the boys clawed at their packages.

And we'll all miss Dad at the dinner table, too. His Christmas Day was never complete without a huge Yuletide dinner . . . a full scale affair with turkey, dressing, and all the fixings . . . and although he hadn't been able for years to eat heartily, he never lost any of his old dexterity with a carving knife. I'll miss hearing him tell my boys, "Back up your carts, boys. Don't be shy." It was one of his greatest pleasures to watch a bunch of hungry, bug-eyed boys tackling heaping plates of turkey. And my boys always managed to do full justice to his carving.

After dinner, we'll probably gather around the tree for some talk and a few songs. I'm sure we'll have a monstrous tree again this year . . . a tall spreading affair that looks like it should be outdoors. A few years back, we had a big tree that caught fire and burned down the house, but we still wouldn't have any other kind. It wouldn't seem like Christmas.

In the afternoon, open house prevails at the Crosby manor, and we welcome the random wanderers who stop by to quaff a bit of eggnog or to pass the time of day. It will be the surprise of my life if I'm not called away right at the height of the jollity. For some strange reason, I always seem to have a radio program scheduled sometime during Christmas Day. I'm hoping, for once, that I can just sit down with my feet up comfortably and let that turkey settle for a change.

This year, with strife again making its ugly self felt in the lives of millions of Americans, I believe that Christmas will have a renewed meaning to us all. And with the fundamental values of Christmas being threatened as never before, we must be staunch in our faith that they will live forever. The secure peace of family life, the glowing kindness of man to fellow man, the power of simple personal prayer—these things, as they are embodied in our celebration of Christmas Day, are the light of the world. May yours be merry!

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Ava Gardner visited Smithfield about a year ago, some of my friends and myself went to see her during our school lunch period. Because we had pictures taken with Miss Gardner, it was after lunch period that we returned to class. We were excused, however, thanks to the thoughtfulness of Miss Gardner, who had written notes for us to our teachers.

Mary Smithwick
Smithfield, North Carolina

he gets away with murder

(Continued from page 47) press relations for fear of being blacklisted. Lancaster frankly doesn't give a hoot about journalistic thumbs-down. He doesn't seek publicity. He accepts it because it is part of his job to accept it. He knows that if his stellar position warrants attention, newspapermen will have to give it to him whether they want to or not.

There are those who hold that Lancaster would rather argue than eat. They may be right. Certainly his producers and directors concur. The man who directed one of his first pictures is widely quoted. "I'd direct Burt Lancaster in another picture *if I had to*," he said, "but frankly, it's one chore I'd like to side-step. Two directors on one picture is one too many."

Not all of his directorial encounters, of course, wind up alike. Just recently Burt and his *Jim Thorpe, All-American* mentor, Mike Curtiz, came to grips. A few moments after a particularly vitriolic verbal battle, Curtiz walked off the sound stage and into the office of a friendly executive, where he struck a dramatically tragic pose.

"Look at me," he intoned pitifully. "I am an old man, alone in the world. I have no one but my boy, Burt, whom I love like a son. But my boy has turned on me. Me! I am the man who fights with actors—they do not fight with me!"

He allowed the tears to roll down his cheeks. "This son whom I love, you know what he has just done?—In front of the whole company my boy Burt called me a lousy bum!"

Curtiz's "boy," Lancaster, just an hour later sent the director two dozen roses with an apologetic card which began, "Dear Lousy Bum."

How Lancaster gets away with his murderous tussles with authority is something few of his colleagues can understand. But today Burt, in the jargon of the industry, is one of the hottest stars in town, currently ranking number six as a box-office draw.

His sometimes-strange behavior rarely follows the same pattern twice. There was the time, not too long ago, when he guested on a San Francisco air show conducted by a harried female commentator. Burt wasn't too happy about being there, and made little attempt to disguise his boredom. The fact that it was a network show with a good Hooper rating didn't stimulate his interest at all. The ad lib interview began:

Q. "Glad to have you with us, Burt. You've been in several pictures now and you've made an enviable name for yourself. By this time you must have formed some opinions about your profession. Do you enjoy being an actor?"

A. "Nah."

Q. "Well, what is it, then, that strikes your fancy? Do you want to be a director?"

A. "Nah."

Q. "I'll bet I know what it is—you've levelled your sights on the top spot—you'd like to be a producer!"

A. "Nah."

Q. "Well, for goodness' sake, Mr. Lancaster, what *do* you want to be?"

A. "President of the United States."

More recently Burt was a guest on a round-table broadcast from Hollywood. A member of the panel managed to pop just one question before the actor took over. Burt's answer devoured the allotted thirty-minute air time and continued on for another quarter-hour after the show signed off.

Lancaster's outspoken opinions frequently land him in hot water, although vocally he gets away with murder. For instance, a few months ago he was taken to task by his studio for okaying a magazine story which was later printed under the cover blurb, "The Amazing Rebellion of Burt Lancaster" in which he revealed a to-Hell-with-Hollywood attitude. Burt openly and loudly resented any attempt to put a curb on his frank statement.

"I object to the sanctimonious, holier-than-thou attitude in this business, it's a lot of hooey," he said. "Why don't we just let down our hair and admit that we're not always the artistic masters we pretend to be? Some of us are in this business to make good entertainment—and through that entertainment, some dough!

"There's too much bull and baloney connected with picture-making. Listen, Hollywood's been around a long time. It's old enough now to be able to take some honest criticism, and to admit it makes mistakes, too.

"A man who sets out to make a buck—say in the steel industry—doesn't have to profess belief that everything connected with steel is on the highest cultural, spiritual, or moral plane. He'll even admit that his plant turns out a lousy batch of steel once in a while—and it doesn't shake the public's faith in that product at all."

To some who know him, Burt is completely self-centered and vain. To his friends, the "vanity" is simply complete confidence in his own abilities, intensified by his absolute refusal to hide his light under a bushel of ill-becoming bashfulness.

As far back as the release of his first picture, *The Killers*, Burt's self-assurance was evident. A close friend brought him the reviews of the picture after its press preview and stood back, awaiting Burt's excited reaction. Burt merely scanned the pieces and grunted his approval.

"For heaven's sake," yapped the friend, "they're *terrific* reviews."

Burt looked at him calmly. "Of course they're good," he said. "What did you expect?—It's a good picture."

His self-confidence extends beyond what he's proved he can do and do as well. When an acquaintance recently asked if the rumor were true that he'd like to dance in a future picture, Burt replied, "Sure. Why not?" The other man looked his surprise. "You think you could?" Lancaster's answer was typical: "I have two legs, haven't I?"

He later elaborated on this theme when he said, "I can do other things on the screen—sing, dance, clown. So far nobody in Hollywood wants to gamble a million or so on my idea that fans will like me as much as a comic, a hoofer, or a singer as they do when I play a mug with a gun in my mitt or an acrobatic adventurer."

Before marriage a woman knows all the answers; afterwards she knows all the questions.—*Betty Hutton as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

Lancaster has never doubted himself for a moment. His confidence in his own judgment and production acumen remained unshaken even after the lukewarm critical and box-office reception accorded his initial production venture, *The Unafraid*. He charged immediately into plans for *The Flame and the Arrow*, which he and Harold Hecht produced under the Norma banner, and in which Burt starred. He was not at all surprised when it turned out to be one of the year's top money-makers.

But his pride in his physical accomplishments is a facet of the Lancaster character that nobody criticizes. That he is a superb athlete is an acknowledged and unchallengeable fact. Colleagues whose muscles shriek at the eighteenth hole are unanimous in their praise of his agility and coordination.

Already lean and fit as a fiddle string before production, he nonetheless dropped ten pounds during his heavy pre-production decathlon workouts for *Jim Thorpe, All-American*. One of the set crew, soft of belly and shank, remarked, "That guy's so trim you can't tell if he's coming or going."

Lancaster's unshakable determination to stand by his own code of ethics has increased his unpopularity with a lot of people. But there are many who are quick to admit that they highly admire his sense of integrity.

From the beginning, Burt refused to allow "an invasion of privacy" by the press. He once said, "I keep my home apart from this movie rat-race. My home is a symbol to me. Once I let photographers or writers in, it'll mean I've given in." At this writing, Mr. Lancaster has budged not a whit, even going so far as to ask photographers on the set not to photograph his wife and their oldest boy, Jimmy, who were there to watch him cavort on the horizontal bars for *Flame*.

(Jimmy's comment, it might be noted, after watching a particularly breath-taking feat, was: "Heck, Dad does a lot better in the back yard!")

On personal appearance tours he is natural prey to the hordes of teen-agers who greet his arrival on stage with the usual cacaphony of screams, squeals, and sighs. In disgust one day, Burt stepped to the footlights and publicly spanked them all; particularly risky type of bluntness in which to indulge.

"Your behavior is somewhat appalling," Lancaster told the kids. "If all your energy could be channeled, it would make some sense."

He got away with more murder in the public prints. "I'm personally against the bobby-sox type of hero-worship," he was quoted as saying, "Kids who idolize movie stars worship something that is manufactured, for stars are often the product of the studio mill."

Surprisingly enough, Burt was acquitted on this charge, for the kids continue to adore him.

There is one Lancasterism that has driven clothes-conscious Hollywood to despair. "Why," one actress demanded recently, "does he have to go around looking like a panhandler? It's embarrassing to have to say 'hello' to him on the street."

Hollywood can speak its mind freely about his personal appearance; whatever it says, it is justified in saying it. Burt's hair generally seems to be combed by a Waring blender. His face sports five o'clock shadow at noon. His dark, monotone sports shirts and slacks look as though they'd been used for pajamas. His moccasined feet are often sockless.

It has been said that Burt's slovenly attire is a form of defiance illustrating his attitude, "If people don't like the way I dress, the devil with them!"

Burt says quite frankly, "I don't care about my appearance. People tell me it will hurt my career. But that's ridiculous. If my bad pictures haven't hurt me, nothing I do will hurt me!"

He was just as self-assured the day he stood before the late Mark Hellinger, during production of *The Killers*, and vowed, "Hollywood will never get me!"

Whether it has or not is, in Hollywood's opinion, a very moot point. Until it is decided (and perhaps not even then) Lancaster will undoubtedly continue getting away with murder. The End

what price glamour?

(*Continued from page 45*) This wasn't at Sak's Fifth Avenue, or Adrian's or I. Magnin's. Betty had been ambling down the street, window shopping like any other housewife. The smartness of the display in the window of a small, unobtrusive Beverly Hills shop had caught her eye and she'd wandered in to see what they had to offer.

The Grable philosophy concerning things to wear is simply, "It ain't what you wear, it's the way that you wear it!"

Knowing what becomes you is a matter of personal analysis. "Fashion" is for you only if it is suited to your style. And "style" is not always what happens to be the current fad. Betty discovered this early and wisely adhered to it.

When the "new look" hit the country with considerable force and struck most of the feminine population; when skirts sagged perilously close to the ankles and women billowed about looking like a Ringling Bros. tent in search of a circus, Betty didn't join the crowd. She lengthened her skirts, to be sure, but only as far as was flattering. It suited her and she stood nicely apart from the fad-conscious mob.

During this extremely "long" period, Betty went to the Santa Anita Race Track in one of her "nearly new look" gowns. A self-consciously smart young matron approached her and cooed acidly:

"Darling, that's a terribly smart dress, but," she simpered, "really, they're wearing them longer now."

Betty smiled good naturedly.

"Maybe 'they' have something to hide," she replied. "I haven't . . . and anyway, I like this length."

Betty loves beautiful lingerie with a passion, and would buy stacks of it, if her conscience would let her. She has a number of filmy, expensive creations. However, there's a small shop on Hollywood Boulevard, which carries a modest line of lingerie at an amazingly low price. Betty shops there regularly, and these simple garments far outnumber the lacy ones. Betty's reluctance to pay high prices for unmentionables is well known to all her friends. Not long ago, at one of the swank Beverly Hills stores, a salesgirl was about to sell a dozen pair of silk panties for the impressive sum of $12.95 per pair, when her customer was suddenly snatched away from her. Betty, passing by, had recognized the customer as her friend, and just wouldn't allow her to spend all that money on mere panties.

"Come with me," Betty whispered.

"Where to?" the friend asked, mystified.

"Woolworth's," Betty replied. "Their panties may not be as pretty, but they wear well and they're only fifty-five cents a pair."

During the period when Betty wasn't the adored darling she is today, she had a budget. On budgets, one may look longingly into Saks' windows—but that's all. You learn to spend wisely and you never outgrow the habit. And often you learn how to do your own beauty chores with professional skill.

Take the mundane matter of hair. Betty puts hers up in bobby pins personally. She goes to the beauty parlor, yes. Long ago she discovered "Cassie's" on Rodeo Drive; and found that Norma could perform the necessary magic to keep her locks as beautifully blonde as technicolor pictures demand. She has been going there regularly once a week. Norma applies her lotions, but Betty brings along a small box of bobby pins. Not that she doesn't have implicit faith in Norma's skill, but she knows that she alone has the "know-how" as far as the Grable hair style is concerned, so she sets it herself, with no apologies to anyone.

If there is one place where Betty may fall down in the economy department, it's with her fancy for chi-chi shoes. She has dozens of pairs, most of them full cut D'orsay pumps and all rather "buttons-and-bowsey." Along with her overwhelming interest in shoes, goes her habit of wearing the sheerest of nylons. Here again Betty is hardly what you could call economical. She won't wear them if they have even so much as a small snag. Incongruous, when you realize that she won't pay over $2.95 for a pair of white cotton gloves. Incidentally, she is very meticulous about gloves. She doesn't consider herself well dressed unless she carries a pair. She loves accessories, too, like matching bags and belts. The bags generally cost from fifteen to thirty dollars and the belts are under fifteen dollars.

Betty is more partial to suits than any other articles of clothing in her wardrobe. She shies away from the gussied formal evening wear, and feels much more at ease in tailored things.

One night she arrived at a Ciro's opening in a stunning evening outfit. Nine out of ten of the women who peacocked about the room sported decolletes that would make Earl Wilson's eyes bulge, but Betty's ensemble of ice blue satin embroidered with silver bugle beads was built along the lines of her favorite suit. Betty just doesn't like extreme formals. She generally ducks gatherings where such gowns are expected because of this distaste for showy evening things. She is casual by nature and gravitates rapidly away from any functions where she must "dress."

Like most Southern California women, hats are not a "must" with Betty Grable. Although she wears them occasionally they're generally little frou-frous that match her ensembles, and John Fredericks and Lily Dache can hardly count Betty among their best customers.

The same informal note, so characteristic of Betty, prevails in her makeup. With that flawless blonde complexion of hers which tans so beautifully, she has very little need of pancake or powder bases. However, she's a stickler when it comes to lipstick. The famous Grable mouth is never seen without bright orange lip rouge which she applies religiously and is always licking off. Among toilet waters she prefers "White Shoulders," "Shalimar," "Platine," and likes to surround herself with a cloud of fragrance.

For a girl who is unanimously conceded to be one of Hollywood's top glamour stars, Betty is remarkably unconcerned about appearing in public in slacks, shorts, or even levis. With these, she wears sweaters —angora or cashmeres—which are soft enough not to irritate her skin. Other stars would never think of leaving the house without their best bibs and tuckers, Betty has no such qualms. She once shocked a whole floorful of people in Los Angeles' biggest department store when she walked in wearing a very obvious maternity gown, sat down at the fountain and calmly ordered a soda.

Although Betty has very beautiful jewelry, she never flaunts it. In contrast to her rather flamboyant preference in shoes, her taste in jewelry is surprisingly conservative, running to a few finely executed pieces. She rarely wears earrings. The reason is simple. "They always pinch me," she complains.

She has been known to make exceptions in the matter of startling jewelry. An extremely different and becoming dress made especially for her by the fashionable Allardale's dress shop is trimmed with jewels. The dress is the first of its kind and was a fashion experiment which happily was a tremendous success. It is a burnt orange tweed, with matching suede inserts and an intricate pattern worked in jewels on the collar and yoke. The outfit, which cost $235.00, is completed by a top coat and perky peaked cap of the same burnt orange suede. This is one of Betty's few really expensive purchases, but the money is well invested for the dress sets her blonde beauty off to perfection, and the simple cut reveals the lines of her figure at their best.

Speaking of Betty's fabulous shape, it is often shown in pin-up pictures encased in a form-fitting swim suit. These pictures, however, are products of studio publicity departments. When vacationing at Del Mar, Betty prefers the two-piece cotton sun suit for which she usually pays a fast $5.75, to the more confining, skin tight bathing suit. In fact, she doesn't even own such a suit, and has to borrow one from the studio wardrobe department when she poses for the pictures.

Betty, by the way, takes very good care of her health and her figure. Every night after she finishes at the studio she has a steam bath and massage. When she isn't working, she's prone to take on weight, and this she corrects immediately. (Betty's weight is pretty constant right now—thanks to exhausting routines for her new picture, *Call Me Mister.*)

At a luncheon recently, Betty was asked how she managed to stay so nice and slender. She explained that it was very simple. All she does is avoid all starches and sweets, such as potatoes, bread, pies and desserts. At this point the waitress arrived to take their order. Betty looked up and said:

"Make mine a hot fudge sundae with whipped cream." Then she smilingly turned to her friend and remarked:

"I'm so glad you told me I look thin. I've had a craving for a hot fudge sundae for weeks."

Because Betty is an individualist and refuses to go along with fashion fads and fancies, she has never been mentioned among the best dressed women of America. Chances are she never will, because she refuses to devote that much time to being a "clothes horse". However, she still looks better in her clothes than most women do in their wildest dreams. The Grable figure is far more effective than Christian Dior's most expensive creation.

So when you think of glamour, remember Grable—and remember, it isn't money that sharpens your appearance, but your own good taste. The End

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6-7—Bert Parry and Bob Beerman, 8—Wide World, 10—Bert Parry and Bob Beerman, 16—International News, 26—Bert Parry, 27—Columbia, 28—*T.* Bob Beerman, *Cen.* World Wide, *Bot.* Bert Parry, 29—*T. Lt., T. Cen.* Globe Photos, *Bot. Lt.* 20th Century-Fox, *T. R.*, Bert Parry, *Cen. Rt.* Stork Club, *Bot. Rt.* M.G.M., 30—20th Century-Fox, 31—Walt Davis, 32-34—Paramount, 35—Modern Screen staff, 38—*T.* Bob Beerman, *Bot.* Bert Parry, 39—Bert Parry, 40-42—Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, 43—*T.* International News Service, *Bot.* Bert Parry and Walt Davis, 44—20th Century-Fox, 46—Universal, 48-51—Helen Ferguson, 52—World Wide Photo, 54—Bob Beerman, 55—*T.* Bob Beerman, *Bot.* Bert Parry, 56-57—Floyd McCarty, 59-65—Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios, 74—M.G.M., 88—Bert Parry.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

(*Continued from page 55*) anything if she'd wanted. It was all too perfect, and she had to get used to the idea.

The next day, the script of *The Prince Who Was A Thief* arrived by airmail. It was brought to Piper while she was having a press interview in Chicago's Pump Room, and dying of curiosity, she had to sit on it all the way through lunch. As a matter of fact, because she was doing seven or eight TV and radio shows each day to publicize *Louisa*, she didn't get a chance to read the script until she got to Des Moines. That is, she started it in Des Moines, and finally finished the rest of it in Nebraska.

Almost as exciting as the script was the letter which came with it. It was sent by Rufus Le Maire, head of Universal's casting department.

"Congratulations, Piper, and good luck," it read. "This is a grand opportunity and I'm sure that you will do well. Perhaps now you will know why I asked you to come over to my office and let me measure your height. We had to have someone tiny, and I was worried that you were too tall for the part."

Piper remembered the day that Mr. Le Maire had kept staring at her all during luncheon in the commissary, then finally had come over to her table with a quizzical look on his face.

"How tall are you, Piper?" he'd asked.

"Five feet five inches," she'd said.

"I don't think you are," Mr. Le Maire had said, emphatically. "Come over to my office after lunch, and bring a ruler."

In his office, Piper measured 5 feet 4½ inches tall. "Ha!" said Mr. Le Maire, "Just as I thought."

"What difference does it make, anyway?" asked Piper.

"No difference," said Mr. Le Maire, suddenly becoming mysterious. "I just wanted to know."

"And to think," Piper told her mother later, "of all the times I've gone around wishing that I could be taller!"

WHEN Piper got back to Hollywood, after three frantic weeks on the road, she was understandably tired. But not too tired to rush over to the studio and find out all about the picture. When the executives explained that they'd been following her career and were happy to give her and Tony Curtis a real chance, she almost floated on air.

Then she drifted over to the wardrobe department to look at the sketches of her costumes. The dresses were not only beautiful, but every one of the figures had been sketched with her face on it. It was almost too much for Piper Laurie to endure.

For the next five weeks she and Tony worked on the script, rehearsing each scene until they had it letter perfect. Finally, the director felt they were ready to do the big Technicolor test which was the last check and doublecheck before the actual shooting began. The afternoon the tests were screened, Piper was treated like Princess Elizabeth by all who saw her in the studio commissary.

First, dialogue director Lee Shollem stopped by to shake her hand.

"I just saw the tests this morning," he said. "You were beautiful, Piper."

Casting director Robert Palmer came over and said, "Simply wonderful, honey. Simply wonderful."

Writer A. McKenzie was next. "Piper," he said, "you have no idea how many people like you. I have to rewrite the whole screenplay just to enlarge your part."

Then Tony Curtis strolled in, wearing blue jeans and a western shirt.

"I understand they showed the tests this morning," Tony said. "They told me that I'd better start looking for another job, but that you were great."

Tony, of course, was kidding, but he was getting too much pleasure out of Piper's tremendous enthusiasm to let his own run wild.

"This girl," he will tell you, with flourishing gesture, "is wonderful."

How wonderful was a secret until a few months ago.

At that time drama coach Sophie Rosenstein presented an evening of theater on the lot, starring her young students. Piper appeared in a Tennessee Williams one-acter entitled, *This Property Is Condemned*, and the applause she got was deafening. It was a role with range. She was wistful, sexy, fiery . . . but most of all, she was a challenging, extraordinary actress. It was a triumphant evening for Piper, and for her mother and father, who were sitting in the audience.

THE commanding ability which Piper demonstrated on the stage that evening was a long time arriving. Unlike most young actresses, she was never precocious. Her first attempt at drama, at the age of two, was an utter flop in Detroit, where Piper was born. Her mother had taught her a short poem to deliver at a children's recital. Piper learned it well, but when her turn came she was too frightened to open her mouth. She just stood, facing the terrifying audience, until all the lines had run quietly through her mind and then she bolted straight for her seat.

Six years later, after Piper and her family had moved to Los Angeles, she had more or less made up her mind that she wanted to be an actress. But she was too ashamed to tell anyone about it.

"I remember one morning when my mother was taking my sister, Sherrye, and me for a walk, she asked us each what we wanted to be when we grew up. Sis said, 'I want to be a cook' (which she is, today . . . an excellent one). Then I said that I wanted to be a manicurist. I knew it was a lie, but I also thought that being an actress was so far from reality that there was no use mentioning it."

As a child, Piper was such a shy little thing that her mother frequently worried about her. When people came to the house, she'd just sit and stare, or walk around with her head down.

"I didn't say much," Piper recalls, "but I thought a lot."

She thought a great deal about ways to even the score with her sister, Sherrye, who was two-and-a-half years older. Piper's biggest resentment was caused by being put to bed a half hour earlier than Sherrye, and she satisfied her anger by daily putting the hairbrush, the alarm clock, or cracker crumbs in Sherrye's bed.

"Sherrye and I had our share of sisterly spats due to the difference in our ages. I always wanted what she had. I remember one Valentine's Day when a boy brought her a box of candy. I nearly died with envy. I thought that her beau was the most handsome boy I had ever seen. But a year later, when Sis outgrew him, I went out with him and didn't like him at all."

At John Burroughs Junior High School, Piper, who was then known as Rosetta Jacobs, began to take on the nicknames that dogged her adolescence. She was "Carrot-top," "Rosie," and of course, "Red." She was still shy, but not too shy to play an active part on the yearbook art staff, and eventually to deliver the valedictory address on graduation day.

At 15, Piper enrolled in Los Angeles High School. During her junior year she announced to her family that she wanted to study acting. Her father thought the idea was unreal and silly. But Piper's mother somehow managed to get together the money for her to begin taking dramatic lessons.

PIPER undertook her study of drama with mature seriousness. She enrolled in a small rehearsal group headed by Mrs. Betomi Schneider. The group included a number of established professionals whose experience was extremely valuable to her. They met twice weekly in a rented studio in Hollywood, and in order to be admitted Piper lied about her age. Although she was only 16, the deception was not too difficult to maintain. She had a creamy, enviable complexion, and her figure was already generously endowed.

"I never was 16," Piper confesses, today, "but I've been 18 for two years, which ought to make up for it. I was really thrilled when I finally was 18, so I could start telling the truth about my age."

It was during a classroom production of *Our Town* that Universal first noticed Piper, and even before a single studio evidenced an interest, the Sam Jaffe office offered to represent her in motion pictures. Finally, they got together and wrote up a term contract for Piper, who surprised everyone by refusing to sign it until she was 18 and a high school graduate, ready for full-time acting.

Piper is still attending the little red schoolhouse on the Universal lot, taking college extension courses in Psychology, French, and Art under Mrs. Gladys Hoene, the studio schoolmarm.

"I don't want to grow up to be a dope," she says.

So you can see that at 18 (a real 18 this time), Piper's head is firmly connected to her shoulders. For instance, there's very little of that usual nonsense about the-men-must-wait-for-my-career from Piper. When she meets the man that matters, she'll be willing to fall like a rock. In the meantime, she's playing the field, dating Vic Damone, Jerry Paris, and other young Hollywood actors.

"I'm constantly looking for fellows who are really honest," Piper says. "They're pretty hard to find."

Until she finds one, the right one, Piper will continue to live with her parents in Beverly Hills, study hard, and follow through with the wonderful plans which her studio has in store for her.

That is a pretty good life, now, isn't it?

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Because my roommate and I are in a tubercular hospital, we were unable to see the celebrities that had come to Indianapolis for the Five Hundred Mile Race. A friend of ours wrote to Barbara Stanwyck that we would especially like to see her. Not only did she visit in our room for over twenty minutes, but she went around to each of the other ninety patients, signing her name and chatting with everyone.

Virginia Smith
Flower Mission Hospital
Indianapolis, Indiana

the girl who tamed don juan

(*Continued from page 43*) ring Flynn had given her). Flynn wore a business suit. He looked much gayer than 39, and the prospect of going through another ceremony in a French Lutheran church at Nice didn't seem to faze him. After that ceremony the couple took the Zaca (Errol's yacht) for a moonlight sail.

In the annals of love history this romance will go down as one of the most memorable. For while Patrice was falling in love, another woman, name of Princess Irene Ghica, was planning to marry Flynn.

Patrice and Errol were on location together in Gallup, New Mexico. The Princess, thinking that Errol might be lonely out there on the sandswept wasteland, flew there to cheer him up.

When the 20-year-old Princess (Errol likes 'em young) arrived in Gallup, she soon discovered that he was far from lonely. In fact, Errol couldn't see her at all. He was too busy gazing at Patrice.

In addition, gossip was being hushed all over town to the effect that Flynn was madly in love with her. Patrice, that is.

THE PRINCESS, who had traveled all over Europe with Flynn last year, who had flown all the way from Paris to spend some time with him in Hollywood, who had allegedly expected to marry him sometime this fall, learned that it was all for naught.

Whether she told Errol off—she has the quality of dynamite when aroused—or placidly accepted her defeat, only Errol knows, and he won't talk.

In any event, the Princess hadn't been in Gallup very long before she packed her luggage, flew back to Hollywood, and then winged to Paris.

"Flynn?" she said, between planes. "I knew such a person once. I think he's become a cowboy."

In Gallup, Errol, ever the gentleman, referred his questioners to Emily Post. "It's up to the lady," Flynn explained, "to announce a broken engagement."

The Princess announced nothing, but two days later, Patrice's mother, Mrs. James A. Wymore of Salina, Kansas, announced that her daughter, Patrice, originally from Miltonville, Kansas, would marry Mr. Errol Flynn in a quiet church ceremony within three months.

The impact of this announcement upon Hollywood was atomic, and for several reasons, too.

Number one was that only a few days previously, Flynn, supported by his old friend and trusted legal adviser, Jerry Giesler, had marched into court. Both of them had beseeched Superior Court Judge Elmer Doyle to reduce the amount of alimony Errol pays his first wife, Lili Damita.

Errol admitted that he received $200,000 from Warner Brothers for making one picture a year, but his expenses were very high, he pointed out, and he also had to support two children by his second wife.

There was a long legal tussle in which Lili said the alimony shouldn't be reduced, because $25,000 a year was really very little to get along on. And the upshot of the whole affair was that Judge Doyle decided to take the case under advisement.

When the Judge, a few days later, read that Errol was to marry for the third time, he was a little taken back. After all, Flynn had just told him that he couldn't support his two previous wives and the commitments therefrom. Why now was he taking a third?

IT LOOKS to me like he's in enough trouble already," said the Judge. "Sooner or later, you know, you've got to support these women."

When told that Patrice's parents owned quite a few farms and oil wells in Kansas, that, in fact, she was a fairly wealthy girl who might inherit a pretty penny one day, the Judge said, "That's fine. Maybe she can help him out."

He then went on to say that "these marriages where you don't know the girl a considerable length of time usually break up on the rocks. Seems to me these people are not taking marriage as seriously as they should. My idea is that you love a girl, marry her and stay with her the rest of her life."

Actually, Errol knew Patrice Wymore about seven weeks before he popped the question. He met her by accident when he happened to walk through the wrong door of the wardrobe department at Warner Brothers. He ambled into the women's section, where Patrice, scantily clad, was patting some cold cream into her face. When she saw Flynn, she quickly grabbed for a robe and called out in surprise.

Errol beat a hasty retreat after apologizing. Over the transom, he was then introduced to his leading lady.

When the cast took off for Gallup on location, Errol and Patrice hit it right off from the very first. Patrice hasn't made many full-length films, just *Rocky Mountain* and *Tea for Two*, but she's been dancing and entertaining ever since the age of six, and she knows her way around.

She's played all the large night clubs in New York, Chicago, and Miami; she's starred in several Broadway musical comedies, and as a result, she's not easily impressed by a handsome, masculine face.

In short, she wasn't awe-struck by Flynn the way many girls have been.

A member of the *Rocky Mountain* crew who knows all about the courtship of Patrice Wymore, says, "It actually took about six weeks for Patrice and Flynn to fall in love.

"It came as a big surprise to me, because like everyone else, I've always thought that Flynn went in for Continental babes. You know, he's a world traveler; he's got a yacht in Jamaica; he's always taking off for some port, and naturally, it figures that he'll want one of those Riviera dames to go through life with him.

"I mean you'd never think he'd pick on a corn-fed dame from Kansas. At least, I didn't. After a while, however, all of us used to go down to the Elk's Cafe—it's run by a wonderful woman named Mrs. Wingfield—and Errol and Patrice would talk and listen to the juke box and smile at each other across the table.

"Then, when they'd do a scene together next day, it began to look like the real McCoy. Next thing we knew, Patrice's mother and brother were in Gallup, and things were cooking a little.

"I don't actually know when Errol proposed, but towards the end of the shooting, we used to go out towards the hills and cook some steaks and have some barbecues —Patrice is a wonderful cook, and one evening just after she'd given him a good steak, she was taken aside by Flynn. He asked her to marry him and she said yes and then she told her mother, and that's the way it happened.

"They make a very wonderful couple. She's tall. I think she almost hits five ten with her heels on. She's very athletic and so, of course, is he, and I really think she's the dame who can keep Flynn in line."

HE'S ALMOST twice her age, but she knows the score, and I don't think she'll take any foolishness from him. Matter of fact, I think Flynn has got most of the foolishness out of his system. He's ready to settle down, and Patrice is the girl who can help him."

After the announcement by Pat's mother, Errol flew to Salina, Kansas, to meet some of Pat's friends. Unfortunately, Errol has a way of lousing up public relations. He says things he really doesn't mean, and sometimes these sophisticated barbs hurt the local citizenry.

Here's what the Garden City Telegram of Kansas had to say about Errol's visit to Salina: ". . . When Flynn finally climbed out from between the sheets at 11:30 A. M., he lost no time in demonstrating that he hasn't lost his technique of how 'not to win friends nor influence people.'

"Yep, Errol said he was surprised to find the country-side so green; he had expected only dust. He said he didn't know where Kansas was until Pat pointed it out to him on the map. He was just as surprised to find that Kansas produced oil . . . Every time Flynn opened his mouth in Salina yesterday, Errol stuffed his foot into it."

THIS SEEMS more than a little unfair to Flynn, because regardless of his escapades, and these have been numerous, he is always polite and diplomatic. He has never wilfully intended to hurt anyone or anything, and he certainly would never cast a slur on Kansas or Salina. As a matter of fact, he made a film *Dodge City* in Kansas many years ago, and has always had a soft spot in his heart for the land and the community.

He just happens to be a misunderstood boy. He gets involved in deals which have the most incredible ramifications. Take his love affair with Patrice. He no sooner announced his intentions than word was forthcoming from New York that some television producer was under the impression that *he* was scheduled to marry Patrice, that he had, in fact, gone out, bought furniture, and furnished an apartment for that very purpose. Flynn was indirectly accused of being a love pirate.

He was absolutely guiltless. All he knew was that Patrice had starred in Mike Todd's *Up in Central Park*, that she was a dancer and a singer, that she had acted in *Tea for Two* at Warner Brothers, had appeared on TV in N. Y., that she had been his leading lady in *Rocky Mountain*, and that he had fallen in love with her, proposed, and had been accepted.

The repercussions were unexpected.

Errol may have been happy when he left the U. S. for a little while last August to make a film in Nice entitled *The Bargain*. He left Patrice and her mother in New York where they set about buying a trousseau.

In Nice, Errol expected a little quiet and relaxation. But what happened? First off, Bill Marshall, who was co-producing the film with Errol, ran into government trouble, reportedly starting the picture without a permit from the proper French officials. Then Warners announced that unless *The Bargain* was released through a major studio, Flynn would have violated his contract.

It just seems that wherever he goes, Errol Flynn just has to make headlines.

"Maybe," a friend of his recently said, "Patrice Wymore can act as a sedative and keep him in check. If she does, she'll be the first girl who ever has."

In Salina, Kansas, they're saying that Pat can do it hands down. THE END

HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Annabella's is the latest name to be linked with Ty's. This time will he marry?—*March, 1939—Modern Screen.*

no sad songs for ronnie

(*Continued from page 57*) all. In fact, Ronnie manages to make his bachelor way of life look so relaxed and effortless that even his most happily married friends sometimes frankly envy him.

JUST what does the future hold in store for this handsome, broad-shouldered young actor? Will he remarry? Or will he remain single, preferring the uncomplicated life of a bachelor?

Not long ago, I was talking about Ronnie with one of his closest friends, a man who has known him since he was a sports announcer many years ago. "I don't think Ronnie is anxious to make any radical changes in his present way of life," he said to me. "He has always been a stable, dignified guy who could take anything in his stride. He is far too mature to make a career out of being single. He's got the ground under him."

Except on the screen, and occasionally at previews, I had not seen much of Ronnie since the war, when he was a dashing captain of the Army Air Forces. But since then, a lot has happened which could have changed Ronnie's cordial, easy-going personality. So I was looking forward to the interview which was scheduled for a lazy Saturday morning at his new apartment.

I was almost startled when he opened the door wearing spotless riding pants and high-topped cavalry boots. Minus the red coat, he looked as if he were dressed for riding to the hounds, which, as it turned out, was just about the case. He grinned at my surprise, as he threw a long, boot-encased leg over the arm of his chair and settled into comfort.

"Oh, I'm taking the kids riding this afternoon," he said, by way of explaining his costume. "I try to take them out to the ranch every Saturday."

The ranch, incidentally, is the eight-acre breeding farm in the San Fernando Valley which Ronnie bought two years ago. It has been occupying a great deal of his time. He personally has set all of the fence posts on the whole ranch, and with his partner, Nino Pepitone, has developed the place into an up-and-coming breeding farm. They aren't in the L. B. Mayer class yet, but this fall, they will place their first three colts on sale, and if they don't bring at least $10,000 each, Ronnie is no judge of racing horse-flesh. One in particular, the great-grandson of Man o' War and the son of Stagehand, should be showing his heels to the nation's fleetest horses during the next few years.

WHEN Maureen and Michael, who are now 10 and 6 respectively, go out to the ranch with Ronnie, they have the very special job of cooling down the horses after their father has given them a brisk workout. The kids get to ride them around the exercise ring maybe 20 or 30 times every Saturday, and if the young Reagans don't end up saddle-wise it won't be because they didn't have a wonderful chance to learn.

Fathers don't come much better than Ronnie, and it is a great contribution to his children's start in life that they are able to experience his genial intelligence in surroundings like those at the ranch. Children can profit immeasurably from their first contacts with nature when it is interpreted to them by a wise and imaginative parent. Ronnie is all of that. While he's working around the ranch, Maureen and Michael are constantly at his side with questions. Not long ago, a gentle-hearted Maureen was near to tears when her father started to put out poison for the gophers which burrow long tunnels underneath the training ring. Ronnie had to kneel down patiently beside her and explain why he must do what he had to do.

"Look, honey," he told her. "Suppose Mrs. Simpson were running very fast and stepped on the spot where all the gophers had their main cross-roads. The ground would cave in, and she might break her leg. You wouldn't want anything like that to happen, would you, just because we didn't do the very thing that would prevent it from happening?"

Maureen shook her head, and ever since, has been as enthusiastic as Ronnie that gophers get all of the poisoned bran they can hold. Mrs. Simpson is Maureen's favorite horse, and she doesn't want anything to happen to her.

RANCHO Reagan has provided Ronnie with an excellent outlet for his own vital energy. He hasn't gone about ranching like a country squire, either, and as he sat in his apartment telling me about the place, his deep leathery tan and muscular arms were proof of it.

"I've come to agree with E. B. White," he laughed, "that farming is 10% agriculture and 90% fixing something that got broke."

The ranch has had one disastrous consequence—the horsy flavor which has crept into Ronnie's conversation of late. His friends, he claims, are beginning to object to his unbecoming habit of describing things as "fourteen hands high" or "a furlong away." So far, though, he doesn't call an attractive woman a "cute little filly." Girls are still girls to him and he hasn't lost his appreciation of their particular kind of beauty.

Romance, however, doesn't occupy a cardinal place in Ronnie's life at the moment. During the past year, he's dated more than a dozen of Hollywood's most beautiful women. On the occasions when Ronnie has escorted Jane Wyman to a quiet restaurant for dinner, the gossips have invariably shrilled the news that a reconciliation was in the offing. But not even this glaring spotlight has been able to impair the bond of their friendship and the many things which they still share—their children, mutual friends, and a common profession. There should be no mystery about their friendship. It exists because Ronnie and Jane are mature, warm-hearted people. It would be a mystery if they *weren't* friends.

RONNIE'S bachelor existence has only begun to develop a characteristic pattern during the past year. The year before, he spent the greater part of his time traveling, working on *The Hasty Heart* in England, and lying in a hospital bed with his broken leg in traction. But now that he has moved into larger quarters, which are decorated with the familiar, masculine things he likes, Ronnie plans to do a moderate amount of entertaining. Nothing lavish. Just some quiet little dinners for the married folks to whom he owes a meal.

Ronnie is a chef of no mean ability, with a flair for savory dishes which is excelled, perhaps, only by that of his close friend and fellow gourmet, William Holden. Ronnie is not addicted to funny hats to cook in, nor is he the sort of pot-sniffer who works by blind luck. He knows a number of tasty recipes and the proper use of aromatic spices. Currently he's planning a menu around a brace of pheasants that should make Holden drool. Rivalry at the board between Ronnie and Bill has been going on for years. When Ronnie was laid up, Bill brought him a brightly wrapped present consisting of two bottles of wine. Nurses passing by Ronnie's room were treated to the spectacle of two grown men growing madly ecstatic as they sampled the rare liquid.

Even without their mutual interest in good food, it's only natural that Ronnie and Bill Holden would have become good friends. They both have been active in the Screen Actors' Guild since its inception, and today hold the offices of President and Vice-President respectively. As President of the SAG, Ronnie's the principal spokesman for the acting profession in Hollywood, a job which he has accepted with complete seriousness. When he's talking about the problems confronting the movie industry, Ronnie can be as pontifical as a traffic court judge dealing with a drunken driver. This responsibility, at times, gives him a dignity which actually is a contradiction of his appearance and his years. The SAG, however, thought enough of his efforts to re-elect him as president for a second term.

IT'S not surprising for an actor to pay close attention to his fans and their letters. But it's a little out of the ordinary when an actor displays an interest in general audience reaction to motion pictures. In Hollywood, Ronnie goes to the movies as regularly as any fan. And last winter, the manager of a little theater in downtown Chicago was quite surprised when an usher came hurrying down to tell him that Ronald Reagan was sitting up in the balcony. He was even more surprised when Ronnie stopped by the box-office on his way out to talk about the recent motion pictures he had shown. Ronnie, killing time between trains, learned a great deal about audience reaction and the exhibitors' problems out of that visit.

"I wish that everyone involved in making motion pictures would spend more time in the theaters with the people who pay to get in," he says. "They really know what they like, and no one is going to convince them differently with exaggerated advertising and misleading titles. The people who go to movies go to be entertained, and if they aren't, you know it when you're in the theater with them."

Outspoken comments of this sort are a habit with Ronald Reagan, but they have in no way affected his employment in Hollywood. This year, Ronnie signed a new five-year contract with Universal-International which calls for a minimum of one picture a year. This supplements his previous contract with Warner Brothers, also for one picture a year. You will soon be seeing the results of this happy arrangement—a melodrama named *Storm Warning* for Warners and *Louisa*, for U-I.

In a profesisonal sense, his year's work is done. But as Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, Ronnie's activities have only just started. THE END 87



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ And still the romance rumors of Bette Davis and George Brent persist. Although each denies that there's "anything to it," the pair are inseparable as ham and eggs.—*September, 1939—Modern Screen.*

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Tony Curtis

entry blank fill out and mail to:

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attached is my letter explaining why I would like a visit from tony curtis and piper laurie

name_____

address_____

city_____state_____

neighborbood theater_____

address_____

here are the rules

1. Write a letter in 200 words or less (length is not important) explaining why you would like to have a visit from Tany Curtis and Piper Laurie.
2. Address your letter to Cantest Editor, Modern Screen, Bax 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y., attaching the entry blank at left, or a reasonable facsimile, to each letter. Send as many entries as you like. Additional entry blanks in Pepsi-Cala cartons at your dealers everywhere. Type or write each entry clearly.
3. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 16, 1950. Any entry received after that date will nat be accepted.
4. Entries will be judged by Leonard Goldstein, producer of **The Prince Who Was A Thief,** and the editors of Modern Screen. Decisions will be based on originality and simplicity. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Judges' decisions are final.
5. Anyane may enter except employees of Dell Publishing Co., Inc., and Universal-Internatianal or their families. All entries become the property of Dell Publishing Co., Inc., and none will be acknowledged or returned.



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modern screen

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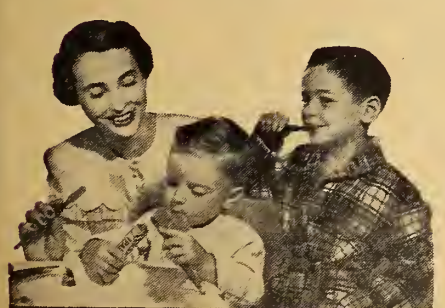
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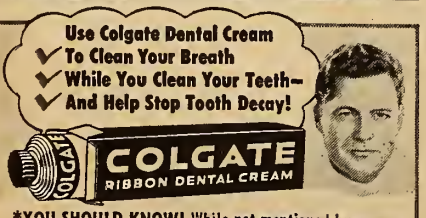
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FEBRUARY, 1951

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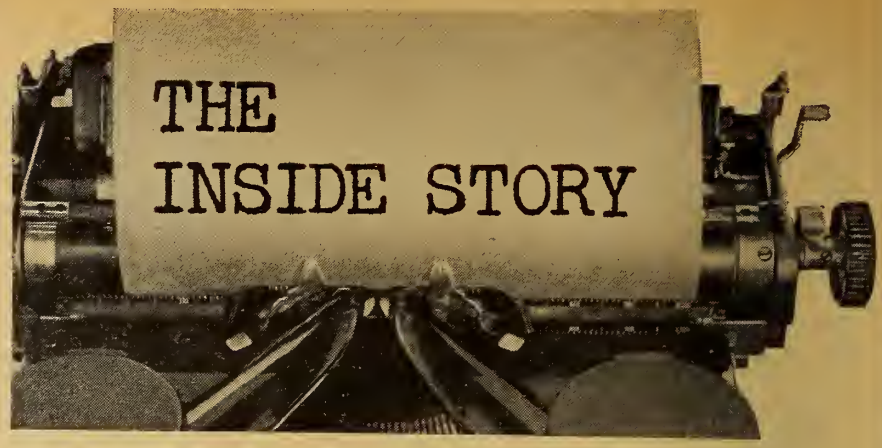
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Q. Is it true that Lana Turner has gone high-hat and is now difficult to handle both inside the studio and out?
—M. P., New Haven, Conn.

A. *Lana has changed since her marriage to Bob Topping, but to say that she's gone high-hat, is not true. She has developed a certain maturity towards life, has given up night-clubbing, for instance, to settle down to a more sedate mode of living.* (*For new insight, read* The Sorrows of Lana Turner, *on page 30.*)

Q. What is the truth about Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston? Are they divorced, happily-married, or merely separated?—T. R., Moline, Ill.

A. *Kathryn and Johnny officially separated on November 15, 1950. At that time, Johnny was scheduled to make a personal appearance in Washington, D. C., and Kathryn was scheduled to appear at MGM. Insiders who know them well, seriously doubt they'll reconcile.*

Q. Is it true that John Agar was a crooner before be met Shirley Temple and wants very mucb to become a crooner again?—D. V., Phoenix, Ariz.

A. *Agar did a bit of club-singing before he was married to Shirley. He has a pleasant voice, has been taking vocal instruction in his spare time, and may have made his crooning debut on the night-club circuit by the time you read this.*

Q. Which motion picture do you think will win the Academy Award this year, and are the Awards a big fake?
—R. L., Greenwich, Conn.

A. *Best possibilities for the Oscar go to* Sunset Boulevard, Cyrano de Bergerac, All About Eve, Harvey, *and* Born Yesterday. *The Academy Awards are not fakes. They are scrupulously honest, and the balloting is supervised by Price, Waterhouse & Co., one of the most reputable accountancy firms in the country.*

Q. Is Ingrid Bergman pregnant again?
—R. R., New York, N. Y.

A. *Yes!*

Q. What is the status of the Sharman Douglas-Peter Lawford love affair? Do you think these two will ever get married?—F. T., Pasadena, Cal.

A. *Lawford would marry Miss Douglas if she gave her consent, but the chances are she won't for some time to come. Of late, she has been seeing a good deal of Montgomery Clift. If Miss Douglas had a choice between Clift and Lawford, odds are, she'd pick Clift.*

Q. Wbat is the score between Gregory Peck and Barbara Peyton?
—Y. D., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *No score—just good friends.*

Q. I read somewhere that if Nancy doesn't give Frank Sinatra a divorce, he will get one in Mexico and marry Ava Gardner, anyway. True or false?
—O. P., Chicago, Ill.

A. *False, at least at this writing. A Mexican divorce would not give Frank the legal right to live with Ava in California as her husband.*

Q. I have a bet that botb Vera-Ellen and Shelley Winters have been married before. Do I win or lose?
—T. D., Miami, Fla.

A. *You win. Vera-Ellen was married to dancer Robert Hightower. Shelley was once Mrs. Mack Mayer.*

Q. The New York columnists say that Janet Leigh's steady boyfriend is New York actor Bob Quarry. The Hollywood columnists say her steady is Tony Curtis. Who is rigbt?—R. R., Newark, N. J.

A. *Both sides. "When I'm in New York," Janet says, "I go steady with Bob. When I'm in Hollywood I go steady with Tony."*

Q. Can you tell me how much money Gary Crosby has made on bis recordings?—F. A., Scranton, Pa.

A. *As of Dec., 1950, Bing's oldest boy had earned approximately $20,000 in royalties from "Sing A Simple Melody" and "Sam's Song."*

Q. Is it true tbat Claudette Colbert turned down tbe Bette Davis role in *All About Eve?*—R. E., Denver, Col.

A. *Claudette had the part until she injured her sacroiliac and had to be replaced by Bette Davis. "And don't think that I haven't eaten my heart out about it, either," says Miss Colbert, one of the most honest women in Hollywood.*

Eagerly Awaited... Widely Acclaimed...

AT LAST IT IS HERE!



DARRYL F. ZANUCK presents

IRENE DUNNE

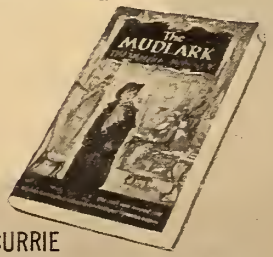
20th Century-Fox's

THE MUDLARK

The story of the kid who wanted to sit on the Queen's throne!



The heart-warming motion picture that takes you up the back stairs of Windsor Castle ... and into the delightful scandal that changed the course of empire!



with ALEC GUINNESS · ANDREW RAY · BEATRICE CAMPBELL · FINLAY CURRIE

Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO Produced by NUNNALLY JOHNSON Screen Play by NUNNALLY JOHNSON Based on the Novel by Theodore Bonnet



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Dan Dailey's date with Shelley Winters for the *Harvey* premiere added to the rumors of romance. But lately, he and 19-year-old Barbara Whiting are o twosome. Dan recently went to the Menninger Sanitorium to think things over.

DAN DAILEY surprised everyone in Hollywood when he went to the Menninger Sanitarium—the place where Robert Walker was restored to health. Dan went there of his own accord after his doctor, a noted psychiatrist, told him that he must have complete rest. He had been very nervous following the separation from his socialite wife. I don't believe it was so much on her account as because of their little son. Believe me, my hat is off to Dan because it took a lot of courage to go to the Kansas City sanitarium to get away from everything.

Meanwhile, Barbara Whiting is head-over-heels dizzy in love with him, and doesn't care who knows it. The 19-year-old sister of songstress Margaret, may be "just a kid"—but, oh my, her yen for Dan is on the grande passion proportions.

She runs to fortune tellers a couple of times a week to see if they "foresee" a marriage for her to a "tall, sandy, song and dance man" in the immediate future!

At first, I think Dan was merely amused by the peppy kid—but now, to quote the song, I've got a feeling he's falling.

There's almost the plot for a movie musical comedy back of this real-life romance.

There's another lady (who shall be nameless) whom Dan was supposed to have been quite serious about right after his separation from Liz Dailey. But he didn't want gossips linking their names so soon after the break-up of his home.

So, because he was lonesome, and thought little Barbara was a "cute kid" and much too young (for him) to start romance rumors—Dan started taking her out!

All this was very amusing to The Lady In The Background—at *first!* Now, I hear, she's as miffed as miffed can be!

Set this situation to music—and Dan and Barbara could star in it as their next musical at 20th Century-Fox.

WE will know by the time you read this whether the baby June Allyson and Dick Powell want so much is a boy or a girl. It doesn't matter to them if it's triplets—that's how many gifts Junie received at the shower given her by Mrs. Edgar Bergen, Dinah Shore and Mrs. Justin Dart (the former Janie Bryan of the movies).

When I walked in at the luncheon I thought—no small town girl could be getting more of a thrill out of unwrapping the pretty packages than was our June.

Gloria De Haven, who started in movies with the honor guest, brought a silver frame for the baby with a place on it for his or her name—plus a lovely nightie for happy June.

Gloria told me that when she was leaving the house, her little daughter didn't want her to take the packages. "The baby should open them," she said.

"But the baby isn't here yet," Gloria told little Kathy.

"Well, then, keep them until the baby comes," Kathy insisted.

Frances Bergen gave June a lovely yellow bassinet. The flowers on the table were blue, pink and yellow. The centerpiece was a large stork standing on a mirror and at each place was a knitted bonnet in blue, yellow and pink, holding tiny little candy booties.

At my table sat Ginger Rogers and Mrs. Ray Milland, who was just home from England. Also Gail Patrick, who said she had done a landslide business in her successful baby shoppe, "The Enchanted Cottage," what with this shower and the one for Darrylin Zanuck Jacks the night before.

Roz Russell dashed in and right out again as she had to do a radio show.

Dinah Shore was a busy co-hostess looking after all the guests—one of the most active being Candy Bergen, who wheeled in the bassinet and wanted all the favors for herself!

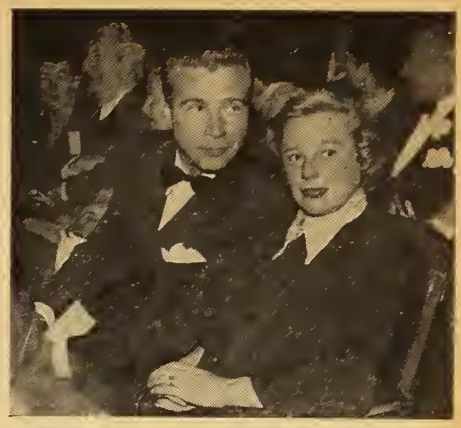
Steffi Duna (Mrs. Dennis O'Keefe) made one of her first appearances since her serious ac-



Those Brinkmans olways look happy. As usual, Jeonne Crain was radiant at the informal *Born Yesterday* premiere with her steady date, Paul.



John Agar will turn crooner on his personal appeorance tour for *Breakthrough*, a pleasant surprise for many. His date is Susan Morrow.



June Allyson's baby is due in Januory. Boy or girl, it will be one of the best dressed children in town, June's friends gave so mony showers.



Jane Powell and Geary Steffen got all dressed up for the *Breakthrough* premiere. (*Read about Jane's new-found personality on page 48.*)



Glomorous Faye Emerson, who just announced her engagement to Skitch Henderson, chats with John Payne on her Pepsi-Cola TV progrom.



Frankie's in New York, so Ava Gardner came to the *All About Eve* premiere, one of the yeor's flashiest full-dress offairs, with Ben Cole.

cident which happened several months ago.

Bunny Green (Mrs. Johnny) brought her camera and was all over the place taking pictures. Georgianna Montalban (Ricardo's wife) brought a beautiful handmade dress.

Other guests were Connie Moore, Mrs. Mervyn Le Roy, Mrs. Leonard Firestone, Mrs. Ben Hogan (wife of the golf champ who is very well liked in our town), Julie Murphy, Marion Nixon Seiter and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt who really got a kick out of the filmland shower.

FARLEY GRANGER has moved into the smallest house in Laurel Canyon—a tiny place just clinging to the side of a hill. It has the fancy name of "Idylwilde"—and therein lies a gag:

With Farley's yen to travel and to be a free soul when he isn't actually making a movie the current talk of Hollywood—his pals have changed the name to "Wild To Be Idle"!

It's true he is actually living in two suitcases—hasn't even unpacked one—he is so eager to be off again the minute he finishes *Stranger On A Train* on loan-out to Warners.

This flitting of Farley's is, of course, a pain in the neck to his contract boss, Sam Goldwyn, who last month barred Farley's manager from the Goldwyn lot.

Personally, I would hate to see young Granger get in the middle of a long drawn-out contract fight at this time. He is so popular now—right at the height of his career. I've seen so many contract fights injure the careers of promising young stars.

Also, I happen to have seen a letter Farley wrote Sam admitting he has been away too much and promising to concentrate more on his career.

And maybe you think Goldwyn isn't keeping this letter—just in case!

LIKE the buzz, buzz, buzz of the old saw mill, gossip was all over our town that Joan Fontaine had deliberately pushed Patricia Medina at Collier Young's Old Times party—and as a result, Pat was treated at the hospital for a slight concussion!

Take my word for it—there was never a more untrue, or unkind story. Here is what really happened:

Collier's party was a real old fashioned affair with kid games, pinning the tail on the donkey, musical chairs, Post Office and all that sort of thing. Everybody came dressed up silly-style.

At the height of the evening a group consisting of Joan Fontaine, Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart, Richard Greene and Patricia Medina were putting on an impromptu "ballet" doing adagios. Everybody was running and jumping and Joan was supposed to catch Pat.

Accidentally, the girls lost their balance and Pat fell, hitting her head on a tile step between the living room and the dining room! At the time, she did not even seem to be hurt—but when she had to be taken to the hospital the next day, a veritable mountain of gossip was made out of this clowning!

"They" said—Patricia has been going around with Joan's ex-husband, Bill Dozier—and Joan is jealous! They said that Joan deliberately dropped her during the height of the horseplay.

Poor Joan! She was absolutely sick about the whole thing.

In the first place—she is not the slightest bit jealous of Bill Dozier. She certainly has no feeling against Pat who did not even meet her ex-husband until almost a year after he and Joan separated.

And, even more important, she is in love with Collier Young (Ida Lupino's ex) who was the host at the party. I believe she will marry him when she is free.

As for Patricia—she was a swell scout about doing all she could to set everybody straight about the accident, and she was just as indignant as were Joan's friends over the silly gossip. (*Continued on next page*)

Are you in the know?



How to win a reputation as a top-flight hostess?

☐ *Hire a caterer* ☐ *Take an airlines job* ☐ *Give a "twenties" party*

Want to throw the most-fun party of the season? Plan a costume jamboree—with gals rigged up in their Moms' old "twenties" outfits. (And maybe the boys' Dads could supply plus-fours.) Have a Charleston contest; with prizes. And if calendar problems threaten you, don't retreat. Choose Kotex. With that new, downy softness that *holds its shape*, you're set for hours of comfort—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. So, as a confident hostess—you'll be the "bee's knees"!



What to do about kingsize pores?

☐ *Mask 'em with makeup*
☐ *Make like an owl*
☐ *Tighten up*

Can your complexion take a daytime close-up? To help belittle large pores, suds your face thoroughly, and *often;* then "tighten" with cold splashings and a good astringent. Come calendar time, you can take your place in the sun confidently. For those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. (No fear that anyone "knows.") And that special *safety center* gives *extra* protection; keeps you serenely *de*-flustered.



If his "competition" calls you, what's your cue?

☐ *Be brief*
☐ *Linger on the line*
☐ *"Sorry, wrong number"*

You chat for hours with the buzz boy—while your date smoulders on the family sofa. Be brief! Else next time you're waiting for *his* call, don't ask for whom the bell rings. It's not for *you*. But at problem time, one of the *3 Kotex absorbencies* will seem "made to order" for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super (different sizes, for different days). You'll wonder why you never thought of trying all 3 before!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

P.S. **Hove you tried Delsey*?** It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

*T. M REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

cont'd

LARRY Parks is the envy of every male on the MGM lot. The dressing room building for male stars is completely filled up, so Larry was moved into the women's section for his stint in *Love Is Better Than Ever!*

His neighbors are Arlene Dahl on one side, and Elizabeth Taylor on the other!

But Larry *did* insist on a redecorating job. He had all the chintzes and cushions and fripperies taken out and moved in his old red leather easy chair and portable radio.

This has been "preem" month in Hollywood—meaning all the important pictures not yet released gave themselves gala premieres getting in under the wire for Academy Award consideration.

First off—and by far the most glittering (Grauman's Chinese hasn't been so lighted up since the days of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin) was *All About Eve.*

Every glamor girl in town wanted to see Bette Davis' take-off on Tallulah Bankhead in this wonderful drama of back-stage Broadway—so they trooped in by the dozens arrayed in jools, furs, and gorgeous gowns.

Bette Davis, in décolleté black velvet and a diamond necklace, showed up, although she had promised her bridegroom that she would not look at the picture without him. (They fell in love making it—"just about the time of the second kiss," says Bette.)

Without breaking that promise—she got as close as she could—sitting up in the projectionist's booth while the movie was run off. Her guests, Gary's parents, sat in the audience and must have been thrilled to tears hearing their handsome son applauded.

If you ask me—Gary is the closest thing to Clark Gable since—Clark Gable!

Lana Turner, gorgeous in pale blue, got a special cheer from the sidewalk crowds—maybe because it was almost her first appearance in public since she lost her baby.

What a night it was for Anne Baxter ("Eve" herself) looking radiant in pink. This is by far her greatest role.

George Sanders, marching in nonchalantly with his red-headed Zsa Zsa on his arm, didn't fool me. He was inwardly trembling. George actually has an inferiority complex and is nothing like the blasé critic he plays in the picture.

Joan Crawford wore a red dress with red roses over one bare shoulder.

Greer Garson came with her mother, Nina (Buddy Fogelson being in New Mexico). She wore a simple black dress with a gorgeous mink coat—both perfect to set off her lovely red hair.

Speaking of hair—all the fans were intrigued by Danny Kaye who has trimmed his once shaggy locks to almost a "butch" haircut.

Little Vera-Ellen furnished the fashion surprise by wearing a bright red tam with evening clothes. On her, it looked cute.

As usual, Arlene Dahl looked like a magazine cover, in a pink gown and ermine coat and, as usual, she was holding hands with Lex Barker.

The Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, across the street from the premiere, added a cute touch by blocking out everything but the letters E-V-E in their big electric sign.

After the picture there were many parties at Mocambo, La Rue's, Romanoff's and Ciro's. It was like New Year's Eve with so many gorgeously gowned women and their escorts.



It was love at first sight... for a lonely man and a lovely girl... in the world's most romantic place— Capri! And amid its spellbinding beauties their love grew!

Joan Fontaine Joseph Cotten in

HAL WALLIS' production

September Affair

"It Happened in Capri"



Also starring FRANCOISE ROSAY with JESSICA TANDY

ROBERT ARTHUR • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE

Screenplay by Robert Thoeren • From a Story by Fritz Rotter and Robert Thoeren • A Paramount Picture

Perplexed what to use for INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE?



Then Learn About the EXTRA ADVANTAGES of This Method Which Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

Zonitors have proved one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness. They are greaseless snow-white vaginal suppositories which provide a modern scientific method of *continuous* medication — so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of *the most effective methods*. Zonitors are *so powerfully germicidal* yet *absolutely safe* to delicate tissues. Zonitors are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

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Zonitors come twelve in a package and each separately sealed in a dainty glass vial. No mixing—no extra equipment is required. All you need is this dainty suppository!

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Zonitors are so easily inserted and they *keep on* releasing powerful germ-killing and deodorizing properties for hours. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Be sure to use Zonitors—the new, *modernized* method.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

cont'd

THE *Born Yesterday* première was not nearly as gay because nobody got so dressed up. But this picture gives the world a new star in Judy Holliday. She's wonderful—and you're going to be crazy about her after the picture is nationally released in February.

Judy gives the best comedy performance of the year—with no one even close to her. The surprising part is, although Missy Holliday played *Born Yesterday* for years on Broadway and was very cute in a minor part in *Adam's Rib* in the movies—she's sure to be a brand new star discovery to screen fans.

She's beautiful, cute, irresistible—and oh, well—just the comedienne we have been waiting for. Watch for Judy at Oscar time.

SIR Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh left Hollywood after a series of dinners and cocktail parties that would have "done in" less hardy and appreciative people.

Jack Warner gave a dinner for them the day Vivien finished *Streetcar Named Desire* in the magnificent Warner home—one of the showplaces of the West Coast.

The placecards were miniature streetcars with each guest's name printed on the side!

Larry (he prefers to be called Larry instead of Sir Laurence) came in limping. He has been suffering from bursitis—but he didn't let it dim his wit or his spirit. He made a very amusing after dinner speech.

But, no one could have been funnier than Danny Kaye who sounded for all the world as if he were addressing a Rotary club. I've never heard anything so hilarious, made even more so by Danny's deadpan expression.

The Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilts, Ruth Roman, lovely, blonde Virginia Mayo, the Artur Rubinsteins and the Louis B. Mayers were among the guests who numbered only twenty-five.

This intimacy made for wonderful conversation. Seems that conversation is a lost art in these days of jammed cocktail parties and night club affairs where you have to yell above the din of a swing band.

I FULLY believe that by the time this Good News reaches you, Mr. and Mrs. Gary

easy money!

This is the time of year when a shot in the wallet certainly comes in handy. And we're giving away one hundred crisp one dollar bills to the first hundred people who fill in the questionnaire below and mail it to us. So hurry! All you have to do is read this issue carefully—answer the questions and tell us which stars you'd like to read about in future issues. Write soon—to the first one hundred, each and every one—we'll send a new dollar bill.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in the February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, 3, AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ They're Talking About the Powers
- ☐ A Minister Looks at Hollywood
- ☐ The Sorrows of Lana Turner
- ☐ Are They Haunted by a Perfect Love? (Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman) by Louella Parsons
- ☐ Nicky Hilton Tells His Side of the Story
- ☐ But Here Are The Facts He Has To Face (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ It Pays To Be Sensational (Ruth Roman)
- ☐ What's Wrong With the Clark Gables?
- ☐ I Was An Orphan by Marilyn Monroe
- ☐ The Truth About Hollywood Society
- ☐ Castle With a Redwood Fence (Janet Leigh)
- ☐ Miss Whistlebait of 1951 (Jane Powell)
- ☐ I Can Love Again (Wanda Hendrix)
- ☐ Man in The House (Vera-Ellen)
- ☐ Week-end Marriage (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Who Killed Me? by Dick Powell
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It to Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

.....

.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

.....

.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

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What MALE star do you like least?

.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?

.....

My name is.....

.....

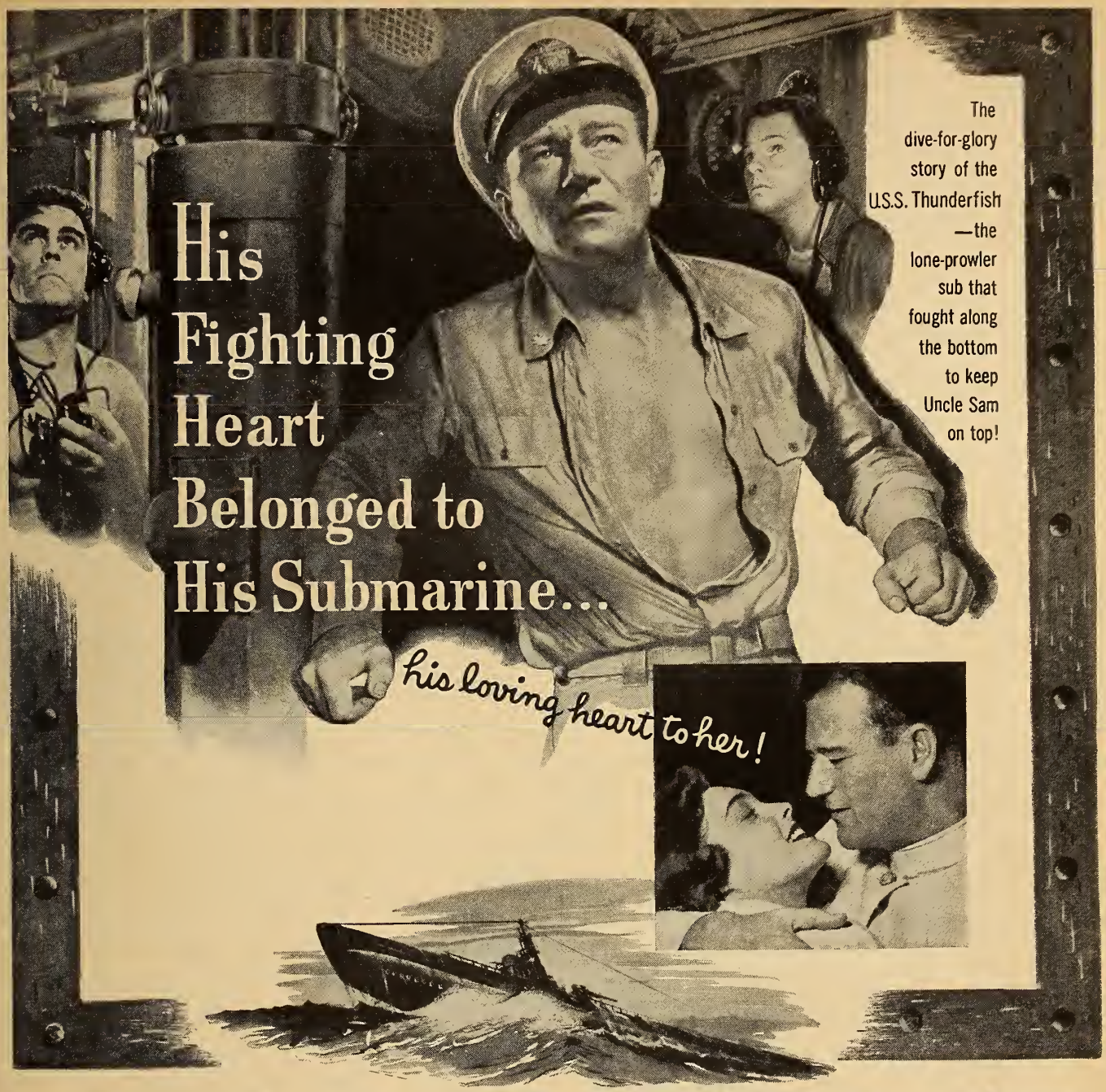
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City..... Zone.....

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JOHN WAYNE

IN WARNER BROS.

Operation Pacific

CO-STARRING

PATRICIA NEAL

with WARD BOND SCOTT FORBES

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY GEORGE WAGGNER

PRODUCED BY LOUIS F. EDELMAN

Music by Max Steiner

And on the way, the long-awaited **"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"** in color by Technicolor! The stars: GREGORY PECK and VIRGINIA MAYO.

I dreamed I went skiing in my

*maidenform bra

"Speeding through space...and on top of the world...because the experts say my form is flawless! Figuratively speaking, I'm the loveliest sight on this dreamscape! Wonderfully moulded, excitingly dreamlined...and Maidenform* gives my figure a breath-taking lift!"

Shown: Maidenette* in white nylon taffeta; also available in satin and broadcloth...from 1.75. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N.Y. 16

There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure.



©1951, Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Costume: Cacciola-Broillet

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

cont'd

Cooper will have forgotten their differences and will be together again. It was a minor bombshell when I printed an exclusive story that Rocky had gone to New York for an indefinite stay, taking their daughter Maria with her. Both Rocky and Gary are my close personal friends, and they admitted very freely that they had had a big misunderstanding. I talked to both the Coopers to get the straight of the story. Seems there had been trouble for some weeks and Rocky decided the best thing to do was to go East. Mrs. Cooper, who is a Catholic, is opposed to any idea of divorce, but I am sure the Coopers who have had a beautiful life together for many years will not risk the divorce thing.

Is anyone even faintly surprised at the parting of Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston? I'm not. These two, I think, have been straining at the matrimonial leash for a year.

But, always, when I checked Kathryn she would stall with, "No, everything's all right. Johnny has to go to New York for a TV show—or to read a play—or to see about a picture"—or any one of a number of invented excuses.

It was the same thing when she separated from John Shelton. Kathryn is down in my book as the "deny-ing-est" lady I know—even when she knows I know better.

I had the tip that she and Johnny (Johnston) were going to make an announcement a full ten days before they got around to doing it. As usual, I called Kathy.

"Oh, no," she said, etc, etc, etc.

There's no particular "inside" to this newest Hollywood rift. There is no "other woman" talk as there was once before when Kathryn and her singer husband parted.

Personal Opinions: Jose Ferrer is a cinch to be Mr. Hot in the Academy Awards race for "best performance" in *Cyrano De Bergerac*. By the way—did you know that Jose's real name is Jose Vincente Ferrer Otero y Cintro? Light *that* up on your old theatre marquee! . . . Never have two people tried to make soooo sure that their approaching marriage will be "for keeps" than Doris Day and Marty Melcher. Absolutely scorning a Mexican elopement, they are postponing their wedding until April when their marriage will be unquestionably legal in the California courts. Main reason is—Marty wants to adopt Doris' nine-year-old son, Terry. . . . John Agar will sing when he goes out on his p.a. tour of the nightclubs—you'll be surprised, I bet, at how good he is. There's a slight Sinatra quality about his way of delivering a tune—and that ain't bad. . . . Keep your eye on the Linda Darnell-William Dozier romance. All these steady dates mean something. . . . Isn't Arlene Dahl's red hair getting blonder and blonder?

The Letter Box: Those of you who wrote this month asking if Farley Granger is giving up his career—the answer is no, no, no.

I notice you're getting a hankering for Howard Keel after *Annie Get Your Gun*. You Florida fans be on the lookout—Howard's heading there soon to meet his in-laws for the first time.

Among the belles, you asked me more questions about Judy Garland and June Allyson. Well, I'll keep trying to bring the news to you. But that's all for now. See you next month!



Makes Money—and Friends Too

"Cards so attractive my friends gave their orders unhesitatingly. Am making friends in this new venture."—Mary Pasciucco, N. Y.



"Like a Friendly Call on People"

"Very profitable in dollars-and-cents, and in happiness passed on to others. It's not WORK; more like friendly call."—Mrs. Carver, Penna.



Beginner Gets 10 Orders in ½ Hour

"I received ten orders in 30 minutes. Everyone just 'ah'd' and 'oh'd' over your cards. It's going to be very enjoyable."—Rita J. Shaw, N. Y.



78 Boxes In 5 Days

"Received sample boxes on evening of 6th; sending order for 78 boxes today, the 12th. Have taken all but 12 of the orders over phone."—Etta Gaskill, Ohio.



Earnings Pay for Children's Clothes

"Couldn't afford things for my 2 boys. Extra money earned paid for more than boys needed. Now helping pay for home."—Mrs. D. Hance, Penna.



Invited to Bring Cards to Meetings

"One tells another until my business has surely grown. Church, other groups, call me to bring cards to meetings."—Lida W. Smith, Wash.



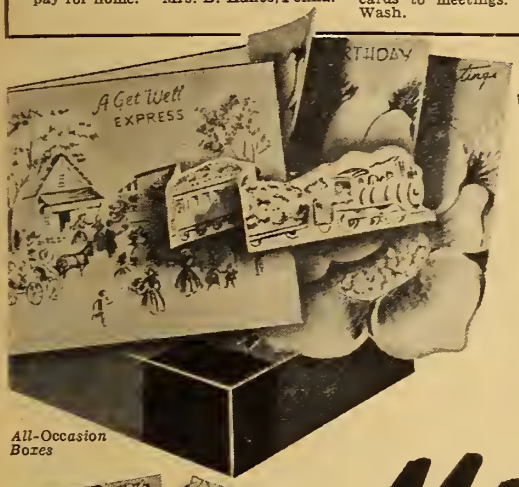
Plans a Home Card-Shop

"My customers grateful for such lovely cards; eagerly tell their friends. Planning to remodel a room in our home, as card shop."—P. Sargent, Neb.



Fine Spare-Time Profits

"While in Nurses' course I made practically all my expenses. Now graduated, but wouldn't drop card business for anything." D. Nephew, Cal.



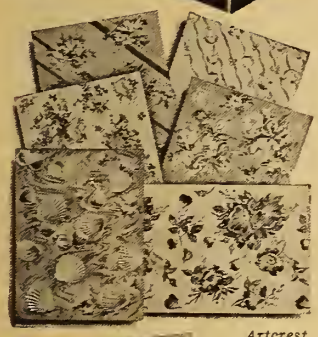
All-Occasion Boxes

PEOPLE ALL SAY

"They're the most beautiful cards we've ever seen and such a bargain, too!" **SO IT'S NO WONDER THEY SELL ON SIGHT . . . AND**

NO WONDER SO MANY FOLKS MAKE GOOD MONEY

In Their Spare Time . . . Without Taking a Job or Putting in Regular Hours . . . and WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!



Artcrest Gift Wrapping; Matching Folders, Seals



"Petal Script" Stationery with Decorated Envelopes



Gift and "Thank You" Cards

HERE'S a friendly way to make a fine income, spare-time or full-time—without taking a regular job or putting in regular hours! All you do is SHOW lovely new Doehla All-Occasion Greeting Card and Stationery Assortments to your friends, neighbors or co-workers.

These assortments are so *exceptionally* beautiful that folks are happy to give you big orders. Their exquisite designs, glowing warm colors and rich looking novelty features delight all who see them. NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED—our Free Book shows you how even beginners make money right from the start. You make up to 50¢ on each $1 box; even more on bonus orders.

You Make Money—and Friends, Too

Everyone in your community sends out greeting cards of all kinds throughout the entire year. That's why it's so easy to make good money and new friends, merely by showing something that everybody wants—and buys—anyway. Many church groups and clubs also use this same highly successful method of raising funds.



"Bouquet" Decorated Correspondence Notes



Yours for Free Trial—Everything You Need to Start Earning Immediately

Mail Free Trial Coupon NOW—without money. We will send you everything you need to begin earning money right away. Complete details about excellent profits, extra cash bonuses. Lovely sample assortments on approval. Free Samples of the new name-imprinted stationery and napkins, and richly decorated "Petal Script" stationery.

Also FREE—New Book Telling How Any Beginner Can Make Money

If you mail the coupon now, we will also send you a free copy of our helpful new book that shows many friendly, pleasant ways for *any beginner* to make money. Mail coupon today—without obligation. If friends don't "snap up" samples—*and ask for more*—return them at *our* expense. Don't miss this opportunity to make new friends and to add *really substantial* spare-time cash to your income—mail coupon NOW. *HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio D12, Fitchburg, Mass. (or if you live west of the Rockies — mail coupon to Palo Alto, Cal.)*

Copyright 1951, Harry Doehla & Co.

Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation

FREE BOOK



This valuable new book shows easy ways for *any beginner* to make money! It is filled with practical help, showing how others are finding it simple to make friends and money in this field (*without the slightest bit of previous experience*) and how *you* can, too.

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio D12, Fitchburg, Mass. (or Palo Alto, Cal.)

Please rush me—for FREE TRIAL—sample box assortments on approval, money-making plan, and extra profit-bonus offer. Also send Free Stationery Samples, and Free Book, *How to Make Money and Friends—Showing Doehla Greeting Cards.*

Name.....
(Please Print Clearly)

Address.....

City.....
Please state Zone No. (if any)

State.....

If your church . . .

club or organization can use extra money, and wants a quick easy way to raise funds all year 'round — write us, giving your name, the name and address of your church or organization, and the name of the person in charge of fund-raising. By return mail we will send our valuable guide for groups, "The Doehla Money-Raising Plan," together with sample kit, on approval.



Domestic evenings are rare now at the Power home. Tyrone oppeors six nights a week in *Mr. Roberts,* while Linda attends social functions.

report from London:

they're talking about the Powers

Mr. Charles D. Saxon,
Editor, Modern Screen,
261 Fifth Avenue,
New York, 16, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Saxon:

Everybody is talking about the future of the Power marriage, but I can't do a story on it because there just aren't any solid facts. All I can tell you is what "they're" saying, what I've noticed about Ty and Linda as people, and what has been going on publicly. You'll have to draw your own conclusions . . . like everyone else . . . and then wait and see.

On the face of it, the situation looks as though things were about over for the Powers. If seeing is believing, Mrs. Tyrone Power is not devoting her full time to her dashing movie-hero husband. And if those intimate reports from close friends are accurate, Mr. Power isn't exactly as dashing around the house as on the screen. His half-Mexican, half-Dutch wife is disappointed in the dream she had of married life when she was a bride two years ago in Rome.

Linda Christian is seen everywhere, at theatrical parties and at the most exclusive London shindigs. She confines her charity appearances to the glossy functions where there may be a (*Continued on page 88*)



Her date with Monty Clift for a command performance aroused rift rumors.

Which girl has the natural curl . . . and

which girl has the Toni?



The lovely Toni girl says: "All my Toni waves have been wonderful, but this new Toni with Permafix is best of all. It's just as soft and natural looking as naturally curly hair—even on the first day." Can you tell which girl was born with naturally curly hair and which girl has the Toni ? See answer below.

New improved Toni guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day!

You can't tell a new, improved Toni wave from Nature's loveliest wave. Your hair will feel like naturally curly hair—comb like naturally curly hair—look like naturally curly hair *from the first thrilling moment.* That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known, plus amazing new Permafix that leaves your hair in a softer, more natural condition.

Permafix is a new wonder discovery of Toni research. Far more effective than any other neutralizer known. Permafix actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave silky-soft at first combing—more natural month after month.

Toni is the only permanent with Permafix—the only permanent that guarantees your wave will look soft and natural the very first day—and every day for months to come. No wonder more women use Toni than all other home permanents combined. Ask for Toni today. Joan Tebbe, the lovely brunette, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni—and which has the beauty shop wave? Compare Barbara Dahm's Toni (at the right) with her sister Beverly's permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive beauty shop wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni.



TONI REFILL ONLY $1

Toni *the wave that gives that natural look!*



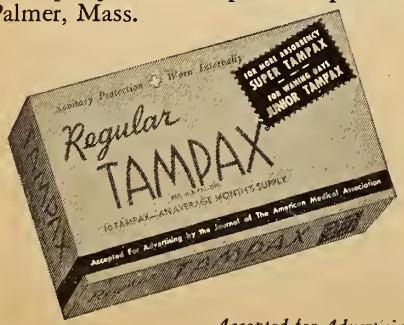
BEFORE TAMPAX WAS INVENTED

Women (of necessity) got along as best they could with regard to sanitary protection on "those annoying days" each month

BUT things are different now! Women need no longer depend on an outside harness of belts, pins and bulky absorbent pads. In contrast, *Tampax* is so small that a full month's supply will slip right into your purse. A doctor designed it for *internal* absorption and it's made of pure surgical cotton contained in dainty, one-time-use applicators, making insertion simple and easy.

The woman who uses Tampax experiences a new freedom all round. . . . Tampax does not chafe—nor does it cause odor, winter or summer. You may be sure no bulge or ridge-line will tell tales during "those days" of the month. With all these worries eliminated, you are more likely to relax and be yourself.

You wear Tampax without feeling its presence. You can wear it in tub or shower. Another point: it's easily disposable. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Picture of the Month

HARVEY



James Stewart introduces Harvey to his sister Josephine Hull. Josephine loves James, but is convinced he needs psychiotric treatment.



She tries to make arrangements for him at a sonitarium. Despite her violent protests, Josephine is taken for the patient and carried away.



Josephine is released. Now Dr. Charles Drake and nurse Peggy Dow befriend the amiable James, try to lure him to the sanitarium.



An injection will shock James into forgetting about his rabbit pal, but Josephine, who must consent to it, can't decide to banish Harvey.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



Elwood P. Dowd (Jimmy Stewart) is a happy man. He's escaped from reality, and everywhere he goes, an imaginary six-foot tall white rabbit accompanies him. This dismays Elwood's sister Veta (Josephine Hull) and her daughter Myrtle Mae (Victoria Horne). Everytime Myrtle Mae is about to be introduced to society, Elwood comes home, introduces Harvey to the assembled company, and ruins Myrtle Mae's chances. Myrtle Mae, desperate at the thought of never arriving, convinces Veta that Elwood must go to a sanitarium, and that's the crux of the matter. Much of the picture is hilarious (especially where Josephine Hull is convinced white slavers are after her), much of the picture is gentle and charming (credit Jimmy Stewart), and aside from a rather irreverent attitude towards psychiatry and psychiatrists, I can't think of anything about Harvey that would offend a soul.

Cast: James Stewart, Josephine Hull, Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, Cecil Kellaway, Victoria Horne.—Universal-International.

prediction:

After you've seen "Born Yesterday", your favorite new star will be Judy Holliday





COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

BORN YESTERDAY

starring

JUDY HOLLIDAY · WILLIAM HOLDEN · BRODERICK CRAWFORD

Screen Play by Albert Mannheimer • From the Celebrated Stage Play

Produced by S. SYLVAN SIMON • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR

BROADWAY'S BIGGEST HIT...NOW A PERFECTLY SWELL MOTION PICTURE!

Amazing shampoo guaranteed not to rob hair of natural oils

Shasta lathers out beauty-dulling film—
Leaves in glamour-giving natural oils that make hair...



New Shasta, enriched with lanolin—that marvelous emollient from nature—does what women have always wanted from a shampoo ... lathers out beauty-dulling film, leaves in glamour-giving natural oils.

Shasta is guaranteed not to rob hair of precious, glamour-giving oils which keep your hair naturally shiny, soft, healthy, easier-to-manage.

See how Shasta persuades even hair that seems dull and dry to look softer, silkier; sparkle with gleaming highlights. Try new lanolin-enriched Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.



PROCTER & GAMBLE GUARANTEE: Shasta does not rob hair of natural oils. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or money back when unused portion is returned.

LANOLIN ENRICHED **Shasta** CREAM **Shampoo**

DOESN'T ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

BORN YESTERDAY

Judy Holliday re-creates her stage role of the "dumb broad" who's being kept by a junk tycoon, and it's like the Fourth of July, and Christmas, and New Year's Eve, to watch her. The story deals with a junk dealer and his lady coming to Washington to buy a senator. Junk dealer's afraid lady'll embarrass him in high society, hires a writer to educate her, and finds out she gets too smart too fast. She doesn't approve of his flouting the law, pushing little guys around, etc. But the story's unimportant. What's important is Judy Holliday, building out of her own gorgeous talent a character who is exciting, funny, tender and pitiful all at once. When she's on the scene, bells ring, and you hear music; the minute she goes away, everything stops, nothing happens. Forcing myself to consider the rest of the cast, I come to Brod Crawford, last year's Academy Award winner. He wasn't quite satisfactory as the crooked junk dealer, and I don't honestly know why. He was tough, and crude, and forceful, but he wasn't funny for a minute. With the same lines, Paul Douglas, on Broadway, was a howling scream, and I'm not sure where Crawford fell down. Anyhow, he's too good an actor to just mimic another man's performance, so maybe I'm complaining where I should be giving praise.
Cast: Judy Holliday, William Holden, Broderick Crawford.—Columbia.

KATIE DID IT

This is a half-baked *Petty Girl*, without Joan Caulfield's curves. (And now that I think of it, didn't Virginia Mayo once play a prim school teacher who was lured into modeling for some crazy artist man?) Sure enough, Mark Stevens is a commercial artist, makes millions (you should see his apartment) out of calendar ladies, meets Ann Blyth, a librarian in her small hometown, and lures her into the big city. She needs money on account of her uncle's gambling debts. Ann falls in love with wicked old Mark, but it takes heaven's own time for her to get to the point of admitting it, and I don't know if you'd really want to wait that long.
Cast: Ann Blyth, Mark Stevens, Cecil Kellaway, Jesse White.—Universal-International.

FRENCHIE

Shelley Winters sees her daddy shot dead by gunmen when she's just a tyke, and she vows to return to the frontier town of Bottleneck, and even up the scoah some day. By the time she comes back, she's grown a bustle, has a perfectly ghastly French accent (which she uses to entice men with), and is accompanied by a whole entourage from a gambling place she owned in New Orleans. She's home to get the bozos who got Daddy, but she falls for a sheriff fella who's devoted to law and order, and he won't let her blow anybody's brains out. He's sentimental; don't want the blood on her little white hands. Paul Kelly is the villain of the piece, if you're going to take it seriously enough so it matters.
Cast: Joel McCrea, Shelley Winters, Paul Kelly, Elsa Lanchester.—Universal-International.

THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE

This is a quiet picture, about Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who came to Washington to be a member of the Supreme Court, in the middle of his law career, and who served the court and the nation for many years thereafter, telling the truth as he saw the truth, and bending his (*Continued on page 99*)

For the happiest laughs you'll ever have...here's the hilarious story of Elwood P. Dowd...his funny friends... and his riotous invisible "companion"...!



The wonderful Pulitzer Prize Play...now one of the great Motion Pictures of all time!

Universal-International presents

harvey

Starring **JAMES STEWART**

with JOSEPHINE HULL • CHARLES DRAKE • CECIL KELLAWAY
JESSE WHITE • VICTORIA HORNE • WALLACE FORD *and* PEGGY DOW

From the play written by MARY CHASE and produced by BROCK PEMBERTON • Screenplay by MARY CHASE and OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by JOHN BECK • Directed by HENRY KOSTER

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

a special service for Modern Screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ A Hollywood star with a shopping list is like any other gal with a similar mission. She's looking for the best buys available for herself and her family with an ever watchful eye on her budget. Her standards of quality, style, and glamor are comparable to yours and she'll hunt tirelessly from coast to coast through the best shops in America until she has uncovered just what she wants. Her prize plums are "the best of the most for the least" and are sure to be the answer to many of your shopping problems, too.

Modern Screen presents this special shopping service to you as an exclusive feature. This month, lovely Jeanne Crain recommends 27 wonderful buys.

Just write direct to the shops mentioned below each picture to get any of the items, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to you or any other address. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Modern Screen guarantees delivery. Only monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned. Money will be refunded on items that are not satisfactory, if returned within 10 days after delivery.

jeanne crain

your hollywood shopper

for february



Jeanne Crain will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Take Care of My Little Girl.*

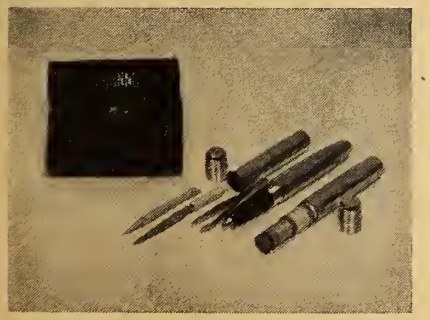
■ Have you ever heard of going shopping with four men in tow . . . especially when one of them is still cutting his first tooth? Well, that's how I often shop these days.

It all started when Paul and I were first married. We tried shopping independently, but it simply didn't work. It was all my fault, too. I missed the man's viewpoint. As the male members of the Brinkman family increased I acquired more shopping companions.

Since MODERN SCREEN entrusted me with the thrilling job of shopping for all of you this month I found my male critics a tremendous help. Of course the boys weren't always with me, but they're severe judges and put the things I've chosen for you to a stiff test. I covered the West Coast (with Paul's help) looking for smart buys in the finest shops and then enlisted the aid of shop-wise friends around the country for other fascinating finds, mindful always of that very important male point of view.

Just choose what you like, then order directly from the stores mentioned under each picture.

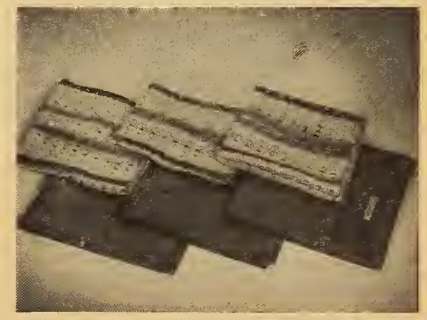
Don't forget your favorite Valentine, and I'm sure he'll remember you, too!



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME *travel with you in this handy stitched kit. Holds sewing tools, manicure set (tweezer, nail file and orange stick) and ball-point pen. Each unit in a smart gold-tone metal container. So small that during my scenes with him, Dale Robertson kept my kit in his pocket. Brown or wine with your name or initials. $1.95. Treasure Mart, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*



PROVERBIAL CONVERSATION PIECE IN SILVER. *This particular one, if you haven't guessed, is "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Others are "a stitch in time, etc.," "birds of a feather, etc.," "penny wise, pound foolish," or send in your own favorite saying. Most any proverb can be hand crafted in sign language in a wide nickel silver bracelet. Perfect gifts. $3.75. Old Curiosity Shop, St. Augustine, Fla.*



THEY'LL GIVE YOU A HAND. *Any kitchen will be prettied up by this smart set of three dish towels and three dish rags. Towels are made of pure Belgian linen and come in bright red or green to go with your kitchen colors. The dish rags are striped to match the towels. They're so attractive and practical. $3.95 (add 8¢ sales tax in New York City). Shoenfeld Linens, 38 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.*

jeanne crain

your hollywood shopper

for february



I always shop with my boys in mind, and sometimes I take two of them with me. So if you like what's here—don't thank me, thank my family.



A TV DIRECTOR AT THREE! *Any tot can be just that with this sturdy folding chair of solid oak and maple with dark green canvas, "Foodini TV Director" and the three main characters of CBS' Lucky Pup TV Show are colored on the front of the back rest and the child's first name is painted on the reverse side. $2.98 (plus 30¢ postage west of Miss.). Krimstock Bros., 112 N. Ninth, Phila. 7, Pa.*



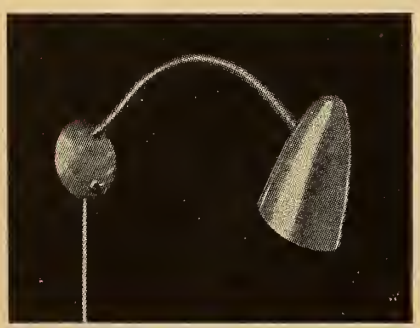
KEEP THEM ON THEIR TOES! *These red shoes on the wall belong to no ballerina, but, filled with your favorite greenery, they're a permanent tribute to the fine art of terpsichore. Bright red pottery, with matching ribbon, they add a note of gaiety to any wall they touch. They remind me of that grand movie "Red Shoes." $3.95. Malcom's House & Garden Store, 524-5 North Charles St., Baltimore 1, Md.*



PAUL JR.'S REALLY A PICTURE *in this charming hand-made ceramic frame. I have one for Mike and Tim too. Name (or initials) and trim come in pastel pink, yellow, green, or blue. $3.50. Or send in a picture, describe the child's coloring and have it hand-tinted in permanent finish, reproduced to fit the 2½" x 1¼" oval opening, $5.00. Evelyn Reed, 538 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*



GEMINI IS MY ZODIAC SIGN, *so I'm thrilled to pieces to have these gold plated screw-type drop earrings made with the appropriate symbol for a Springtime birthday gal. Each the size of a U. S. nickel, they're adorable good luck pieces. They dangle prettily as you move, reflecting glamor in all directions. $2.50. Send birth date for your own special sign. Flair, 420 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida.*



SHED LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT *with this smartly styled goose neck lamp and shade of spun aluminum that fastens to the wall. A long flexible arm twists and turns at will. Comes with a good long stretch of cord. It's so restful having a nice soft light to read by after hours of shooting under hot bright Kleigs. I think you'd like one too. $6.95. Jan's Modern Lamps, Inc., Dept. MS 120, 15 W. 8th St., New York 11, N. Y.*



"IT SUITS HIM TO A T!" *Junior's crazy about his clown towel and face cloth set. Washing behind the ears no longer causes tears. Man-sized terry cloth towel and cloth with red, blue, and yellow hand-printed clown. Name (for more than 8 letters add 25¢ per set) on towel and first initial on cloth in big red letters. $2.50 each set. 3 for $6.75. Harry Rein Studios, 1146 N. Sierra Bonita, Pasadena 7, Calif.*



A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK, *is a cinch with this marvelous nutcracker. A sensitive mechanism, it jacks up the nut, cracks it competently, and stops just in time to preserve the nut meats intact. No more shell splinters. Does wonders with Brazil nuts, which are especially stubborn. Fine high-polish chrome finish, it's easy to use. $2.95. Hoffritz for Cutlery, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

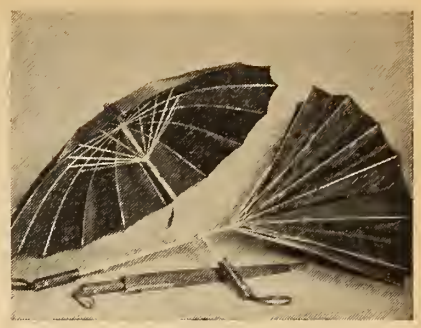
To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



HIS OWN MERRY-GO-ROUND *is every child's dream, and here it is in a precious wall costumer. Catching the brass ring is no more exciting to a tot than being able to hook his clothes on each of the five wooden pegs. About 9" by 21", of sturdy masonite, it screws onto a wall or closet door. Teaches neatness the easy way. A grand gift. $2.75. The Children's Shop, 986 Farmington Ave., West Hartford 7, Conn.*



GET YOURSELF THIS "PENNY-PINCHER." *It's a terrific gimmick in "golden" metal to hold the two items without which no girl can function . . . coins and keys. It has a kind of slot to hold coins of all sizes that reminds me of a conductor's change holder, and is just as quick to operate. The other end is a key ring to accommodate a large collection. Cute and only $1.95. Edith Chapman, 50 Piermont Ave., Nyack, N. Y.*



SAVED FOR A RAINY DAY! *The strongest gale is nothing to this new wind-proof umbrella. The frame is protected so it turns inside out, rather than fall apart the way most umbrellas do. A smart simulated alligator case conceals a 16 cadmium-plated ribbed umbrella with shrink-proof acetate rayon cover. Strap and handle also of alligator. In popular colors. $4.95. Sta-Dri, 765 Crotona Park N., N. Y. 60.*



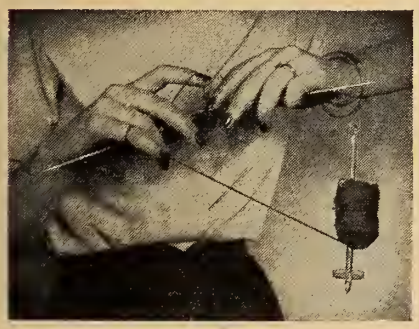
MY PEN WRITES WITH NAIL POLISH! *A wonderful gadget for any meticulous Miss, this red metal fountain pen holds a liberal supply of nail polish. A safe traveling companion, it has a leak-proof screw cap. I find it a life saver between "takes" at 20th Century-Fox. Just press the button and the polish brushes on, evenly, easily. $1.50. Miles Kimball, Kimball Building, 41 Bond Street, Oshkosh, Wisc.*



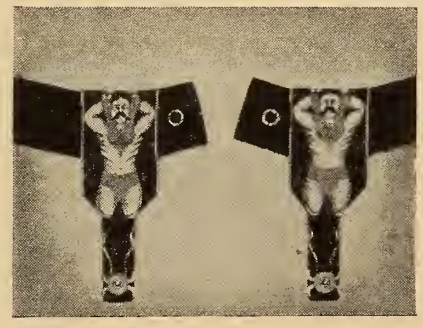
MAKE YOUR OWN PARIS CREATION *on this marvelous dress form, adjusting seven ways for a perfect reproduction of your dimensions. Raises to any height or collapses to half-size for storing. Of durable papier maché, covered with jersey so you can pin fabrics right on it. Send dress size. ($15. $3 with order, $2 monthly.) Acme Dress Form Co., Dept. MS-1, 380 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn 21, N. Y.*



MY BOYS LOVE TO CLOWN *around with these cunning bean bag dolls. Loved by tots like Tim, and fun to throw around for Michael and Paul (and their Mom and Dad too). These droll little circus folk are entirely hand made in gayly printed costumes with whimsical hand-painted faces. Each about 6" tall, making adorable companions for small fry. $1.95 each, 3 for $5.25. The Josselyns, Box 147, Dedham, Mass.*



TEND TO YOUR KNITTING *without fear of entanglements with this ingenious "Knit-bit holder." Knitters and crocheters delight in this expandable plastic bracelet from which dangles a staff to hold yarn, ribbon, string or spool, kept in place by a removable disc. A connecting ring lets the yarn feed evenly. Yarn stays clean. Red, green, amber, clear, $1.00. The Gerard Company, 162 Green Bay Rd., Winnetka, Ill.*



IT'S QUITE A STUNT TO SELECT *these eye-catching acrobat garters for that man in your life. I'm giving them to Paul for Valentine's Day. "Mr. Muscles," with his red tights and handle-bar moustache add real zip to an otherwise drab man's accessory. A red and white design on black background, it comes with red or black elastic and English nickel fittings. $2.50. Calvin Curtis, 60 E. 55 Street, N.Y. 22, N. Y.*



THEY'RE DOING THE HIGHLAND FLING! *This Scotch lad and his lassie are as gay a couple as you'll find on any lapel this season. Perfect on plaid, of course, but equally at home on a solid color coat, suit, blouse or dress. In sterling silver, they're skillfully designed with a fine feeling of texture and movement. Their costumes are genuine. Each $3.60; pair $6.95. Gaylords, 47 W. Elm St., Brockton 64, Mass.*

jeanne crain
your hollywood shopper





HAVE A FINE SHOE SHINE. *Here is a wonderful bucket made by New Hampshire folks (who really have the art down pat) to hold enough shoe cleaning paraphernalia for the whole family. Of pine, finished in maple, about 10½ inches high, it has a secure swinging handle. The top is the sole of a shoe, in reverse, and can serve nicely as a shoe shine box. $2.90. Gifts of Character, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.*



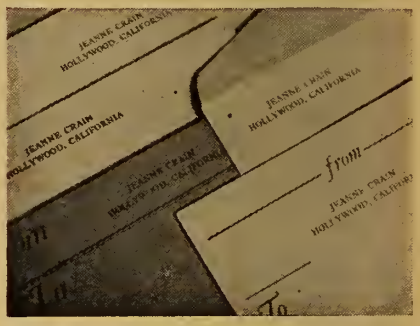
I CAN BANK ON TONY, *the gay ceramic barber, as a safe deposit for my extra coins, and Paul has a twin Tony to hold his old razor blades. He's a very personable guy, colorfully painted, and made either to hang on the wall or stand on his own two feet. I've promised the boys each their own to encourage them to save their pennies and are they thrilled with the idea! $1.50. The Bartons, Ridgewood, New Jersey.*



MINIATURE CHIANTI BOTTLES FROM ITALY *make these adorable salt and pepper shakers. The bottles are deep green and each nests in a straw basket, one with green trim and the other with red, to show which is which. The shakers fit into a double straw basket with loop holder. They add spice to any table decoration. A pair costs $2.00. Write to FFF Fine Food, 35 W. 8th Street, New York 10, N. Y.*



GIVE IT A CLEAN SWEEP *with this "Glovomatic," a new cleaning aid that puts the "duster" to shame and protects your hands in the bargain. An electrified shearling mitt, fits either hand and does a million chores without turning a hair. Polishes and buffs furniture so that it sparkles. Also polishes your car. Needs no water to function, but washes easily. $1.00. Glovomatic, 219 W. 29 St., New York 1, N. Y.*



SEE YOUR NAME IN PRINT. *Here is a complete desk kit full of all kinds of personalized stationery imaginable. You can have your own stock of "office supplies" right at home. There are 75 sheets of fine writing paper, 50 well-lined cheque envelopes, 50 gummed labels, 50 shipping tags and 50 return postcards. $4.95. (Give your name and address.) The Ledyard Press, 427 Franklin Ave., Hartford 6, Conn.*



BLOUSE WITH A PERSONAL TOUCH. *This crisp sanforized cotton broadcloth shirt does wonders for a suit. Or wear it as a shirt 'n skirt ensemble. Has cuffed short sleeves and a pert Peter-Pan collar embroidered with any first name or nickname. In white, maize, aqua, blue, pink. Sizes 32-38. A grand Valentine gift. $1.69 ea., 3 for $5.00. Gaylord, Dept. MS-6, Fifth and Hamilton, Pittsburgh 6, Pa.*



SCRUB-A-DUB-DUB! *It's the cutest trick for small fry who are at the water-conscious stage. The cloth book is a technicolor opus called "Washing is Fun" and tells all about why. It's tubbable and boilable with no color change. Attached is a cuddly foam rubber stuffed elephant that doubles as a grand sponge when the baby isn't tossing it around. $1.75. Peggy Cloth-Books, 109 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.*



YOUR FACE ON A POSTAGE STAMP! *Any size photograph (or negative) made into these adorable photostamps will personalize stationery, greeting cards, loads of other items. You can reproduce your favorite star—beau, hubby, child, pet. I think they're fun for answering my mail. A sheet of 100 glossy gumbacked photostamps $2.00. (Returned with original photo intact.) Croyden Co., 516 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 18.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.



HOWARD HUGHES'
production

Vendetta

starring **FAITH DOMERGUE**

and introducing GEORGE DOLENZ *with* HILLARY BROOKE • NIGEL BRUCE • JOSEPH CALLEIA
HUGO HAAS • DONALD BUKA • Directed by MEL FERRER • Screenplay by W. R. BURNETT

RKO RADIO PICTURES

There's one in every office



The other girls never asked Laura to lunch if they could possibly avoid it. Not that she wasn't good company or that she didn't pay her share . . . but she had one fault that outweighed her good points. What it* was, Laura, poor girl, would be the last to suspect. There's one in every office . . . and she had to be the one.

It can happen to you . . . any time

No matter what other good points a girl may have, they can be nullified by halitosis* (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next, without your realizing when you have it. So play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful. Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution. It freshens your breath . . . not for seconds, not for minutes . . . but usually for hours.

Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . .



IT'S BREATH-TAKING!

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

ATLANTIC CITY—*Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me* sung by Bill Darnel (Coral).

BEAVER VALLEY—*Jing-a-Ling* by the Fontane Sisters* (Victor), Andrews Sisters (Decca).
You'll like this theme melody from the Walt Disney production, written by Don Raye and sung by the Fontane gals with Dick Contino and the Hugo Winterhalter Orchestra. The Andrews' version is backed by a revival of the *Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.*

LEMON DROP KID—*Silver Bells* by Bing Crosby and Carol Richards* (Decca).

LET'S DANCE—*Oh Them Dudes* by Polly Bergen (Victor).

MR. MUSIC—*Life is So Peculiar* by Louis Armstrong and Louis Jordan** (Decca); Peggy Lee* (Capitol); Lisa Kirk* (Victor); Monica Lewis* (MGM).
All the records of this wonderful Frank Loesser song are so great it's hard to pick a favorite—better just listen to all of them.

MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST—*I'll Always Love You* by Eileen Wilson and Don Cherry* (Decca).

ROGUES' REGIMENT—*Just for a While* by Mindy Carson (Victor).

SAMSON AND DELILAH—*Song of Delilah* by Art Lund* (MGM).

TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE—original cast album* (MGM).
This set of slices from the soundtrack brings you everything but the Technicolor. Jane Powell does four of the six numbers alone, two with Carleton Carpenter. Records are available on all three speeds.

WEST POINT STORY—*You Love Me* by Gordon MacRae* (Capitol).

ALBUMS & LP'S

JOE BUSHKIN—Piano Moods* (Columbia LP). Columbia has started to corner the piano market, and if you're in the mood for pretty keyboard music for easy listening there are several other good sets by Dardanelle, Walter Gross and a whole bunch of fine pianists. Best of all is the one by Erroll Garner.

HARRY JAMES—Your Dance Date* (Columbia LP).
Here's another of those dance collections with no interruptions between tunes—just continuous James jazz mostly in the jump style but with some mighty pretty moments, too.

JEANETTE MACDONALD—Favorites* (Victor).
Six Jeanette MacDonald hits including *Ciribiribin, One Night of Love, Only a Rose.*

EZIO PINZA—Enchanted Melodies* (Columbia LP).



you were dancing on a star?

You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look *new?* A delirious dress can do it . . . or a once-in-a-million hair-do . . . that *lift* sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse—it *can't* spill! 4 dreamy shades.

only **49¢** plus tax



Woodbury **DREAM STUFF**

New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!

FREE! Handy Convenient "Push-Kap" Dispenser

OF EXTRA COST

with large and giant size

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion



Tip the bottle, push the cap— Have lovelier-looking hands in seconds!

No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy "Push-Kap" dispenser gives you just the *desired* amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, *softens* like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness. Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new "Push-Kap" dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!



1. No Fuss!
When ready to apply lotion—simply withdraw silvery pin from spout. No bothersome cap to unscrew, replace, or lose.

2. No Muss!
Turn bottle upside down. Press gently on knob behind spout with forefinger to dispense lotion. Can't spill, bottle never becomes slippery.

3. No Waste!
When exactly *desired* amount of lotion is dispensed, release pressure of forefinger and replace bottle upright. Simple, convenient, economical.



25¢ and 43¢

In 1919, Dr. Willsie Martin became pastor of the Hollywood Methodist Church. He watched as Hollywood grew from a small community into the great center of the movie industry, and from that time to this, he has taken an active part in its spiritual life. Here, for the first time, is an analysis of Hollywood as he sees it.

a minister looks at hollywood

by Kolma Blake

■ *"I will never disgrace these hallowed weapons or abandon my comrade by whom I am placed. I will not leave my country less but greater by sea and land. I will obey the appointed rulers and the established laws and whatever new laws the state may lawfully establish. And if anyone attempts to abolish the existing laws or disobey them I will resist him."*—The Athenian Oath

"Every actor who makes Hollywood synonymous with motion pictures should be required to take and abide by the Athenian Oath. Hollywood is not and never has been as wicked as outside critics claim, but not until actors accept their responsibility will they take the club out of the hands of those critics. So far they have tried to dodge their responsibility in too many instances.

"They point indignantly to the fact that only one out of six has been divorced compared to like divorce figures in other cities; that their night-clubbing with its sprinkling of fist fights can be duplicated in some other places.

"Perhaps they are right, *but* they overlook entirely the truth that their influence is too great for them to regard themselves as anything more or less than important and richly rewarded public servants who must be above reproach. No such actor has the right to claim artistic license to flaunt those institutions or standards of conduct and morals in which people believe. It is time they recognized this and took themselves more seriously."

These are not the words of a space-grabbing politician nor of a distant shouting preacher so that Hollywood can sigh, "What, once again?"

They are the (*Continued on page 81*)



She never looks back, because the past is too full of shadows and broken dreams.

THE SORROWS OF LANA TURNER

by Steve Cronin

■ When they told Lana at the hospital that she had lost a baby for the second time, she died a little. And when the shock of that breathless, numb moment had passed and her tears came, it seemed as if they would never stop . . . tears for this unfulfilled promise, and for all the promises of life that had been broken, and for all the sorrows . . . If Lana Turner had ever known happiness at its fullest, it was because she had experienced sadness many times at its depth.

On that Friday night last October when she slipped on her porch and lost her child, another misfortune was added to her lengthy list. If there was anything that she had wanted then or now more than a baby, she couldn't name it.

Two years ago, when she suffered her first miscarriage, the doctors had told Lana that her chances of having another child were slim, because of the RH factor. "Your blood is RH negative," the doctors pointed out, "and Mr. Topping's is RH positive. A child of yours might be born, but it probably wouldn't survive."

This RH factor, which plays a great role in Lana's life, is a sub-type of four major blood types. Nowadays, before blood transfusions are made, the blood of the donor is matched to the blood of the patient, for if the blood doesn't match after the second transfusion, dangerous shock reactions result. These reactions also occur if the RH factor doesn't match, too. Most of the people in this country are RH positive; a small percentage are RH negative, and do not contain the RH factor in their blood cells.

During her first pregnancy, Lana's body managed to tolerate this antagonistic mixture of blood, and despite it, she gave birth to Cheryl, a healthy child. But the (*Continued on page 84*)



STILL GRIEF-STRICKEN BY THE LOSS OF HER BABY, LANA, REMAINING GLAMOROUS, MANAGES TO SMILE.

I had never seen a romance like theirs, it was so beautiful. And even now that it's over for Jane and Ronnie, the ghost of their love lingers on . . .

Are they HAUNTED BY THEIR PERFECT LOVE?

by Louella Parsons

■ I sincerely believe there's not a chance in the world of Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan being married lovers again.

And, just as sincerely, I believe they will never be free of that perfect love they once shared.

If this were not true—how does it happen that neither has been able really to fall in love with anyone else although two years have gone by since a judge handed Janie her final divorce decree, and their separation was a year before that?

Oh, yes, I know that Jane, so chic, so poised, so much a woman of the world these days, has *thought* she was in love several times.

There was the moody-broody interlude with Lew Ayres.

Wealthy Mannie Sachs was crazy about her—and Jane was flattered.

Whether they admit it or not, a spark ignited briefly, flared, and died down between Jane and good looking attorney, Greg Bautzer.

As for Ronnie—he's had dates, naturally. He's good looking, successful and—very human. But never for a minute has he even pretended it was love.

They are quite sure, Jane and Ronnie, that their love is dead, cold and finished without the tiniest ember still aglow. But, I wonder if they are equally sure that what they once had shared has not made the other loves too pale?

I say, truthfully, that in (*Continued on page 73*)



"I intraduced them twelve years aga when I invited Rannie and Jane an a persanal appearance taur. Starlet Jane idolized Rannie."

"She loved being called Mrs. Reagan; she was the happiest married woman ever knew, and her career took second spot in her life."



"As success mounted, Ronnie and Jane went their separate ways until finally they parted. Jane found an understanding friend in Lew Ayres."



"Rannie, with Ruth Roman, dates a lot of girls but can't seem to fall in love. 'I think I've forgotten how,' he said recently."

nicky hilton tells his side

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE Six mornings a week, at 8:30 on the dot, a restlessly energetic young man in a neat business suit settles his six-foot frame behind a desk in his office at Los Angeles' Bel-Air Hotel where he is part owner and vice-president. On his desk rests a copper pen stand engraved "Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr.," also stacks of paper work and two telephones which start clamoring the minute he sits down.

Nick Hilton juggles the receivers from ear to ear and wades into his work—checking receipts, scanning color schemes for decoration, jig-saw puzzling reservations, plotting parties, getting the engineer after the heater that's gone out, soothing the fussy lady with the Pekingese. The hundred fascinating headaches of the hotel game he loves gang up on him and he's happy.

Then comes a call, from a friend, like the other day.

"Hello, Nick? Did you see the morning paper?"

"No—what?" But already a frown is planted on Nick Hilton's pleasant, boyish face.

". . . Says last night you and Elizabeth had a row in a night club over an old boy friend and you huffed out of the place. That true?"

"Last night," replies Nick wearily, "Elizabeth and I played canasta with my brother and his wife at their house. Nobody huffed out of anywhere. Look—how can people make up such things, how can they print them? Isn't there some way to stop—?" Then he answers himself—"No—if you talk back, you only make things worse. We'll just rise above this one, too."

But already some of the steam is out of his morning. His brown eyes burn. He's on the defensive and he's sore. Who wouldn't be?

Ever since he married Elizabeth Taylor last May, Nick Hilton has been a target for unjust, even slanderous barbs. From the day he said "I do" to this they have never stopped slamming away with outrageous rumor and gossip at his home, and consistently Nick himself has been made out the villain of the piece. Why, is pretty hard to figure—unless the fact that he captured America's most sought after beauty made the whole world spitefully jealous. Whatever the reason, this good natured, ambitious and hard working guy Hilton has been persistently pictured as a fractious playboy, spendthrift young millionaire, gambler, tippler, glamor-struck husband—a sort of combination

but here are the facts he

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM By the time you read this health chart on the marriage state of Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton, anything might have happened—a big argument, a bigger reconciliation, a statement of undying devotion, or a visit to the lawyer. But whether they are together or whether they are apart, *I'm* going to add a powerful postscript—THEY'LL STILL BE IN LOVE!

I've written about Elizabeth and Nicky before but it was like riding a horse with blinders on—the scenery to the left and right could only be guessed at. Now, the marriage is emerging in its sharp outline. Conjecture can be replaced by clarification. The honeymoon is over. This is for real. And reality is sometimes a painful pill to swallow. So are facts. But because I'm convinced that Elizabeth and Nicky *are* in love, I'll be presumptuous, perhaps, and measure out the medicine. And I hope the young Hiltons will swallow it with an open mind—to mix metaphors.

First of all, Elizabeth and Nicky have been behaving like spoiled children. And I'm not blaming them for that. They've both had everything done for them all their lives. Nicky's father, multi-millionaire hotel tycoon Conrad Hilton, has worshipped the oldest of his three sons ever since his birth 23 years ago in Texas. Nicky had only to ask, to get—a pony—a horse—a fishing rod, a trust fund, travel. The child of divorced parents, what he didn't smooch from his father, he smiled out of his mother. They gave him everything. Everything except a couple of things money, not even millions, can buy—consideration for others, emotional happiness for himself.

And Elizabeth. The pretty child of a still pretty mother. It must be hard for a mama to keep her head when her heart is listening to the lovely sentence, "Your daughter is the most beautiful girl in the world." The Taylors weren't and aren't as wealthy as the Hiltons, not by several millions, but whatever they had, Elizabeth had most of—rented houses at the beach, dresses, devotion—dreams. Topped with the pink icing on the white cake—fame as a movie star in Elizabeth's own right.

So, the famous young beauty marries the handsome rich Prince Charming, and the whole world smiles, and expects them to be happy ever after. Maybe they will be—afterwards. But right now they are learning, and very painfully I'm afraid, via spats and separations, that there's more to living than loving,

of the story...



Errol Flynn, gay Tommy Manville and "Bet-a-Million" Gates.

In Paris, on his honeymoon, reporters kept his telephone at the *Georges V.* hotel jangling day and night until he had to have it shut off. Then they buttonholed him in the lobby: How many millions had he settled on his bride? What did his Cadillac cost? How much had he paid for her furs—how much for her jewels? How many hundreds of shoes had he bought her? Was it true he was ordering Elizabeth a custom made evening gown from every expensive couturier in Paris? And so on, until—as Nick recalls disgustedly, "I wanted to poke them in the nose."

London was worse. There Nick got even more absurd and some insulting reactions. Was he star struck? Was he after a movie career? Did he long to make a picture with Elizabeth? One paper printed a news shot of Nick and Elizabeth with the caption, "Mister Taylor Is All Burned Up!" And Mister *Hilton* was all burned up when he saw that—for sure.

At Cannes, in the south of France, where the Hiltons spent long honeymoon days, most vacationers swim in the morning, nap in the afternoon, visit the Casino at night—that's about all there is to do. But when Nick Hilton (*Continued on page 92*)

e has to face



especially when the person you seem to love most is the one who looks back at you in the mirror.

Take the "help" question. The servant saga in the Nicky Hilton household is hilarious or heartbreaking—depending on your sense of humor this morning. Within the space of two months—from September when Elizabeth and Nicky so bravely set up housekeeping in the Pacific Palisades home belonging to his younger brother Barron, to the end of October when they decided they didn't, after all, want to *buy* the house—Elizabeth hired, fired, or was plain walked out on by six—count 'em—servants! And they might never have had a seventh (trouble travels fast on the exclusive servant circuit in Beverly Hills and points west) if Joan Bennett, in motherly compassion for the young flounderers, hadn't loaned them her own housekeeper!

Who is to blame for the Hilton help problem? *I'm* not saying. But these are the plain ungarnished facts. Servants don't usually leave considerate employers. One of the dissatisfied six told me that she found Elizabeth and Nicky very charming to work for except for one failing—"You never knew when they'd suddenly appear with six extra guests for dinner (*Continued on page 96*)



The public pictures movie stars in Russian broadtail negligees. Ruth Roman would like to own this one, but won't spend $6,000.



You can get a reputation for glamour overnight if you bathe in leopard skin. But Ruth's made her reputation by acting (see her in *Dallas*), doesn't need $900 props.

Ruth Roman says: "It's the sense in 'sensational' that counts. Why buy clothes that look good enough to eat if you can't eat enough to look good?"

BY SUSAN TRENT

pays to be Sensational



At Fuhrman's, Beverly Hills' fobulous fur shop, Ruth Romon doydreoms in o Royal postel mink. Unlike the dummy next to her, she could walk out with it, but she borrows minks from the studio for public oppeorances.



Ruth found a versotile scorf of grey Russion lomb with dots the size of silver dollors. It con be worn os belt or turbon. All in oll, she tried on $150,000 worth of furs, but didn't buy even on ermine toil.

■ It happened the night of one of her first big premières. There were lights and cameras and hundreds of gorgeous people stepping out of limousines. Crowds lined the sidewalks—cheering their favorite stars as they entered the theater. Ruth Roman stopped to give an autograph. "Gosh, Miss Roman, you look just wonderful," said the little girl whose book she held.

Shyly, the girl reached out and touched the sleeve of Ruth's coat. "Mink . . ." she sighed, blissfully.

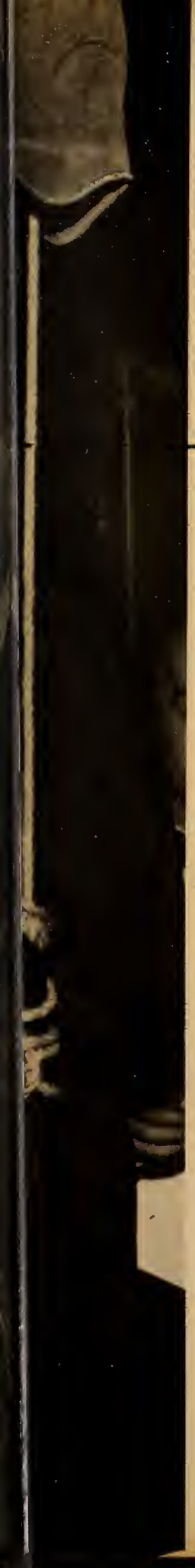
Ruth sighed, too, before she grinned her honest grin and confessed. "Honey," she said. "It goes right back to the studio tomorrow."

"You mean it doesn't belong to you?" said the voice of utter disillusionment. That's when Ruth realized that she had a problem.

Just plain Ruth Roman can lounge around in denims. She can even walk down Hollywood Boulevard in a simple peasant outfit—as long as no one recognizes her. But Ruth Roman, movie star, is obligated to be spectacular most of the time. "It's expected," she says. "Stars are supposed to have more imagination about clothes, and more money to spend on them."

Occasionally, you'll find that sensational clothes pay off—as in the case of Rita Hayworth. Rita was playing one small role after another. Nobody seemed to care. Until Ed Judson, her husband at the time, took her shopping. They spent a few thousand dollars on designs. It figured. If she dressed the part, stardom would follow. Rita and her gowns got the publicity. And the publicity launched an (*Continued on page 97*)





what's wrong with the Clark Gables?

Gable at a fashion show? Sylvia frying hamburgers? It looks too good. The public can't help wondering...

By SHEILAH GRAHAM

■ The time has come to examine the marriage of the Clark Gables. On December 20th, 1950, Clark and Sylvia passed the one year marriage milestone. That's not long, but already there have been some insidious whisperings of trouble in Paradise. Are they true? Are they false? And why and how do rumors like this start in the first place?

It may be presumptuous for an outside party to peer into the personal life of any individual, public or private. And what happens behind the closed doors of marriage is really no business of mine or yours. But the mating of a movie star is like the score board of the stock market. When you're an investor, you naturally watch with great interest as the points go up and the points go down. The fans invest love and loyalty in their film favorites, and as an accredited score-board keeper, I'm going to do my best to give you an honest accounting.

Okay. Rumor number one. Sylvia sent her favorite maid back to England after five years of devoted service simply because Clark does not care for her too much. At least, that is the story I hear behind the story. The maid *did* go back to England. At the time, just after her mistress married Mr. Gable, it was said there was no room for her in Clark's modest Encino ranch home. Since then there has been an extra guest house added. The maid has not returned.

Of course, if Clark really does prefer Sylvia without her maid, she is smart to keep her away. And take it from me, the new Mrs. Gable is smart. She looks like a piece of fragile china, but if she wants this marriage to last forever—and I'm sure she does—it would be easier to break a bar of iron.

When Clark drove alone in his big car to Durango, Colorado, for his picture *Across The Wide Missouri,* and Sylvia went solo by train in the same direction, the rumor mongers clacked busy tongues and called the columnists to say "This proves there is trouble." But I took the trouble to check the "why" behind the brief separation. I was told that Sylvia does not like long auto drives through the heat of the desert. I also learned that she left the train at Gallup, New Mexico, where Clark met her, and drove the rest of the way with him, so they could join the others of the company together. It's also true that when the members of the company saw the svelte Sylvia (*Continued on page 94*)

I was an Orphan

by Marilyn Monroe



But don't feel sorry for Marilyn— unless you're the kind who weeps over Cleopatra, and pities a girl who has so much glamor that it hurts.

■ Before I was born, my father was killed in an automobile accident during a business trip to New York City. A short time later, my mother became critically ill, and while I was still too young to know much about what was happening, I became an orphan.

Naturally, that fact has greatly influenced my life. I know that often, in moments of loneliness, it has been the cause of deep personal sadness and even, at times, self-pity. But I also like to think that it is responsible, at least in part, for my having been able to realize my greatest ambition—an acting career.

I don't like to dwell on the confused and unsettled part of my childhood. When I was orphaned, the court, as is customary in the state of California, appointed a legal guardian for me. At first I lived with the guardian, but because she had a family of her own, it became necessary for me to live with someone else. I don't suppose I need to remind anyone that the 1930's were difficult times for everybody.

During the years that I was going through grammar school, I lived with a number of different families all over Los Angeles. I'm not sure, but I believe I went to seven different grade schools. And I always attended the church of the faith of the family I was living with at the time.

I don't believe that I ever really gave any trouble to the people I lived with. I was a shy little girl, and while I was still very young, I developed a make-believe world for myself. Every afternoon when I took my naps, I would pretend things. One day, I would be a beautiful princess in a tower. Or a boy with a dog. Or a grandmother with snowy white hair. And at night, I would lie and whisper out, ever so softly, the situations that I had heard on the radio before bedtime. I don't believe that I minded much being alone. In fact, I rather enjoyed it.

I remember a vacant lot that I used to cross on my way home from Bakman Avenue School in North Hollywood. It was just a dirty old lot overgrown with weeds, but from the moment I stepped onto it, it became a magic and private place where I could be all of the people I had (*Continued on page 64*)



Marilyn was a natural as the young temptress in *Asphalt Jungle*. Siren clothes accent her blonde, indoor beauty. She doesn't want to be a mere decoration, though, she's interested in fine acting.



Despite her high-flung aspirations, Marilyn can't deny her more earthy assets which manage to make even shorts and shirt look glamorous. She also dresses up her part in *All About Eve*.

the truth about



hollywood's golden circle

Social success is assured by an invitation from one of these famous star hosts.

Fred Astaire
Jack Benny
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Bob Hope
Barbara Stanwyck

Hollywood's social register is spelled C A S H, and a green check will pass for blue

■ A few weeks ago, a famous star walked into Romanoff's restaurant for lunch. Prince Romanoff greeted him cordially, as usual, and led him to a table. The table was not as usual, however. It was table number four, instead of table number one, and that was the first indication anyone had that this star's option had been dropped. What's more, if someone doesn't pick up his option soon, the star will have to bring his own chair along if he wants to get a seat at Romanoff's.

There's no Blue Book in Hollywood, no Lady Astor to determine your social standing, but go to Romanoff's before lunch or just before dinner and stand at the bar. In the space of an hour you'll know who's who in Hollywood society, without a word being uttered.

If a star is shunted to the back room he's on the way down. If he has to wait for a table, he's all washed up. If he's led immediately to one of the booths marked "Reserved," he's marching at the head of the legion of honor, temporarily at least, and is duly noted by everyone of importance, or their informers, as a "must" on all guest lists. Before he's finished with his dessert a platoon of agents are guaranteeing him more money than his present representative is getting him, regardless of the amount.

There are two factors that really determine social eminence in Hollywood—fame and the power to command a large salary. An old line Angeleno socialite, while attending one of Hollywood's famous polo games once wryly remarked, "This is the first time in the history of the game

hollywood society



by Jill Mason

blood any day.

that the horses have had better blood than the players."

In similar vein, a fellow wag once observed that in Hollywood an aristocrat is anyone who can trace his ancestry back to his father. While both these boys were certainly reaching to make a point, it is nonetheless true that social position in Hollywood does not rest upon the foundations that support it in most other communities.

Sometimes in a matter of two or three months, fame, fortune and a fawning public present themselves like a dream to some aspiring actor, and his social position is assured. That this position can be reversed in an equally short time is a matter of record. Is it any wonder then that a session among Hollywood's elite gives you the impression that *(Continued on page 86)*



The woven fence around Janet's property is the same redwood as the house.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

castle with a redwood fence

by Merwa Peterson



Janet's taste in decoration is simple. Low-slung,

Indoors and outdoors are pleasantly mingled in Janet's home which is built around a patio. The patio's portable barbecue and bar make entertaining easy and gracious.



Originally designed for the architect himself, the house is planned for efficient living. The modern kitchen has a garbage disposal, snack bar, and loads of cupboards.





overstuffed furniture with clean lines, set in conversational groupings, make for uncluttered comfort in the living room.

When is a house a castle? When a princess like Janet Leigh lives in it—and loves it.

■ They call her Cinderella Girl so much she almost forgets her name is Janet Leigh. And even if she still hasn't married her prince, this Cinderella has a castle—a modern castle that's more beautiful than spacious, although it suits her family fine. Around it there's a redwood fence, but it doesn't keep the world from her door, or Tony Curtis, either. Janet doesn't mind. Her only regret is that she didn't think of buying that castle sooner.

She got the idea over one Sunday's breakfast. She was tired that morning. There was no sparkle in her eyes, no lilt in her voice, no enthusiasm. She'd just divorced Stanley Reames and had finished her eleventh consecutive movie.

Suddenly, Janet turned to her father. "Tell me, Dad," she said. "Why am I knocking myself out? When I'm not in front of the cameras, I'm taking ballet lessons. When I'm not taking ballet, I'm studying lines. When I quit studying lines, I'm off on publicity junkets. I don't even have *time* to spend the money I'm earning."

Her father told her, "All that is the price of fame." Her mother told her that what she needed was a nice house to come home to.

"It was a wonderful idea," says Janet now. "It gave my career, all the hard work, a purpose. And for my parents, well, it was the dream of a lifetime."

The Morrison family launched their house-buying project immediately. But it took more than a year to find a place that

MORE ➤



Tony Curtis is a frequent, welcome visitor at Janet Leigh's small castle. He likes to discuss and plan other dream houses with her.

castle with a redwood fence continued

suited their tastes as well as the size of their pocketbooks.

"The first house we saw was beautiful," Janet recalls. "It would have been perfect if I had discovered oil instead of having been discovered myself by Norma Shearer. It was a modest California bungalow. I think it cost around $37,500.

"That's a lot of money, but it was the upkeep that really bothered us. We would have needed a hotel staff. The real estate agent didn't even believe me when I told her we wanted a house without a maid's room.

"She looked at me as if to say, 'Sister, you can't be much of an actress if you don't even have a maid.'

"After a few false starts, she gave up calling us. I guess she figured that the commission she made on any house we bought wouldn't fill her thimble.

"For months, Dad and Mom and I spent our Sundays driving through residential districts we liked. It got so that I used to ask my dates to drive me home 'the residential route' so that I'd be sure to spot the latest 'for sale' signs.

"We looked at a lot of beautiful homes, but we're sort of an idealistic family, and we decided to hold out until we found something every one of us liked."

Persistence paid off. One Sunday when Janet was driving around Brentwood in her Buick convertible, she spied a new sign. She and her parents hopped out of the car and inspected the house.

It seemed to have everything they wanted, everything they needed. But then came that awful moment when they had to ask the price.

"You won't believe it," Janet says, "but even the price was right. We saw the house on Sunday and bought it on Monday. Maybe you won't believe this, but honestly, I knew the house was right for us just as soon as I saw the cute fence out front. No fooling."

The fence that first caught Janet's (*Continued on page 76*)



Shaes are Janet's weakness. She awns seventeen pairs af high heels and twelve pairs of flats. Her father built these shelves far them.



A bulletin baard, a dall on the bed reflect Janet's persanal tauches in her awn raam. Its glass doars apen directly aut anta the patio.

Twa desks make the attractive affice that Janet and her father share. He attends to his insurance business while she answers her fan mail.



MISS WHISTLE-BAIT



OF 1951

She always had what it took, but no one took a look—until she climbed into a corset. Now everybody's making eyes at Janie Powell.

JANE WILKIE

■ Maybe you've heard of her. Her name's Jane Powell, the girl with the voice—and plenty more. A couple of years ago, she'd walk along the street and people would say, "There goes Janie." Not now. Now the people, particularly the men, stop, look—and whistle.

What happened? Well, to begin with, Janie was put into a corset for *Two Weeks With Love,* and corsets don't come down to the ankles. Corsets don't hang like potato sacks. The people on the set had an awakening. Janie wore this same corset to the Press Photographers' Ball, and after that night it was public opinion that the glamor girls had better take one giant step forward if they want to keep ahead of Jane Powell.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is really excited. All the time they thought they had just a cute teen-ager to put in Technicolor. Now they have a woman, and so much more to work with.

Most people are surprised at this new Jane, but those who know her well could have predicted what would happen. Even when she first came out to Hollywood, at 14, she had an air about her. Charles Rogers, who produced her first movie, *Song of the Open Road,* will tell you that she might have been a little scared, a little lonely, but it didn't interfere with her performance.

"In the picture," says Mr. Rogers, "we wanted to make her look older, so we dressed her in more mature clothes. It was surprising to see how naturally she wore them. Not like most kids, who would look as though they'd swiped their mother's wardrobe. She made you believe she was 17."

Despite her maturity at that age, Janie was a lonesome, homesick kid. Lillian Burns, the drama coach at MGM, remembers the first time she rehearsed Janie for a scene. It called for tears. But Janie said, "I don't feel like crying."

So Miss Burns began talking about Jane's home, and the friends she'd left behind in Portland. Janie burst into sobs. "I want to go home!" she wailed. "I want to go back to school with my friends!"

Holiday in Mexico changed all that. She met Roddy McDowall, and through him, a lot of young people who lived in Hollywood. Soon she was happy and successful. Success brought enough fame, and money to turn anyone's head, especially a teen-ager's, but even now, Roddy McDowall says, "I've known (*Continued on page 76*)



Jane's practicality isn't new. She started a scrapbook of recipes as soon as she became engaged, systematically shopped for furniture and never let a bargain get away.



Self-confidence came with marriage to Geary Steffen, but Jane's friends say that otherwise she hasn't changed. She was always mature for her years and always considerate.



Audie was her
first love, her lost love,
and the scar
was deep. But now
Wanda knows that someday,
someone else will
come to claim her . . .

"I can love again"

by Jim Henaghan

■ She had probably never said it before to anyone, but she said it right out, without prompting or probing. "I'm not in love. Not anymore. But I want to be. I will be. I can be—now."

Very tiny, elfin, like an animated piece of Dresden, Wanda Hendrix sat across from your MODERN SCREEN reporter and said for the record that the last flicker of her love for Audie Murphy had died. If there was any emotion in her voice it was one of simple regret. Her manner was candid, and there was no roar of tumbling bulwarks as the admission was made that a marriage which had captured the romantic imagination of the world had failed, and that the institution has suffered.

Yes, the institution of marriage has suffered, because when a lovely young actress marries a boy who might well go down in American history as the greatest warrior of them all, we steep ourselves in the beauty of their love. When their dreams are revealed as clay, so are ours by reflection; and when their marriage words prove as sacred as evidence in a traffic court, a bit of our world crumbles.

A report is in order. The prelude to Wanda's love, which was secret in the time of its existence, must be played again and viewed in retrospect, for we are all interested parties.

A question to Miss Hendrix: "When did you first love Audie Murphy?" (*Continued on page 63*)



Wanda met Audie at 17, too young to doubt emotions.

HER MOTHER'S HAPPINESS COMES FIRST, BUT VERA-ELLEN ALSO VALUES A SOCIAL LIFE OF HER OWN.



Vera-Ellen had fun with Cesar Romero at the British Film Garden Party.



Rock Hudson is a frequent escort. Last year they were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar at the Photographers' Ball.



When in New York, Vera-Ellen glamordates Ernest Byfield, Jr., at the Stork Club.

She's made her mother laugh once more; she's conquered the plumbing and the blues. Now, Vera-Ellen's the head of the house—and the heart of it.

BY ROBERT PEER

there's a man in the house

■ The day after Vera-Ellen finished her starring role opposite David Niven in *Happy Go Lovely,* she headed for Selfridges, one of London's oldest department stores.

The girl in the dress department recognized her immediately. "What can I do for you, Miss Ellen?" she asked, eagerly.

"I think I'd like a mother-daughter outfit. Something bright and gay . . ."

One hour later Vera-Ellen raced up to her room at the Claridge hotel, a big carton under her arm. "Mother—I bought us something. Something we've always wanted . . ."

Mrs. Alma Rohe watched her daughter unpack two identical, colorful print dresses. "Don't you think it's a little bright for a woman my age?" she said, hesitantly.

"Oh, come on, mother. Try it on. I'll bet we'll look like sisters. Tonight we'll go out and paint the town red!"

Well—they didn't exactly paint London red. But Mrs. Rohe put on the dress. And that afternoon, the two women, chattering cheerfully, went to the Savoy for tea. If you'd been sitting nearby, you might have heard the sweet-faced blonde girl say,

"You look wonderful, mother, and honestly—isn't this fun?" You might have heard the lady sitting opposite her answer, a bit incredulously,

"You know, I really feel wonderful, and—well, this *is* fun. Let's do it often."

That afternoon was a double triumph for Vera-Ellen. She had won two battles, which, had she lost, would have ruined her career as well as the lives of two people.

Her battle started in the late summer of 1949, when life was over for Martin Rohe, Vera-Ellen's quiet mannered, (*Continued on page 60*)

She's capable, but cute, too—her legs are valuable studio property.



THE OFF-AGAIN, ON-AGAIN HUTTON-BRISKIN MARRIAGE HAS SURVIVED AN UNSTABLE PAST (SEE PICTURES BELOW).



BETTY'S FAMILY liked Ted. Mrs. Hutton and sister Marion couldn't have been happier when she married him in 1946.



THEIR CHILDREN gave the Briskin marriage a larger meaning. They both would do anything to insure happiness for Lindsay Diane, now three, and Candice, two.



HOLLYWOOD NIGHTLIFE bored Ted, though Betty loved its glitter. However, personality clashes went much deeper than their party tastes.

week-end Marriage

They want to keep their marriage—even at a distance . . . Ted and Betty live twenty-five hundred miles apart but they've never been closer.

BY MARY JANE LILLY

■ They were separated twice and reconciled twice, which is itself an unusual thing in Hollywood. Now they're back together again in a new kind of marriage—marriage by long distance.

The people who get their polish and most of their information by leaning on cafe tables say it won't work. How can it—they ask—if he lives in Chicago, she has a house in Hollywood, and they see each other weekends, some weekends? Is that marriage?

Betty Hutton thinks it is, but from the smile on her face you can't tell if she's serious. She smiled the same way after both her separations, and everyone assumed that she couldn't have been happier. She was as vivacious as ever with a goodbye-I'll-never-miss-you gaiety. Now that Ted's back, or at least within communicable distance, she talks about the past with a hint of tears in her voice.

"This must be for real," says one gossiper to another. The other laughs, "That's what you said when they parted."

Nobody knows if this marriage will last. Her friends hope it will, but Betty's hard to understand and she plays whatever role she wants so well that someday she may even fool herself.

While she and Ted were separated, for instance, Betty attended an all-girl birthday party, (*Continued on page 90*)

THEY'RE BLISSFUL AT THE MOMENT, BUT THEY'VE BEEN THAT WAY BEFORE. WHAT'S NEXT?



MOTHER AND CHILDREN helped fill the gap for Betty during her two separations from Ted. She made great strides in her career, too.



FUNLOVING Betty carried on her social life with or without Ted. She never lacked dates, always seemed exuberant. Bob Sterling's name was linked with hers.



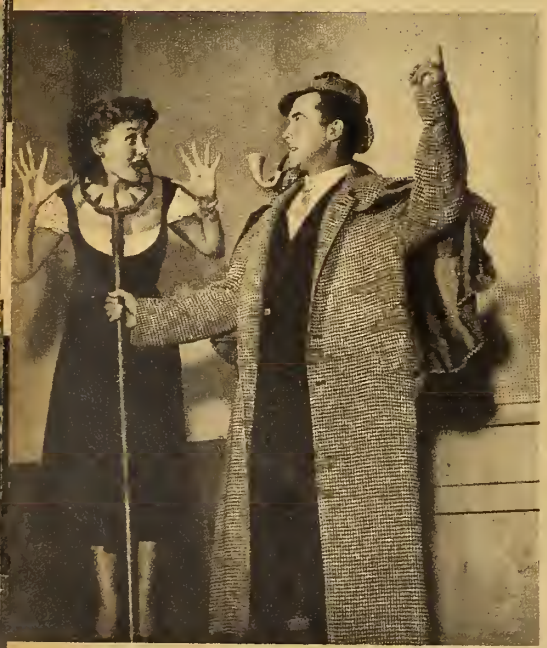
TOGETHER AGAIN—but only for week-ends. This long-distance marriage is the only solution that Betty thinks will ever work out.



Suspects or corpse? It's in the cards for Virginia Field, Mona and Pat Nerney, Rhonda Fleming, Moro Lynn and Joon Evans.



Guess who's the corpse? Dick looks horrified, but he plonned it thot woy—moybe red-hoired Rhonda will get to kill him.



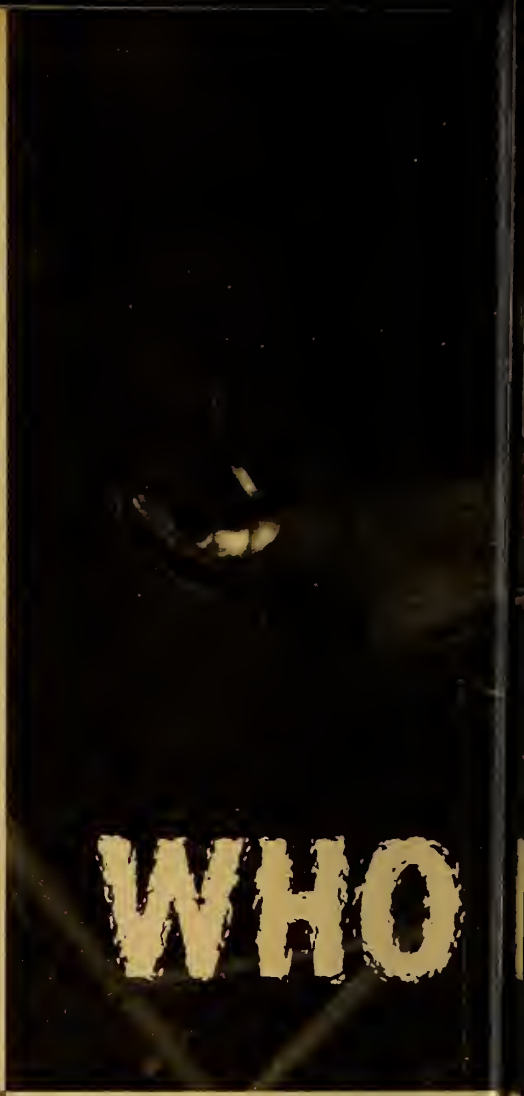
Sherlock Greene knows how to trock down beauties, foscinates Miss Fleming.

Happy little Frankenstein gets big tap on the head by husbond, Pot Nerney.



Jack Grey decides to cut up a little, but Joan Evans thinks he may be going a bit too for.







The corpse uncovers the villoin. As you will see in the story, the script is a dead giveaway.

KILLED ME?

by Dick Powell



...ne corpse proudly denounces his own murderer (poor Richard) while ...e crowd listens to his story with boted breoth ond mute odmirotion.

I gave a murder party for my friends, and we had so much fun that I died laughing!

■ I never speak to June—June Allyson, my happy little wife—about those nightmares. They all have a violent sameness. I am the corpse. One night I'll be the corpse propped up on the witness stand with the district attorney yelling at me, "Don't you sit there trying to tell the court that the defendant is guilty just because he mowed you down with a machine gun. You can't prove murder without malice, and when he shot you he was the happiest man in the world!"

Then again I'll be lying stone cold in a pool of blood, knifed to death by the butler. Detectives are swarming all over the place, suspecting everybody but that sanctimonious servant standing right in their midst, stiletto dripping red, laughing out loud and always looking like Orson Welles. When I try to tell them who did it they turn into sneering Boris Karloffs and

MORE >



The murder party gathers in the American Room at Bob Cobb's Brown Derby for some of Cobb's famous salad and fixings. Dick Powell (he's still alive, you can see him in *Cry Danger*), is a model host to Joan, Mara and Rhonda.

The Brown Derby Recipe for Cobb Salad

Lettuce
Romaine
Chicken
Crisp Bacon
Hard Boiled Eggs
Chives.

■ Chop ingredients fine. Serve in bowl. Decorate with avocado balls, tomato, and eggs. Sprinkle with chopped Roquefort cheese. Serve with old-fashioned French dressing.

who killed me? cont'd

reply, "Some detective you are. You're just a ham actor. Besides, everybody knows the butler is never guilty."

Well, I wake up in the middle of the night out of these horrors and look over at Junie. She's always smiling in her sleep. And sometimes, giggling. I'd ask her what she dreams about but she'd only ask me the same thing and in the end insist that I go to a psychiatrist, or at least cut out those late hour snacks before bedtime.

That's why I decided, somewhat humorously you understand, to do something about these grim nocturnal visitations of mine. I figured that if I could concoct a plot crazier than my dreams the nightmares would go away or at least simmer down. So I called up the editors of MODERN SCREEN, told them that I had trapped a few friends into coming to the studio for a party after my Tuesday night show. Would they care to come around with cameras?

They would.

We had a good radio show that night. If I do say so, Richard Diamond (that's me) did very well. He got kicked around quite a bit but in the

end he solved the mystery and took his bows, the big ham. Can't say that I blame him, what with people like Virginia Field, Richard Greene, Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney, Rhonda Fleming, Mara Lynn, Joan Evans, and that elegant new young actor, Jack Grey, for an audience.

As soon as the announcer said, "This is NBC," I put down my script and took up my guests, most of whom never had a chance to participate in that wonderful pastime—the fine art of murder. They were delighted. June, who couldn't be on hand due to the pending blessed event, had written the word SUSPECT on little slips of paper. One for each guest, except for a lone slip on which was written VICTIM. We drew the slips out of the hat and, for the sake of staying in character with my nightmares, I palmed the slip so I'd be the corpse, a role with which I'd become familiar.

Then my guests proceeded to a large stockpile of murder weapons and were allowed to take their choice. The idea behind all this, in case you, too, should like to give a murder party, is to confuse the victim. The guests get in a huddle, have five minutes to decide on a plot and who among them did it. Then the victim stretches himself out in corpse position. If he can find out who killed him he's allowed to live—or he might even get a prize.

I guess you can figure out the rest. The pictures practically tell the story. They stretched me out on a table in studio C, ran me through with a prop sword and told me to take it from there.

There were practically no clues at all. Just a gang of innocent looking characters. Virginia Field for instance. She looked as if she had a halo spinning around her head, but I passed her up as a suspect. Too beautiful. I saw the Frankenstein-like equipment Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney were toying with and thought, "Well, maybe."

To make a short case of a hilarious party, I lined up all the suspects, still wearing that sword through my middle. (Don't worry, it only hurt when I laughed.) Before long I had the answer. Dick Greene was the killer. Why? Well, for one thing, all detectives (that's me) have an instinctive hatred for Sherlock Holmes. He knows too much. For another, Greene is an expert fencer. It was only natural that he should choose the rapier as a murder weapon. The motive? When Dick confessed, he explained that the guests figured the only reasons there could be to kill a radio detective would be (1) he was a lousy performer, which they insisted I wasn't, and (2) he might be exposing a murder plot on his show.

Hence the solution: Richard Greene, disguised as Sherlock Holmes, planned to heist a jewelry store. He was tipped off that the exact crime had been written into my show that night by a writer he knew. Result: if he eliminated me and stole all the scripts the cops would never suspect him. And how did I find out? Very simple, my dear Watsons. Looking around the studio—I noticed that right after the broadcast every script had disappeared, except the one in Dick Greene's pocket!

That did it. I want to point out that actors named Greene, living or dead, have no resemblance to guys who rob jewelry stores. Actors do like to raid a table loaded with food, though, because all of us have been hungry at one time or another and figure we'd better stoke up every chance we get. So we all hiked over to Bob Cobb's Vine Street Brown Derby, where they tossed a fine repast for the people who killed me.

P.S. I ate like a fool but I don't have those nightmares any more. After all, how could I dream up a plot crazier than this one?

THE END



Tony and Piper in The Prince Who Was A Thief.

did you enter modern screen's big contest?

All you had to do was write us a letter telling why you'd like o visit in your home from Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie, and a brilliant premiere of their latest Technicolor movie in your neighborhood theater. The contest, sponsored by Modern Screen, in cooperation with Pepsi-Cola, closed on December 16th. Now more than 180 winners are being selected.

over $6500 in prizes!

1st prize

A visit in your home
by Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis
plus
A special premiere of Universal-International's **The Prince Who Was A Thief**
in your neighborhood theater
plus
$1000 Government Bond

2nd prize

$500 Government Bond

3rd prize

$250 Government Bond
178 additional prizes

Watch for next month's issue with a special announcement by Tony Curtis which may affect you!

there's a man in the house

(*Continued from page 53*) soft spoken, amiable father. He had died in his sleep as peacefully as he had lived the fifty-odd years of his life.

For Vera-Ellen it was the start of a new life, and new responsibilities. An only child, with a mother, who, after three decades of a happily married life, seemed unable to face the world without her husband, Vera-Ellen now had to take over the full burden of the household. She became the man of the Rohe house.

HER San Fernando home is situated in a sleepy, out-of-the-way section, far from traffic, and people, and Hollywood. The peacefulness was ideal as long as her father was still alive. But when he passed away, the quiet became ominous.

At night, every falling leaf sounded like a heavy footstep thumping closer to the house. A bird chirping in the trees was like the turning of a key in the lock. "How silly you are," Vera-Ellen told herself the first night the two women were alone in the house. "How utterly stupid. . . ." Then she quickly locked and bolted the doors and windows, jumped into bed, and pulled the sheets over her head.

In addition to her own vivid imagination, there was, unfortunately, her mother's to cope with, too. She would just be dropping off into a jittery imitation of sleep when her mother would tap on the door quavering,

"Did you hear anything, dear?"

Oh no, Vera-Ellen would think nervously. I just heard a giant and a man climbing up the trellis and two thugs pussyfooting around in the garden. Quelling her impulse to dial the police immediately, she'd manage a firm, "Like what, mother?"

"Well—like people in the cellar."

After a few hideous nights, they got used to the noises, and a few weeks later ignored them as completely as when Martin Rohe was still alive.

That, Vera-Ellen soon discovered, was only the beginning of the period of adjustment. For herself it was not so difficult because she had her work to think about. For her mother, too frail and spent with grief to do her customary cooking and housework, the days were long and empty. She would greet Vera-Ellen in the evening, red-eyed and haggard, and poor Vera-Ellen, desperately anxious to see her smile again would tell her all the colorful and amusing little details of her own day. She got into the habit of calling her almost hourly from the studio and sharing every tiny tidbit of news with her. Then one night she made a frightening discovery. They were sitting at the dinner-table together, and Vera-Ellen said,

"I saw a dress at Bullock's, darling, that was absolutely made for you." There was a little silence, and then her mother said,

"But, dear, I'd have no place to wear it. You get that pretty dress for yourself."

It's true, Vera-Ellen thought, shocked and shaken. I've let this house become her world. My life is her life. Why, if I should marry, have a family of my own, she'd be lost. It's all wrong. And at that moment, Vera-Ellen, with only her stout heart and a lot of good common sense to guide her, undertook a job that might have staggered a trained psychiatrist.

"But you *have* some place to go," she told her quickly. "You've a heavy date with your daughter and her beau tomorrow night. Dinner and the movies. And Sunday, lady, we're going to church, you and I."

The dinner and movie date could hardly have been called festive, with little Alma Rohe scarcely eating at all and contributing little to the conversation. But Vera-Ellen's date was a darling, and each time he made her smile he would grin at Vera-Ellen, pleased as a small boy. The Sunday church service was more successful. The sermon lifted their hearts, and the friendly nods of people in the congregation, whom they knew only by sight, made them feel very much at home. As they were leaving the church, a familiar-looking, motherly woman rested her hand on Vera-Ellen's arm.

"Nice to see you, child," she said. "We've been wanting to drop in on you, but one hates to intrude. How are you getting on?" It was one of the neighbors the self-sufficient, closely-knit Rohe family had never gotten around to meeting.

"Quite well, really," Vera-Ellen smiled, and they all walked home together talking easily of lawns and shrubs and the mysteries of changing fuses as though they'd been friends for years.

Taking off her Sunday hat and putting it in the closet, Mrs. Rohe said, "It's a good feeling having such nice neighbors."

don't miss

these other

dell magazines:

screen album (winter issue)

hollywood family album (no. 5)

screen stories

hollywood yearbook

ON SALE NOW

And Vera-Ellen knew she was on the right track. They went to church again the next Sunday and were warmed once more by the greetings of their fellow worshippers.

SOMEHOW, after that, there were frequently flowers from one neighbor's garden in the big bowl on the living-room table, a batch of cookies from another new friend's oven for dessert. Often now there were two coffee cups on the kitchen sink when Vera-Ellen came home, evidence of new-found comradeship.

Then, one golden October evening, Vera-Ellen came home to find the house as slick as a whistle and a big fat chocolate cake for dinner. Her mother greeted her at the door, pink-cheeked and with that slightly breathless air of one who has been mighty busy all day. Vera-Ellen sat down, prepared to give her usual recital of the day's minutest activities right down to the liverwurst sandwich she'd had for lunch, but to her astonishment her mother was doing the talking.

"And then some of the ladies dropped in," she was saying, "and we had tea and cinnamon toast." In the course of the afternoon, Alma Rohe had learned what to do about the blight on their rose bushes, the name of a good plumber in case they ever needed one, and a new recipe for chocolate icing.

"Why, you cute thing," Vera-Ellen beamed, giving her a big squeeze. "You're a perfect almanac of information." And she felt happier than she'd felt in months.

The most miraculous change of all, it seemed to Vera-Ellen—and of course it didn't come overnight—was her mother's new attitude toward household catastrophes. The first one that had occurred (soon after Mr. Rohe's death) had shattered her completely. A bathroom faucet that wouldn't turn off had flooded the hall, den and staircase before they'd finally—after endless phone calls—gotten a man from the Department of Water and Power to come and fix it. It had cost Vera-Ellen a week's pay to repair the damage, but more devastating than that had been the damage to her mother's morale.

"If only your poor father were still alive these things wouldn't happen," she had wept over and over, and for days had indulged in tearful reminiscences of his ability to cope with any situation.

Now she began to take current crises in stride. Bringing in some wood for the fireplace, Vera-Ellen contrived to knock against a table shattering one picture frame, two cups, one china parrot and an old and treasured vase. "Oh, and you loved those things," she murmured contritely.

"Well, I'll love them no longer," said her mother cheerfully, briskly picking up the pieces. Another day, when her daughter—who upon her father's death had inherited the heavy and difficult job of transferring five gallons of distilled water from a huge can into a huge bottle twice a week—spilled the water all over poor Mrs. Rohe, she burst out laughing. There was a time, Vera-Ellen thought, when she'd have cried, remembering how easily dad did this job.

There actually came a day when they could talk about Martin Rohe without tears. "Remember," her mother said to her one day out of a clear sky, "how impatient Dad would get over some of your fan letters?" (He had taken complete charge of answering his daughter's mail.) "Like the ones asking for locks of hair. Remember? I can hear him growling now." They chuckled softly thinking about it. That was a great moment.

AND in the summer of 1950, when Vera-Ellen went abroad for her first starring role in a British picture, on her daughter's urging, Alma Rohe went along in a final bid for a new life. Her efforts were climaxed the afternoon she changed into the gay mother-daughter ensemble—when her thoughts turned from the past to the future.

As for Vera-Ellen, she didn't return from England just as the breadwinner anymore. Once again she can make a quick change into a glamorous evening dress and be the life of any party, be it in London, New York, or Hollywood. She has found herself, just as she has helped her mother regain her place in life.

The evening they arrived back at their San Fernando Valley home, Alma Rohe asked Vera-Ellen to sit down in the comfortable grey chair in front of the fire place. Then she disappeared for a couple of minutes and returned with her daughter's slippers. Puzzled, Vera-Ellen watched as her mother proceeded to put the slippers on her daughter's feet. There was a mischievous look in Alma Rohe's eyes when she said, "Darling—you're the man in the house now." And the two started to laugh. THE END



JOAN FONTAINE
co-starring in
the Hal Wallis production
"SEPTEMBER AFFAIR"
A Paramount Picture

"Be Lux Lovely..." says Joan Fontaine









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DM-2-51

I can love again

(*Continued from page 51*) Her answer: "I don't know. I can't be sure now. Maybe the first time I saw him."

A question: "And when did you lose him?"

Her answer: "The moment I married him. That very moment. I heard the words 'I now pronounce you man and wife,' and I turned to kiss Audie and he wasn't there. A man who looked like him stood before me, but Audie wasn't there. He'd run away while I stood by his side—and he never came back."

We have evidence to disprove that, of course. Some of us were there, and we have photographs of Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix, smiling and blissful, waving gaily as they stepped into their car to drive away on their secret honeymoon.

A question to Miss Hendrix: "But what of your honeymoon?"

Her answer: "There was no honeymoon. You must remember that Audie ran away during the ceremony."

Subtle? Well, rather. Unusual? Not at all. It happens every day. It happens everywhere. And because it is commonplace it can be spoken of freely, and analyzed openly. After two years Wanda Hendrix knows this and will speak of it.

"I was very much in love with Audie," she said. "I was seventeen. Even though I was an actress I didn't know very much, particularly about boys. Somebody said he wanted to meet me and it was arranged. Maybe you don't think he is handsome. But I did. He wasn't very tall, but he held himself straight. His hair was red—and I immediately liked red hair. He seemed thin, but I decided right then that I liked a man thin. His features were delicate, which surprised me, because I had heard that he was the fiercest soldier in the war. And his mouth was full, and looked generous and kind. His eyes were soft, and all about him there was the shyness of a little boy. I wanted to touch him, but I was afraid it would frighten him."

Living, for the moment, four years back into her life, Wanda Hendrix was nervously animated by her memories.

"I wasn't very pretty," she said. "At least I didn't think I was. And this wonderful boy seemed to like me. At first he was very reserved. He would call me on the phone and hardly talk—just ask me if he could see me, or if we could have dinner together or go to a show. As time went on I began to feel very close to him, and there was a restlessness in me. I thought he was never going to kiss me—and I wanted him to.

"Then one night he looked at me differently. His eyes weren't clouded with respect. They weren't shy. They looked at me directly—all of me. They frightened me a little, but in a moment they sparkled with devilment. Then he kissed me, and I thought I'd always been in love with him.

"After that," said Wanda, "we were together all the time. Murph was going to school, studying to be an actor, and I was working at Paramount. Whenever we could we'd meet during the day, and at night we'd be alone together always, generally in some quiet place. We talked a lot, about everything, but mostly about Murph. He didn't talk much about the war, just once in a while, but he told me all about his childhood and boyhood and all the things he thought about."

Wanda folded her hands on the table top, almost as if she were clasping a handful of dreams that she wanted to examine once again, and she stared at her hands to see the dreams better—and make sure she wasn't mistaken about them.

"If I had been smarter," she said, "maybe I could have seen that Audie wasn't ready for marriage—at least not to me. He told me that his father had died when he was a baby, that he was separated from his brothers and sisters, and that all he could remember was the will to have enough to eat and enough to wear—and that he had never been loved, except by his mother. She died when he was sixteen, and he went off to war. If I had been smarter, I would have known that there hadn't been enough living in his life, or enough love, to make him ready for marriage to me.

"I never knew Audie after we were married," Wanda said sadly. "When I turned to kiss him, he was gone. The man who stood in his place, where he had been standing a moment before, was a stranger, and when I kissed his lips he didn't kiss me back. I was different, too. We stood hand in hand, we strangers, and posed for photographers, and then we went away together, and we didn't speak. When it became necessary, we spoke only of unimportant things, miserable details, not at all like lovers."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



We were at a broadcast during the war when someone in the cast asked Alan Ladd how he and his daughter, Alana, got along. He proudly replied, "Fine, except she must have seen one of my pictures. As I was changing her diapers last night she said, 'Watch it, Pop, you can't pin anything on me.'"

Mary Schwager
Santa Ana, California

A psychologist could explain it more elaborately, but the simple fact is that when Wanda Hendrix turned to her groom he wasn't there. He had run away. Audie Murphy, the greatest hero of history, had run away. And the sad part of the entire tragedy is that he couldn't help himself—nor could his wife help him.

"We were respectable people with a high regard for marriage," Wanda said, "and we tried to adjust ourselves to it. Maybe because of the fact that we were well known to the world, and because we felt we owed it to the people who had placed such faith in our marriage, we tried harder than most couples would have. And it was harder than most. It seemed that every time we picked up a paper a quarrel or a kiss that actually belonged only to us was featured. When we separated, we were both censured, and when we reconciled, we were both publicly presented with the responsibility of not letting a separation take place again. And then—it seemed so fast, although it must have taken a a long time—it was all over. And I was very unhappy for a year—I'm sure Murph was, too."

This writer's conclusion as to what happened to Audie Murphy is based on scientific fact, laboratory tested and proven to the exact science of psychiatry.

In a magazine article printed during the early part of his marriage to Wanda Hendrix, Audie Murphy was quoted as saying that he objected to writers labelling him a "psycho," the G.I. term for an emotionally maladjusted person. He had a right to object. The word, as it is loosely used, has an unsavory connotation. During the war, it meant, popularly, a person who was so filled with the dread of battle that he was inefficient in combat—and in some circles it meant coward. In that sense it is a laughable term to apply to Audie Murphy.

However, spreading the word to its full stretch, psychopath, it becomes not at all unkind and, even though not fitting, remotely explanatory of a condition that inhibits all men. There are few men or women alive who are without some emotional instability. There are none with Audie Murphy's background.

There is an exact psychiatric formula that can trace the road Audie Murphy took when he fled from Wanda, his wife, but it would take a psychiatrist to explain it and another to understand it. But Wanda Hendrix Murphy, a good woman who wanted to be a good wife, searched for the answer, for she felt she had been remiss—and she found it. It agrees with the accepted beliefs of the psychologists, and is presented here without quotation marks, for Wanda's path is traced with it.

Take a boy, born in the big, sprawling, rich and rowdy state of Texas, where a youngster must be a man from the day he first tilts his big hat over his young eyes and spits into the dust belligerently. A state where a name, used as often as "if" in the north, means a fight, even with a man's best friend. A state where pitiful poverty squats in the very shadow of fabulous wealth. Take a particularly sensitive boy, who, by circumstances, is born listed in the gutter registry. Take his desire for love and confuse it by spreading it thin among a lot of people he's not sure he has the right to love then leave him only one human being to fix his love on like a small target, his mother. Let him know that only one human being, his mother, has the duty and the free unpartisan will to love him, and maladjustment forms like a boil.

Take his mother away forever at sixteen, when he is neither a boy nor a man, when the gateway to his life has just swung wide, when the crust of security has not yet hardened and his fears, hates, prejudices, and ambitions are in a molten state of flux. He'll explode or carry the hidden boil to his death, unless he has it medically, yes, medically, removed.

Audie Murphy's behavior in the war was a direct result of his childhood, and the addition of other emotional shocks suffered in combat. His patriotism and bravery is beyond question. Privately, however, in conversation and in his own book, *To Hell and Back*, he admits the growth of the compulsion to destroy without passion all evil in his path, and a complete and unnatural willingness, that was almost a desire, to die in the process.

It is to be gathered from reading *To Hell and Back* that the end of the war left little hope in Murphy's heart. Could it have been because his lover, Battle, had left him and died, too? Could it have been that in Battle he found something of the security he felt when he had his mother, a reason for existing, a reason, even, for ceasing to exist? At any rate, poverty, a single fixed love, and Battle had been his life—and he was at a stage in his emotional life when he might have rejected anything or anyone else.

That was when Audie Murphy met Wanda Hendrix.

Wanda Hendrix was a poor girl from a large family in the incredibly socially unbalanced state of Florida. Loved and protected and guided intelligently from her earliest childhood, she moved toward maturity on an even keel, emotionally

stable and unaware, actually, of any "difference" between herself and her "betters." She was without frustrations, at least pain-inflicting frustrations. Her goal was a career as an actress, and, because she was talented, lucky, and plucky she travelled toward it with such ease that at seventeen she was riding the crest of a comber headed for the big beach. Her normal appetites to love and be loved were well satisfied—and her appetite for a man of her own was normally keen. She was ready and able for marriage.

That was when Wanda Hendrix met Audie Murphy.

THE idolators, you and I, didn't know their backgrounds. All we saw was a boy and a girl of a proper age for one another, uncommonly attractive, both headed for individual successes—and, according to the gossip, very much in love. We took nothing else into consideration. And when they failed us, we took nothing else but the simple, current facts into our thinking in making our judgment. Somebody must have been at fault, we thought. He must have been a brute to her, or she was an inadequate wife. At any rate, we thought, they're both young, they should forgive one another and start over again.

It is the contention of qualified medical authorities, presented with their problem by your reporter, that they should have both seen a psychiatric counselor, and that if they had, they would probably be together today.

I wanted Audie to see a doctor," Wanda said. "Not that there was the slightest idea in my mind that there was anything terribly wrong with him, but I knew something in his emotional make-up made him reject me. And that such a rejection, after all we had been to each other, must have been based on something that had taken place before—maybe in his childhood, maybe in the war. If we only had. . . ."

However, in Hollywood, as in other communities, there is a prejudice against this very simple procedure. Even in this city, with an intellectual behind every bush, there is the inclination to establish the patient of the psychiatrist as a loony who at any moment might strip naked and do a Spring dance in the middle of the street, or pull a knife on his best friend. So Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix, instead, went to see a couple of lawyers, and they both suffered through a divorce that neither actually wanted.

A question to Miss Hendrix: "And now is your life ruined? Do you fear marriage?"

Her answer: She laughs, "Certainly not! I'm only twenty-one. I'm sorry I made a mistake, but I believe in marriage. I want to marry again, maybe to an older man. Somebody as ready for me as I am for him. I don't even know what he looks like yet, but he'll come along one day and I'll know him. I can love again."

Wanda seemed relieved that she had said it and relieved that she meant it. She was brimming with good humor and smiles as she picked up her bag and excused herself to keep an appointment. She walked off, toward the door, and she stood aside as a tall young man smoking a pipe held it open for her. She looked into his face, maybe to see if he was the one—but if he weren't, there would be one, sometime, somewhere on the other side of the door.

THE END

I was an orphan

(*Continued from page 41*) been thinking about all day in the classroom. I didn't need much else to be happy even when I had to live in an orphanage for a couple of years.

WHEN I was about 12, I went to live with the woman who was the greatest influence in my life. Her name was Mrs. Anna Lower, and she was the only person I ever really loved.

Aunt Anna lived in Sawtelle, not far from the Veterans' Hospital. It wasn't an elegant neighborhood by any standard. That fall, I started at Emerson Junior High School, and was just at the age when clothes were beginning to be important. I couldn't help but notice that mine weren't as pretty or varied as the other girls'. One day, one of my classmates made a comment about the dress I was wearing and I came home crying. I was so self-conscious and miserable that I never wanted to go back to school. Then Aunt Anna started reassuring me, and I began to feel better. "It doesn't matter if other children make fun of your clothes or where you live," she told me. "It's what you *are* that counts. You just keep being your own self. That's *all* that matters."

At first, I didn't understand a lot of the things she told me when I was feeling blue. I was too busy being miserable. But I knew that she loved me, and that was a wonderful thing in itself. Most of all, Aunt Anna tried to convince me that there was nothing in life to be afraid of. "Live each day and take things as they come. Face everything, work hard at the things you want to accomplish, and you will have nothing to fear," she would say. "Maybe you don't think so now, but you will find out later that I'm right."

And I have. I can't remember Aunt Anna without thinking how fortunate I was to have had her wonderful philosophy as an influence in my life. She was in her 60's when I first went to live with her, but she was still a most attractive woman with great dignity and inner reserve. She was most tolerant of my big ambition of being an actress.

IN junior high school, I was completely movie-struck. I used to go see movies I liked three or four times when I could afford it. Ginger Rogers was my favorite star. A girl who lived across the street subscribed to several of the fan magazines and she would give me all of the pictures of Ginger. I had several dozen of her portraits pinned up around my room.

I remember saying to one of the families that I lived with that I'd like to be an actress like Ginger. "You'd better get *that* silly idea out of your head," I was told quickly. Aunt Anna didn't think it was silly. In fact, she encouraged me to read aloud to her. I was probably pretty hammy but she never let me know it.

I lived with Aunt Anna until I finished my first year in high school, and then, when she was called East, I went to live with a family in the San Fernando Valley. At Van Nuys High School, I tried out for several of the school plays, but I was too scared even to do a decent reading. I never got a part.

Just about a week after my 16th birthday, I went back to spend the summer vacation with Aunt Anna, and it seemed almost as if I hadn't been away. That summer I got married. I know now that I was much too young for marriage, but at the time, it seemed sensible enough. My husband, whom I had met through my guardian, was six years my senior, and we liked one another.

I went back to Van Nuys High School that fall, and was somewhat of a curiosity to the other girls in my class. "She's *married!*" they would say, in an awed tone of voice, whenever they introduced me to someone new.

High school isn't exactly the place for a married woman, and I was very happy when I graduated the following June. None of my classes had meant much to me.

Because of our youth, our marriage did not have much chance for success. Shortly after I graduated, we were divorced, and I went back to live with Aunt Anna. I always felt that I had a home with her. She made me feel that way. I remember that summer I started writing a long narrative poem based on the theme that "Time Heals Everything." It was three pages long when I finally decided that it could go on forever.

Fortunately, I began to get work as a model soon after I registered with several of the top agencies in Hollywood. Within a few months, I had been photographed by Andre De Diennes, Willinger, Tom Kelly, and most of the leading glamor photographers, and it was not long before I received a screen test at 20th Century-Fox on the strength of these photographs.

I was sitting on top of the world when they told me at the studio that my test was a great success and offered me a long-term contract. Aunt Anna was thrilled for me. It was simply too wonderful to be true.

And that is the way it turned out. If you saw *Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay,* and were watching June Haver closely, you might have seen a 67-second closeup of my back during one of the dance numbers. 20th didn't think enough of my back to pick up my option, and my dream came tumbling down as quickly as it had been erected.

I LEARNED something from that experience. When I first was signed by 20th, I decided that at last I could begin affording some of the things I had always wanted. I began taking dramatic lessons (which was the most sensible investment I ever have made), and I bought a beautiful radio-phonograph combination on the installment plan (which was not). When I began working at Fox, I also moved into a small apartment near the studio. And I bought a used car.

Suddenly, I found that I was unable to make ends meet. One day when I got home, I found a man waiting to pick up my radio-phonograph. I was almost heartbroken as I watched him carry it away, and to this day I have yet to see a more beautiful cabinet or player. Then, a few weeks later, I had to give up my apartment. I didn't feel right about moving back in with Aunt Anna, so I got a room at the Studio Club. Under no circumstances, I promised myself, would I give up my dramatic lessons. I had been studying for about five months with Natasha Lytess, who is now the dramatic coach at 20th, and I felt I was making real progress.

So I went back to modeling. But despite the fact that I was working hard as a model, I simply wasn't earning enough money to pay my bills. I'd often get four or five weeks behind in rent at the Studio Club, and I don't know what I'd have done if they had asked me to move out. For about a year, I was living on the two meals they served each day—breakfast and dinner.

I never will forget the morning I went out to the curb where I had parked my jalopy and found that it had vanished. I went back inside and called the Hollywood Police station and reported that my car had been stolen. They called me back

about it only a couple of hours later.

"Sorry, Miss Monroe," the desk sergeant told me. "Your car wasn't stolen. The finance company picked it up last night because there are two payments due."

I finally managed to bail it out, and somehow I managed to keep up my dramatic lessons. To make matters worse, Aunt Anna passed away that summer, and I was left without anyone to take my hopes and my troubles to. I was miserable.

THEN one day, Columbia called me and offered me a test, and suddenly I was caught up in "the big plans" the studio had for my career. I was signed to a long-term contract again and immediately given a role in a B musical they were casting. I worked nine days. And then I waited for something else to happen. Came option time and again I was unemployed.

This time, it was a dress shop that got me into hot water. Shortly after Columbia signed me, this shop sent a representative over to the Studio Club to see me, and offer me a deal.

"Miss Monroe," he said, "our shop dresses a good many of the young starlets in Hollywood. We would like you to feel at liberty to come in and select a wardrobe, and take as long as you like to pay. We understand how difficult it is for a young player just starting out to manage at first, and we would like to be of service to you by setting up this credit for you."

I have never been clothes crazy. Aunt Anna's good sense cured me of that. But I thought the man's offer made sense, so I went in and bought some clothes. Nothing fancy. Just two serviceable suits, a black dress, some shoes, and some hosiery. About two hundred dollars worth in all. But when Columbia dropped my contract, the store's sweet tone disappeared, and a few months later I walked out in front of the Studio Club one morning to find a tow truck hauling my car away again. This time, it was a collection agency picking it up as collateral for the money I owed the dress shop. Once again I had to scratch enough together to bail it out.

I went back to modeling to keep eating, and I worked harder than ever at my dramatic lessons. It was several months before I got my next opportunity to try out for another movie role . . . this time a small bit in the Marx Brothers' *Love Happy*. Groucho chased me across a room and I was on the screen less than 60 seconds, but I got five weeks work out of the part by going on the P. A. tour, which promoted the film in eight major cities. I felt guilty about appearing on the stage when I had such an insignificant role in the film, but the people in the audiences didn't seem to care.

Shortly after I returned to Hollywood, I received a call from 20th's casting office. "Do you dance?" they asked. "Sure," I said, even though I didn't know any fancy steps. I went out to see them, and ended up getting five weeks work in *Ticket to Tomahawk*.

While I was working at 20th, Lucille Ryman, the head of the talent department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, told me that I ought to see John Huston. I went over that afternoon and Mr. Huston told me about *The Asphalt Jungle*. "You're the type," he said. "But I don't know whether you can do the part." I asked him to let me study the part and then read it for him.

I studied the script, and when I went back to see Mr. Huston later in the week, I felt confident that I could play the role. Mr. Huston was wonderful when I read for him. I was scared stiff, but he did everything he could to put me at ease. I got the part. And as I walked out of his office, I was terribly thankful that I had kept up with my dramatic lessons, even when things were tough, because they had paid off when the chips were down.

Shortly after I finished *The Asphalt Jungle*, my first really substantial role, I received another call from 20th to read for *All About Eve*. I met Joseph Mankiewicz, the director, who gave me not only the part of Miss Casswell, but great encouragement and help. It isn't a big part, but it is a striking character I play. When Mr. Zanuck saw the first day's rushes, he offered me a new seven-year contract.

It's a great joy for me to realize these days that my childhood ambition wasn't completely foolish. I still have a lot to learn, but I'm very grateful that I was able to sustain that ambition and profit from the mistakes I have made in my life. I think I have learned a lot. For instance, I do not own a vast unpaid-for wardrobe. The other day, I splurged on two black dresses, but I paid cash for them both. Although I love music, I do not own a radio-phonograph, in cooperation with a finance company. Mine is an inexpensive portable covered in imitation leather, and it is mine, all mine. I own a Pontiac coupe, not a Cadillac, and I do not owe a single bill which will not be paid before option time rolls around.

And I have learned, too, as Aunt Anna used to tell me, that there is nothing to fear if you face life and work hard at the things you *want* to achieve. Once I wouldn't have dared to hope for what I wanted most. Now I want to work towards being a really fine actress. Being a *good* actress won't quite do. I want to be a fine actress, and I'd hate to settle for less. As a matter of fact, and for the record, I won't.

THE END



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let's go to the movies

by bobbie fog, fashion editor

■ The most popular date all over the country is an invitation to the movies. Whether it is with your best beau, a friend or a member of the family; the occasion usually calls forth the typical feminine complaint—I don't have a thing to wear! To try to help you cut down on this female malady, we are devoting this entire fashion section to Rite-Fit half size dresses. Just in case you don't know it, half size dresses are specially designed for women 5'5½ or under . . . (over 75% of the women in America are in this group.) Rite-Fit specializes in creating flattering clothes that are completely price perfect and have a special emphasis on FIT. There are not only youthful fashions but styles for every age group. We were so impressed with all of the many features of these half size dresses that we are passing the exciting story of half size dresses on to you. (*Continued on page 73*)

A Double Feature of BarbaraLawrence

■ Barbara Lawrence, currently triumphing in Universal's *Peggy,* sparkles prettily in brightly colored frocks. Both of these all occasion dresses are in two parts, giving the suity look.

Left: Trim and tiny checks for now and later. A becoming wing collar, neatly cuffed sleeves, with self buttons twice punctuating the yoke and parading down front. The skirt-pin slim. In gray, navy, or beige rayon menswear. Sizes 14½-22½. About $8.

Right: Rosy red, the pick up color for a blue mood. The jacket of the two piecer stars buttons as trim, three side pleats for hip minimizing. A slender skirt. In rayon gabardine in navy, gold, aqua, coral and beige. Sizes 14½-22½. About $8.

Both dresses by Rite-Fit

Flowers by Heineman

Gloves by Wear Right


Let's Go to the Movies...

Let's Go to the Movies...

IN A BUTTONED CASUAL

Jewelry by Coro—Hats by Colby



Fashion decrees buttons and buttons and buttons, for utility and for decoration. A stalk of a dress, the soft lines broken only by an unpressed pleat, the slash of the button edged pockets. To top all, an icing white collar of cotton lace. In black or navy rayon crepe. Sizes 12½-20½. About $8. By Rite-Fit

Buttons double file down the bodice, down the sectioned skirt and trim the collar tabs. A good long line is accentuated by the up and down center stitching. In navy, aqua, gray and mauve. Sizes 16½-24½. About $8. By Rite-Fit

MODERN SCREEN Fashions Photographed at the Paris Theater, New York City.

IN A PATTERNED PRINT

Gloves by Crescendoe



Get an edge on spring and appear early in a print. Horizontal rows of lily sprays circle an entire dress of rayon crepe. Rhinestones stud the center of each button. The group of pleats are stitched part way to insure flat hips. In navy, red, black and gray. Sizes 14½-22½. About $8. By Rite-Fit

A daring modernistic print with high flying collar, moderate V neck. Gentle fullness falls below the strip-shallow pockets. The fabric is rayon crepe in red, taupe, gold and gray. Sizes 14½-20½. About $8. By Rite-Fit

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Let's Go to the Movies...

IN A TWO PIECE DRESS



For a highly successful performance—choose a bolero ensemble. The sleeves are below elbow, the front is tuxedo. Remove the bolero, and there is a short sleeved one piece dress with a two piece look. In rayon crepe; black with black, navy with red, navy with navy. Sizes 16½-24½. About $8. By Rite-Fit

The suit dress destined for a long and busy life, early and late. Double breasted, with the newer low revers, the side flaps indicate pockets that are non-existent. Sleeve length—three quarter. In black or navy rayon faille. Sizes 12½-20½. About $8. By Rite-Fit

IN POLKA DOTS



The latest word from the fashion front puts the coat dress out in front. Here it is smartly executed in polka dot rayon crepe. Knife thin pleats are kept to the sides, breaking below the taffeta sections. Navy with white only. Sizes 16½-24½. About $8. By Rite-Fit

Small dots, confetti size, are generously sprinkled over a wonderful two part classic. The scalloped front slopes out over the hips in cut-away fashion. In navy, black or red. Sizes 14½-22½. About $8. By Rite-Fit

The Rite-Fit half-size dresses on both pages can be bought at your favorite store everywhere

Let's Go to the Movies...

IN A SCROLLED PASTEL



And let's be dressed up! Wear a frock with a tunic front, the back remains smooth. Light flower-like tracery spills from under a softly rolled collar. In mauve, lilac, aqua, powder blue, or gray rayon crepe. Sizes 16½-24½. About $8. By Rite-Fit

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12½	is	equal	to	14
14½	"	"	"	16
16½	"	"	"	18, 36
18½	"	"	"	20, 38
20½	"	"	"	40
22½	"	"	"	42
24½	"	"	"	44
26½	"	"	"	46
28½	"	"	"	48
30½	"	"	"	50

are they haunted by their perfect love?

(*Continued from page 32*) my many years of reporting Hollywood love stories, I have never seen two people more deeply and excitingly in love than Jane and Ronnie back in those days when they first met.

I INTRODUCED them. You might say I practically threw them together when I invited them to come out with me on my first personal appearance tour twelve years ago. (Can it really be that long?)

Ronnie, already a leading man at Warners, was my most "famous" name guest. Janie, still a stock player on the same lot, was making about $75 a week and playing bits. Redheaded and ambitious Susan Hayward and Joy Hodges were also just starting and mere fledglings careerwise.

Janie was openly and enthusiastically pleased at being invited along, and even before we opened our act in San Francisco it was obvious that she was especially pleased at being in such close proximity to Ronnie, whom she considered a "famous star."

Forget for a moment the picture you have of Jane Wyman as she is today—the famed actress praised by critics and fans the world over, winner of an Oscar for her *Johnny Belinda;* forget her as the gay sophisticate and one of Hollywood's "best dressed women."

Instead, imagine a tall, rather bony girl, very young and pert with a shoulder-length bob bleached taffy blonde and a burning desire to wear smart clothes and to own jewelry.

Only her limited income kept her from buying out the stores in every town we visited. Her dresses and suits, while not expensive and far from the custom frocks she wears today, were not really in bad taste.

She had no real jewelry. That was to come later—but she did have a great assortment of costume jewelry. You could actually hear her bracelets rattle two rooms away..

JANE had a one track mind where Ronnie was concerned, and no plans or ideas were separated from her overwhelming adoration of him. She was cute and pretty rather than beautiful with an ingratiating manner, almost an eagerness to please, which won her friends instantly.

After the nightly show, I used to take my group of starlets to some small night-club café and when Jane wasn't inching herself into a seat next to Ronnie at the table, she was at the piano with an admiring group around her. She had a sweet voice and loved to sing.

On these occasions, Ronnie would look at her admiringly and I've always had a hunch she wanted to sing because the lyrics expressed exactly what she thought about him!

Jane's great friend was Joy Hodges, our singer on the show, and she and Jane were sort of teamed up against Susan Hayward and Susie's pal, redheaded Arlene Whelan.

I'm sure that Jane and Susan have laughed about this "feud" many times since those days—but at that time, it was hot!

As part of the act, Susan had to slap Ronnie, and once or twice I had to speak to her because she hit him too hard. Jane, usually fuming, would stand in the wings and watch.

I knew—and I'm sure she knew I knew—she was there to protect her "interests." Jane was just plain jealous.

One day, I said to her, "Jane—Susan says it makes her nervous to have you watch her and Ronnie."

With her eyes flashing, Missy Wyman tossed her blonde head.

"Too bad about *her,*" she snipped. "If I don't stand and watch, she'll knock Ronnie down! She hits him too hard!"

One day, when I was resting in my dressing room in Baltimore, Jane burst into the room almost breathless.

"I simply won't let Ronnie act with that Hayward girl any more," she stormed. "She just slaps him that hard because she thinks it makes me mad. Say, do you think she'll ever be a great star?"

"Yes, I do, Jane," I told her barely able to keep my face straight. "I think Susie has great talent."

"I have talent, too," was the bombastic answer. *"I'm* going places—you wait and see. I'm sick of playing these gum chewing molls and when I get back to Hollywood I am going to walk right into Jack Warner's office and say, "If you don't give me better parts—I'm leaving!"

We had been on the road about three weeks when Jane told me that she was madly in love with Ronnie and that she was going to marry him some day.

It wasn't as easy to tell whether love had struck Ronnie as violently as it had my spunky little Jane. A quiet, dignified type of boy—he was much more reserved.

Ronnie hails from my home town, Dixon, Illinois, and so, from the first there was a strong bond of home town interests between us, although he lived there long after I'd left the pretty town on Rock River.

We used to have long talks about Dixon and the Dixon folks, never realizing that one day he would return there with me for Louella Parsons' Day and receive an unforgettable reception which warmed our hearts.

I had Ronnie summed up as a very level-headed, ambitious, young actor who planned to go places in a great, big way and who was hardly likely to be sidetracked with the responsibilities of marriage so early in his career.

That's what *I* thought!

ONE afternoon, just before a matinee, I stepped unexpectedly out of my dressing room. Locked in an embrace that would have done credit to Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler were Ronnie and Jane. Never in their careers have they played such a passionate love scene—and seldom have I seen the likes of that kiss!

I was far from surprised when they came to me in New York, a few days before Christmas, and said, "Mom—we're *engaged!*" Then, both talking at once, they poured out their happy plans:

"We're going to be married when we get back to Hollywood. We want Dockie (my husband, Dr. Harry Martin) to give Janie away"—and they were two delighted, eager children when I promised, "I'll give you your wedding dinner at our house!"

My Doctor, so happy over the role he was going to play in the wedding, came on to New York to join us—and I am sure that none of us will ever forget that Christmas.

While we were busy at the theater, Doctor went out and bought a tree for my gang of homesick kids, trimmed and decorated it in our hotel suite. We had the gayest of gay supper parties after the show.

It was wonderful just to watch Jane and Ronnie. The strong physical attraction between them actually sent out sparks. And yet we were all conscious of something stronger than just sex magnetism

between the handsome, healthy and ambitious youngsters.

There was a new tenderness about Jane that gave her a new beauty and dignity—yes, in spite of the bleached hair and the bracelets that still jingled.

It was as though she had found in Ronnie someone she considered almost a god, and as though she must treat the great gift of his love with reverence and devotion.

Jane's unhappy marriage in her youth was no secret. When she was sixteen and a model in New York before coming to Hollywood, she had impulsively married a young dress manufacturer, Myron Futterman. Although the marriage dragged on for two years, both realized the mistake early. When Jane came to Hollywood and Futterman's business kept him in New York—a divorce was inevitable.

My eager-eyed, peppy little girl friend regretted this early marriage much more than the youthful mistake deserved. She wanted so much that Ronnie should be the alpha and omega of her emotional life. She wanted everything to be so shining, so wonderful, so *first* with both of them.

Ronnie told her and I told her that nothing mattered now except the *two* of them. By refusing to let her even mention her previous marriage, I believe it really began to fade from her memory.

"Ronnie is my *first* love," she told me, "and he will be the last. Do you think other people have ever been so much in love as we?"

I didn't have the heart to tell her that there was a bare possibility others *had*. There was something so touching and tender about Jane sincerely believing she had found something so wonderful it could not be shared.

The impulsive, immature girl who had started this trip with me had in seven short weeks become a mature and fascinating woman—and love had worked the transformation.

Ronnie had seen through her pretended frivolous exterior before any of us. Even when they had lovers' quarrels (she was still a tiny mite jealous of Susan—or any other girl he happened to look at), he would say to me:

"There's only one Jane. Nobody else like her." Another time, he ruefully admitted after one of her explosions, "I admit it—it takes a bit of understanding—but she doesn't fool me. Underneath that fire and temperament—she's solid gold. She's the only girl in the world for me!"

THEY were married at the Wee Kirk of the Heather Chapel on a chilly afternoon in January and, with the exception of members of my immediate family, I have never been so misty-eyed at a marriage ceremony.

Jane wore a beige suit, trimmed in fur, and a small fur hat on her head—still blonder than its natural color.

My Doctor looked so happy and proud as he walked down the aisle with Janie on his arm. Ronnie might have been an illustration of a happy groom from a magazine cover.

What a gay affair it was—not big—just Jane's and Ronnie's closest friends and Ronnie's parents. It was typical of Jane that her best and oldest friend, Betty Kaplan, who had been her pal for years, was her matron of honor.

The champagne corks popped festively as we toasted the bride and groom or any other excuse we could think of to lift glasses and proclaim our happiness to the world.

But the sweetest moment of all to me was just before my "kids" slipped away. They called me into the library and whispered they were leaving. And, then, with tears streaming down all our faces, they threw their arms around me:

"There is no one in the world who could have given us such a perfect day. We love you very much—and you will always be part of our happiness."

The others got wind that the newlyweds were stealing away—out came the rice and there was much shouting and yelling as we pelted the bride and groom in the old-fashioned way. There were still tears of happiness in my eyes for them as I watched them drive away.

MR. and Mrs. Reagan (how she loved being called *Mrs. Reagan*) took an apartment at the Sunset Plaza not far from our Maple Drive home. We saw each other frequently during the first months of their honeymoon but, one day, Jane's voice was particularly excited as she called to say we *must* come to dinner. It was something *special*.

And it was! She had just found out she was going to have a baby (Maureen). That is, she had found it out 24 hours before, and she had already gone out and bought baby clothes which she proudly showed me.

Happy? They were both in heaven and so were Doctor and I for them.

By this time Ronnie was going ahead by leaps and bounds in his career. Janie was advancing, too, at Warners. But now her career was in second spot in her world. Everything was the baby, the baby, the baby.

I once asked her if she thought she would give up her career to have children and be just Mrs. Reagan.

"Oh, no," she said. "I want to have both. There is something inside me I must express. Ronnie understands. He believes in me as much as I believe in myself."

Some months later we were again invited to the Reagan apartment.

"Please come early," Janie said. "We want you and Dockie to see Maureen. It's the nurse's night out and I am taking care of her. You know," said Jane, "we are calling her Maureen. At first, we had planned to name her Louella but—" she broke off a little shamefacedly fearing I might be hurt—"we love the name Maureen."

"It's all right, dear," I told her, "I never really liked my name myself. I wouldn't call my own child Louella. Besides I have a namesake in my niece."

"Ronnie and I thought you might be offended since we promised to name our first after you," she laughed.

Dinner that night was served while Maureen slept. Jane, the devoted mother, kept running to the nursery to peek at her. Ronnie, the doting father, slipped away while we were having dessert to be sure she was covered. The nurse had told him the baby mustn't be uncovered and that she must be changed.

"Aren't they sweet?" I asked my husband on the way home.

"They are, indeed," answered my favorite doctor. "But just how long do you think Jane is going to play this scene of perfect domesticity? That girl has genuine talent and she isn't going to rock the cradle indefinitely."

Wise man, that doctor husband of mine. Indeed, Jane wasn't going to go on indefinitely rocking the cradle. She loved Ronnie—she adored Maureen—but she was ambitious.

Life then and later was very wonderful for the young Reagans.

THEN came the war, and Ronnie was made a captain in the infantry and stationed at San Francisco. It so happened that Dr. Martin was at Letterman Hospital, a major in the medical corps. Both Jane and I very often went to the Bay City to visit our Army husbands

One night I remember especially we all had dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Jane was unhappy because Ronnie was not stationed closer to her and she feared he might be sent overseas. They were so much in love that they actually suffered at the thought of this separation.

But Ronnie's eyes were not good (his vision was dim) and it was not long before he was transferred to an office job at the Roach Studios in Los Angeles.

It was then that the Reagans decided to adopt a little boy to keep Maureen company—little Michael. He was as dark as she was fair, and Jane and Maureen and Ronnie showered him with as much love as though he were their own blood.

With the increase in their family they moved into a beautiful Colonial home in Holmby Hills and were thought of as a "perfect" married couple.

In the years that followed, Jane and Ronnie had so much, so very much. They entertained beautifully and were part of the happy married set numbering the Jack Bennys, the Johnny Greenes, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, and others. Ah, indeed, life was really beautiful.

Janie was loaned to Paramount to co-star in *The Lost Weekend* which won Ray Milland, and the picture, the Academy Award. Our pretty little girl was rapidly becoming an actress of great artistic stature. No longer just the little cutie who broke up movie homes, she was regarded as a rival to Bette Davis, then queen of the Warner lot.

It was obvious that this growth professionally was changing her personally. Gone was the glamor girl blonde bob. Instead, Jane had cut her hair short and neat and let it go back to its natural dark color which brought out her dark, expressive eyes so beautifully.

Someway our lives always seemed to dovetail. Jane was borrowed by MGM for *The Yearling*. The company went to Lake Arrowhead for the exteriors. Dr. Martin and I had rented a summer home on the lake and we saw Jane a number of times while she was making the picture—her first fling into sheer characterization as the unglamorous mother.

The following winter, fate again brought us together. Doctor, who hadn't been very well, went into the hospital for a complete checkup. In the next room was Ronnie with a very bad case of virus flu. Jane came every day, as did I to visit "our boys."

They confided that Jane was expecting another baby. How deeply happy they were over the news. There was Maureen and Michael, and a third child would be very welcome.

WAS MY FACE RED

■ John Derek was performing in a Hollywood bowling alley for the benefit of a magazine photographer. He kept hearing the whispers and then the loud buzzing "Look, there's John Derek." As the crowds begged for his autograph, John felt mighty set up. As he started to leave, he heard someone ask the cashier what the crowd was about. "Oh, they've been photographing John Derek, whoever the heck he is," the cashier unknowingly slugged John.—*Kolma Flake*.

Then, one day, I walked into the hospital and Ronnie's nurse told me he had asked to see me—privately. He told me with tears in his eyes that Jane had lost the baby and that she was in Queen of the Angels Hospital quite ill.

"I feel so terrible," he said, "because I know if she hadn't had to make this long trip to see me every day after work this might not have happened. It was physically too much for her."

Who can't say that the loss of that baby had anything to do with the strain that began to be apparent between them—but it seemed to me from that time on there was a change in their attitude toward each other.

JANE seemed to actually throw herself into her career and Ronnie was rapidly becoming one of our most active citizens politically. He was elected president of the Screen Actors' Guild and he attended meetings night after night leaving Jane alone.

Just about this time, Jane started *Johnny Belinda,* the picture that was to win her the coveted Oscar. Ronnie was busy making speeches. She talked over this wonderful role with Lew Ayres who played opposite her.

For the first time, Jane and Ronnie were going their separate ways. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that Jane and Ronnie had parted.

She left for New York, and over the long distance telephone told me the bitter and sad news. I was speechless. I just couldn't believe it.

I asked Ronnie to come and see me. I'll never forget that session.

"I am married to a strange girl, Louella, but a wonderful one," he said. "No one can make me believe that all we have had between us is over.

"Right now, Jane is so deep in her work that she is actually living her roles. She brings them home with her. She *is* the character that she is playing on the screen.

"But Jane and I will be together again. That you can stake your life on!"

But Ronnie and Jane weren't together again!

I lunched with her when she came back from New York. She was smartly dressed, she was gay. But she would not discuss her matrimonial troubles beyond saying, "Ronnie likes his work as president of the Guild. He isn't unhappy."

I hoped against hope they would kiss and make up. But the months dragged by—and then one day, Jane filed suit for divorce.

I confess I am baffled—more baffled than I have ever been by a Hollywood love story.

Not long ago, I went to a dinner party at their home and Maureen came in to cut her birthday cake. Her mother and father stood by her side, polite to each other and respectful—so different from those gay kids who went barnstorming with me. I turned away so they couldn't see the tears in my eyes.

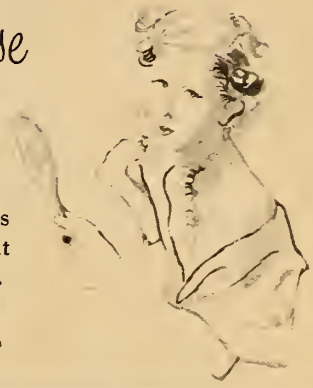
Since then, when I see Janie, she seems self-sufficient, independent, and, oh, so gay. But I know that not long ago she said to someone, "What's the matter with me? I can't seem to pick up the pieces of my life again. Will I ever find happiness ahead?"

And, one of the lovely girls Ronnie seemed interested in for awhile told me he recently said to her, "Sure, I like you. I like you fine. But I think I've forgotten how to fall in love."

I wonder—do those embers of the once perfect love they shared still burn deep with haunting memories that won't let them forget? THE END

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This charming Duchess has an exquisite complexion—soft and delicate. She says, "Pond's Vanishing Cream is *perfect* for powder base. It keeps my powder fresh and smooth longer than any other base I've ever used!"

miss whistle-bait of 1951

(*Continued from page 49*) Janie for five years, and she hasn't changed one bit. Geary's given her a lot of self-confidence, I think, but she's still the same as she was back in 1945."

As for the new-found sex appeal—that makes Lillian Burns laugh. "The first time she walked into my office she had the same cuteness, the same perkiness she has now. If you remember that scene in *Holiday in Mexico* where she imitated Ilona Massey, I don't think there's any doubt in your mind that she had sex appeal. And she was only fifteen then."

Add to this the statement of a former publicist at MGM, and you'll be even more enlightened. "As sure as God made green apples," he says. "Janie Powell had IT. Every guy at the studio was mooning around like a lovesick calf. She didn't know it—was completely unaware of it—but not because she was naive. She had a remarkable shrewdness about her career, and about people. But she was always a lady."

Never lovelier
esther williams
on the
march
cover of
modern screen
on sale
february 9

The wardrobe department was never unaware of Janie's charms. "We really had to tone down her clothes," a designer says. "We were trying to make her look young, and we had trouble minimizing her allure. We never discussed it in her presence, though, because Janie isn't the kind of girl who takes well to that kind of talk. She blushes so easily you feel sorry for her."

And Joan Wilcoxon (wife of actor Henry Wilcoxon) who's been a friend of Jane's for some time, seems a bit incensed at the studio's claim of new glamor.

"That's silly," she says briskly. "They're asking us to believe that overnight Jane's ready to be a leading woman. She's been doing that since she was born. I think it's a mistake to believe that by spending two days or two months in the hands of experts, the true meaning of glamor can be achieved. Plunging necklines and new hairdos can make a girl look older, but that shouldn't be confused with glamor. Glamor's a dividend that MGM can't give to Janie. She has it already. God gave it to her."

Jane Powell has had the same trouble as other girls who started off early in a movie career. Despite the passing years, people tended to regard her as a child. They wouldn't let her grow up, at least in their own minds. When she went to Sun Valley on a vacation a few years ago, people were shocked by her mature behavior. "Goodness," they said to themselves. "What that Hollywood does to children's lives! It makes them old before their time."

Janie has disregarded these opinions with a great deal of equanimity. "Older folks," she has said, "never let kids mature. They don't even give them credit for having good sense."

Jane Powell *has* good sense, and she's always had it. She almost married Tommy Batten when she was nineteen, but she was wise enough to recognize it as puppy love, and told him she wasn't ready for marriage, or even an engagement. She was never interested in nightclubs, but preferred instead the smaller, quieter spots for an evening's entertainment. She never gave a thought to leaving her parents' home to do the "accepted" thing of living alone because she was financially independent. She never felt she'd die if she didn't get certain roles at the studio, preferring to let her bosses choose her pictures, and performing her job with a minimum of temperament. She's always maintained a mature attitude about her voice, knowing that it's a great gift, and works hard at perfecting it. She isn't even a bit superstitious, and has already made many baby clothes and tucked them away for future use.

Her outlook on everything is practical. At the time she became engaged, for instance, MGM was whipping up her wardrobe for *Nancy Goes To Rio*. After she'd seen the sketches, she went to Dore Schary and announced that the clothes would make a perfect trousseau. This broke all precedent, since clothes worn by the stars are used again and again by the extras. But Janie figured that few people can get into clothes made for her; a logical conclusion—she's five-feet-two, and weighs ninety-eight pounds. She got the trousseau.

When she and Geary decided on the apartment that was to be their home after the wedding, it was Janie who arranged the lease and got the rental reduced. "I sat in the car and let her do the talking," Geary says.

She bought their furniture at bargain basements and auction sales. (Janie will buy anything on sale.) Their winnings from Canasta went into a piggy bank, and their honeymoon came out of it.

With a wedding in sight, Jane was naturally anxious to find a dreamhouse, but she refused to look at any until a definite wedding date was set. "We might find something just perfect, and then break our hearts because we aren't in a position to buy it yet."

The Steffens have their own house now, out in Brentwood, and whenever new people move into the neighborhood, young Mrs. Steffen gets herself gussied up and sets out to call on them.

This consideration for others is another thing that's almost as old as Janie is. Producer Rogers recalls that, at fourteen, Jane worried quite a bit about the money poured into her film debut. "I don't understand," she told him, "why you spend so much money on my first picture."

"Most kids," says Rogers, "would be bragging about it, instead of worrying. Another thing about Janie—she was so appreciative. I remember that I gave her a small watch at Christmas that year. You'd have thought it was a Cadillac the way she raved about it.

"Janie's never forgotten me, either. After the picture was finished, and she went back to Metro, she continued to write me little notes on Thanksgiving and Easter, and other holidays, always thanking me for what I'd done for her."

"Changed?" ask the stars and the friends who've always known her. "She's exactly the same as she always was. She's always had a lot of sense for her age, and a lot of glamor, too. But now that the years are creeping on through twenty, the glamor's beginning to show. And on Janie, it's a wonderful sight!" THE END

castle with a redwood fence

(*Continued from page 46*) eye is a series of redwood batons woven horizontally in and out between redwood posts. It's particularly efficient because it's trim, it's modern-looking, and it's relatively inexpensive to build. It also provides more privacy than a picket fence, without offering a solid barrier between neighbors. If you're interested in fences you might bear Janet's in mind.

The house behind the fence is also made of California redwood. Like so many houses in southern California, it's built around a patio.

To insure as much outdoor living as possible, one whole wall of the living room and one wall of Janet's bedroom is a series of glass doors opening on the patio.

"This outdoor living," Janet says, "was a little hard for us to get used to. I mean that for years—in fact, all our lives—my parents and I had lived in apartments, and for the first few weeks, I had the feeling that the neighbors were looking in on us. I knew it was impossible for anyone but a giant to see over our fence, but I worried.

"When I got over it, I started to leave all the doors open, and one day a bird flew in. We had one crazy time trying to shoo him out again. I've decided that you can live just so close to nature, before nature moves in and takes over."

Janet and her family, however, are genuinely enthusiastic about the patio principle. Matter of fact, they were explaining it—at least Janet was to Tony Curtis—the other day. Tony is a frequent visitor. He spends all his spare time at her house. Well, Janet was giving Tony the lowdown about patio living. "If you buy any kind of house, a good patio acts as a second living room," Janet explained. "It also makes the house seem twice as large and it's wonderful for parties. When we have company we simply roll the portable barbecue onto one corner of the patio and a bar onto the other. Then we set up card tables, and presto!—we're set."

As a sort of house warming, Janet only recently invited two dozen of her friends over to the house for a buffet dinner. She and her mother arranged the tables. Her father barbecued a turkey, and the small house took care of the crowd with ease.

Although Janet's new redwood house lends itself to parties, she is no veteran party-thrower. Actually, she's a home body, who is sold on family-living.

One large room takes care of that—the living-dining room. At one end, there's a dining area which looks like a separate room because of the arrangement of the living room furniture. The furniture turns its back on the dinner table and chairs.

The rest of the high-ceilinged room is arranged for comfort and home entertainment. The over-scale modern furniture

(all pieces from a former apartment) is grouped in front of a corner fireplace. The particularly comfortable chairs and the large couch face the television set. Against the wall and behind the couch stands a Magnavox record player and Janet's collection of albums.

"It's so pleasant sitting here listening to records," Janet explains, "that lots of times I hate to go out at night. Unless there's something really special taking place in Hollywood, I find that I can coax my date to sit at home with me—you know—just in front of a fire listening to some good music. And there's never any trouble about the use of the living room, either. If a few kids drop in, as they do once in a while, Mother and Dad move into their bedroom or into the 'office.'"

"The office" is another reason why the house suits Janet and her family so well. Mr. Morrison is an insurance broker, and he conducts his business from the house. In addition, Janet's increasing popularity has given her a lot more fan mail to answer, and there's a good deal of office work to be done by a movie star.

Thus the room nearest the street became "the office." It has its own entrance onto the street, an adjacent lavatory and two desks. Janet uses one desk and her father uses the other for insurance matters. Recently, a secretary came to help them both.

JANET'S bedroom, of course, is the room that really reflects her personality. The furniture is the exact set she owned when she first came to Hollywood five years ago. So is the blue and yellow color scheme. Only the draperies and the view are new.

Sitting on Janet's bed is a doll given her by Naomi Jaffee Carroll. Naomi happened to be visiting in Santa Cruz when Janet was on location with her first picture. They met, and as far as Janet can tell, Naomi was her first real fan.

Above Janet's bed is a bulletin board crammed with snapshots. Janet used to tuck these around her dressing table mirror, but with more and more success the amount of available mirror space grew smaller and smaller. Finally, her father made this good-sized bulletin board for her candid collection. He also constructed the extra shelves for shoe storage. Janet has a weakness for shoes. She takes good care of them, too—shoe trees, polish, heel repairs, all of that. She owns seventeen pairs of high heels, twelve pairs of flats.

In a prominent place over her dressing table hangs a color portrait of herself with Van Johnson. It was taken during the making of *Romance of Rosy Ridge*, her first picture. Van had it enlarged and gave it to her. The pictures on Janet's bulletin board reveal the whole amazing chronicle of Janet Leigh in Hollywood.

When Janet was asked what would happen to the house in case she should suddenly get married, she answered quite frankly that she would have to look for another home. Her parents own this one.

"But I'd want it to be practically a duplicate of this one," she insisted. "You see, the architect who designed this place intended to live in it himself, so he included all the practical features. For example, there's radiant heating in all the rooms. The garage door is made of aluminum and lifts like a feather. The kitchen has a garbage disposal. The snack bar is loaded with cupboard space on both sides of the counter. Even the clothes line is a handy gadget called a Bocaroy. When it's not in use it rolls shut with a snap.

"Yes, when and if I get married again, my home is going to be a lot like this one—small and simple and full of happiness."

Oddly enough, a young, dark-haired actor at Universal, named Tony Curtis, says the same thing. THE END

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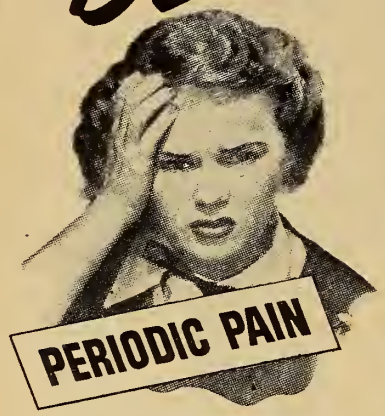
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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Ah, men! Every girl has an eye on that special one. Want to know how to get him?

I'm going to let you in on a secret—which may not be the thing to do. But if you and I are to get together, you should know how I operate this department for Modern Screen.

There are always a lot of big problems in the letters—"How do I get thin? How do I put on weight? How do I overcome shyness? How do I convince my parents I'm old enough to have dates?"—but the most important problem is the boy friend situation. Hundreds of letters boil down to "How do I get the boy I want?"

After reading all the letters that come to me, I decide which ones seem urgent. Sometimes I can answer the problems myself. For example, the time I talked about losing weight—brother, that was something I knew all about. But if the problems are too big for me I consult either my parents or someone else older and wiser than I am. When I answered the "How do I get in the movies?" question, I talked for a long time to my dramatic coach.

When the "How do I get the boy I want?" problem reared its head, I thought, "Who do I talk to about this?" I didn't want to set myself up as a big authority on *this* subject. Then I had what I think is a bright idea. I asked a lot of boys I know for advice. What to do when a girl is crazy about a boy who doesn't seem crazy about her. And how a girl can meet a boy who is—say—a year ahead of her in school. What I found out from my one girl research was very interesting and helpful to me. Now I want to pass it along to you.

The most fascinating thing is to realize that the boy you're yearning for may be yearning for you, too. Although the boys may seem self-assured and hard to get, they can be as shy as you are. One kid confessed to me that he kind of swaggered around, pretending to be something he was not, because girls terrified him. This led me to the conclusion that it's up to the girl to take the first step—to put the boy at his ease.

As you know, Emily Post says that even if you know a boy very well, it is always up to you to speak first if you bump into him on the street or in the halls at school. That can be carried a little further. If there's a boy you want to meet, and you have no mutual friend to introduce you, you may go up to him in the school hall, for example, or after church, or wherever you gather, and say, "My name's So and So. I've seen you around school but we've never met. A bunch of the kids are coming over to my house Friday night. If you've nothing better to do I wish you'd come."

I asked the shy boy if this wouldn't be a good idea and he said, "Oh, if they only would do that." By "they" he meant us girls. Remember, of course, you must know who the boy is, and that you must introduce him to your parents.

Suppose this works. Without being bold at all you have very graciously made an introduction. And that's the first—and most difficult step—toward winning the boy you like.

It is difficult, because it's hard to go up to anybody you don't know and introduce yourself. A year ago last Christmas I was at a big party and Olivia de Havilland was there. I was very anxious to meet her, to talk to her—but I couldn't, somehow. My mother said, "Just go up to her and tell her how much you admire her work. That's always very endearing." I didn't, and I'm sorry now. I did so admire the nice kids who, when I was making my personal appearance tour throughout the country, were not too shy to come up to me and say something nice and friendly. Above all, in

your dealings with boys, don't overlook the fact that they are shy, too.

Now suppose the boy accepts your invitation and arrives on Friday night with the other kids. Here's the moment not to be overanxious. I don't mean that you must play hard to get. But just don't scare him off by letting him know immediately that you're crazy about him.

As one boy said to me, "If a fellow knows right away that a girl is crazy about him, he may lose interest." I interpret his words to mean—don't rush the boy. Help him to enter into the group—that's just the common courtesy of a hostess—but don't wear your heart smeared all over your sleeve. And when he leaves, naturally you'll say, "I hope I see you again soon."

If, after that, he doesn't call or make a date you'll know that either he isn't interested or that he is terribly shy. If you're convinced that shyness is bis trouble, you can, safely, make one more pitch. You may ask him to your home again, or perhaps to some school party where the girls are supposed to invite boys. By this time, if you haven't become good friends and started seeing a lot of each other, you'd better give up the wbole idea.

For there's one thing I do know, boys do not like girls who chase them. And there's a big difference between just being friendly to a boy and chasing after him. Chasing will never get you anywhere.

I received a lot of letters from boys about the article I wrote that had to do with the "parking" and "necking" situation. The boys bawled me out royally. But I don't care—I'm going to stick my neck out again this time so the girls can whittle away at it. (My neck, I mean.) I do think that basically boys are more honest than girls. That's why they don't like the hard-to-get pose. If you like a boy, there's no reason why you shouldn't let him know it—if you're not sloppy about it. You let your girl friends know you like them, don't you? You are just being honest and friendly.

For example, don't take that high and mighty attitude of, "I'm not going to call him because he hasn't called me for two days." He may be busy or forgetful or—again, shy. I think that for a girl to call a boy just to gab nonsense over the telephone is foolish. But there's no reason to count calls if you have something to say—such as asking bim about a school problem, or inviting bim to some get-together. For heaven's sake, though, don't ever make him feel guilty.

Everybody—not only boys—hates the conversation that begins, "Why didn't you call me when you said you would?" or "I haven't seen you for so long; I thought you didn't like me any more." These words put the other person on the defensive—and that's a place be doesn't want to be. This applies to all friends—but principally to boys.

I was kind of disturbed to see several letters this month from girls who said, in effect, "The boy I like goes around with my girl friend. How can I get him?" Well, I think it is as important to have girl friends as it is to have boy friends. Sure, you can try a lot of tricks to take a boy away from your girl friend. But is it worth (*Continued on page* 80)



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Have You Seen?



JOAN LANSING

While everyone's busy making New Year resolutions that they'll probably not keep beyond a concentrated week or two, let's settle down for a look at a new "point of view" you'll have no trouble keeping up with all year long.

What's this peerless "point of view"? Just turn your television dial to your local American Broadcasting Company channel and view-what's-new in the program line. Great, eh? You bet it is, because the greatest names in entertainment are right there to give you hours and hours of pleasure.

For the kids, your local ABC television channel comes up with zippy programs such as SUPER CIRCUS, with ringmaster CLAUDE KIRCHNER, lovely MARY HARTLINE, the CIRCUS BAND and many colorful CLOWNS. . . . DICK TRACY is seen in weekly thrilling episodes; BUCK ROGERS and his daring exploits are here, too . . . as well as the swell ACROBAT RANCH show with "UNCLE JIM" . . . and the dog-gonnest program of all, cheerful CHESTER THE PUP.

For the "grown-ups," the ABC television "point of view" features high-light shows such as THE PAUL WHITEMAN GOODYEAR REVUE, with EARL WRIGHTSON and fabulous guest stars . . . SHOWTIME . . . USA, featuring the theatre's most famous performers . . . HOLLYWOOD SCREEN TEST, with NEIL HAMILTON and starting-stars and starlets . . . THE COLLEGE BOWL, a musical comedy series starring the irrepressible CHICO MARX and Company . . . BEULAH, starring ETHEL WALTERS in comic situations . . . THE BILLY ROSE SHOW, offering punch-packed programs of Broadway life . . . CAN YOU TOP THIS . . . LIFE BEGINS AT 80, emceed by JACK BARRY . . . the rousing ROLLER DERBY . . . JOHN REED KING's gay CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . the favorite FIRST NIGHTER program . . . DON McNEILL'S TV CLUB with the whole gang . . . STOP THE MUSIC with bouncy BERT PARKS . . . DON AMECHE welcoming you to HOLIDAY HOTEL . . . BLIND DATE, festively femceed by ARLENE FRANCIS . . . I COVER TIMES SQUARE . . . the grand LIFE WITH LINKLETTER . . . the highly-scored PULITZER PRIZE PLAYHOUSE . . . THE STU ERWIN SHOW, "THE TROUBLE WITH FATHER" . . . and many exciting others that give you a choice "point of view." Be sure to check your newspapers' TV logs for exact time and day.

Joan Lansing

it? Is the loss of the girl friend's respect for you worth it? And suppose you succeed in taking the boy away from her—could you live with yourself? You could flatter the boy away—maybe. But if he left her for you, if you got him away by these methods, would you honestly want him? Could you ever trust him? Wouldn't you be afraid that the next girl who came along could take him away from you as easily as you did from your friend?

No, kids, this is not good. Nor is it good to convince yourself that you're crazy about someone unattainable. A lot of girls write me to say they're madly in love with a young man in pictures. Now it's wonderful to admire a movie star, to enjoy his work on the screen, and to feel romantic about him. But as for being "madly in love" with him—well, there is a million to one chance that you'll never see him personally. Even if you do, what are your chances for getting to know him? So be realistic. Don't break your heart by pining for a boy you know you can't get—and this applies to married men and men much older than you are. Why not charm someone who's eligible?

And if this isn't good advice, don't blame me. Blame the boys who gave *me* the advice.

Now here are some other letters.

"Dear Joan: I received a bad reputation about a year ago and haven't been able to live it down. My girl friends believe my bad reputation is gone, yet I can't get any dates because the boys who ask me out get teased by their boy friends—M.D. Detroit, Mich."

Well, you didn't tell me what you did to get this bad reputation so it's hard for me to say. If whatever happened was over a year ago and your girl friends still believe in you, I would suggest that you double date for a while. Your girl friends can certainly arrange this, then you can let your friend's date as well as yours see that you are behaving well. And in that way the news about how you have changed will spread.

"Dear Miss Evans: I'm in the Pacific and a girl I used to take dancing has been writing to me. I like to get her letters, but now she is too serious. I do not want to hurt her feelings and spoil our friendship. What should I do?—Pfc. R.R. care postmaster San Francisco."

This is certainly a switch. So many of the boys overseas complain about the "Dear John" letters, about the girls who don't write, and the girls who aren't serious enough. If I were you I'd write her, explaining how young you are, and I'd tell her that so long as you are in the Army you just can't get serious about any girl. Tell her that nothing can be decided until you get home—but, in the meantime, you enjoy her friendly letters.

"Dear Joan: I met a boy last year and went out with him for four months. It was my fault we broke up, but I still like him. Do you think there is a chance of his liking me again? —B.J.M. Auburn, N.Y."

If I were you I'd go to him and admit you are sorry and that the break-up was all your fault. I feel sure he will forgive you, unless, of course, he's found another girl. But there's nothing better for all concerned than admitting you're wrong and asking a person's pardon.

MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 15-31

"Dear Joan: I've been going steady with a boy for nearly six months. I know his folks only by photographs and by telephone. They seem nice. How can I let my boy friend know I want to meet his family—without his thinking me forward?—N.P. Everett, Mass."

The fact that he has shown you their pictures means that he wants you to know what they're like. It is his place to suggest that you come to the house to meet them. Perhaps, though, he is confused and thinks you should ask. So why don't you say something like this: "Look, I don't want to be pushy but your parents look so nice in their photographs and sound so nice on the telephone. I'd love to meet them sometime." This is certainly not forward. If he doesn't respond—skip it.

"Dear Joan: How do I go about asking a girl for a date? I'm very bashful. I'm nineteen years old.—A.D. Denver, Colo."

Honestly, it isn't so difficult. All you have to say after you've first met a girl is, "It was very nice to have met you, and I hope to see you again." Then in a few days call her on the telephone and say, "If you're not busy next Friday night, I wish you'd go to the movies with me." After that it gets easier and easier. Shyness is a terrible thing. A good way to overcome it is simply to rehearse a little speech and then say it at the proper time.

And that winds up another month. I do wish I could answer every single letter personally but I simply can't. I can only answer in the pages of Modern Screen. I just love to get your letters—they give me such good ideas about how to carry on this department. So goodbye for now. I'll be seeing you!

Editor's note: Do you have a teenager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, 1416 Queens Road, West Hollywood, California.

a minister looks at hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*) words of Dr. Willsie Martin, who, for 31 years of his half-century as a Methodist minister, has shared Hollywood's growth from a fly-by-night industry into the powerful one it has become. A man who helped secure for his community such outstanding things as the Hollywood Bowl for the famous Symphonies Under the Stars and inaugurated the equally famous local Easter Sunrise Services there; the Pilgrimage Bowl and its remarkable presentations of the Pilgrimage Play. A man who came to Hollywood in 1919 as pastor of the Hollywood Methodist Church and made that church a reality. So successfully—it is one of the finest of the Methodist churches today—that eight years later he was sent to make the Wilshire Methodist Church, just 2 miles away, a reality too. Upon his retirement three years ago, his congregation numbered over 2,000.

First, Dr. Martin and his lovely dark-haired, green-eyed wife with their three daughters saw a pleasant, neighborly Hollywood, a small town, from their modest home on Vine Street just north of Hollywood Boulevard. They could smell the fragrance of the orange grove then at Hollywood and Vine. On still nights they could hear the lions roaring at Lasky Studios at Sunset and Vine, now known as Radio Corner. The town was just beginning to grow and so was the motion picture industry.

"While we were urging that new buildings proposed for Hollywood Boulevard be set back far enough to save the beautiful old pepper trees with their grace and character," Dr. Martin recalls, "we were urging the picture industry to let the community itself answer the exaggerated and unfair attacks being levelled against their people through a Round Table composed of a producer, a director, an actor, a minister, a professor and other community leaders.

"We felt that by meeting once a month and discussing common problems we could effectively interpret to outsiders the true facts and the problems of motion picture people, thus winning sympathy and understanding for them instead of abuse. We also felt we could give the industry a better understanding of how other people feel about certain things so they could see that some pictures failed not because of technical imperfections but because they lacked human ideals."

He thought he saw the dawn of such effort by the movie makers when they formed an organization among themselves and brought Will Hays to head it. At the banquet given in 1922 by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce to welcome Mr. Hays, Dr. Martin said in part, "Hollywood is not a state of mind nor a condition of scandal. It is not a literary indigestion. It is not a place east of Suez where there ain't no ten commandments. It is not a colony, for that implies a mother country to which one will some day return. It is a town of folks. Some act, some write, some preach and some do nothing, even as folks in Indiana. Hollywood is just a going American community."

Today Dr. Martin says, "'I thought at the time that our Round Table idea was to be part of that organization's efforts. Well, a few groups like the PTA are permitted to view motion pictures before release. Once in awhile our suggestions are accepted, but the Round Table, as we visualized it, never has been used. I still would like to see it tried.

"I feel the problems of the motion picture industry are as much a community

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problem as a junior high school which we found to be a center of juvenile delinquents. The leaders of 78 community organizations surveyed the neighborhood's contributing factors and suggested answers for correcting them. When the residents of the neighborhood were given the findings and suggestions, they went to work. Today that neighborhood is no longer a trouble spot.

"The movie heads should not overlook or belittle, as they do, the effectiveness of having responsible, intelligent groups in the community survey and suggest how best to eliminate those conditions which bring unfair outside criticism.

"Understand, I do not believe in censorship nor in the recent government proposal to license actors. I believe the things we hope for out of censorship can be obtained in other ways—democratic ways instead of regimentation. Government officials cannot comprehend accurately the problems of so highly specialized an industry. And actors, producers, directors, and writers have the same right as ministers, lawyers, doctors and other professional people to be judged and disciplined within their own profession. They should avail themselves of that right by effectively disciplining those among them who violate the principles in which people have faith and from which they expect decency. For violators provoke outside critics to condemn so unfairly not only the whole profession but the community as well."

Dr. Martin spoke of the movie industry with the personal objectivity of the community leader he is. The list of his effective activities is too great to print here but they include social, cultural, industrial, and civic improvements.

Of individual movie personalities and their unusual problems he speaks with such warmth and sympathy it is easy to see why so many of them agree with Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, who say, "Outside our immediate family there is no one for whom we have greater appreciation, affection, and regard than Dr. Willsie Martin."

Of those who have not kept the marriage vows they spoke before Dr. Martin, he says, "They have our sympathy, understanding, and concern. How difficult it is for actors to have a happy, contented home life! They face unusual strains. The simplest, human, everyday disagreement between them is so magnified by that horde of gossiping reporters that it is difficult to keep doubt from creeping into their relationship. They pay a great personal price for their fame and popularity."

Speaking of one star whose name is familiar to millions, he shook his head sadly as he said, "When they came to ask me to perform the ceremony I was impressed by their happiness and earnestness. The young man told me, 'We intend to have a real private life.' Telling him I hoped they would, I warned, "This will be very difficult because publicity will play on you pitilessly all the time and many factors will try hard to rob you of that privacy and perhaps your happiness.'

"They did lose privacy and eventually their happiness. That alone was not the answer, of course. Another factor probably was the fact the young star had little background for success. It takes defeats, long hard work, long striving toward goals to take success wisely and even then there is no guarantee one has learned to '. . . meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two imposters just the same . . .' as Kipling puts it.

"Stardom in any field is very hard on the home. If the home is to be maintained in happiness the crown of a star must be removed like the costume and grease paint of the actor when one leaves the set. Not all can make this transition, apparently. Home is the place to be one's natural best self. The wearing of halos by anybody in public or at home is a mark of bad taste and poor upbringing. What I'm saying is that actors and actresses, when they leave the set, should act like human beings, avoiding adulation and the limelight or the expectation of them, remembering that the happy crown or halo is in the eyes of the beholder not the wearer. Not all have learned that before the test—and test it is for an actor—comes."

His troubled face indicated depth of sympathy and sorrow that in achieving stardom so many lose personal happiness.

Asked if the Methodist Church would permit him to perform the ceremony if a divorced actor or actress came to him, he said, "My church permits its ministers to marry the innocent party to a divorce provided the divorce has been secured on real grounds like infidelity, drunkenness, cruelty, etc. In such situations I try to treat motion picture people just as I treat other folks. Indeed, I feel that motion picture people should always be treated and regarded as fellow citizens. They should be accorded neither less respect nor more because of their profession. I'm against putting any group on pedestals or pillorying any group. Treat all alike is my theory."

Dr. Martin's own personal happiness is patently evident. He met Muriel Eastman at the University of California at Berkeley where they were both what teen-agers call "Big Wheels" on the campus. Asked if she were good-looking he said, "She was very pretty." You get the feeling she was the prettiest of all. Certainly his popularity, talents and leadership would have made him welcome in any profession. Among those evidences are his membership in Psi Upsilon, Epsilon chapter; the Carnot Medal for Debating; membership in the university's honor Golden Bear Society; and presidency of his Senior Class. It was not until the middle of his Senior year that Willsie Martin thought of becoming a minister. Muriel Eastman belonged to Alpha Omicron Pi; Prytanean Women's Honor Society; the Y.W.C.A.; and she, too, was class president the first half of her Senior year. They were married at her home in Marysville, California, three years after his graduation. By that time he had served as a Methodist minister for a year in a little church in Sacramento, a year as an assistant in the First Church in Oakland, and spent a year studying at the Drew Theological Seminary in Madison, New Jersey.

Together they went to serve at Chico and Alameda, California; then Boise, Idaho. While in Boise, where he served seven years, Dr. Martin was sent overseas on a Y.M.C.A. World War I Mission. Upon his return in 1919, he was sent to Hollywood. The Martins' three daughters attended and were graduated from Hollywood High School and went on to Pomona College where all three were graduated with honors. Today the eldest is the wife of Dr. John M. Ide, Chief Scientist at the U. S. Naval Underwater Sound Laboratory near New London, Connecticut. The Martin's second daughter is now Dr. Helen Eastman Martin, doctor of internal medicine and associate professor of medicine at the University of Southern California. The youngest, Elizabeth, is married to John R. Wolfenden, assistant director of publicity at Columbia Studios. She has succeeded her mother as a member of the board of the Hollywood Studio Club, a boarding home for young women entering the motion picture field. Of the two eldest of the Martins' six grandchildren, one is a student at Stanford and the other at Pomona.

"We have led a very normal life," Dr. Martin says. "Not at all what the newspapers insist is normal here. The press everywhere distorts Hollywood. I was in London in 1937, riding along on a bus, when I saw newspaper headlines promising an exposé of Hollywood's horrible night club life. I bought a copy. It was the same kind of *exposé* of which a part of the press is all too guilty when it comes to Hollywood."

"Set off because some actor was involved in a fist fight?" I asked lightly.

"I do not believe there is any excuse for an actor to engage in a fist fight," Dr. Martin said sternly.

With that I took exception. From my experience as a publicist in studios I told him of the husband who defended his actress wife in that way. Reprimanded by the studio—through me—he had said indignantly, "Just because my wife's an actress doesn't mean I can't protect her when a perfect stranger insults her."

As I repeated the sacrilegious, vulgar words of the insult Dr. Martin flushed.

"I have a good Irish temper," he said firmly, "but since I hold a responsible place in the community, I feel I should curb it, and I believe every actor should feel and do the same. I don't believe a night club fight is the answer. If that had been said to my wife, I would have taken action all right, but not that kind. I would have called the management, had them oust him, and if possible get the man's name and address. Then I would have taken legal action in the democratic way. Hollywood would have been spared the notoriety of a night club fight. If legal action had received publicity then the only shame would have been the insulting stranger's. The public would have given sympathy to the actress and have gained some understanding of the problems her fame creates."

THAT's the kind of help which we hoped to give the motion picture people with our Round Table. Then they could command the respect they have earned but are not given, because they too often have shrugged off or exploited exactly what gives the outside critics their clubs. Only when every person of importance in the movie industry is required by the industry itself to take and abide by the Athenian Oath, will Hollywood raise its profession to the dignity to which it is entitled.

"The office which Mr. Hays first headed has brought considerable improvement to motion pictures themselves. There are now more producers like Dore Schary, who so excellently instills human ideals into his pictures. But Hollywood must take itself more seriously before the world will know Hollywood as I know it, with such fine people as Mr. and Mrs. DeMille, Jean Hersholt, William Farnum, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Harold Lloyd, Nelson Eddy, Dennis Morgan, Barbara Britton, Shirley Temple, and the countless others I have met through my professional, social, and community activities and found to be a credit to their profession and their community."

Concluding, Dr. Martin said, "My experience here shows me we have a typical American community with very many splendid interests, fine activities, some of the best service clubs of any in the country, and some of the largest church memberships. These great congregations which are to be found in Hollywood include producers, directors, writers and actors as well as the professional men and their families, along with other citizens from many walks of life. We have real religion here in Hollywood. Not mawkish, but real and deep whether Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant.

"I've always held my citizenship here with great satisfaction and pride." THE END

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the sorrows of lana turner

(*Continued from page 31*) body can't put up that same fight again, and future pregnancies usually result in the death of the infant before or soon after birth. Lana's second child was lost because its red blood cells had been destroyed by antibodies produced in Lana's blood.

There's only one way of saving the life of such an infant. As soon as it is born, its own blood is drawn out, and transfusions of new and different blood are injected into its veins.

When Lana became pregnant for the third time last March, her obstetrician told her that this was the only way in which she might give birth to a child and assure its survival.

As part of the regimen, Lana herself would have to take three or four injections per week. "I want another baby more than anything else," Lana said, "and I'll do anything possible to make sure it's healthy."

The chances of any married couple's having RH factor trouble are only one in 500. It's Lana's luck to be that particular longshot—but all during the six months of her last pregnancy, she never once complained.

WHILE she was undergoing medical treatment, praying that her baby might be born alive so that it might be transfused with new blood, she was making *Mr. Imperium,* with Ezio Pinza.

Everyone was excited about the great Pinza, everyone but Lana. During the picture's filming, many people began to think that Lana had grown jaded. She seemed to have an almost cathedral-like self-sufficiency about her. Few people knew of the heavy, hopeful secret she carried in her heart.

One afternoon, a reporter came up to her on the set. "Darling!" the reporter exclaimed. "I've just spoken to Pinza and he tells me that he falls in love with all his leading ladies."

Lana merely smiled. In the old days of 1937 and '38, she might have made a snappy retort like, "That's nothing. I always fall in love with all my leading men." This time she was silent.

When Pinza planted his first kiss on her, instead of complimenting the 58-year-old lover on his technique as she once surely might have, Lana didn't say a word. When she left the set, she turned to her makeup man and said good-naturedly, "If he kisses me like that all the time, I'm going to look like a Ubangi. How about getting me some protection?"

A few minutes later, her lips were being covered by a protective padding of undetectable plastic. In the old days Lana never sought cover from the lips of any of her leading men.

All during the film's production, she was careful, sedate, and lady-like. No temper tantrums. No scenes. No flare-ups.

When a reporter interviewed her and asked about her future plans, Lana said simply, "I've always loved children, and I don't want to raise Cheryl as an only child. That's why my husband and I are looking forward so anxiously to the birth of this child."

"I understand," the reporter continued, "that this is going to be your last picture. I heard on the radio the other night that the only reason you're making this one is because you want to buy your mother an insurance annuity."

"That's not true at all," Lana answered. "My mother doesn't need an annuity, and I have no intention of retiring even after my child is born."

But the child Lana was carrying—as we all know now—was never born. Three weeks after *Mr. Imperium* was finished, Lana slipped on her floor at home. Bob Topping rushed her to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, and Lana had no chance of determining whether the child might have lived with transfusions of new blood.

Fortunately for Lana, she never gives up or gives in. She never runs away from life. She runs to meet it no matter what it has to offer.

Less than a month after her miscarriage, she attended the premiere of *All About Eve.* Escorted by Bob, she looked as glamorous and beautiful as ever, although inwardly she may have changed.

She's no longer the young girl who obeys her every impulse, who lives with a feverish gaiety, who airs all her troubles, who lives her private life in public. "I've given up night-clubbing," she says. "We're furnishing our home in Holmby Hills and we may build a vacation place up in Monterey or Oregon."

Lana will not permit her home to be photographed, and she will no longer submit to the outlandish sweater stunts which brought in her first publicity. Her "planned" romance with young leading men like Peter Lawford is a thing of the past.

She has also had her name legally changed from Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner to plain Lana Turner, and has cloaked all her recent actions with a new dignity.

LIFE has always treated Lana Turner roughly. Her father, Virgil Turner, was an itinerant miner. He was working in Wallace, Idaho, population 3,634, when Lana was born. One night when Lana was ten, and the family lived in San Francisco, Virgil Turner was mugged and murdered on a side street near the bay.

Fatherless and virtually penniless, with her mother working, ten-year-old Lana knew none of the comforts or the small luxuries that young girls should know—a new dress, an ice cream soda, a birthday party were rare, fantastic pleasures.

By the time Lana was 13, her mother decided to try their luck in Los Angeles. They packed three cheap suit cases with all their worldly possessions, and borrowed a friend's car. Five miles out of Paso Robles, it suddenly began to pour. The old car skidded, hit a soft shoulder, teetered recklessly, and then turned over.

Two ribs broken, her face cut and bleeding, Lana managed to limp away from the wreck. "So long as I live," she once told friends, "I'll never forget that day. I wanted to cry, but I knew that crying wouldn't do any good, so I got up and I tried to flag some cars. Finally, a truck-driver stopped and took us into Hollywood. That's the way I got here—and I'll never forget it."

THERE is no point in going over Lana's entire career. What is significant, however, is the perverse and recurrently bad luck that has constantly hounded her personal life. Every time Lana made a successful picture or her contract at the studio was re-optioned, she somehow found herself involved in an unhappy love affair.

There was Greg Bautzer, the popular Hollywood lawyer, now rumored in love with Ginger Rogers. Greg got hold of Lana when she was 17, and she fell tempestuously in love with him. She even told Joan Crawford, "I hope to marry Greg." The hope was never fulfilled. Lana ran off to Las Vegas with Artie Shaw.

This marriage is listed in the books as one of the great mis-matings of all time. "If you put sex aside," a friend of Artie's said, "these two had absolutely nothing

in common." Shaw is primarily an intellectual. Lana is not. She attended Hollywood High School for fifteen days—no more—before she left.

Lana's marriage to Shaw lasted seven months. Her second marriage to Steve Crane lasted six months. She filed for an annulment but when she discovered that she was pregnant by Crane, she remarried him on the night before he left for his Army induction. "I want my baby to have a normal life," she explained.

The normal life never materialized. Crane's acting ambitions, it was rumored, lay behind the dissolution of marriage number two. "Acting just isn't right for most men," Lana said at the time.

At this point, Lana's career began to bloom. Her love-life did not. Of Turhan Bey, who courted her violently for a time and then stopped, she had this to say: "I don't know whether I did something or someone told him something or what. He said he would call me and he never called and I never heard from him again . . . It's so bad for me with Cheryl growing up to have everyone think I don't know my own mind. I knew my mind for a long time about Turhan. Because of my little girl, I don't want it said that I turn lightly and frivolously from one man to another."

CERTAINLY, Lana's love for Tyrone Power wasn't frivolous. She endangered her career by flying to Mexico to be with him. Supposedly, this was the great love match of the century. Lana, who used to wear her heart on her sleeve, held it in outstretched hands for him. When Linda Christian married Ty, Lana was crushed.

She tried not to show it, but her friends knew the truth. This was another kick in the teeth. Then, Lana met and married Bob Topping. The Hollywood wise-guys said she was marrying on the rebound, that the marriage would never last. They're still saying it, only they're not so sure any more.

When Lana honeymooned in England, the press raked her over the coals because she came late to a conference. When she returned to Bob's family home in Connecticut, the gossips said she was ill-prepared to be mistress of the tremendous Topping mansion. When she went to 21, or the Colony, or the Copacabana in New York, it was said of Bob and Lana that they were constantly quarreling, that the quarrels must end in divorce.

When Lana found herself pregnant by husband Topping the first time, she knew nothing about the RH factor. When she found out about it—it was too late. The baby had died.

When she learned about the RH factor and tried to save this last child by transfusions of whole blood—she never got the chance.

If anyone ought to be sore at life, it should be Lana Turner. It's given her money and fame but precious little happiness. However, she refuses to look back upon the past.

"When you're as happy as I am," she said three weeks before she lost her baby, "you have no thoughts for the past."

Whether that still holds true, no one can say.

A friend who has known her ever since she first arrived in Hollywood, said recently, "Lana has been smart enough never to sit down and take inventory of her life. There has been too much sadness, too many men, too much death and love, and because of love, too much pain. For Lana there is only one thing—the future. Whether it brings her another child of her own, or whether she and Bob adopt one—I am sure that she knows in her heart that the future must be better than the past."

THE END



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the truth about hollywood society

(*Continued from page 43*) everyone is walking on eggs? The whole structure can crack up at any minute.

One piece of bad publicity or two poor pictures and the toasts of one month have been transformed into the crumbs of the next. As for money, only the continued power to command a large salary counts, for under the present tax laws it's impossible to set aside—out of a salary—a fortune or even a nest egg that will see anyone much past his productive years. These productive years, with a few notable exceptions, average about five.

With these facts in mind it isn't difficult to understand why Hollywood society is frantic, ostentatious, and in a constant state of flux. Except for the syndicated columnists, the entrenched studio heads, and the boys—largely Easterners—who hold the purse strings, everyone is sitting on a time bomb, and knows it. What no one knows is when the bomb is going to explode. That is largely the reason why Hollywood society is fabulous, extravagant, and almost a caricature of the stories outsiders hear about it.

WHERE but in Hollywood could a self-styled prince, who has spent half his life living off the gullible rich, make the rich like it? And make every phony fear his stern appraisal? Because of his amazing personality and a curiously deep respect for the truth, Mike Romanoff, nobleman by choice, has achieved a unique position as social arbiter in Hollywood. And has made a business of it.

A few years ago, Mike Romanoff was a modestly-paid writer at one of the major studios. At that time, the Clover Club, a plush night spot with complete gambling facilities, was planning to reopen. Obviously, the club owners couldn't advertise, and they couldn't just open it like a super market. But opening night still had to have a turnout of the right people with the right bank balances.

One of the guiding geniuses of the club hit upon the idea of giving a lavish party in honor of Prince Mike Romanoff, at which he would be titular host. It was to be a great party with no expense spared, and the engraved invitations were highly prized by those who got them and deftly maneuvered for by those who didn't. At that time, the studio for which Romanoff was working had bought a story from Elsa Maxwell, had employed her as an adviser, and had planned to use her name in the title of the picture. It was here that Romanoff came a cropper. A reporter from *Time* magazine, writing up the forthcoming Clover party, asked Romanoff if he intended to invite Miss Maxwell. "Certainly not," was the imperial reply. "There are to be no phonies."

Time printed the interview—which naturally resulted in Romanoff's instant dismissal from his studio job. But, as is often the case, it was a blessing in disguise; for it led to the birth of Romanoff's restaurant. On $7,500 which Romanoff "allowed" his friends to lend him, he opened his tavern. By 1947, he was netting $87,000 a year and his establishment had achieved a social pre-eminence that now rivals the royal enclosure at Ascot.

Another field of social activity in Hollywood which serves as an indicator of social desirability is the party where just some of the people are invited. After all, anyone can walk into Romanoff's. Maybe you can't get a table, but you can get in. A more restricted institution is the traditional Hollywood set party. These are given at the completion of the shooting of a picture and are paid for by the stars, the producer, the director or a combination of them. The guests are all those who worked on the making of the picture—grips, electricians, cameramen, actors, cutters, anyone actually connected with ushering the epic into this world. These parties are generally filled with a kind of camaraderie that promises to be eternal at the time, but evaporates within a few days. They serve a healthy purpose, for often the frictions that sometimes build up over several weeks of high pressure work are dragged out for discussion and what might have been an enmity becomes an understanding. There are rules about set parties too, unspoken but almost always obeyed. The cardinal rule is that no outsiders attend. They are strictly for the "family" that made the picture. This applies to the husbands and wives of those involved in the picture. The spouses are not welcome and their arrival, unexpected or otherwise, has often led to trouble. A recent example of this was the fracas created when William Grant Sherry attempted to crash a set party given for his wife Bette Davis after she'd completed *The Story Of A Divorce*. Refused admittance, Sherry rebelled and wound up in fisticuffs with Barry Sullivan, the leading man in the picture. There are some who say that this incident precipitated Miss Davis' immediate suit for divorce. Certainly it was more than a plug for the title of the picture since the divorce is now final and both have remarried.

THE problem of the visiting celebrity is one which has caused many bitter tests of power and many lasting feuds. Not too many years ago, anyone who got off the super-chief with spats, a walking stick, and an English accent became the immediate object of a race among the town's hostesses to see who could first land him as a guest of honor for a lavish party. Of late this situation has lost much of its international aspect. The Maharaja of Cooch-Behar can come and go and is largely left to his own devices. And the Shah of Iran was recently allowed to conduct whatever business he had here without any audible roar from the town's social lions.

People on allied business—like magazine editors from the East, are subjected to a rigorous caste system. Minor editors are invited to tour the studios and to spend a couple of minutes with the heads of the publicity departments. Important editors have limousines placed at their disposal and are often given parties at Ciro's or one of the other big night clubs. The top brass, the men who not only edit a magazine but probably own the publishing company as well, get their limousines even faster—in Chicago, for instance, where the Super Chief has a two-hour layover. There, a chauffeur snaps to attention, and offers convoy to a hotel where the traveling celebrity can take a shower and a nap before continuing his journey.

Lately, the celebrity ballyhoo seems to have narrowed down to those identified with the arts. Of course there was a great to-do as to who would have the honor of giving the first Hollywood party for Ezio Pinza, the famed singing star of *South Pacific*.

Actually, it wasn't much of a contest—not in the great old dog-eat-dog tradition of the past—for Pinza had been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and so his unveiling fell quite quietly into the capable hands of the comparatively recent Mrs. Louis B. Mayer.

Far keener campaigns were waged when Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien

Leigh arrived a few weeks ago. They presented a plum that was both artistic and international with the additional overtone of involving knighthood. When the votes were counted Mr. and Mrs. Danny Kaye had won and the party they gave for the Oliviers was a lulu. Missing was the crude flamboyance of earlier eras, the noise, the backslapping, and the earthy jokes in mixed company. Gone, indeed, was the most revered bulwark of all Hollywood functions—the time honored battery of press photographers. They were not permitted to attend. This stroke marked a new level of class, aimed to set the tone of the entire affair.

Mrs. Kaye, quite naturally, went over the guest list with a microscope, and probably litmus paper as well. If a "must be invited" single woman had invited an escort ineligible in the Kaye view, the escort was changed for someone more acceptable. Well in advance of the party she checked with all the women guests as to the gowns they were wearing. One reason for this was that the proper details might be released to the newspapers and other interested publications. Another was a desire to avoid any duplication among the gowns. Still another, it is rumored, was the intention to eliminate any gown that might tend to lower the level of the party's general décor.

ANOTHER remembered affair was the party given by Nunnally Johnson (but paid for by Universal-International) honoring, for some now unfathomable reason, a picture he made with William Powell called *Mr. Peabody and The Mermaid.* There were buffet tables half a block long. A circus tent converted the entire back lawn and gardens into a night club complete with a hardwood dance floor. There, models dressed as mermaids, posed behind thin screens of gauze. It was impossible to finish a glass of champagne, for it was refilled scarcely before it left your hand. The party may not have cost as much as the picture it honored, but it's a safe bet that it cost every bit as much as the picture made.

As they say in the gossip columns—"everyone who is anyone was there." In fact, once during the evening, one of Johnson's friends spotted him leaning rather disconsolately against one of the many bars and asked him how many of the guests present he thought he knew personally. After a pause Johnson answered, "I figure one out of every ten is about my average."

To a single girl who has really made the grade on the Hollywood social ladder, it is obvious that the expense of dressing is no minor consideration. She may go to two or three gala affairs a week, and no salary can support an expensive new dress and a different fur for each. Yet she is certainly marked as being on the skids if her wardrobe isn't on a par with the others. This has led to many a dodge, a trade, and a borrowing. The fine stores of the community—Magnin's, Saks, and the others have long been in the habit of sending out dresses, fur coats and such to their customers on approval. This phrase, of course, means to look at, possibly to touch, but never to wear. For a long time one of the stars had been suspected of carrying the "on approval" privilege somewhat beyond the store's intention. One day, she ordered a mink cape sent out "on approval." It was returned to the store bright and early the next day, and the star was properly horrified when the cape together with a two thousand dollar bill reached her before noon. She indignantly called the store. But they had her dead to rights. She'd worn the cape to a premiere the previous evening. The store had taken the precaution of having a photographer there, and in a crystal clear eight by ten portrait was the star languidly swathed in the store's mink cape. Clearly, there was nothing she could do but pay the bill.

SEATING arrangements have caused many a sleepless night among Hollywood hostesses, for the problems thus presented can be many and varied. It's a safe bet, for example, that Arline Judge will have been married to at least two of the gentleman present at anything larger than a bridge party, and a thoughtful party giver would never put Gene Markey in the same group with Hedy Lamarr, Joan Bennett or Myrna Loy. And there are, of course, the feuds, such as the one between Olivia de Havilland and her sister, Joan Fontaine. More difficult to keep up with are those that develop from day to day between rival columnists, rival agents who accuse each other of stealing their actors, and rival producers who have done just that.

Probably Hollywood's most powerful and unique group of social arbiters is a relatively small number of men not formally organized, yet whose social whims are law to many of Hollywood's greater names. Hollywood refers to them as the Honorary Association of Stars' Husbands—HASH for short. Generally, the typical member is a non-professional—at least in the beginning. But regardless of his previous field of endeavor, he very soon becomes expert in all matters relating to the creation of motion pictures. This grows from scripts, casting, photography, and costuming clear through to film editing and the advertising campaign. The position always involves handling the couple's social life and frequently the

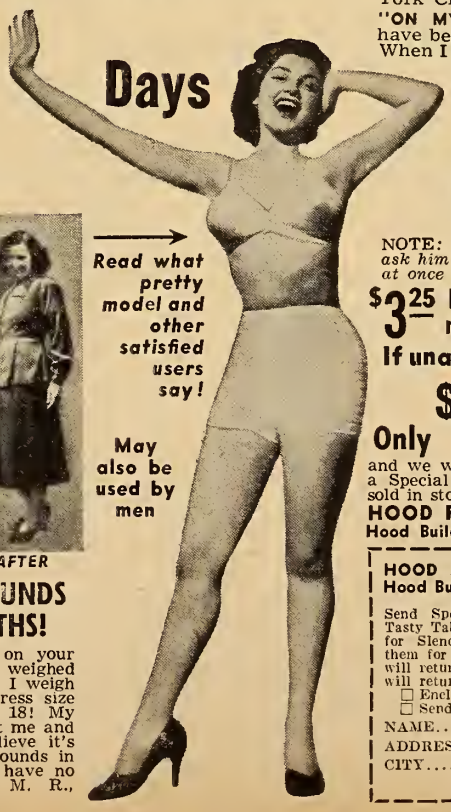
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knotty problems of finance and investment, though the general emphasis on the latter has declined in recent years.

Of course mere marriage to a movie star doesn't put a man into the Honorary Association. In Hollywoodese, membership in the association is limited to those who deliberately exploit their wives' fame and power for their own interest. There is, indeed, an imposing list of men who married stars and went on to well earned and lasting success strictly on their own merit. Among these can be included William Dozier, previously story editor of Paramount, who married Joan Fontaine and has gone on to win deserved laurels as a producer. Tom Lewis, now happily married to Loretta Young, was a successful advertising man and has made himself a motion picture producer of note. Freddie Brisson was an able talent agent when he married Rosalind Russell. Now, after an admirable war record, he has become an executive and producer in his own production company. There is Jack Briggs who, since his separation from Ginger Rogers, is being offered more acting plums than ever before. Collier Young, onetime agent and story editor, has formed a vastly successful independent production company with his ex-wife, Ida Lupino. These are but a few examples on the credit side of the ledger and should serve to offset the typical, but non-honorable members of the "Honorary Association of Stars' Husbands."

Obviously, Hollywood can have no society in the sense that the old lineal communities of the nation have. As one observer puts it, "It is only in its efforts to be like other places that Hollywood falls flat on its face." In other communities, shapes and values have been set. But to be in society in Hollywood is like climbing into a Waring mixer—no one knows who is on top until someone turns off the switch, and no one has quite enough nerve to do that. THE END

they're talking about the powers

(*Continued from page 14*) sprinkling of royal names. In other words, Mrs. Power is having a whale of a time in London town, and so far Mr. Power is not enjoying it with her. She doesn't go alone, though. Attractive men, Montgomery Clift among them, have been escorting the elf-like redhead hither and yon.

It is possible that in the case of Clift this was merely business (not difficult to take, you might say), when he and Linda appeared together at the recent command performance of *The Mudlark*.

People here are still wondering about that command performance date. Linda Christian is not a star in her own right. Why was it necessary for her to appear at all, much less be provided officially with an escort? Or, take it the other way around. Clift is a star big enough to warrant his being there, but wouldn't he have gone stag if he'd *wanted* to do so? Furthermore, if it were absolutely vital that he appear with someone, why not an eligible lovely?

The explanation may be that Montgomery Clift is leery of publicity romances, and prefers to play it safe from the rumor-mills. Probably no one would think much of Clift's escorting just any married woman to *The Mudlark*, but few women are as provocative as Linda. And as for Linda, this was not the first time, or the second either, that she was seen partying without her husband.

It is common knowledge, in London, not mere rumor or gossip, that Linda Christian Power is seeing the town with other men. Furthermore, the gossips are specific in saying that there is one man in particular who interests her very much. He is not a famous name but a private citizen who is either a Mexican, lives in Mexico, or has recently traveled there.

But where is Ty while all this is going on? Six evenings a week he stars in *Mr. Roberts*, in the part Henry Fonda made famous on Broadway.

Ty's playing *Mr. Roberts* may well be the reason for the situation. It is possible that Linda's escorts are handpicked by Ty himself to keep his vivacious little wife entertained while he is busy each evening playing to packed houses.

This is not the only possible explanation. The other is a matter of tradition and goes very deep. To understand it, you must also understand an old Continental custom that arose from Europe's perennial oversupply of women.

Things were different in America when it was young. The early settlers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries needed wives and mothers to build up families in the Colonies, and European countries were ready and willing to fill market orders for brides. Marriageable women were so much in demand that even widows were snatched out of their mourning before their tears were dry.

It is easy to see how America developed a tradition whereby wives do not go out freely with other men. On the other hand, Europe has developed the opposite idea. If her husband does not enjoy social festivities, it is perfectly acceptable for a wife go to balls or the theater with another man. But do not be misled by this, for while a wife usually chooses her escorts, it is all in perfect order with her husband. The situation parallels a father sending his daughter out to a party saying, "Have a good time," and telling the young man when to bring her home.

It may be like this with the Powers since both of them definitely have outlooks that are more Continental than American.

Essentially, Linda is European. Although she belongs to the generation of teenagers whose life was restricted by war, by 1939 she had seen enough of the world to know it as well as anyone of 14 or 15 could know it. Her father, a Hollander, had taken her everywhere as he traveled in his oil business. Like most true cosmopolitans she speaks many languages... even Arabic.

As you know, although Christian is her real name, Linda is not. It is actually Bianca, a tip-off to her Mexican maternal heritage. Her warm olive skin indicates this Latin strain and complements her Dutch-like light hair. She is one of those lucky children from two widely different ancestries who combines the handsomest qualities of each.

Tyrone, too, is a contradiction. He could scarcely look more All-American. But his solemn behavior and decorous attitude are the essence of the European type who lives with silence and dignity. This may come as a blow if you think that the Continental is forever sipping wine in a sidewalk cafe and paying outrageous compliments to each lady he meets. Characters like that are to be found only in novels and (Heaven help us!) in the movies. Ty's reserve, staunch personal dignity, and his two marriages, first to French Annabella,

now to Latin Linda, plus his preference for Europe as a home are greatly revealing. They all indicate that Tyrone Power, in temperament, is a Continental, too.

So, we can grant the Powers some benefit of the doubt, considering that Linda's going about with other men is what a European wife might do if her husband were busy or would rather stay at home.

However, if something really is wrong, and if you enjoy reading profound meanings into things, you can say that the loss of Linda's baby, born dead almost a year ago, hurt them both so deeply that a strain started between them. Others have said so. Who knows? There may be something to it, but it seems unlikely for a healthy young woman and her understanding husband.

To judge her fairly, it is important to realize that Linda, besides having sophistication and genuine glamor, also has elemental earthiness and simplicity.

Back in 1945, for example, when the Hollywood Athletic Club was still concentrating on sports, the swimming coach conducted the marathon swim that was the custom each winter. There was a large map of the world on the wall on which were stuck many pins, each with a little flag bearing the name of a competitor. In order to move his pin out of Los Angeles, a contestant was required to swim a certain number of lengths which corresponded to the distance to the next port. The goal was to swim "around the world" in this fashion, or as far as you could in the few months of the contest.

As you might imagine, such a game would appeal to eager youngsters, determined housewives, and health-conscious old men. Glamor girls were hardly expected to be interested. So, when golden-brown Linda appeared, wearing a Bikini bathing-suit that looked better in reality than it did in sketch-books, she caused quite a stir when she set out for Honolulu.

As she was then under contract with MGM, her effort was expected to last only as long as it took to take publicity pictures. However, no photographer showed up. To everyone's added surprise, through the winter the pin marked "L. Christian" kept pushing along over oceans and around continents, and in April finally hove into Los Angeles harbor just behind the one marked "J. Weissmuller."

By the end of the race, a month later, only a fifteen-year-old boy had "finished"; everyone else was declared "drowned" and received a "nice try" medal. Linda carried home a waist high trophy for her victory. "Pretty good for a soft glamor-girl," everyone agreed.

No one quite knows why she is as well known by the name Linda Christian as by Mrs. Tyrone Power. She wasn't *that* well known in pictures. When she declared she would give up her career for marriage, more than a few people asked "What career?" Evidently she meant that she would give up her efforts at a career in pictures for her new ambition to settle down and have many, many babies.

Part of this plan was blasted when, unfortunately, she lost her first baby. But was this responsible for her not settling down? Or has she changed her mind about being the best of wives? Have Linda and Tyrone Power a friendly little agreement continental-style?

Are they still happy together and are their so-called intimates shedding silly tears when they weep, "How can she do this to Ty? He's so wonderful!"

I don't know. But that's the way things stand on this side of the Atlantic. Maybe you could tell us. What do you think?

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week-end marriage

(*Continued from page 55*) where she, as usual, was the liveliest guest. While the candles were being blown out, a Paramount designer turned to Betty and remarked, "I've never seen you so gay, Betty."

Betty flashed her a big grin.

"Going out with Bob tonight?" the designer asked. (She was referring to Bob Sterling, whom the gossip columnists were referring to daily as Betty's next husband.)

"I certainly am. He's fun."

"I know he is," said the designer. "But I never thought you two would get together."

"Why not? He's a grand guy. And he talks my language."

Betty's language doesn't have much to do with casual conversation. It's intensely involved with show business, and her long struggle to make a place for herself in that extravagant world has lessened her interest in many other mundane matters.

Ted Briskin may have tried to talk Betty's language, but it was always hard for him. He could never take to Hollywood and its glamorous, brittle goings-on. And he couldn't take to the constant demands on Betty's time by other people whose pleasure it was to build a star into a whole constellation.

He feels at home in Chicago where he's taken over his father's business. He's top-man there, which is what he enjoys.

But business makes its social demands, too. It's nice to have a wife around the house to help swing a deal or charm a dealer. Ted can't have that now unless he invites Betty a week in advance. Even then, her work might not let her get away.

Betty has a social life, too—that's part of her job. There are all sorts of functions a famous star has to attend, and not always unescorted. During their separations, Betty never lacked dates. And even now, another escort besides Ted might have to step in.

ONLY recently, Betty flew to New York for a few days, but Ted didn't—even though Chicago's only four flying hours away. One night, during her stay, she dined at 21, and the diners almost spilled their vichysoisse when they noticed that the man she was with was *not* Ted Briskin.

As she and her escort were being seated, Betty recognized a friend at the next table and leaned over to say hello.

"Darling, it's wonderful to see you," her friend cried. "How long are you going to be in town?"

"Not as long as I'd like to be," Betty laughingly replied.

"But where's Ted?" her friend asked.

Betty's smile faltered momentarily. "Oh, he couldn't make the trip this time."

Probably he couldn't, but it didn't help public relations with the newsprint announcing their reconciliation hardly dry. Betty was in New York without him, and that's not the way their agreement read. The agreement said they'd spend weekends together. He'd fly to Hollywood, or she'd bundle up the children and take them to Chicago. But from Chicago to New York is the shortest trip of all. . . .

This was the first time, but certainly not the last that his business commitments or her career would stand between them. He doesn't like being alone; she likes it even less. Their search for companionship is apt to widen the rift between them, and they may find that they're strangers. It may even add up to a case of absence making the heart grow fonder—of someone else.

If a clash of personalities separated them—Hollywood thinkers suggest—why should it bring them together again? Certainly their personalities haven't changed. And if their love is so strong, why can't they manage to keep it in one state? California's big enough for two, so is Illinois. Maybe they're doing it for the children. The gossipers think that that makes a cute story. Betty's not in love, they say, she's a martyr. And isn't it sweet to be a martyr for one's children? Unfortunately, a "weekend-marriage" can do the children more harm than no marriage at all.

Lindy and Candy are old enough to notice their father's prolonged absences. They're beginning to wonder why they have to pack a valise almost every time they see him. The contrast between their way of life and that of their friends will become increasingly apparent to them as the months go on. Children are pretty simple about complicated problems. We have a daddy—they think—why isn't he home? Children alone can't hold a marriage together; they need assistance from their parents.

All the sympathy and advice in the world can't stop two people from losing their tempers if that's what they want to lose. And even the nicest of in-laws—

HOLLYWOOD, HERE I COME



Hollywood had just become aware of Gregory Peck, and it began a long siege of phone calls against Leland Hayward, Peck's well-known agent.

Casey Robinson, a motion-picture writer who wanted to become a motion-picture producer, started the ball rolling one day.

"You handle a boy named Peck," stated Robinson.

"Do I?" Hayward asked.

"You do," Robinson said. "I've just seen him in a show, and he's good. Hal Wallis is going to call you, too, to try to sign him for Warner Brothers, but I'm first. I want Peck exclusive."

Hayward didn't know what Robinson was talking about. He'd never heard of Peck. So he stalled. "Of course, he'll want time off to appear in an occasional stage play," he suggested.

That didn't faze Robinson, so Hayward took a deep breath, said, "He won't make tests, either," and waited for the outraged howls. But Robinson took that one in his stride too. Hayward began to mention things that were ordinarily like flapping red flags in a producer's face. "He must have approval of the first two or three pictures he does . . . You can't sign him for more than three years . . . He must get a thousand a week for his first picture, fifteen hundred for his second and two thousand for his third." He sat back and waited for the wires to melt as they carried Robinson's reply westward. But Robinson merely said "Okay," and hung up.

The phone rang again. This time it was Hal Wallis. Hayward went through his list of Peck-won't-do-this-and-Peck-won't-do-that again. They bothered Wallis no more than they had Robinson. The same thing happened with two more producers.

Greg Peck was on his way.—(Pete Martin, from Hollywood Without Makeup)

the Briskins, and Betty's mother and sister —can't deliver any of the happiness they'd like to bring into Ted's and Betty's hearts. It's up to them alone to be faithful to the vows they made four years ago. They're trying the only way they think will work, but the problems they had before are still around.

Ted can be very thoughtless, especially when he's doing something he enjoys. One incident, which must have had a definite bearing on their separation, occurred when Ted flew down to the Del Mar race track for the day, with his brother.

On this particular day, Ted was having a run of bad luck, and he didn't want to go until he'd recouped his losses. He was too excited to make a note of when his plane was to leave—and he missed it.

When he called Betty to explain, Betty wasn't in a listening mood. They were expecting guests for dinner that night, and she'd taken special pains to see that the affair would be a lovely one.

Maybe other wives would have tossed the incident off lightly. "My husband's crazy," other wives might have said. "He'd lose his head if it weren't attached." But those wives you can count on your fingers after you make a fist.

Betty cried, and Ted bristled. He'd have to miss the dinner. So he might as well stay down at Del Mar for two more days.

He must have been trying to prove something—maybe that his desires were as important as anything for which Betty might demand his presence, maybe that his luck would change. Whatever it was, it wasn't for the best.

If a similar situation arose now, what would Betty do? She's too strong a personality to back down on principles. He's no weakling, either. It's hardly likely that a miraculous change will take place in the habits of a lifetime. Adjustments always have to be made in marriage, but this marriage is something unique. Ted and Betty were reared in worlds apart. She's a harum-scarum girl who loves gay parties and crowds of people. Ted can do without both.

He can do without both in Chicago. It might work out, if they really want it to. Betty seems to want it. She's tackling the problem like the whole Army team.

At this writing, Ted is with Betty and the children in Sarasota, Florida. She's doing personal appearances there for Cecil B. DeMille's *The Greatest Show On Earth.* They're calling this time between the acts together their "second honeymoon," but really, it's their third. Maybe for Betty, the third time will be the charm.

Her friends say, "We haven't seen Betty this happy for months. Her enthusiasm is wonderful; it's contagious."

But people are always saying that about Betty. She doesn't stop smiling till the lights go out, then there may be a different face on the girl. A face that would reveal a truer answer than anyone could possibly guess. THE END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photos which appear in this issue. 6 International News Photos—7 *L.C.* Bert Parry; *R.T.,C.* Bob Beerman; *L.B.* Bert Parry; *R.B.* C.B.S.-TV—14 *T.* Bob Beerman; *B.* Wide World —30-31 Bob Beerman—32-33 Bert Parry—34-35 *T.* Bob Beerman; *B.* International—36-37 Bob Beerman—38 Bert Parry—40-41 Bob Beerman—44-47 Bob Beerman—48 Globe—49 *T.* Bert Parry; *B.* Bob Beerman— 50 Bob Beerman—52 *L.C.,B.* Wide World; *B.* Stork Club; *T.* Stork Club—53 Wide World—54 *T.* Paramount; *L.B.* Bud Fraker; *R.C.,B.* Wide World—55 *L.C.* Bert Parry; *R.* Wide World—56-58 Walt Davis—66-72 Carmen Schiavoni.

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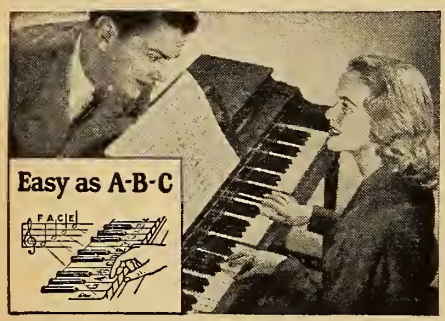
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nicky hilton tells his side

(*Continued from page 35*) went there wild stories flew out—that he was drinking and gambling huge stakes nightly—and one Hollywood columnist even penned that Nick had angrily tossed a stack of chips at Elizabeth when she begged him to stop!

Even as the Queen Elizabeth, bearing them home, approached New York harbor, Nick had a shore-to-ship call before he even landed—for the unkindest cut of all. It was a New York reporter demanding, "Is it true that you knocked your wife down in a drunken brawl?" That left Nick Hilton speechless, as well it might anyone. He did manage to retort though, "What a fine way to be welcomed home *this* is!" And wasn't it?

But since they've come back to Hollywood, where you'd think people would know better and want to see them happily home, has the tune changed? Unfortunately, no. Nick can't look sidewise at Elizabeth, or vice versa, without someone announcing a dreamed up domestic battle. No remote opportunity is missed to needle the man who married Elizabeth Taylor. Only the other day a gossip writer stated as fact, "People are wondering why Nicky Hilton isn't in the service." What people were wondering? And why? Former Seaman First Class Hilton owns an honorable Navy record in the last war and, like all veterans, he's classified 4-A. If they want him they'll reclassify and call him, like they will millions of other young men, and he'll go gladly.

None of this, I can report, is making Nick Hilton stay awake nights. He's too busy to get insomnia from reckless rumors even about himself. He's too good-natured to fly into a rage of denials, too smart to lower his dignity to a cat fight of answering back. If there are too many phone calls with irritating gossip for his ears, there's one regular one from Elizabeth every morning to say, "I love you," making the others seem passing stuff and nonsense which, of course, they are. Besides, as Nick will tell you, "I knew when I married a star what I was in for, although I didn't expect this much made of everything I do—or this kind of things said about me. It's not very pleasant," he grins wryly, "to be made out a louse."

MAYBE it's time to have a good look at the real man Elizabeth Taylor married. Maybe it's time to add Nick Hilton up right and see if he's the hooper dooper all this hullabaloo has made him—or if he's someone you might recognize—and like. Nick himself would be the last person to ask for any such break, but perhaps it's time to tell his side of the story.

Nick Hilton is a young man on his way. He has his own career and a future every bit as big, maybe bigger, than his famous wife's. Someday he might take over the multimillion dollar hotel empire which his dad, "Connie" Hilton runs. Right now he has his hands full with the Bel-Air, which Nick proudly calls "the most beautiful hotel in the world." It may be; it certainly is to Conrad N. Hilton, Junior. Because he owns part of it, it's his baby, his first sole business venture (the Bel-Air is not a part of the Hilton chain)—and Nick Hilton would rather be a successful hotel man than President of the United States. Or Clark Gable.

Just as some kids want to be a cop or a fireman when they grow up, young Nick wanted to run a hotel. "I never considered anything else," he says. "And I still don't. Why, it's the most fascinating business in the world! There's not one day like another or one problem like the one before. I'd rather be in a hotel than in a palace—or even a movie studio," he laughs.

In Dallas, Texas, where he was born, the home he remembers fondly was a little hotel called—of all things—the Waldorf, which his dad bought. When he was ten he had his first hotel job—running errands around the lodge at Cloudcroft, New Mexico, a summer resort. He started working summers regularly at fourteen, first at the Hilton hotel in El Paso, where Nick hauled ice, helped the engineer, fixed lamps, and did odd jobs in the rooms.

After two summers at El Paso, Nick travelled on at sixteen for jobs at the Town House in Los Angeles and the Stevens in Chicago, clerking, working in the accounting office, commissary, repair shop. Los Angeles was officially Nick's home, he'd gone to St. Paul the Apostle's parochial school there and Loyola High, but actually he spent most of his teen years around hotels or away at another school, New Mexico Military Institute. He was hustling and self reliant early.

The Navy grabbed Nick after one year at Loyola University in Los Angeles where he'd started a Business Administration course. He was eighteen, six feet tall, weighing around 160. He played football, hunted and fished; there was nothing wrong with him. He was a boot in San Diego, studied radar at the Pearl Harbor Pacific Fleet School, was assigned to the *U.S.S. North Carolina,* and took part in the coastal bombardment of Japan. He came out a seaman first class after twenty months' service. He tried one semester back at Loyola U, but it didn't take. He told his dad, "I'm too restless to go back to school. I want to go to work." "Connie" Hilton nodded approval and sent him off to the Stevens in Chicago, the biggest hotel in the world.

Nick was there a year helping streamline the food controls and set up a new system of housekeeping. Then he tore into a survey of the whole Hilton chain, from Los Angeles to New York, room by room. Nick Hilton has probably seen more hotel rooms than any man alive. He inspected and reported on 12,000 of them with diagrams. But he didn't think he knew enough even then.

So in '48 Nick took off for Europe, studied five months at the *Ecole Hoteliere* (Hotel School) in Lausanne, Switzerland. He got a job after that at the Hotel Scribe in Paris, compared European operations with the Hilton system, gave talks about it at manager's meetings back in America. He went to the Southwest as assistant to the vice president of the Hilton Corporation, helped put in the new ideas he'd doped out at the Hilton Hotels in Albuquerque, El Paso and Lubbock, Texas. He had moved on to the Hilton office in Beverly Hills when he met Elizabeth and fell in love.

WAS he in love with her movie star glamor as has been hinted? Does a go-getting record like that suggest that Nick Hilton wanted to bask in anybody's reflected glory?

"That's the funniest one," Nick ponders. "I didn't know a single Hollywood movie star. I wasn't even a fan. I'd never seen Elizabeth in a picture before I saw her in person." Somebody asked Nick once, "What attracted you to Elizabeth?" and he couldn't believe his ears. "Migosh," he exclaimed, "what attracts anyone to Elizabeth—I mean—what doesn't?"

He thought she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen and he wanted a date, so he pulled some strings with his friend. "Pete" Freeman, whose father, Frank Freeman, is a Paramount bigshot. Elizabeth was over there making *A Place in the Sun.* What happened then everyone knows. They had lunch at the studio, their first

date at Nick's brother, Barron's house, and a week-end at the Hilton's Lake Arrowhead lodge along with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Elizabeth's brother, Howard, and his girl. "It was a pretty romantic setting—moonlight, a mountain lake," Nick recalls, "so I just popped the question. I wasn't exactly discouraged." But he was surprised when, even before he came down out of the mountains, the newspapers had him engaged to Elizabeth Taylor. She hadn't said "Yes" then. Nick's been surprised at almost everything he's read about himself and Elizabeth since.

The first time Nick stepped out in public with Elizabeth was at a charity benefit at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. Elizabeth was a cigarette girl but she didn't peddle many cigarettes. Mostly, she was trapped at Nick's side while flash bulbs crackled. Nick asked his fiancée, "Is it always like this?" and she smiled, "You'll get used to it."

Well, he did. But he never enjoyed it. If he had, Nick wouldn't have nixed interviews about Elizabeth or refused to pose for lovey-dovey pictures. Nick didn't act up—but he didn't get in on the act, either. He was just a nice young guy in love with a girl, not her glamor.

I ASKED Nick if he'd ever take that long a honeymoon tour if he had to do it over. He shook his head. "No, I wouldn't. Elizabeth and I probably wouldn't take that long a trip again on any occasion. Maybe when we're older, when I'm more established in business. But three months is too long just to lie around. You feel like you're not accomplishing anything—and it gets you jumpy. Elizabeth works very hard when she makes a picture," he added, "but she feels the same way. If she'd been home she could have been fixing up things around the house." Nick never forgot his business even on his honeymoon. He came back lugging hotel gadgets and ideas he collected wherever they had stopped. One, a trick ashtray he found in Switzerland, is already in Bel-Air rooms. It keeps a cigarette, left burning, from falling out and setting the place on fire.

But no gadget has yet been invented to keep people from starting fires and raising smoke about screen stars and the men they marry. Nobody knows that better than Nick.

Besides running a successful hotel, Nick Hilton's one ambition in life right now is to make Elizabeth Taylor happy. "That's the idea of marriage, isn't it?" he asks. He's crazy about fishing and golf. He took her out fishing—she fell asleep in the boat. He bought her a matched set of Patty Berg clubs—they still sit new and shiny in the garage. Few husbands indeed have worked a wife into their Sunday sports, but in the things that count Nick has changed more than one idea he owned to please his bride.

He wanted to live at the Bel-Air when they came back home. Nick never stops being a militant hotel man for one minute, and he's convinced that it's cheaper, more comfortable, and handier to live in them than run a house. But the suite they'd picked out wasn't ready, so they moved into the Pacific Palisades house that Barron and Marylin and their multiplying family outgrew. The night they moved in there weren't any sheets or blankets, or much of anything else, so while Elizabeth unpacked, Nick raced around in his car to his dad's house, to the hotel, to Barron and Marylin's new place and came back with the bedding and enough pots and pans to cook breakfast.

Domesticity has seemed to take with Liz, so now the Hilton living plans are changed. Nick's hunting a house to buy, and he has a deal on for one he thinks will fill the bill. "What changed your mind?" I asked him. "Nothing," maintains Nick. "But Elizabeth wants a house—and she's going to have one. She wants to try her hand at cooking and housekeeping for a while." They're going ahead and redecorating the Bel-Air suite just the same, and just in case Elizabeth discovers what Nick suspects she will—that making pictures and running a house are two full time jobs.

Right now the Hiltons live in Pacific Palisades with a maid, a gardener, and "Gi-Gi," the French poodle which Nick bought Elizabeth to replace her beloved "Butch" who died while they were away. They're home most nights when they aren't carrying on a canasta feud with Barron and Marylin, and sometimes Elizabeth cooks dinner. Lamb chops, potatoes and peas were her first bridal effort, which suited Nick fine because he's strictly a meat and potato boy. Outside of the ballet, a few concerts and a preview or two, they haven't made any kind of a stir socially—and that's perfectly all right with Nick.

"We're too busy—and too tired," explains Nick. "We're both working and if we have time to unpack a few wedding presents we're lucky. We've got a lot of catching up to do getting settled."

BOTH Nick and Elizabeth roll out of bed at 6:30 when she's working. It's a ten-minute drive to his hotel, fifteen to MGM for Elizabeth. But when they kiss good-by in the morning they enter separate worlds. Nick has been to MGM just once, for lunch with his wife. He hasn't been on the set of *Father's Little Dividend* and he isn't planning to go just to rubberneck around. "How would I find the time?" he asks. "Besides, I'd just be in the way. I don't know anything about movies or acting. I know what I like to see Elizabeth in—I liked *Father of the Bride* and, of course, *National Velvet*. But I'm no critic."

Sometimes Elizabeth comes by the hotel for dinner, but she feels the same way about Nick's hotel. That's his job. He's busy right now redecorating all the rooms and the other day he asked her advice about colors. It was pretty good until she added, "And of course, light carpets." Nick shook his head. "Honey," he said, "you may know colors, but you don't know hotels." Light carpets, he explained, would show every footstep.

The way Nick Hilton feels about Elizabeth's career is exactly as he says, "I think it's fine and I'm all for it—as long as it doesn't interfere with our having a family." Because Nick Hilton is a family boy himself and he's crazy about kids.

"Three will be enough," thinks Nick, "but more if we're lucky. I want some boys to take hunting. Elizabeth wants some girls to dress up." Nick's only twenty-three and Elizabeth's pushing nineteen, but he still thinks he's way behind. Barron, two years younger, has three. Maybe Elizabeth will have something to say about how many and when—a family's something no mere rumor in a column can start—although there have been those rumors, too. But they didn't make Nick sore. He kind of hoped they were true.

Nick Hilton is not really mad at anybody. He's too happily married and too wrapped up in every detail of his job and business interests. He's chasing success and the solid things of life, but he's no character out of Horatio Alger. He's no plaster saint and he doesn't pretend to be.

"I like fun, sure," he'll tell you—although you don't have to ask that after a look at his restless eyes and quick grin—"but not the kind of fun sometimes they say I like—if that's fun, I wouldn't know."

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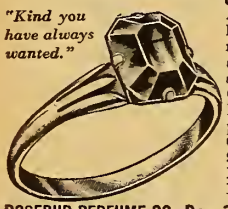
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like any normal Jo. He likes to watch the horses run, see football games, play poker and canasta. He smokes, takes a drink or sometimes two. He's a chip off his life-loving dad, "Connie," and his bringing up around hotels, where there's always something buzzing, has made him a regular guy, but he wasn't born yesterday. Smarties are always approaching Nick with "deals," "tips" or "sure things," but he can spot a racket a mile off. Although Nick has even broken up plenty of them right in his hotel jobs, the idea hangs around that he's a young sucker. And he knows he can expect to be baited and badgered for sensational headlines no matter what he and Elizabeth do, or don't do, although he admits that after a while the wallops make him wary and subconsciously on the defensive.

A while back, Nick took his sister-in-law, Marylin, out to the airport to meet Barron, flying in from Mexico. Elizabeth was busy and couldn't make it, so the two of them stood at the gate sweating the plane in. Nick found himself looking nervously around the crowd expecting something, he didn't know what.

Finally it struck him and he had to laugh. A few weeks before a demented husband got caught planting a bomb on an airliner, along with his pregnant wife and kids, to blow them all to glory.

"Marylin," whispered Nick, "maybe I'd better stand a little farther away from you. Somebody might see us and say that I was out at the airport getting rid of a pregnant woman!"

It hasn't gotten as fantastic as that, of course, not yet, and if it does Nick Hilton's sense of humor can save him. But it would be awfully welcome, just for a change, he thinks, and maybe high time too, for someone to say that Nick and Elizabeth Hilton were two nice and normal young married people starting out in life happy, ambitious, in love, and hoping to stay that way. THE END

what's wrong with the gables?

(*Continued from page 39*) in her immaculate two-piece suit by Adrian, and five-inch high heels. They wondered how in heck she would survive the really rugged life on location. She surprised them.

Now the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Gable takes on a sweetly rustic note. They lived in a log cabin, a long drive from the nearest village. Clark has never been afraid to rough it. Neither, strangely enough, has Sylvia—as long as it isn't too rough. First of all, she changed into some fetching shorts and fancy plaid western shirts. Then she unpacked the trunks she had thoughtfully brought with her on the train. In them, Sylvia had stashed away her best table silver and her best bed linen. So there they were—in the wilderness, with soft sheets and shining silver. To add one more touch of home, Sylvia bought up most of the grass thereabouts and surrounded the hut with greenery.

"She got up every morning to have breakfast with me," Clark states, in a kind of awed wonder, "at 5:30 AM!" "And I was in bed nearly every night at 8:30," adds Sylvia, the sophisticate, who hasn't been abed by 8:30 since she was five years old. She cooked for him; she's in heaven with hamburgers sizzling on the stove. Economical, too. The stores in Durango reported "one pound of ground round, please" purchased at a time. "I *ate* the lousiest hamburger," Clark would say later in Sylvia's presence. But with a smile.

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who will never see forty again, just has to be in love with her husband to get up with him in the dark, retire with him before it's dark, cook for him, and even—yes, she did this too—wash his shirts for him. Everyone, including Clark, would have understood absolutely if Sylvia had preferred to stay behind in comfort.

"This just has to be love," reported this reporter emphatically at that time. "But didn't you think it odd when Sylvia went to England without Clark?" I was then reminded. Yes, I remember thinking so for a fleeting moment. Clark was then doing his *To Please A Lady* picture in Indiana, and the reason I was surprised was because only a few weeks previously Sylvia had told me that when the movie was finished, she and Clark would *both* go to London, where Sylvia owns a house in the smartest section of Mayfair.

No one quite knows why Sylvia didn't wait for Clark. You'd have thought she would have wanted him to meet her friends—Lord Beaverbrook, Winston Churchill, and other top drawer personalities. But apart from selling her Rolls Royce car, there is nothing too tangible to account for the British trip. Clark met her in New York, and by the time they returned to Hollywood, Sylvia was wearing a huge new diamond ring. I'm not sure whether she bought it or Clark bought it. If he did, it's the biggest, most expensive present Gable has ever given any woman in his life. I do know for sure, however, that he gifted Sylvia with a gold, bejewelled cigarette case that she recently showed to me.

That Clark is trying to make this marriage his last is very obvious. I nearly fainted when I saw him all dressed up with Sylvia at the first night of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Clark doesn't know one end of a ballet shoe from the other. He went to please Sylvia, of course. And the fashion shows! It's fascinating to see Clark at Sylvia's side, hob-nobbing with the elegant dress designers. He even bought a suit for her at one of the fashion flings.

Clark has never been a man for parties in his home. But Sylvia is a girl who likes to have people around, so Clark has enlarged what used to be the combination tap room and dining room. Now they have one big room, and most Saturday and Sunday nights they have quite a gang in—mostly Sylvia's friends.

And Sylvia, if she misses the non-stop traveling to the gay playgrounds of the fashionable world—well, at least she hasn't been heard to complain. I haven't seen her in a night club with Clark since the marriage. And she passes her days in the garden, fixing up the roses, or absorbed in her needlework. Sylvia has a "green thumb." Everything she touches blooms. Her roses are all over the place and very beautiful. The 8 by 6 rug in the living room, she designed and made herself.

A week before the surprise elopement of Clark with the girl who was then Lady Sylvia Stanley—before that, as you know, she was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and before that, Lady Ashley, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Shaftesbury—a columnist printed the story that ever since the tragic death of Carole Lombard in a plane crash, Clark had kept the bedroom of the wife he adored, untouched. Every dress was in the same place. The perfume was undisturbed on the blonde colored dressing table. Clark was furious when he read the story. "It's completely false and ridiculous," he stormed. The dresses and personal belongings had been sent to Carole's relatives. But the furniture and décor was left as Carole had planned it. Why not? Clark wasn't going to marry again, so why redecorate?

No one wants to live with a ghost. The new Mrs. Gable, with Clark's complete agreement, recently called in a top decorator to turn her bedroom into a gay green and white affair, which matches her coloring and complements her personality. The drapes and coverings are in English imported chintz with a white background. The chairs are quilted with the same expensive material. And to please his lady, Clark gave up his office and turned it into a sitting room for Sylvia. All this, plus the newly built guest house. *And* a barn converted into a studio for Sylvia who loves to paint. This doesn't seem to add up to trouble in the marriage, does it?

Of course, any couple has to make an adjustment. And Clark and Sylvia aren't kids. They are mature people and with completely different backgrounds. Clark, American to the core, outdoor, simple, without too much book stuff—unless they're about guns or fishing. Sylvia—born on the wrong side of the tracks in London. Some say her father was a pub keeper, others that he was a footman in an aristocratic home. Sylvia says he was a retired army man. She started as a manicurist, a model, and became a show girl on the stage. But all her grown up life after that has been played against a "smart set" back-drop. So, of course, there have been some differences of opinion and outlook. But this is the fourth marriage for both, and you can lay odds that their life together would have to get completely impossible before they would ever part.

This is how the future seems to be shaping up for them. Career-wise—Sylvia is rather vague about motion pictures. At Clark's last preview, she sat with him at the back of the theater, giggled a lot, then summed up, "It was very gay." But she plans to be with him again on the next location trip. This will be *Lone Star* for his own independent company. The plan now is to shoot it in Texas. So once again Sylvia will pack the linen and the silver and go by train, probably, while Clark drives alone. And that, I suppose, will start some more "trouble" talk.

Before the picture, they will have had the trip to Nassau and New York. Clark was always dashing off to New York prior to his marriage with Sylvia. But in those days he was bored in Hollywood between pictures. The reason for the last jaunt, I am sure, was to give Sylvia a change.

It's a surprising thing but, since the marriage, Clark has become much more ambitious. This year (1951) he will star in three pictures. Since *Gone With The Wind,* Clark has never made more than two a year, usually one. It can't be that he needs the money. Clark was earning half a million dollars a year in the old easy tax days. And he has always lived modestly and saved his dollars. I'd guess today he is worth a couple of million dollars, apart from the annuities and his $25,000 a year Metro pension.

So it isn't money that makes Clark want to work so hard. It could be a desire to re-establish himself in some *good* pictures. They've given him some pretty mediocre stuff in the past four years, and some of the new generation have been heard to question "What's so hot about Gable?" (Brother!)

And it could be restlessness, *personal* restlessness. Why work at all, when you have all the fame and fortune you'll ever need, and when not working means you can spend *all* your time with the woman you love?

But we have finished looking over the shoulder of the Gables, toting up the ledgers—the red columns and the black. I'd say it adds up to a pretty good marriage. And I hope it will stay that way until the accounting is closed. The End

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here are the facts he has to face

(*Continued from page 35*) —or when they'd appear at all for dinner." This last minute meal business is nothing new for Elizabeth, of course. At her mother's house, dinner might be mentioned for eight o'clock, and sometimes it would be ten before Elizabeth appeared with her guests. Then it was Mrs. Taylor's job to soothe the servants. Elizabeth will have to take lessons from her mom in that highly specialized department.

Nicky and Elizabeth are either very trusting or very careless about their personal possessions. They invariably leave the front door of their house, not only unlocked, but *open!* And inside all their silver and jewelry remain unguarded. (Memo to Liz and Nicky: For heaven's sake put a strong lock and an alarm on the door now or you *will* be burglarized.)

Then there's the smoking. Don't get me wrong. I'm all for it, if that's what a girl wants to do. But Elizabeth's current cigarette sessions are very much frowned on by her mother, who would rather Elizabeth stayed as fresh and unspoiled for as long as possible. Well, I've news for Mrs. Taylor, and I hope it won't be a shock. Elizabeth *did* smoke *before* the marriage and it was none of Nicky's doings. She just wanted to, like most young girls do. But she didn't want to hurt her mother's feelings, so she smoked secretly like thousands of dutiful daughters before her and after her. Personally, I think if she wants to smoke, it's better to do it in the open.

WHENEVER the story gets on the air or into print that Elizabeth and Nicky have had another battle, the four people most upset are the two mothers and the two fathers of the spatting couple. Especially Mrs. Taylor, because she has lived her whole life for and with Elizabeth, and she cannot conceive of anyone in the world who would dare to hurt her little girl.

Even before the marriage, Mrs. Taylor was so upset at something Nicky said to Elizabeth that she went off somewhere and no one could find her. When her daughter returned to Hollywood from Europe accompanied by those hard-to-understand stories of the beautiful bride neglected while the groom gambled, Mrs. Taylor was beside herself, and desperately unhappy. Elizabeth, always loyal to Nicky, defended him to her mother and denied everything.

Actually, despite the arguments they may have, they *do* love each other, and if only they can learn to keep the battles in the boudoir where no one can hear them, they might have a real chance for happiness. Because as it is, stories about them spread like wildfire. And if Liz isn't careful, people may start saying that the bruises she received in a recent airplane accident were administered by Nicky himself. (The plane, heading for New York, crashed through a wooden fence at the end of a rain-soaked runway and made an emergency landing at Long Beach, California.) That brush with death, incidentally, is doing more right now than all the doting advice in the world to make these two realize that only their love is important, and that all the spats, temperamental outbursts, and the like are just plain trivia. Naturally, they valued their love before this accident. So far, after every fight, they *have* kissed and made up, and Nicky couldn't do enough for Elizabeth. He showered her with all sorts of expensive presents to say he was sorry. But the realization that a power not in their control is capable of separating them, should bring them maturity, and less and less things to be sorry for.

Nicky, for whom life was always so simple—when he used to gamble, no one made a headline of it; when he quarrelled with a girl, no one cared—can't seem to accept the fact that marriage to a movie star makes him *news*. I've heard it said—never from Nicky or Elizabeth—that in order to stop the non-stop rumors, he will ask his wife to give up her career. If anything else were needed to break Mrs. Taylor's heart, this would be it. But I don't believe Nicky would ever ask this sacrifice. I think he enjoys being married to such a beautiful and famous movie star. I also believe that he wants the marriage to last "until death do them part." Nicky is very religious—he attends Mass regularly. It would be a very serious matter for Nicky with his church if his marriage vows were to be lightly tossed aside.

That is why, as soon as the separation stories reappeared recently when he was in Las Vegas without Elizabeth, who was in Palm Springs without Nicky, he cut short the hotel business which he said had taken him there. He then drove to the desert and spent one whole day with his wife, hand-holding by the pool of the Racquet Club—"so that everyone can see that we have not separated." Then he returned alone to their home here.

But when I talked to Elizabeth on the telephone next day, she told me, "I'm coming home from Palm Springs. I needed the rest, but I want to stop the rumors that we are separated." The "rumors" were potent enough to bring Elizabeth's mother rushing back from New York to be close at hand in case of a call for help from her daughter.

But I don't think Elizabeth is ever going to give that "yoo hoo." She's very proud, and as of this writing, she's more sure than ever that Mrs. Nicky Hilton will be her name for keeps. Although, with Elizabeth, or with any bewildered child, you can't predict.

FOR instance, after the brief separation in New York that time when the honeymooners landed from the Queen Elizabeth, she called her mother to the phone in Beverly Hills, and cried her heart out long distance. "Don't worry, baby," Mrs. Taylor soothed her weeping daughter, "I'll take care of everything, don't worry." Half an hour later she called back to tell Elizabeth, "I've arranged to have you flown back immediately to Hollywood." But by that time Elizabeth and Nicky had kissed and made up and wild horses couldn't drag her home—not to mention a plane. In fact, she was angry with her mother for suggesting any such thing!

Incidentally, the story that Elizabeth has broken with her mother and is refusing to see her cannot be true, because when I talked to Mrs. Taylor yesterday she told me she expected Nicky and Elizabeth for dinner that same night.

Elizabeth is generously extravagant. So is Nicky. With her first sizable pay she bought her mother a car. With all the dozens of dresses in her fabulous trousseau, she bought more clothes in New York on her return from Europe, and lots more dresses locally.

Nicky has never stopped to count the cost of anything—when you love to gamble you don't. So they don't save much. And contrary to popular belief, Nicky is not a millionaire—only his father is. Of course, young Hilton *does* have a trust fund which gives him $12,000 a year—a fortune for all, except a few, twenty-three year olders. But peanuts for a boy with Nicky's penchant for poker (Elizabeth

designates Thursday 'Nicky's poker night') and plush living. Elizabeth's salary at MGM isn't yet in the top brackets. Although it will be when she negotiates that new contract—in two years.

But in a rather belated attempt to teach his son the value of a dollar, the senior Mr. Hilton is withholding, so I am told, any further financial help. So Nicky has to get along on his trust fund and what he makes as manager of the Bel Air Hotel. And if he's the smart boy I take him to be, he will learn how lucky he is to have so much of the world's good fortune.

And for the future of their future, I hope he won't have Elizabeth dashing all over the place on trips to New York, trips to here, trips to there. She is still exhausted from her hectic honeymoon. And I was saddened but not surprised when she collapsed at the conclusion of her Metro picture *Father's Little Dividend.* Her fainting, of course, rekindled the rumors of a mother's little dividend, but Elizabeth and Nicky don't expect that happy promise to come true just yet.

I wish it would. The responsibility of a baby could prove just what the doctor ordered. A child would give them both something to live for besides their very charming selves. One thing I'm sure of. This baby will not only *not* be pampered—but never spoiled. It always happens. THE END

it pays to be sensational

(*Continued from page 37*) exciting career.

In Ruth's case, her acting caught the rave notices, though she's the first to admit that the bathing suit she wore in *Champion* came in for its share of attention. However, when Warners offered her a contract, they didn't agree to throw in Fort Knox. And under these circumstances, a girl can't very well go dashing out for a Dior original every time she's invited to dinner. Even though she realizes that a star and her wardrobe should be sensational, she knows even better that you can't tear a paycheck in half and have twice as much money.

Ruth can prove that you needn't leave a year's salary as down payment on a gown to have it appreciated. For instance, scores of friends and strangers told her how perfectly stunning she looked as she made a presentation on last year's Academy Award program. Magazines and newspapers commented on her appearance. Ruth thanked one and all. Then *Life* ran a photograph taken during the Academy festivities. The text mentioned the price of Ruth's dress. Seems she'd found it on a rack for $28.00.

Her friends were astounded. So were her fans, and the mail poured in. Everyone wanted to know whether the gown could possibly have been that inexpensive. "They thought I was lying," Ruth moans.

The dress was white and strapless, simplicity itself. It will be seen again on the Roman frame. But chances are that few will recognize it. There'll be a flower here and there. Or an unusual belt. Or perhaps an addition of lace to give a Spanish effect. And most likely a second and third round of compliments. "Why not have five dresses for the price of one?" Ruth wants to know.

"A smart person plans a wardrobe systematically," Ruth says. But even she will occasionally make a spur-of-the-moment purchase. A dress will take her fancy and next thing she knows it's in a box under her arm. She gets it home. Turns out the dress matches nothing. It

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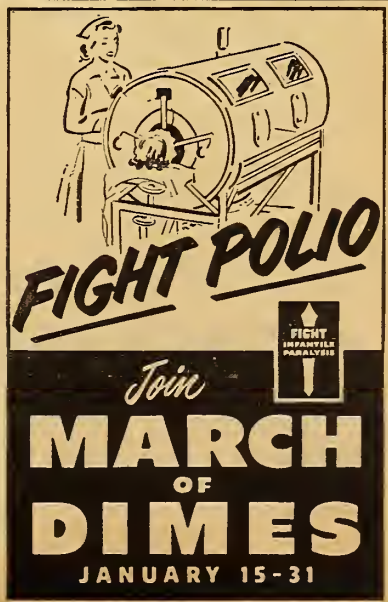
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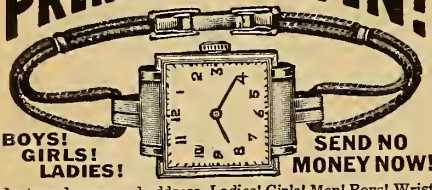


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hangs in her closet and whenever she opens the door she spies it and wonders, "Now why in the world did I buy that?" If she ever wears it, she's merely soothing a troubled conscience.

Generally, she's more conservative. She's been a firm believer in sales since her leaner days in Boston. And to Ruth there's something sentimental about a bargain basement—that's where she bought her first formal. At the time, she was a student at Bishop Lee Dramatic School. Receiving an invitation to a prom, she rushed down to Filene's basement and carefully cased the stock. She chose a chartreuse gown. With it came a Kelly green cape. The complete outfit set her back $3.00.

Ruth can't help wondering how friends and fans would react to that one. She really takes their opinions to heart. On one occasion when photographers came calling, they found that she had recently moved into a brand new home. Since Ruth was working on a picture and decorating at the same time, progress on the interior of the house was going slowly. "Let's have a kitchen shot," suggested one of the lensmen. Ruth obligingly posed.

When the photograph appeared in print, she received an indignant communique. "Whatsa matter?" the writer wanted to know. "Can't you afford kitchen curtains?"

She went out and bought some. Curtains, or clothes, she concludes, a star must have them. And everything with flair. "I have been tempted to wear curtains," she confesses.

That temptation was strongest one summer when she was in stock. She had an important date and her trunk hadn't arrived. Fortunately, necessity did prove the mother of invention. Ruth looked around her room. She eyed the curtains thoughtfully, but decided the pattern might seem too familiar if she met the landlady on her way out. So Ruth pulled a sheet from the bed. She whipped out needle, thread, and scissors. A short time later, Ruth had herself a dress. But her poor date couldn't understand why the girl had hysterics when all he said was, "How attractive you look."

RUTH dresses according to compliments. She's noticed that she receives the most when she sticks to vivid colors. When she comes out in navy blue or black, there's a dead silence.

She prefers tailored things to frills because she thinks the person should wear the clothes and not vice-versa. "A dress itself shouldn't be outstanding," she maintains. "It should simply help to complete a pretty picture."

And for a movie star, the picture as a whole should provide the spectacular. Ruth's working toward that goal, but it's difficult. One afternoon a friend stopped by at her house. "I'm in the market for a sable," she said. "Want to come along?"

"Sure," Ruth answered.

So they drove out to Fuhrman's in Beverly Hills. Seconds after she'd stepped into the store, Ruth eyed a stole. She closed her eyes and mentally juggled her bank balance. "I think I'll wait in the car," she said, being a girl who likes to avoid temptation.

Then she stopped to think it over. "Ruth," she told herself, "you can't go running away from every mink-lined shop window you see."

She stayed. With thoughts of the future, she even tried on some furs. About $150,000 worth of it. But when her friend departed with sable, Ruth followed with pocketbook. She went home to her camel's hair coat. Someday in mink she'll be sensational. In a sensible sort of way. THE END



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 18*)

knee to no one. It's not an exciting picture from the point of view of action, but there's something so beautiful about an intellect like Holmes', the pure, fine sweep of it, the wonderful superiority of brain and judgment and moral courage that makes one man stand out like a shining light in his time, and even afterward, that for me, the whole two hours were more than satisfying. Louis Calhern plays Holmes, Ann Harding is his devoted wife (theirs was a marriage you could take for a model) and Eduard Franz, as Louis Brandeis, Holmes' friend and Associate Justice, rounds out the fine, capable cast. Holmes read Plato in the original Greek when he was 90 years old, and when somebody asked him why, he said, "To improve my mind." A man like that can almost make you believe there's hope for the world, and I dare you to be bored by him for a minute.

Cast: Louis Calhern, Ann Harding, Eduard Franz.—MGM.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

The title of this picture is no lie. Irene Dunne, who writes musicals like *South Pacific*, and lives a life full of mink and French poodles, falls in love with a widowed bronco buster she meets at the Rodeo, and goes west with him to mother his two little children. For her pains, she gets more pains—dust storms in the house, sprains in the bottom (you try to ride a horse when your seat is used to a Cadillac), and her biscuits turn out to be suitable only for paper weights. Adjustments are necessary on all sides, before love triumphs over trouble. It's a cute picture, full of homely philosophy and pleasing performances.

Cast: Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray, William Demarest, Andy Devine.—RKO.

BRANDED

Alan Ladd, a no-count, shiftless saddle tramp, meets a murdering thief (Robert Keith), and they go into business together. They fix Ladd up with a phony birthmark, then send him to sell himself as the long-lost son of a wealthy rancher. (Son was kidnapped by Keith 20 years before, so Keith knows there's no danger of his showing up.) Alan pulls off the coup, but then he gets religion. His foster mother is so nice, and his foster father is so nice, and his foster sister (Mona Freeman) is so, well, not exactly nice, but boy, she got some curves, hey. Alan goes and fetches pa and ma their own boy back—it's not as easy as it sounds—and he marries Mona, and that is that.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman, Charles Bickford, Robert Keith.—Paramount.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Because I expected something really unusual from Stanley Kramer (he produced *Home of the Brave, The Men, Champion*), I was a little disappointed in *Cyrano*. It's simply a beautiful filming of what seems to be a terribly dated, old-fashioned kind of play. *Cyrano* was always a one-man show, and this time it's Jose Ferrer's. He knows how to read lines well, and he knows how to use his physical presence well—the fighting, the sweeping gestures, are all there—but none of it was real to me. I never once felt the heart of a man beating under the wordy exterior, and the whole business seemed a cross between inferior Shakespeare (the singing, poetic lines) and an Errol Flynn movie (the swashbuckling). I feel this is a fairly stock *Cyrano*, played the way almost any competent (or even exceptional) actor might have played it. If I'm wrong, I apologize. Since I've never seen any other actors play it, I have to admit I have no real grounds for comparison.

Cast: Jose Ferrer, Mala Powers, William Prince, Morris Carnovsky.—United Artists.

SEPTEMBER AFFAIR

This is an *Intermezzo* sort of business, with Joseph Cotten and Joan Fontaine sharing stolen weeks together in sunny Italy before they decide that honor, duty, and the Hays (excuse me, Johnston) office come before love and kisses. Joe's an engineer, separated from his wife (Jessica Tandy); Joan's a concert pianist. They miss a plane in which they're supposed to fly back to the States, the plane crashes with all aboard killed. Whee! Now everyone believes they're dead, so they can go rent a villa and live in joyous sin. That's what you think! Joe misses his son, and he misses building bridges and dams, and then his wife gets noble when she finds out he's alive, and Joe and Joan can't be any less noble than she, so the whole idyll goes pfft. Spelled pfft.

Cast: Joan Fontaine, Joseph Cotten, Francoise Rosay, Jessica Tandy.—Paramount.

DALLAS

Gary Cooper, an ex-Confederate colonel who has a price on his head (the Federal government, what there is left of it, is angry about his guerrilla actions) shows up in Dallas, Texas, a'lookin' fer trouble. The Marlow brothers (Raymond Massey, Steve Cochran, Zon Murray) a bunch of cut-throats and wuss, are the ones who ruined Gary's home and family during the Civil War, and now Gary wants to get hunk. He forces the new U. S. Marshal for Dallas (Leif Erickson) to let him, Gary, play U. S. Marshal, because Erickson is fresh from Boston, and with what he knows about guns, he can get killed out here. Then Gary settles the score with the Marlow brothers, takes Erickson's girl away, receives himself a government pardon, and generally acts like only Gary Cooper can. You know what that means—lean, closemouthed, and powerful powerful.

Cast: Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman, Steve Cochran, Raymond Massey.—Warners.

BREAKTHROUGH

The newsreel shots in *Breakthrough* are magnificent, horrifying, moving, unbearable; the rest of the picture can't live up to them, though it tries, as it tells about Omaha Beach, and the climax of the invasion of Europe in World War II. It's got the *12 O'Clock High* situation of a commanding officer (David Brian) who's grown to identify too closely with his men, and has to be relieved. It's got the familiar French girl with the off-the-shoulder dress, and you know before it happens, which men are slated to be killed. There are many good things about *Breakthrough*, however, if anything so agonizing as a war picture can be said to be *good*. There are times when the acting—Brian's, chiefly—breaks through the corny narration, and touches you; there are times when the war seems all too real, and close again.

Cast: David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy.—Warners.

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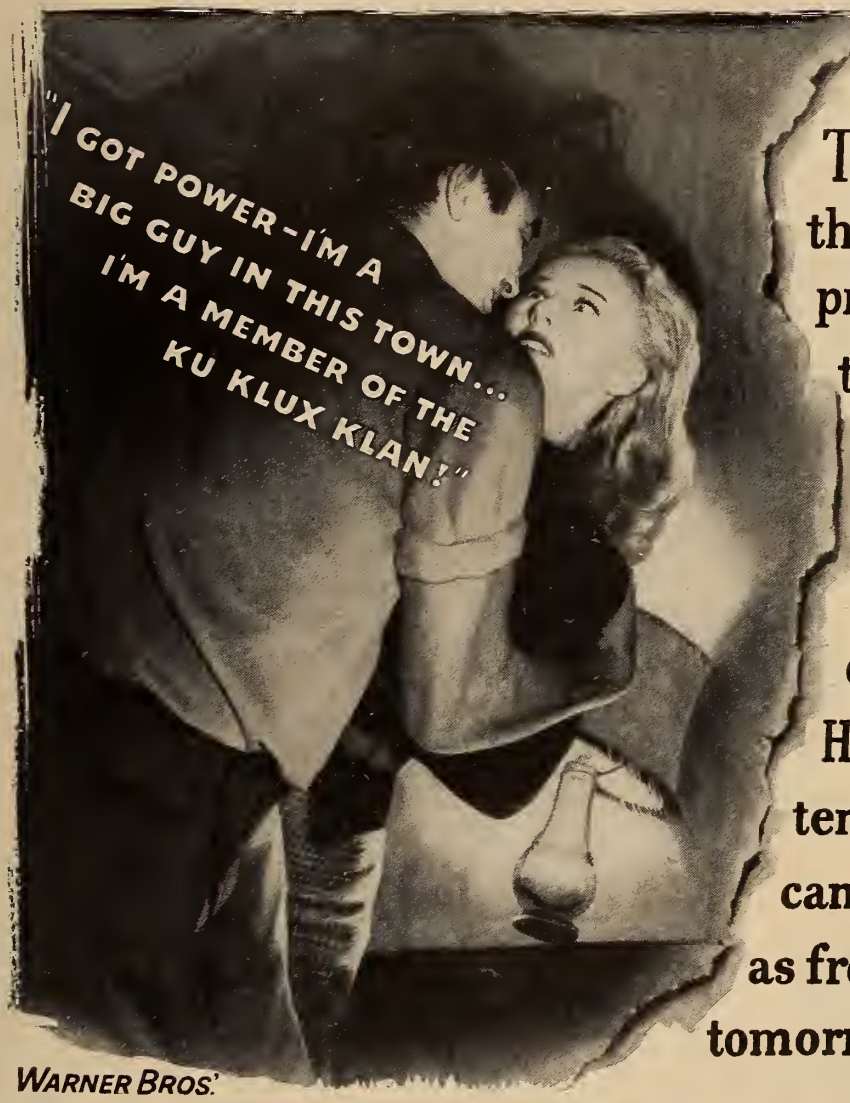
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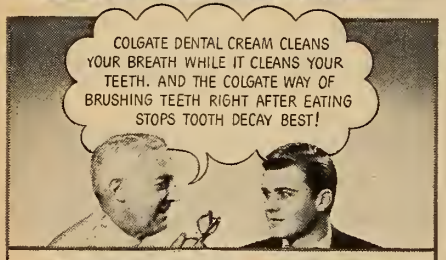
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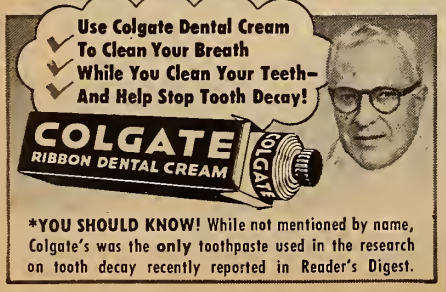
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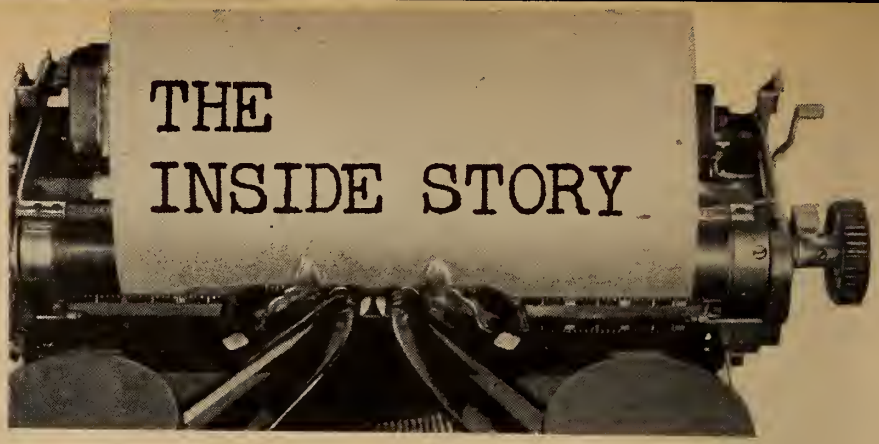
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Judy Garland is calling an end to her marriage? If so, is there another man in the picture?
—A. F., Miami, Florida

A. *Judy Garland's announcement two days before Xmas that she had arranged a final separation from her husband, director Vincente Minnelli, came as no surprise to anyone in Hollywood. The inside story is that ten days before she made the announcement—and issued it through Ben Holzman, a representive of the William Morris Agency—Judy had moved out of her picturesque home in the Hollywood Hills and had begun dating Sid Luft, the handsome, brown-haired actors' agent and one-time husband of actress Lynn Bari. These two were seen in Chasen's, Romanoff's and other fashionable restaurants every night. Despite this, when reporters asked Judy if she and her husband were still happy, Judy insisted that they were. When the gossip concerning her and Luft became strong, however, she was compelled to make some clarifying statement—and she admitted that she and Minnelli had come to the parting of ways. While no divorce had been discussed, Minnelli said, "If a divorce will make Judy happy she certainly can have it. My every thought has been for her happiness and I will not stand in her way." Judy said: "I have nothing very much to say. It's just one of those things that's happened before and I have no plans for the future."*

Q. Is it true that Sue and Alan Ladd try to hide the fact that they both have children by their previous marriages? Aren't some of the Ladd children college students? —R. T., Tulsa, Okla.

A. *At the time of the Ladds' marriage in 1942 each had a child. No attempt was made to hide their existence although little publicity surrounds them. At the moment, Sue's oldest daughter is attending the University of California. Alan's oldest son goes to junior high school. The other two Ladd children are Alana, 7, and David, 4.*

Q. What are the duties of a movie star's private secretary—Joan Crawford's, for example? —T. C., Dublin, N. H.

A. *Joan's secretary is Mrs. Margaret Colby. She answers fan mail, business letters, takes dictation between scenes, accompanies Miss Crawford to the studio, oversees the housekeeping, sees that Joan's poodle, Cliquot, takes a bath every Saturday, keeps track of appointments for the four Crawford children, makes certain the cook knows how many guests are expected for dinner—in short, acts as a girl Friday both professionally and personally.*

Q. Can you tell me the minimum salary extras receive in Hollywood?
—R. T., Topeka, Kan.

A. *$15.56 per day.*

Q. Is the Lana Turner-Bob Topping marriage on the rocks? Why do stars deny shaky marriages, anyway? They say that everything is swell, and the next thing you know they're getting a divorce. —T. D., Denver, Colo.

A. *There have been many tall tales of disputes between Lana and her husband, but at this writing they both insist they're very happy. The reason stars deny shaky marriages is that they hope to strengthen them. Frequently, these hopes aren't fulfilled.*

Q. I hear that there's a good chance for a reconciliation between Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston. True or false? —J. F., Bridgeport, Conn.

A. *False.*

Q. Do Kirk Douglas, Mario Lanza, and Edward G. Robinson wear lifts in their shoes? —R. R., Raleigh, N. C.

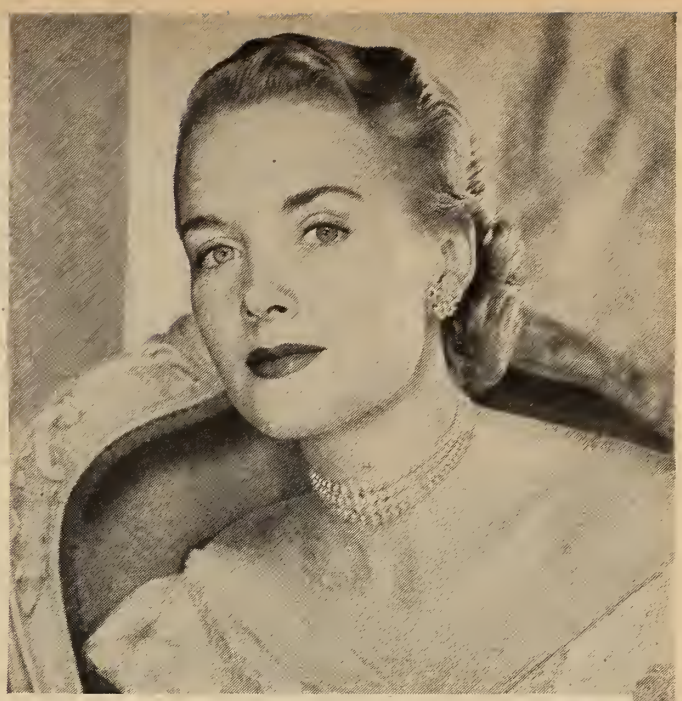
A. *Only in films when they play opposite girls who are taller.*

Q. How can Ingrid Bergman bear not to see her daughter, Pia, for two whole years? —E. C., New York City

A. *Ingrid, of course, wants to see her daughter more than anything else in the world. She must first obtain the permission of the California Superior Court before Pia may leave the state. Dr. Lindstrom is fearful of permitting Pia to leave either the state of California or the United States. He wants Pia to see and visit with her mother, but he would much prefer Ingrid to come to the U. S. This, Miss Bergman would like to do, but she feels that the people here would not accept her current husband, Roberto Rossellini. In all probability, Dr. Lindstrom will take Pia to Paris some time during the spring and arrange for a meeting with Ingrid.*



Sensitive skin. "Medicated Noxzema helped my sensitive skin look softer and smoother," says Hollis Burke of New York. "And 'creamwashing' cleanses without drying skin!"



Dry skin. "My skin had been dry, before I tried the Noxzema Home Facial," says Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. "This beauty routine helped so much, I follow it daily now!"

LOOK LOVELIER in 10 DAYS with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

Read the real experiences of women just like you. Then, see for yourself, how—with just *one* cream—you can help your complexion look softer, smoother, and lovelier! Simply use *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema daily—in this wonderful Home Facial developed by a skin doctor. In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women to lovelier-looking skin—in 2 weeks!



Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your make-up foundation. This greaseless, invisible film holds make-up beautifully, helps protect your skin *all day!*



Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes†. While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal—helps soften and smooth. And it's greaseless! No "smeary" face!

Money-Back Offer! Try this Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn't show real improvement, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back. †*externally-caused*

Noxzema Medicated Hand Care Helps Hands Look Lovelier — in 24 Hours*!



If your hands are red, rough and chapped . . . you can help them look lovelier *in 24 hours*. *In actual clinical tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed definite improvement—often within 24 hours—with *medicated* Noxzema! Try Noxzema on *your* sore, chapped hands. If it doesn't help them look softer, smoother, lovelier *in 24 hours*—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back. Get your jar today—take advantage of this Special Trial Offer!

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!

Regular 40¢ size

NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

Now only 29¢ *plus tax*

Limited time only at any drug or cosmetic counter

This 1-Minute Test Proves That—

PEPSODENT gets your teeth BRIGHTER BY FAR!



YES, BRIGHTER THAN THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING TOOTH PASTES COMBINED!

Make this 1-Minute Test, today! Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? Now brush with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? Your mirror will show you how much brighter they look! Only PEPSODENT with IRIUM* has this film-removing formula. Remember: *Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth—and less susceptible to decay!*

For that Pepsodent Smile—Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.



If you prefer powder, the answer is . . . PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER. It contains IRIUM and Pepsodent's brighter-polishing ingredients.

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

about something he *thought* I might print in my column about them.

When a gent starts worrying about a lady's publicity—boys, that's worth looking into.

THIS month I wish I did not have to say that Judy Garland walked out of her home and left her husband, Vincente Minnelli, who has shielded and guarded her through all her troubles.

But, Judy—who as I write this is having a big romance with Sid Luft (Lynn Bari's recently divorced husband)—has left both Vince and her beautiful little daughter, Lisa.

We shouldn't judge the unhappy girl who cannot seem to find herself. Judy, who was ill for so long, is trying to forget her disappointments in having what she thinks is a good time. She's letting herself go and putting on far too much weight.

Every night Judy and Luft are on the town, usually closing up the stay-up-late places where Judy puts on a show for an hour or so singing all her popular songs. There's something so pitiful in Judy's great talent being wasted on the night club air.

I wish I could feel she'll be happy night-clubbing with Luft—but I can't.

Perhaps by the time this is printed, Judy will have gone back to her husband and little girl. I hope so.

THE Sunday after Liz Taylor formally announced that she was ending her less than eight months' marriage to Nick Hilton Jr.—she was out at the Coliseum rooting like crazy for her ex-beau, Glenn Davis, as he scooted for touchdowns with the Rams pro football team.

No, I don't think this former spark will burst into flame again. But you can't blame a girl for getting excited when an ex-boy friend is going great guns in a football game.

I've already talked with you about why I think Liz and Nicky couldn't make a go of it: They were too young, too inexperienced to have patience with one another. And they had too much of everything with too little discipline.

But, with her divorce, Liz establishes several records:

She will be Hollywood's youngest "grass widow" at eighteen.

Her marriage was tragically the shortest lived even among the child-star marriages—notoriously short.

Deanna Durbin's marriage to her first husband, Vaughn Paul, lasted two years.

Judy Garland stuck it out with her first, Dave Rose, for three years. She was married to Vincente Minnelli for six years.

Shirley Temple made it four with John Agar.

I SAW Farley Granger out with Shelley Winters for dinner at Dave Chasen's—and whether these two are still crazy about one another or not—no one makes Farley laugh the way Shelley does.

He could hardly eat for having to bend double at her quips, which seems to disprove something about men not liking the girl friend to crack wise.

I'm glad Farley and his boss, Sam Goldwyn, have ended their feud. He is far too good an actor to be talking or thinking about giving up his career.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

THE Stork is certainly seeing double looking at our Hollywood families. Twins have been predicted for Jimmy Stewart and his lovely Gloria. Also for Joan Leslie and Dr. William Caldwell.

Gloria did not even suspect this exciting news until she returned to Hollywood in advance of Jimmy, who stayed in London to finish *No Highway*.

The minute she heard from her doctor that their little family was almost sure to be increased by two—she started calling Jimmy immediately and couldn't get him.

When the call finally cleared through Trans-Atlantic Telephone, Jimmy was the most excited papa-to-be on two continents.

SHIRLEY Temple's new-found happiness—and I mean happiness—with good-looking millionaire Charles Black means bad news to her movie fans.

I can tell you that Shirley will give up her screen career because her bridegroom wants her to. She may do an occasional television or radio show—but as for movies, she is no longer interested.

More than anything else in the world now, I think Shirley wants a happy marriage. It's almost amazing, isn't it, to say of a girl barely 22 years-of-age—she has had fame, wealth, adulation and success for 18 years.

Now she wants happiness as a woman. In a quiet and sweet way, because he loves her very much, Black is very much the boss. It is he who decided that it would be best to put Shirley's home up for sale and start their married life completely on their own. Even when she was married to John Agar, Shirley remained in the remodeled guest house on the estate of her parents.

Even if her husband, who was a lieutenant in the last war and was cited for bravery, is called back for service (as he may be any day) Shirley does not want to be tied down by her career. As long as he remains in this country she will follow him wherever he is.

Shirley's daughter, Linda Sue, is three years old and, of course, she is in kindergarten.

Two deep loves has Shirley today—her husband and her baby—and as much as we hate to lose her, none can help but wish her the brightest and shiniest happiness forever and forever.

The Letter Box: Jeff Chandler, Peggy Dow and little Debra Paget (on the strength of one picture, *Broken Arrow*), all took a spurt in last month's mail. So did Nancy Olson. That's all the tip I need. Next month, I'll make a special effort to have some news about all of them for you.

Interest over June Allyson's baby is extra special. Well, he was born on December 24th and his name is Richard Kieth. One girl in Michigan asks: "Will June love this baby more than the little girl she adopted because it is her own?" Of course not. June and Dick Powell couldn't love little Pam more if she, too, were their very own.

To the many who ask if Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner are cooling—the answer is "No."

There were several kind, understanding letters about Ingrid Bergman asking when she is making another picture. Answer: In May—in Paris—for her favorite director, Rossellini.

Guess that's all this month. Be seeing you.



For this, your day of days . . . so long to be remembered . . . choose a Crescent Diamond Ring. For a Crescent is the larger, more radiant diamond you've always hoped to own . . . at a price so easy to afford.

When you choose Crescent, you're sure of true and lasting value. For the Crescent Certificate of Guarantee and Registration, signed by your jeweler, gives visible assurance of an exquisite diamond.

For you who want the best in value — a larger, lovelier diamond — select a Crescent. Ask your jeweler to show you the beautiful new Crescent collection. The name is in the ring and on the blue Crescent Tag.

Crescents are Larger, Lovelier Diamonds

½ Carat about $350
⅓ Carat about $200
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Produced by the Creators of Famous Keepsake Diamond Rings

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Please send me the name af my nearest Crescent Jeweler and yaur special gift coupon affering the beautiful new Bride's Baak.

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There is a charm about you—a beauty—a grace—a loveliness that deserves the very best. Your "Perma·lift"* Bra is the artist that inspires the best that's in you—fashions your silhouette with a stroke of sheer genius—draws young lines, moulds flattering curves. And through countless washings it remains firm, yet soft—never loses its magic uplift. Discover its secret—with an art all its own, it will design fashion success for you. At your favorite store—$1.50 to $4.

Wear a wonderful "Perma·lift" Girdle too—
No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays

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LOOK FOR THE MAGIC INSET

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



■ This is the story of a 10-year-old orphan called Wheeler (Andrew Ray), who, scavenging in the mud along the Thames River, finds a locket with a picture of Queen Victoria (Irene Dunne). He's never had a mother, the queen looks like a mother to him, so he determines to go to Windsor Castle and see her. The forlorn little boy's travels, his experiences in the castle until he's captured, the way the press takes up the story and decides Wheeler is involved in a sinister Irish plot against the queen's life, are all part of a delightful picture. The queen, who hasn't stirred out of Windsor since the death of her husband, 15 years before, despite the displeasure of her subjects, is jarred out of her rut. The prime minister, Disraeli (Alec Guinness), uses the case of the boy, Wheeler, as a springboard to plead movingly for all the unloved, unwanted children in England, and everything has a nice ending. Finlay Currie plays an old Scotch handyman who's been Prince Albert's favorite; the cast is superior; the whole picture makes a pleasant warmness on a winter's day.

(Please turn to page 14 for more Movie Reviews)

Picture of the Month

THE MUDLARK



For 15 years the bitter, widowed Queen Victoria (Irene Dunne) has remained in seclusion. England needs her active help but she refuses.



Wheeler (Andrew Ray) finds a picture of the queen while digging in the mud. Sneaking into the castle, he overhears a plot against her.



The mudlark is suspected of being part of the Irish rebellion, but is cleared. His case is used politically to attract Queen Victoria's interest.



Prime Minister Disraeli (Alec Guinness) and Wheeler convince the queen that she must come to the help of her subjects once more.

"The one Sin no Woman ever forgives"



HE strayed...
and he paid!
SHE saw to that!



JACK H. SKIRBALL and BRUCE MANNING
present

BETTE DAVIS
BARRY SULLIVAN

in

Payment on Demand

with

JANE COWL · BETTY LYNN · FRANCES DEE

Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL • *Directed by* CURTIS BERNHARDT • *Written by* BRUCE MANNING *and* CURTIS BERNHARDT

Distributed by
RKO RADIO PICTURES

"It Works" says Paulette Goddard



SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

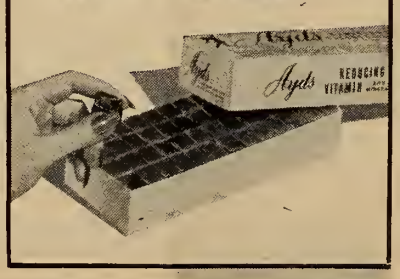
Now! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick natural way with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories . . . works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

● **"Every day more and more women are finding the Ayds Way really works," says lovely movie star, Paulette Goddard. "You see, it's such an easy, pleasant way to reduce. The comforting thing about taking Ayds is that you reduce the way nature intended you to. I recommend it to all my friends who want to lose weight!"**



The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

HALLS OF MONTEZUMA

Halls of Montezuma tells about marines capturing Jap-held islands during the last war. Richard Widmark is cast as a marine lieutenant who refuses to go home though he has headaches which render him almost immobile. The Jap island he and his crew are trying to take is loaded with Japs shooting rocket bombs. (As the Americans remark to each other bitterly, "It's just a mirage. The Japs don't have rockets; headquarters says so.") The problem becomes that of finding out where the Japs are hiding their rockets. Widmark and his boys have to go and capture some prisoners and bring them back for questioning. If information about the rockets isn't forthcoming, whole platoons will be wiped out, because a general attack is scheduled and can't be called off. Picture's tense, well-acted, and doesn't have more than the usual number of clichés when it comes to "types" of soldiers.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Walter (Jack) Palance, Reginald Gardiner.—20th Century-Fox.

THE FLYING MISSILE

In the course of this movie, submarine commander Glenn Ford 1: proves he's smarter than the whole U. S. Navy (he knows guided missiles are the way to sink destroyers, but the Navy's not so sure); 2: has his men steal a lot of naval equipment to make a launching platform so a missile can be fired from a sub; 3: double-crosses the woman he loves (an admiral's secretary) by taking advantage of secret information she lets slip; and carries on like an eager beaver skunk. Strangely enough, the Navy rewards him for all his misconduct by allowing him to fire his darn old missile, and there's a frightful accident, and one of Glenn's crew is killed. Glenn develops a psychic paralysis, because he feels it's all his fault. It *is* all his fault, too.

Cast: Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors, Henry O'Neill, Carl Benton Reid.—Columbia.

WATCH THE BIRDIE

For some completely unaccountable reason, beautiful, rich Arlene Dahl falls in love with Red Skelton, a nit-wit photographer who's about to lose his photographic store. Suddenly business booms, and Red doesn't understand why, but you and I do. On the side, Arlene's building a housing project, only the foreman in charge of things is a crook who's planning to cheat Arlene out of her fortune. Red foils the dastardly plot with his little motion picture camera. He furthermore finds time to play several different parts (his father and his grandfather as well as himself) in the picture. Ann Miller also runs.

Cast: Red Skelton, Ann Miller, Arlene Dahl.—MGM.

AT WAR WITH THE ARMY

Without Jerry Lewis this picture would have been nothing. With Jerry Lewis it manages to be exceedingly funny. As a poor shmoe of a private who's trying to get a furlough so he can go home and look at his new-born baby, Jerry jumps, mugs, sings (if you can call it that), dances, shadow-boxes, imitates Barry Fitzgerald, wears a lady's wig and an off-the-shoulder evening gown and makes sure you'll never forget him. If you don't like him one way, wait a minute. He switches fast.

Dean Martin sings well, and plays a sergeant, but nothing's really important except Lewis. *Cast: Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Mike Kellin, Jimmy Dundee.*—Paramount.

RATON PASS

Adventuress Patricia Neal arrives in Raton (New Mexico) determined to marry herself a large piece of the territory. Dennis Morgan is heir to most of the land thereabouts, so he'll do. His old paw, Basil Ruysdael, who talks more and says less than almost anybody, approves of Pat the minute she wiggles her hips out of the stage coach. "That one's all woman," he opines. "Ah married mah woman same night I met her. Go to it, boy." Dennis goes to it, but Pat's a schemer. Once she's legally Dennis' wife, she gets a Chicago banker (a regular dude) to fall in love with her and offer to buy Dennis out of his half of the land. (Paw has given Pat and Dennis deed to the property as a wedding present.) Well, Dennis is burning for revenge. He's going to sell Pat the ranch at an exorbitant price, and then cut off the grazing land (he holds a *personal* lease on that), and Pat and the dude'll be dead. Then there's a big range war (Pat hires some murderers, and Dennis has his own) and in the end nearly everybody gets killed, including Pat, the dude, and Paw. Paw's dying words are advice to Dennis and a beautiful Spanish girl who's loved him all her life. "Don't give him tortillas for breakfast," Paw says. "That ain't right." You'd think after the way his last match-making came off, he'd have the grace to shut up. *Cast: Dennis Morgan, Patricia Neal, Steve Cochran, Scott Forbes.*—Warners.

KIM

Kipling's famous story is about the little British orphan in India who grows up as a native urchin, does some spying for the Empire (the Empire always needed spies in India), until somebody discovers he's a white child, not an Injun child, and then he gets sent away to school. A lama (Paul Lukas) whom Kim (Dean Stockwell) has loved and followed manages the money for his education. Part of his instruction includes being sent to a wild-eyed man named Durgan (Arnold Moss) who'd scare the supper out of a normal boy, but who teaches Kim to be observant, crafty, vicious and all other things a hot spy needs to be. Errol Flynn plays Mahbub Ali, The Red Beard, and he's a native (we should all live so long till you believe it) who also spys for the British government. Errol kills people without blinking an eyelash, and right afterward, he can eat candy. It's a display of manliness you'll find hard to match in other pictures. The plot is so interlarded with border skirmishes, Russian spies, etc., that I won't attempt to deal with it, but the Technicolor is blazing, and there's plenty of excitement. *Cast: Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell, Paul Lukas, Robert Douglas.*—MGM.

TERESA

Teresa explores the problems of a young GI and his Italian war bride. Teresa's just a baby, tiny and gentle, who still takes a doll to bed with her; Philip's a boy who's been mother-dominated, and isn't ready to accept responsibility. Once out of the Army, his efforts to find work are ineffectual; his reaction to the news that he and Teresa are going to

(Continued on page 17)

Amazing shampoo guaranteed not to rob hair of natural oils

Shasta lathers out beauty-dulling film—
Leaves in glamour-giving natural oils that make hair...



New Shasta, enriched with lanolin—that marvelous emollient from nature—does what women have always wanted from a shampoo ...lathers out beauty-dulling film, leaves in glamour-giving natural oils.

Shasta is guaranteed not to rob hair of precious, glamour-giving oils which keep your hair naturally shiny, soft, healthy, easier-to-manage.

See how Shasta persuades even hair that seems dull and dry to look softer, silkier; sparkle with gleaming highlights. Try new lanolin-enriched Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.



PROCTER & GAMBLE GUARANTEE: Shasta does not rob hair of natural oils. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or money back when unused portion is returned.

LANOLIN ENRICHED **Shasta** CREAM **Shampoo**

DOESN'T ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

GIRLS WANTED

FOR

"GIRLS WANTED"

ARE YOU BETWEEN 16 AND 40 WITH THAT CERTAIN URGE TO APPEAR IN HOLLYWOOD FILMS? RKO STUDIOS GIVES YOU THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

■ *You can be one of the golden ten chosen to play a role in the Wald-Krasna production of* Girls Wanted, *side by side with your favorite stars. A minimum of one week's work at $175.00 per week will be guaranteed each of the winners as well as transportation expenses to and from Hollywood.*

■ *Wald-Krasna Productions, Inc., is conducting the vast talent search, through* Modern Screen, *for ten girls to appear in* Girls Wanted, *an original screenplay by Lloyd Shearer. Previous dramatic experience is not necessary— the ten winners will be selected only from entries received from* Modern Screen *readers.*

■ *This is all you have to do: Fill in the coupon at the left and mail it, or a reasonable facsimile, together with a full length photograph of yourself to* Girls Wanted *Contest, RKO Studio, 780 North Gower, Hollywood 38, California.*

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1: Entries are limited to Modern Screen *readers between the ages of 16 and 40. All entries must be accompanied by a full length photograph of the entrant.*

2: All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 15, 1951. All entries will become the property of Wald-Krasna Productions, Inc., and none will be acknowledged or returned. Winners will be announced in Modern Screen *at a later date.*

3: The judges are Jerry Wald, Norman Krasna, and the editors of Modern Screen. *Judges' decisions are final. Ten winners will be selected and hired by Wald-Krasna Productions, Inc., at $175.00 per week for a guaranteed minimum of one week and at the same rate each succeeding week. Transportation to and from Hollywood will be paid for by Wald-Krasna Productions, Inc. Transportation for guardian will also be provided if winner is a minor.*

COUPON:

TO: GIRLS WANTED CONTEST
780 NORTH GOWER
HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIFORNIA
I WOULD LIKE TO PLAY A
FEATURED ROLE IN "GIRLS WANTED."
ATTACHED IS MY FULL LENGTH PHOTOGRAPH
AND PERSONAL DATA FILLED OUT BELOW.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE .....

HEIGHT .....

WEIGHT .....

AGE .....

BUST .....

WAIST .....

HIPS .....

(Continued from page 15) have a baby is one of horror. Life in the apartment with his mother, sister and broken-spirited father is a nightmare. The picturt starts in Italy (where the beginning was actually filmed), and transfers to New York. The acting is all good, but Pier Angeli, the little Italian girl who plays the title role, is the standout. She's fragile, sensitive, and very appealing.
Cast: Pier Angeli, John Ericson, Patricia Collinge, Richard Bishop.—MGM.

GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE

Van Johnson, happily divorced from Kathryn Grayson, is a doctor, affianced to Paula Raymond. But Kathryn comes home from abroad (she's an opera singer) and decides she wants to play house some more. Van says no. You was childish then, you're childish now, and good riddance. This causes Kathryn to come down with a dreadful mental malady which makes her unable to open her yap. That is, she can open it, but no sound comes out (and her the Metropolitan's newest star!). Van feels annoyed but responsible, so he tries to help out, and maybe you can guess the ending. For which I give you no medals. It isn't hard. It's a funny picture, with a hilarious dream sequence, and nice performances all around.
Cast: Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson, Barry Sullivan, Paula Raymond.—MGM.

THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS

Out of the state pen and into the fire goes Jane Greer, in this saga of nobility and mistrust among the cons and feds. Jane is paroled after serving two years of a five-year sentence for passing a bad check. Lizabeth Scott, her parole officer, tries to help Jane, but Jane is ungrateful. She doesn't want to be a nurse's aide every night; she wants to go stepping with men, and wear minks. The only man that interests her turns out to be Lizabeth's fiance, and he reciprocates the interest. Lizabeth is hurt but understanding, and the fiance is also understanding, even after he finds out the woman he loves is a parolee. Jane gets into a scrape in the hospital and nearly finds herself back in the coop. You watch her throughout this picture resisting the impulse to swipe, drink, and do other things a good parolee mustn't, but she's very pretty, so you don't mind too much. Lizabeth is definitely second-fiddle here, in case you're one of her fans, and Dennis O'Keefe is the man.
Cast: Lizabeth Scott, Jane Greer, Dennis O'Keefe.—RKO.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photos which appear in this issue.

6 Acme—7 *L.T.&B.* Associated Press—*R.T.* Acme—18 Warner Bros.—28 *T.* MS staff; *C.,B.* Paramount—30 *R.T.* Wide World—31 MS staff—32 Bob Beerman-Bert Parry—33 Schuyler Crail—34-35 Bob Beerman-Bert Parry—36-37 Bob Beerman—38 Bob Beerman-Bert Parry—41 Graybill, Warner Bros.—42-45 Bob Beerman-Bert Parry—46 *L.T.* R.K.O.; *R.T.* Fox, *L.B.* Universal, *R.B.* MS staff—47 *L.T.* United Artists, *C.T.* Bert Parry, *R.T.* Studio, *L.B.* Republic, *C.B.* Ted Weisbarth, *R.B.* Studio—48 R.K.O.—49 Dave Cicero—50 *T.* Bert Parry, *B.* Donald Arden—52 *T.* Acme, *B.* Wide World—54 Bert Six—55 *T.* INS, *B.* Wide World—56-57 Bert Parry-Bob Beerman—58 Bert Parry—61 Bob Beerman—69 Pagano—70-74 Derujinsky Studios—77-78 Carmen Schiavoni.

Abbreviations: L., Left; R., Right; C., Center; T., Top; B., Bottom.



Gargle

Listerine Antiseptic—*Quick!*

Attacks Infection Directly, Safely

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, call on Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sniffle or scratchy throat. Its effectiveness and its safety are a matter of record.

This prompt precaution, taken early and often, may nip colds or sore throats due to colds in the bud, or lessen their severity, once started.

That is because Listerine Antiseptic goes directly to the seat of the trouble . . . threatening bacteria, called Secondary Invaders, growing on mouth and throat surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic kills them by millions . . . attacks them before they attack you . . . helps keep them from invading the tissue to cause miserable cold symptoms.

Listerine Antiseptic is no Johnny-come-lately in the field of cold therapy . . . no strong miracle drug that promises overnight results. A twelve-year period of clinical testing showed fewer colds, and generally milder colds, for its twice-a-day users than for those who did not gargle.

And Listerine Antiseptic is absolutely safe . . . *even for children.* No dangerous side-effects. No drowsiness. No blurred vision. No dizziness. Because Listerine Antiseptic *does not enter the blood stream.* It works only externally . . . directly attacks germs that cause so much of a cold's misery.

So, at the first sign of trouble, it's Listerine Antiseptic . . . Quick!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Everyone who has ever dreaded the word "Polio" will draw courage from this story of the Lancaster family.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

hour of darkness



Burt Lancaster will soon be seen in Warner Brothers' *Jim Thorpe, All-American.*

■ Little has ever been written about the family who lives in the gabled, stone-front American Colonial house set high on a Bel Air hill. The house belongs to Burt Lancaster and his family.

Mrs. Lancaster, one of the really handsome women in a city of many beautiful girls, is tall, blonde, brown-eyed. Her flashing smile is framed by two giant dimples, and her days are taken up by her three young children.

There's blond, four-year-old James Lancaster who has his father's wide-slanted blue eyes. A shy introvert, "Jimbo," as he is affectionately called, has an amazing passion for music and books with a photographic mind for lyric, tune or verse. Most of the time he's lost in song, gaily dancing about the living room and side-stepping the playpen which belongs to 16-month-old Susan.

Taffy-haired, brown-eyed Susan giggles as she trails behind Jimbo. Too young to have much of a vocabulary, she happily throws kisses in place of words, and occasionally lurches with a dimpled grin into the arms of her mother or father.

Mother, Father, Jimbo and Susan—what about the fifth member of the wheel? His name is Billy.

In November, the newspapers carried a story about him which sent fear into the hearts of every parent who read it. Yet little is actually known of what happened on that Thursday night.

A week before, Burt, working exhaustively on a movie of the life of Jim Thorpe, America's all-time athlete, suggested that his family take a vacation at Apple Valley Inn.

Norma bundled her three children for the drive to the Inn and filled them with stories about the fun they'd have in the swimming pool, and in the sun. The children were happy and excited. Three days later, though, they were cross and touchy for no apparent reason. Norma brought them home to nurse what she (*Continued on page 19*)

considered just common colds.

Susan was put to bed, but Jimbo and Bill stayed up to watch television with considerable noisiness, whooping and restlessness. Suddenly, Norma noticed that Billy seemed to be dragging his left foot. Racing after him into the kitchen, she overheard him say plaintively to the maid, "Alice, I've just cut my head off!" Obviously, he had a splitting headache.

MRS. Lancaster immediately called pediatrician Dr. Russell Sands, of Santa Monica. While the doctor was enroute, Billy continued playing and jumping around with his brother, apparently unaware of the almost complete drag of his side.

When Dr. Sands came, his diagnosis was tentative but immediate. Quietly he turned to Norma with the dread words on his lips—polio. Gently he explained that he was being precautionary in asking for immediate laboratory tests.

With astonishing calm, Norma Lancaster lifted her son into her automobile and raced twenty miles to Los Angeles County General Hospital. Burt soon joined his wife there, and Norma's strength, in this dark hour, reached out to her child as she stood by the small bed, and to her husband.

William Henry Lancaster, the gay extrovert, who held Jimbo's preoccupation with music and jig-saw puzzles in great disdain, talked about his Hopalong Cassidy pistols, while trained hands gave quick attention to his sturdy body.

Burt and Norma looked with courage and hope around the corridors of one of the finest polio centers in the United States. And in the night, holding on to each other, praying silently, they were reassured as they looked out over the many acres covered with nursing cottages and medical buildings.

The Lancasters walked alongside their almost three-year-old son as he was wheeled into a general admittance ward. Their thoughts flying back to their other boy who had worn leg braces for two years. Jimmy had shed these braces only a short time ago and had run with laughter through the house.

There were twelve beds in the ward, twelve stricken children. Norma and Burt passed from one bed to the other, gently touching the children in them, feeling so close to them and to the parents who were strangers now only in name.

For twenty-four hours, the Lancasters remained at the hospital telling each other all they'd ever known about polio, which was not very much, and reassuring each other that not all cases were serious, or dangerous. Meanwhile a spinal test was taken, and all they could do was wait for the results.

WITH overwhelming relief, and a great sense of weariness, the Lancasters heard their doctor say that Billy's case was mild, and non-contagious.

Silently, they started the drive home, with hands clasped, and hearts too full to speak . . .

Today, Burt speaks eagerly of the General Hospital. He praises the way it serves all people without discrimination, as it has been doing since its creation in 1887. Burt would also like to help banish the fear that springs up with the word polio, for all polio is not fatal or permanently disabling.

As in his son's case, many children have only a slight case which first exhibits itself as a flu or a nasty cold. In hundreds of cases, polio is so light that its effects pass away in a few days. Overactive Billy felt it strongly in his left leg and foot, and (*Continued on page 76*)

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

"I cracked up the same plane 10 times!"



"We retook the plane crash for 'The Groom Wore Spurs' ten times. The director made me twist and turn the wheel 'til my hands were stinging red!



And roping 'the villain' was tough on my hands again...



But I smoothed them with soothing Jergens Lotion...



It kept them soft and lovely for romantic closeups!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10c TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)

a special service for Modern Screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ The chief difference between a star on a shopping tour and the average woman is that the star's Main Street is continent-long. She can, and does, search from coast to coast for the most style-wise, budget-wise buys for her house, her wardrobe, and her friends. What's right for her is right for you—for your taste and your pocketbook.

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned.

betty hutton
your hollywood shopper
for march



Betty Hutton returns from one of her buying sprees all looded down with shopper items.

■ As the lady on the flying trapeze, I've really been getting around lately. But I haven't confined quite all my time to our Big Top picture, *The Greatest Show On Earth* (that's a plug, Mr. DeMille). When MODERN SCREEN asked me to locate some of the greatest bargains on earth I accepted in a hurry. I've discovered that it takes a good deal of training to be able to fly through the air circus-style. And I learned it also took practice to keep my feet on the ground in the many shops I visited.

As your Hollywood shopper I hunted for the keenest buys (for you and me both) in the finest shops in the land.

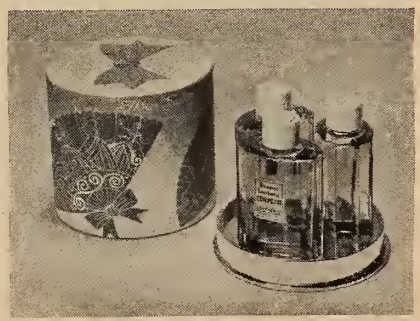
I managed to travel the Southern territory while on a trip to Sarasota and virtually "did" New York while I was in that dazzling town.

I've come up with a pretty prize collection of bargains (said she modestly!) . . . things for the home, for kids like Candy and Lindsay, some personal items and of course some super special Easter gifts.

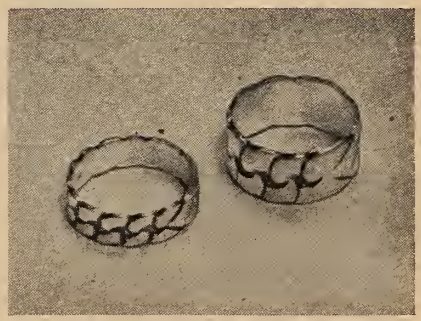
Just write directly to the stores mentioned for anything and everything that tempts you. They'll cheerfully refund your money within ten days, except on personalized items.



IF THE SHOE FITS, *and it's sure to, you'll want to live in these boots. An inch-thick foam rubber sole gives you the lift you need after a long day. I loved slipping into them between takes of my next Paramount film,* The Greatest Show on Earth. *They come in white terry cloth or faded blue denim with crisp red or blue piping. Small, medium, large sizes, $2.98. Betty Coed, 6402 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California.*



THREE SILENT MESSENGERS TO BEGUILE YOU *with their subtle fragrance each with a distinct personality. Tweed, by day, is light and gay, adds dash to your suits. Shanghai, by night, is just right, sultry yet sweet, and warmed with spice. Confetti, still a different mood, is gala and carefree leaving an aura of laughter about. Group of all three 2 oz. flacons of toilet water boxed elegantly, $3.00. Lentheric, 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22.*



A DOUBLE RING CEREMONY *is the order of the day, whether for keeps or for special Valentine sweethearts. Captivating twin friendship bands in sterling silver, each handsomely chased to give a link effect. Wider band is for him, the narrower one for her. Price includes three initials engraved on each ring, and tax. His ring $3.50, hers $2.50. Send ring size and initials. Hyde's, Inc., Dept. MS-3, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.*

betty hutton

your hollywood shopper

for march



It's fun buying gifts for you and my daughters. I really went wild—in stores all over the country.



MY CANDY LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT *in this crisp, lace-edged pinafore of frothy yellow polka-dot organdy that slips over any dress and ties in a big bow at the back. The pocket is cuffed in white and has my little one's name printed on it in green to match two green bows. There is a bell that tinkles as Candy skips along. Send your child's name. Sizes 2-3, $3.95; sizes 4-6, $4.95. Elizabeth McCaffrey, 200 W. 16 Street, New York 8.*



THEY'LL MOB THIS AUTOGRAPH HOUND *to get to put their "John Hancocks" on him. Set this irresistible dachshund in the living room and watch the gang flock immediately around him. They'll want to sign their own names and look at everyone else's. Made of a specially treated white fabric, he takes ink happily. All of our friends sign our doggie so we'll always have a permanent record. $2.95. M. C. Flynn, 43 E. 59 St., New York 22.*



THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, *this clever plastic stocking dryer competently solves the difficult problem of what to do with just-washed undies, stockings or baby things so they won't fall, rust or snag. Just slip the flexible hook over a shower or towel rod. Each sturdy clothes pin gripper holds several garments easily. In blue, rose, green. 6 for $1.00. Essential Gifts, 3500 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles 27, California.*



I'M GIVING A CIRCUS PARTY *right at home for Candy and Lindsay with a 67-piece preplanned party box. There are elephant invitations, envelopes, a bright red tablecloth 54" x 90", a centerpiece, paper plates and cups with handles, hats and favors inside fringed snappers, animal and clown nut cups and foil horns. Also "Pin the Tail on the Lion" game and a party suggestion folder. Service for 8. $3.95. Maymac Co., 660 Locust Street, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*



A REAL CONVERSATION (CENTER) PIECE. *Use this clever plastic candlevase to circle your candles with flowers. Uniquely shaped, it sits on top of the candlestick, anchored by the candle which slips through the built-up circle of the vase's center and into the candlestick. The vase holds water for your favorite greens or posies. Buy flowers that will blend with your table-setting or room colors. Pair $1.25. Cauman, 151 Lexington Ave., New York 16.*

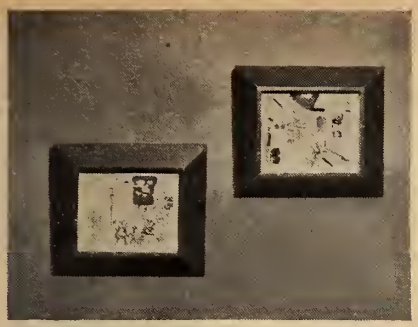


YOU'LL HEAD THE EASTER PARADE *in this cunning chucker-shaped straw topped off with a semi-circle of colorful forget-me-nots, as gay as Spring itself. This charming chapeau, worn with your favorite ensemble, will be your crowning glory. Comfortable, it hugs the head and has a mere suspicion of front brim. Navy, black, brown, white, pastels. By Madcaps. $5.00 (add 15c postage out of N.Y.C.). Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., New York 22.*



THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE *awaits you in this lantern alarm clock that steals the charm of its early American ancestor. Has an enameled case in brilliant red, green, yellow and sky blue with polished brass trim, a Roman numeral dial, distinct hands and tiny feet. 3¼-inch diameter. Guaranteed 30-hour Ingraham movement with single wind key for both time and clear alarm. $4.35. Harley's Clock Shop, 1209 Grand Ave., Kansas City 6E, Missouri.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



A GLIMPSE OF GAY PAREE *right in your own home . . . these colorful little gems are authentic street scenes of Montmartre, the most atmospheric section of that fabulous city. There are eight different colorful miniatures beautifully executed by Charles Cobelle in a brilliant silk screen technique. Each picture, sized 7¾" x 8¾" comes in a smart green wooden frame 1⅝" wide. $3.50 each. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 21.*



AN EASTER PET FOR LINDSAY! *I found this wonderful mechanical wizzard to amuse Lindsay on Easter morn. Guaranteed to give parents an extra hour's sleep any day, this captivating pet, beautifully lithographed, will be a tot's constant companion. A twist of the wrist winds up the sturdy metal duck and he goes off quacking and waddling like a real barnyard pet. $1.75. QT Novelty Co., P.O. Box 54, Murray Hill Station, New York 16.*



LADY, YOUR CHARMS ARE SHOWING *when you're wearing this group of bangles on a smart charm bracelet. Not alone a handsome piece of jewelry in non-tarnishable brass, but it also holds a quartet of useful capsule charms . . . a metal money holder, a bright lipstick in its case, a perfume applicator, and a telescoping cigarette holder that fits in its own sanitary case, and all for only $3.25. Princess Eve, 48 E. 43 St., New York 17.*



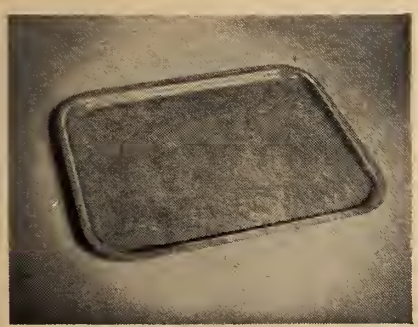
TRY SOME SLEIGHT OF HAND. *A charming scatter pin turns into a handsome dinner ring at a whim's notice. Start with a flower-like rhinestone brooch which pins easily onto a specially designed ring band and presto . . . an unusual scatter pin ring. The pin, of course, does beautifully on its own. Ring band takes to any other small pin. Ring and pin $3.60; ring alone $1.20; pin alone $2.40. Eunice Novelties, Box 41, Rego Park, New York.*



HIS PIPE DREAMS COME TRUE! *I'm sure your best beau never imagined he could receive a whole collection of six of the finest imported, hand-made Mediterranean Briar pipes in one gift. Set includes Dublin, pot, pear, regular bent, egg and billiard shapes, expertly finished in French or walnut, all fitted with a sturdy mouthpiece and aluminum filter. They're sure to please. $2.98 for all six pipes. C. & W. Products, 202 Grand Street, Brooklyn, New York.*



THE KEYS TO YOUR KINGDOM *are constantly on tap with the handbag keycaddy that clips firmly onto the inner pocket of your purse and prevents your keys from slithering out of reach. This keeper of your keys even clips onto a belt or pocket. The ring, smartly stirrup-shaped in gold plate, is attached to a two-tone patterned spring clip. It comes boxed in a cardboard replica of a handbag. $1.08. Dept. 49 D. Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.*



THIS TRAY SERVES ME WELL. *Straight from Sweden, this beautifully crafted tray in finest Swedish birch wood would be a delightful surprise gift to anyone. Simple and elegant in the fashionable Swedish modern design, it is lacquered in clear varnish to accent the beautiful birch grain. Lightweight, yet sturdy, and treated to withstand water and stains. 11" x 14" tray, $3.25. 13" x 17", $4.00. The Maglar Co., La Porte, Ind.*



THESE TURTLES ARE FAST WORKERS. *Just put a China turtle in an ashtray and see your cigarette snuffed out in a jiffy. No more smouldering butts to cause ugly table and nasty carpet burns. The turtle is a fine cigarette rest and will even act as a pipe tamp. They're cunning little fellows to have around the house. Three assorted colored turtles (ashtrays not included). $1.00. Get them at Lyons Specialties, Yardville, New Jersey.*



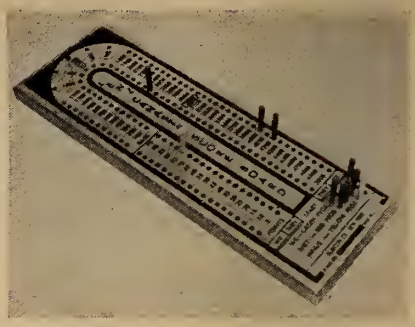
LINDSAY'S CRAZY FOR A CARRIDOLL *to accompany her in the Easter Parade, so this cute little doll-handbag will be our Easter present to her. The doll's a yellow-haired miss with checked taffeta dress belted by plaid drawstring arms (and hands) that open and close the skirt to form a bag. A bonnet and shoes in matching plaid with velvet trim complete her outfit. A comb and mirror are inside. $5.00. Carridoll, P.O. Box 11114, New Orleans, La.*

betty hutton
your hollywood shopper
for march





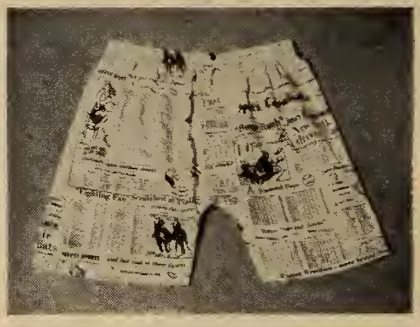
THE SALT OF THE EARTH! *This attractive reed basket filled with seven assorted seasonings will delight the most fastidious cook. In it are salts and peppers gathered from all over the world. The seven vials hold a variety of fascinating, flavor-giving spicy salts and hot peppers. A pinch of any of these will add spice to your favorite homemade dish. It's a perfect gift for a bride's kitchen shower. $2.25. Hoff Condiments, RD 5, York, Pennsylvania.*



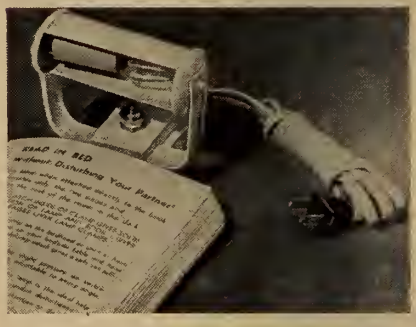
DO YOU KNOW THE SCORE? *Canasta friends will be delighted by this new Canasta score board, a handy device that eliminates the use of pencil and paper and does your arithmetic for you. The wooden board, 3¼" x 10½", is visible at all times to each player. Small colored plastic pegs, which can be stored right inside the board, do the work. An instruction sheet is included. $2.00 Get it at Birkdales, 260 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.*



THEY'RE CERTAINLY WORTH THEIR SALT. *Beautiful crystal salt dishes and solid sterling silver spoons to charm your dinner guests and serve them elegantly. The open salt dishes are exquisitely cut to add sparkle to your table. The spoons are tiny reproductions of a handsome English teaspoon. You can get them in a gift box containing two salt dishes and two spoons, $2.50. Set of four $4.50. Fleetwood Silversmiths, 36 Cliff Avenue, Yonkers 5, New York.*



IF THEY'RE SPORT FANS FROM WAY BACK, *they're sure to go wild over these shorts with authentic sports records printed over them! Handsomely tailored of durable rayon, they have real newspaper sports sections reprinted on them. From fencing to football, this lively job features everything to interest a sportsminded man . . . or even some oomphy females. Sizes 28-40. $1.95. Same fabric in sportshirt, s, m, ml, l $5.95; pajamas $7.95. Alex Loeb, Meridian, Miss.*



DOZE, AND OFF IT GOES! *It's a remarkable little reading light that clamps on to your book. When you enter the land of nod and drop the book, the light goes out automatically. Light-weight plastic, carefully insulated, with an eight-foot cord and bulb. Uses little electricity, as the light is concentrated directly on your reading and not on your spouse. Get it for $1.50 at Eagle Electric Mfg. Co., 23-10 Bridge Plaza S., Long Island City 1, New York.*



BUY, BUY BLACKBIRDS *or birds of dove white plastic with gleaming rhinestone eyes to perch glamorously on your ears. Birds of a feather usually flock together, but sometimes go astray with fascinating results—a blackbird on one ear, a white one on the other. Try a pair of earrings in each color for three-way variety. They're comfortable screw-ons. Pair, $2.50; two pairs, $4.75. Gift Sources, 2 Columbus Circle, New York 19, New York.*



THIS LUGGAGE NEEDS NO "REDCAP". *These travel-wise purse accessories, of real saddle leather, are covered with numerous colorful authentic travel stickers of Air France, the French Line and famous continental hotels. At left is a "2-Suiter" compact with handles $4.50. Cigarette trunk at right is metal lined, $5.00. Sewing-kit, lipstick-shaped $3.00. Key chain with pill barrel charm, $1.50. James Stuart, 410 Delaware Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware.*



"I'VE GOT A LITTLE LIST" *to hang on my kitchen wall. It doubles as a knife rack and triples as a bread board. Made of wood, and gayly colored with red trim, it serves as a permanent grocery check list, with pegs to plug in when you're about to run short. A fitted space behind the board is ample room for a knife rack. Or the panel slides out completely to make a bread board. $3.95. Unique Arts, Box 4, Kensington Station, Brooklyn 18, N. Y.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

CUTEX pearl brilliance

the new iridescent nail polish worn by the Hollywood stars





It's more than a new color . . . it's an entirely new kind of nail polish. And it's called Pearl Brilliance — exclusive, of course, with CUTEX. All Hollywood is wearing this new, lovelier iridescent type of polish that makes fingertips shimmer like jewels. *And* this is the only iridescent polish so amazingly low-priced, that has all the gleaming beauty of the most expensive you can buy. Any woman can afford to wear it all the time. Try a bottle of CUTEX PEARL BRILLIANCE today. In six high-fashion shades. Matching lipstick.

THIS IS THE "FASHION PLATE" LOOK



Smart women just *know* it, for no look is like it! There's never *been* a face make-up like Revlon's "Fashion Plate." Just fingerstroke it on, then fluff on matching Revlon powder...(like peaches and cream, they're *made* for each other!) Instantly your skin seems flawless, blemish-free, radiant with color. Suddenly you have the "Fashion Plate" look—and it's fabulous!

the only cream-wafer face make-up in the world

Matching Face Powder—in raving-beauty colors

HAT: MAGO HAYES DRESS: OMAR KHAYAM OF BEN REIG © 1951 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

REVLON

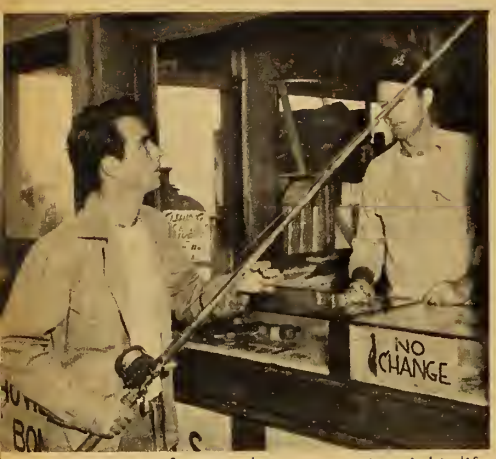
An open letter to Shirley Temple

Dear Shirley,

First, we'd like to wish you happiness. As Mrs. Charles Black we're sure you'll find it. This year you made a momentous decision—you made a choice between a career and marriage, knowing that in your case, at least, the two couldn't go together. For unlike many other Hollywood careers, yours has been a legend. Adoration, not the ordinary but important kind of love is reserved for legendary figures. You chose wisely, we think, and Hollywood's loss will be your well-earned gain . . . This has been a time of many decisions . . . We know that you were as shocked as we when Elizabeth Taylor announced her separation from Nicky Hilton. Elizabeth had created a world of dreams for other people. When her marriage failed, belief was shattered . . . if Elizabeth, who had everything, could not be happy, why should others go on dreaming . . .? But not only young love has foundered. Even you, in your contentment, must be a little fearful at the news of Barbara Stanwyck's decision. If there had ever been real devotion in Hollywood it existed in her marriage to Robert Taylor. When other marriages went the way of divorce there was always this one to point to. Now, after eleven years, people must look elsewhere for confirmation. They will look to you and to others who have won their admiration. They will look to Ruth Roman because she is more than a rising Hollywood personality. She has an inner solidity of spirit developed through years of seeking a goal seemingly out of reach. Ruth reached her goal, unchanged, as evidenced by her marriage this month. Bypassing the route of many engagements and many estrangements, she chose a man removed from Hollywood glitter. Now Mrs. Mortimer Hall, her future seems solid and secure . . . In this month, too, Colleen Townsend sealed her decision to leave Hollywood by marrying a divinity student. It is to her credit that she was true to herself, for success in Hollywood is a jealous suitor eager to turn its back on half-hearted lovers . . . This indeed, has been a time of decisions—happy, sad, humorous, pathetic. You've heard of them; you've been part of them. We've written about them all in this issue—the stories behind the headlines, your story, too, which we present with special pride and all good wishes.

Charles D. Saxon

EDITOR



Monty prefers outdoor sports to night life.


He dates girls who aren't in the limelight.


He likes all sorts of people and places.

If Monty Clift's a freak so is everyone who lives in a home he can afford, and pulls down the shades when he wants to be alone.

BY LESLIE SNYDER

"WHO'S A FREAK?"

■ You know what they say about Monty Clift—the only suit he has is on his back; he lives in a New York apartment so small that when he stands his head hits the ceiling; he's about as sociable as a bear in the middle of winter. I'm here to tell you it's all a lie. That's right. A lie. I was there; I spoke to the man; he even lit my cigarette. And I was charmed right out of my senses.

Hard to interview, huh? I called him up from a phone booth. "I've been asked to write a story about you for MODERN SCREEN," I said.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Ding, ding, ding, send out the news!"

"Exactly what I want to do," I told him, and he invited me over.

He greeted me in the doorway of his East Side apartment. He was wearing a white shirt open at the neck, brown slacks and a grin that weakened my ankles. He shook hands with me in a nice, firm way and ushered me into the living room.

So far, so fine. He hadn't leered, sneered or smirked, and it didn't look as if he were going to. He was acting normal, maybe even a little better than normal, and I was stumped with the $64 question—who's a freak? Not Monty Clift. You can bet on that.

I settled myself in an easy chair and Monty said, "They've written enough stories about me. Don't tell me they've left out something."

"Guess they have," I told him. (*Continued on page 84*)



Bringing home baby

Callers won't find Mama Williams in lace on satin pillows. She's receiving in overalls, on a ladder.

BY JANE WILKIE



A fellow's first haircut is important. Benjie Gage got expert Eddie Poole to do the job on Mom's movie set.





Esther made the cozy gingham-trimmed lamp, but not the glamorous, formal dresses. Ben approves both—and her home-again figure.



The Gages rushed to get the baby's room ready by December. Kim, their second son, surprised them by coming 2 months early.



Ben and Esther take time off from the new house, Benjie and the new baby, Kimball, to relax and count their blessings.

■ According to novelists, scenario writers and dear old ladies, the weeks following the birth of a baby are the loveliest a new mother can experience. She lies abed and languishes in the luxury of having friends and family attend her every need. She wears fluffy pink things, and sips orange juice daintily. Above all, nothing disturbs her peace of mind, and her world is rosily sheltered until her strength returns.

This has not been the case with Esther Williams. Since the birth of Kimball Austin Gage back in October, Esther's thoughts have been taken up with cement mixers, sewer pipes, crossed telephone lines, and firescreens suitable for people twenty-four inches tall.

It isn't due to any lack of planning. As anybody knows, when a baby is expected it is only common sense to move into a new house *before* the infant arrives. This bit of logic was duly considered by Esther and plans made accordingly. But things have been ganging a-gley with the Gages.

It was in May of last year, when Esther was in Hawaii making *Pagan Love Song*, that she first knew she was pregnant. On her return home, the house in the Pacific Palisades seemed to have shrunk alarmingly. Benjie was walking now, and every time Esther put her foot down, he was under it. So she and Ben started working on floor plans for the house they had always wanted to build on their property near the ocean. In August they held a family conference. If they didn't begin building immediately it would be too late, for the baby was expected in December. By September they decided to rent a place for a year or so, and then build their house. And on a Sunday late in that month they found the house in Mandeville Valley and bought it on the spot.

It's a big, rambling frame house, painted a bright yellow, and there are two bedrooms on the ground floor for the boys, a master bedroom upstairs, and an attic that can be converted later into another bedroom. There is a garage with attached servant quarters out back. But the nice thing about this house is that it is made for tall people. It has light and air and the ceilings are high, and most important, it's a comfortable house.

"If we move in by October," said Esther, "we can have all the painting done, the pool and dressing rooms built in the back, the kitchen fixed up like a real farmhouse kitchen, and the driveway finished—everything by the time the baby comes." They got busy with a new set of plans, and soon were so engrossed that they decided they'd keep this place for many more years to come. (*Continued on page 102*)



MODERN SCREEN publisher, George T. Delacarte, Jr., beams as June Allysan and Alan Ladd cangratulate each ather on winning MS' papularity pall.

modern screen's

PARTY OF THE YEAR

HOLLYWOOD IS USED TO PARTIES, THEY HAVE THEM EVERY DAY. BUT WHEN LOUELLA PARSONS GIVES ONE—EVERYBODY COMES. SO PULL UP A CHAIR AND HELP FETE THE WINNERS OF MODERN SCREEN'S POPULARITY POLL.

■ You should have been there. You really should have, because it is the readers of MODERN SCREEN who are really responsible for the big, enchanting Ciro's party Louella Parsons tossed for June Allyson and Alan Ladd and the other twenty top popularity winners in the world-wide poll.

It would have been impossible, though, to have had you all there at Ciro's, even if proprietor Herman Hover had knocked out the walls. He almost had to at that, for this was the party of the year. More than three hundred of Hollywood's top stars, many of whom hadn't even met each other before, flocked through the famous Ciro's doors.

Let's turn back the clock to that gala evening. Our hostess, Louella, really knows how to give a party. "I don't want anyone to make a speech to the popularity winners," she said. "Just tell everybody to come and have a good time."

That's exactly what they did. There were no speeches, but if all the animated conversation between new and old friends were bottled up it would last Hollywood a lifetime of champagne.

June Allyson was one of the first to arrive. "Golly," she exclaimed, "look at all the movie stars!"

"Where's Dick?" someone asked.

"My dear husband, Mr. Powell?" June replied. "Darnit, he's home in bed suffering from that 'riculitous' or whatever you call it. No joking—it's awfully painful, but he insisted that I shouldn't miss the party of the year."

Positively beaming, June congratulated Alan Ladd on winning for the third straight year and (*Cont'd on next page*)



Dana and Mary Andrews, married 11 years, typify Hollywood's happy families. They held hands most of evening, chatted with agent Charles Feldman.



As Ruth Roman laughed with Arthur Kennedy, she gave no hint that she would pull the surprise of the year by marrying Mort Hall on December 17.



John Derek wants to know how to win a popularity cup. So he asks the man who owns three, Alan Ladd. Sue Ladd listens in.



Everybody was at Ciro's from starlets to well-loved, established stars like Lloyd Nolan and Edward G. Robinson, two who are ever-popular.



Vic and Dorothy Mature circulated like mad all evening getting tips on building their new house. Everybody but Mr. Blandings gave them advice.



Newsworthy Shelley Winters came alone, split her attention between reporters Louella Parsons and Sheilah Graham.

MORE ➤

modern screen's

PARTY OF THE YEAR

continued

exclaimed, "Let me in on the secret, Alan. I'd like to fill my house up with those beautiful silver cups, too!" (She may, at that, with the way this year's votes are already coming in.)

There's something magical about the parties Louella gives. One moment the room is completely empty. The next it's full of more stars than you'll see on opening night. It's hard to say who attracted the most attention, but when silver-haired Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd arrived with his lovely wife, Grace Bradley, on his arm, all eyes were turned his way. "Look at *him!*" one starlet exclaimed. "Up to now Clark Gable was my favorite, but you can give me that Hoppy for a leading man. Say, did anyone ever think of putting him in a picture *without* a cowboy suit? That would be something!"

"Men! Men! Men!" Marilyn Monroe exulted, "There are so many handsomes here I'd like to put each one on a desert island and commute back and forth by speed boat the rest of my life."

If Marilyn thought she was looking at the men she should have seen how the men were looking at her. This is the child who is now the sweetheart discovery of 20th Century-Fox. She has the same Wow appeal that made Lana Turner the Number One glamor girl. Same sort of look, too. When she cast her baby eyes at Scott Brady, who came to the party with Ann Blyth, he staggered a little and promptly asked her for a date.

That's what happens at any real party. Romances are born in a hurry. "I don't know if I should really be here at Ciro's," Bill Lundigan explained, looking fondly at his pert little wife, Rena. "You know, it's our anniversary, and I always like to propose all over again in the same night club. Do you suppose that Herman Hover would mind too much if I took a run over to Mocambo later?" Rena said she didn't think they should leave, so Bill proposed right there. Mrs. Lundigan sighed, "I think husbands should always ask their wives to marry them at least once a year."

As for romance, it was everywhere on this night of nights. Consider Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker. No people looked more in love.

Someone said, "I don't think there's ever been a more interesting love situation in Hollywood than what goes on between Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. It reminds me of the time when Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner used to be in high gear and keeping columnists awake nights trying to figure would they or would they not marry." (*The Curtis-Leigh story is too long to tell here. See page 38.*)

That's just the situation that was bothering lovely Sally Forrest, although she didn't show her feelings at the party. She came with handsome agent Milo Frank, the ex-Marine. Everyone has expected them to marry, but now it looks as though it's all off because Frank may soon go back into service and apparently doesn't want to pick up Sally's option when he can't be around for the full term contract.

In the midst of the festivity Louella Parsons beamed and was heard to say, "Gee, I'm glad I'm a reporter. (And *how* she is!) Where else could you meet so many exciting people?" Then she (*Continued on page 98*)



Piper Laurie arrived at the Ciro's party with Dick Long and a chic new hoirdo. Dick will give up his movie career to join the army. Piper is owoiting the Modern Screen contest results out next month.



Loretta Young drew murmurs of oppreciotion for her goy white hat. "You should have seen it before I gave it a haircut," she told admirers. Seems that the feathers threatened to block her porty-view.



No couple there looked more in love than Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker. Shortly after this party they announced their engagement. They'll honeymoon in Fronce when she finishes MGM's *No Questions Asked*.



Petite Vera-Ellen's dancing with Rock Hudson had on-lookers predicting thot they'd soon be waltzing down the aisle. This was before their romance started on its on-again-off-again track, which has Hollywood second-guessing.



Hostess Louella Parsons and Publisher George T. Delacorte welcome John Hodiak, Anne Baxter, Broderick and Kay Crawford at the party for Modern Screen's Popularity Poll winners.



When the girls saw Macdonald Carey walk in alone they powdered their noses. But Macdonald stagged only because his wife was ill. Ida Lupino also came alone, met Macdonald over the hors d'oeuvres, and left with Charles Feldman.



It was "happy-married-couples" night also in many corners of Ciro's. The Jeff Chandlers shared a table with Van Heflin and his wife, Frances, who were the party's champion hand-holders.



John Derek gives wife Patti a nickel so she can call home to check with son Russell's baby-sitter. Ciro's hat-check girl moaned: "Too bad he's married, but he couldn't have found a more attractive girl . . ." John agrees.



Scott Brady brought Ann Blyth and managed to surround himself with other lovely girls. He took one look at Marilyn Monroe and asked for a date. Here, he smiles down approvingly at Joan Evans.

enjoy yourself



■ It was an occasion on which even grown men weep. But the teen-aged lad sat starkly dry-eyed, listening to the words which promised that death could not really end the meaning of his father's life. He had, and still has, deep faith in those words. Nonetheless, the thought kept recurring that his father was too young to go.

At 47, his father had been ready to retire from active management of his factory so that he could relax and leisurely enjoy the luxuries he'd earned for his family. Not the luxury of jewels and furs, but of good, vital, secure living—a gracious, spacious, happy home, two good cars, good schools for his son and daughter, trips to Europe and elsewhere, ample financial security for the future. It was quite a lot to have achieved at his age. Instead of enjoying it leisurely, he simply left an impressive heritage for his family.

In the months which followed, there must have been some of his father's business associates in Syracuse, New York, who watched the boy with dismay. Instead of going to Amherst College as planned, he went off to New York City.

"Singing in a chorus at the World's Fair!" they exclaimed first. Then, "Trying to be an actor at some little theater . . . earns only $5.00 a week so his mother has to give him an allowance . . . charges things to her account . . . uses her car all the time . . . not 21 yet or even earning a living and he wants to get married to a 16-year-old actress. . . ."

It's easier than you think. Ask Gordon MacRae who started out with a smile on his face and a happy-go-lucky air. Now his life is as sweet as the songs he sings.

BY FRANCES CLARK



Gordon and his Sheila married in 1941; now have a MacRae clan of three kids.

If so, they were gossiping true. But their fears weren't fulfilled. Today the boy is known as a star of radio, stage, screen and juke-box. His name is Gordon MacRae.

"Back then," Gordon says, "I decided I was going to observe the MacRae's clan motto, 'We burn but are not consumed.' I'd make a profession of what I loved to do and so be relaxed, enjoying life no matter when, where or what."

Gordon's interpretation of being relaxed, however, is rather staggering.

One recent, typical day went like this. In the wee hours of that morning he left a wildly applauding audience at El Rancho Vegas in Nevada, to take a six hour train ride (planes were grounded by fog) to Hollywood where he's star of NBC's "The Railroad Hour." Rehearsals started at noon. The official broadcast ended at 5:30 o'clock, Hollywood time. Then Gordon was due back in Las Vegas for an evening performance. Fog was still holding up planes and the trains weren't scheduled right. So it looked as though he might have to drive himself, a mere matter of 290 miles!

But such a relaxed character you never saw! And everything went according to his own schedule—the way everything always has gone.

"Instead of going on to Amherst," Gordon says, "I decided to get going on my career right away. I'd always made straight A's in the drama and music classes at Deerfield Academy, but I had to spend an extra year there to make up for any poor grades in geometry, Latin and French to qualify for Amherst.

"Dad had given up the idea of my going into business with him the summer before I graduated from Deerfield. I spent that summer vacation working in the factory with the lathes, power presses, drill presses and the other things which he felt would give me a fair idea of what was ahead for me. But I didn't do very well and I didn't like it a bit. After that, he agreed I ought to try what I wanted to do after I finished Amherst. The next summer he sent me on a YMCA tour of Europe. Shortly after I came home, he was gone. So I just struck out sooner than we'd planned."

None of the singers he worked with at the World's Fair were famous, although one is pretty well-known today as Dick Haymes. After the Fair, Gordon decided to learn more about acting. He landed a $5.00 job with room and board at the Millpond Playhouse in Roslyn, Long Island. His mother gave him $25.00 a week allowance, access to charge accounts and the use of her car.

Soon Sheila Stephens, a very pretty girl, shared the rides with him. And it didn't take him long to decide he wanted to share everything with her from then on. But the lovely English-born girl's parents objected strenuously to their daughter's marrying at 16. So the two just studied together, played together and dreamed together until his mother decided it was high time her handsome son had a taste of work to shape his character.

"I don't care what you do," she told him, "Just so it's decent."

When he landed a job as a page at NBC in New York, she was somewhat taken aback but Gordon knew that it took luck as well as ability to get a big-league job in radio. He waited for his lucky moment. Whenever anyone who might do him any good came into NBC, Gordon sang at his work.

Horace Heidt was the first to give him a second ear. He liked what he heard and saw and hired Gordon to sing with his orchestra.

Gordon hurried to Sheila with the news. Once again they took up the matter of marriage with her parents. Still they couldn't get approval. Gordon went out on the road with Horace Heidt's troupe. In May, Sheila joined the troupe in Cleveland, Ohio, to visit him.

"I'd tried to get my parents to let me make it a wedding trip," Sheila recalls. "But they still wouldn't consent. I was only 18, of course. They adored Gordon but they thought we should wait until we were older."

"Sheila, Gordon's no good to me," Horace Heidt told her on her arrival. "He's thinking about you all the time. Why don't you get married here and now? Then he'll hit his stride." (*Continued on page 106*)

"Date only one girl and you're dead!" a wise guy told

One-woman man



him. But Tony just dates Janet and now at last he's really living. • BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ Three years ago, when Tony Curtis first came out to Hollywood, an old-time publicity man offered him some advice.

"Son," he said, "don't tie yourself down with any one gal. Play the field and you'll be okay. Stick with one dame, and you're dead."

Tony was politely doubtful. "I don't understand," he said, "what's wrong in going with one girl?"

"Now, look, kid," the veteran tub-thumper explained, "if you concentrate on one dame the newspapers will mention it four or five times. You're out at Universal, right? So, say you start going with Ann Blyth. Curtis and Blyth, that's the combination. Well, it makes the gossip columns a few times, and then you're finished. Everybody thinks you're tied up, and you can't get a date. The best thing for a young actor is to get around with a lot of girls. Makes people think you're a great lover."

Curtis who is young, trusting and naive started following this advice to the letter.

His first date at Universal, strangely enough, was with Ann Blyth. "She's a wonderful girl," Tony says, "and I had a fine evening with her—only I found out early that we had very little in common. Ann is very sweet, you know, very demure and pious. She's quiet and sedate, and well, I guess I'm not. I'm the kind of guy who likes to live each day as if it's his last. Ann and I are opposites in temperament, background, and outlook."

When Tony stopped dating Ann, he began seeing Shelley Winters occasionally. But here again, there was no mutual attraction. "Shelley," according to Tony, "is absolutely fantastic. She's a dynamo, a volcano in eruption. I couldn't keep up with her."

The fact that Tony had dated Ann Blyth and Shelley Winters immediately made him column bait—as the publicity man had predicted—and the next thing he knew, Tony began receiving phone calls from young starlets. "How about being my escort next Thursday night?" or, "Wouldn't you like to take me to Arthur's party?" they'd ask.

"Maybe I'm just plain dumb," Tony says now, "but I thought these girls were calling because they were interested in *me*. I found out later they weren't interested in me. They just wanted to use my name.

"I took one starlet out and she said, 'I hear you know Mr. Goldwyn. How about introducing me some time?' I don't know Mr. Goldwyn at all.

"I went out with another and she said, 'Look, Tony, you take care of me and I'll take care of you.' Honest, I didn't know what she meant. Later, I learned she wanted to meet a producer on the lot.

"The experiences I had playing the field—you wouldn't believe them. Never have I met such career-conscious girls. They all want to get ahead. I couldn't tell if they liked me or they were using me. It was funny, too, because I had no influence with anyone at the time, and I still don't. With ten cents I can buy a cup of coffee.

"I remember the time I took this young actress to a party. I'm not going to mention her name. I happened to meet a gentleman there who was in the hardware business. I told my date that he was a big producer. Maybe you won't believe this, but you know, she dropped me flat and she hung around this guy's neck all evening. Maybe I should've laughed, but honest, I was disillusioned. Where, I kept asking myself, can an actor meet one sincere girl?"

Speaking of disillusion, all Hollywood remembers the time Tony took Geraldine Brooks to a party thrown by Farley Granger. At this party, Tony didn't like the way Farley was looking at Geraldine, and he didn't particularly like the way Geraldine was gazing at Farley.

Presently, Tony sat down beside Geraldine. She was smiling at Farley, and Tony was rapidly burning.

"Gerry," said Tony, "I want to talk to you—in the other room."

"What do you mean?" Geraldine allegedly replied.

"Get in the other room!" Curtis stormed. And then he whirled on Granger. "And you, too, Farley," he barked.

After the three of them went into another room, Tony locked the door. Furious, he turned on Granger. "What kind of an idiot do you think I am, Farley?" he shouted. "Don't you think I have eyes? Don't you think I can see what's going on between you two? If you want to date Gerry, all you have to do is ask me. You want to take her home, go ahead take her home."

Then Tony opened the door and walked out.

Farley took Geraldine home, and the friendship between these two can be dated from that night.

This incident happened some time ago—so at least legend has it—and today Curtis and Granger are good friends. The point to be made, however, is this—playing the Hollywood field turned Tony Curtis into a one-woman man.

"I was played for a sucker so many times," Tony said, "that I began being suspicious of all girls. They must want something, I told myself, or they wouldn't go out with me. And the funniest part of it all is that I can't even help my own career, never mind helping someone else's. I'm still a beginner out here. I've got lots to learn, but back then I didn't even know how to drive to the studio.

"The luckiest thing that ever happened to me was meeting Janet Leigh. Here was an actress who's fifty times more important, more experienced, and more valuable than I am.

"I've been going with Janet almost a year now, and do you know, she's never once asked me to take her to a night club or suggested that it might be a good idea if we were seen at such and such a place.

"Maybe I'm kidding myself, but I think Janet is interested in me as a person. She knows there's nothing I can do for her career-wise. She has more money, (*Continued on page 79*)

"watch your step, farley!"

Your career's at the crossroads, and Hollywood wiseacres know it. Now they're waiting for you to put the wrong foot forward . . .

BY JIM BURTON



■ Some weeks ago, a motion picture director, toiling over the script of his next epic, halted his work for a moment as a producer entered his office.

"Just a minute," he said, "I want to finish this kitchen scene between Granger and the girl."

"Save yourself the trouble," said the producer, "Granger's not going to play it."

The director looked up in surprise.

"You're kidding," he said.

"No," said the producer. "He doesn't want to do it."

"But it's him," said the director. "It's perfect for him."

The producer shrugged his shoulders.

"I've got to go look for another boy," he said.

The director sat and scratched his head and meditated upon the unpredictability of actors.

"Just imagine," he muttered to himself. "Now Farley Granger is turning down pictures."

Except for the last line in this little sketch, it is a pretty stock situation in Hollywood. Actors, for any number of reasons, have been turning down scripts since motion pictures began. But when a boy as unusually lucky in his selection of roles, and as unusually grateful as Farley Granger has been, starts turning them down, the situation confuses even (*Continued on page* 89)





The sprawling sunraam with its many windows is typical of the David Wayne home. It was built a generation aga when taxes were

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

something sort of GRANDISH

by Marva Peterson- **This is the house of *ishes* come true, the house that David Wayne dreamed**

■ "I want a house so big," David Wayne used to tell his wife, "that you'll have to send a St. Bernard to call me for meals."

And now they have one—a house so large and beautiful that a St. Bernard would need a friend to lead him around. It's a far cry from their basement apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. That apartment was the reconverted second kitchen of what had been an elegant town house. It was one room with a converted woodshed for sleeping



almost non-existent and glamor was at an all-time high.

quarters, and a refrigerator under the sink. The Waynes laughingly referred to the place as home.

The laugh froze on David's lips the day an obstetrician invited him into his office. "Mr. Wayne," said the obstetrician, "I have a big surprise for you."

David arranged his face in a nervous smile. "Yes, doctor?"

"Wayne," the obstetrician boomed. "By next week you should be the father of twins!" (*Continued on next page*)

about—something sort of swell*ish*, large*ish*, lav*ish* .



The luxuriously furnished entrance hall and stairway reflect the feeling of the house. Neutral tones in carpeting and upholstery, and blonde furniture are planned to blend into the overall décor.

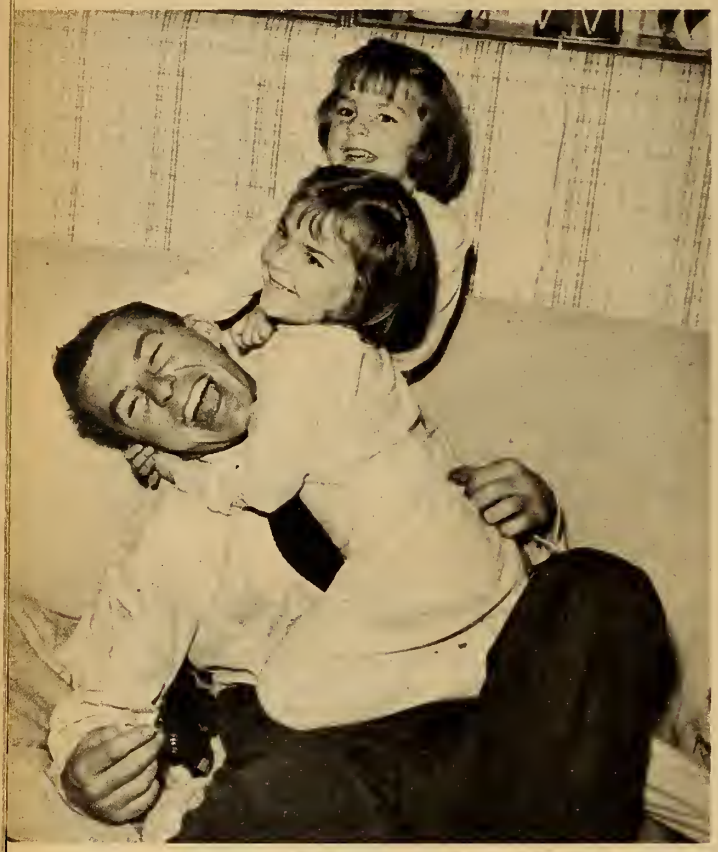


Next to the master bedroom is an upstairs living room reserved for intimate family affairs and TV showings. Pine-paneled and simple, it's a bonus room that comes only in large, old-fashioned houses.



The dining room, opening on a camellia garden, looks modern but is furnished in antique Chinese Chippendale, a forerunner of contemporary design. Mirrored walls seem to increase the room's size.

MORE ➤



David once was a leprechaun on the stage—perfect training as a playmate for Melinda and Susan. The playroom is decorated in red with white window shutters and red and white scatter rugs.



Melinda and Susan, the twins, and blonde Timmie love to corner their father in the sunroom for games and read-alouds. Their mother, Jane, is the daughter of Jean Gordon, a Met opera star.

David had known he was going to be a father. He'd even thought he could talk one baby into living in the basement—but two? That second baby might walk out on him.

His wife offered a suggestion having to do with magic. David was appearing as a leprechaun in Broadway's *Finian's Rainbow,* and his wife said, "Why don't you just conjure up a second bedroom?"

"Darling," David said helplessly, "we'll just have to ad lib it."

Melinda and Susan, the twins, arrived on time. And their parents felt so gay that they all managed to survive even without another bedroom. In fact, Ogi, a nurse, came around a lot, too. It was always as busy as bargain day down in that basement.

David started having dreams of grandeur. "This house we're going to get," he'd say, "this house will be the largest, roomiest, most spacious house you ever saw."

When MGM brought David out to Hollywood at the request of Katherine Hepburn, who wanted him in *Adam's Rib,* David finally got a chance to carry out his aim. That was two Octobers ago, and the Wayne family had been increased by Timmie, a son.

"When I told the real estate agents that I was in the market for a house with five bedrooms," David says, "they really rubbed their hands with glee. Nowadays, you know, everyone wants small houses, intimate places, keeps the overhead down.

"I could see what was going through the minds of those real estate boys. Here I was, an ignorant fish from the East. This was their opportunity to unload a big white elephant. You should've seen some of the jobs they showed Jane and me. The Atwater Kent estate, the Doheny mansion, places that looked like the Museum of Natural History. 'Look Jack,' I finally said to one of these boys, 'we're in the market for a big family house, but we're not looking for stables, swimming pools and a hundred acres of citrus fruit.' "

After inspecting the various offers, David and Jane decided that it would be more economical to take an old house and fix it up than to mortgage their future and buy a new one.

The house they finally selected is in the "Sunset Boulevard" section of Hollywood. It was built a generation ago when Gloria Swanson was a young woman and income taxes were negligible. The house reflects both influences.

To begin with, it is tremendous—a three story structure with thirteen rooms, and five baths. The acre and a half that surrounds the house is beautifully landscaped with evergreens and magnificent eucalyptus trees. There is also a tennis court, a pond jammed with gold fish, and a patch of lawn large enough for David (*Continued on page 91*)

▲ Their elegantly appointed living room is a far cry from the all-in-one basement job in New York. The house has thirteen rooms and five baths with an acre of landscaped grounds, and a tennis court.

➤ David's corner of the library is made for a man with pipe and book. He reads everything from Spinoza to golf tips. Jean's unique collection of china banks was started by her mother years ago.

▼ The formal library is book-crammed and designed for reading. Done in soft green, its monotone effect is easy on the eyes and relaxing. Tall Chinese vases give light and dignity to the room.





hollywood's ten most

You bet Hollywood men aren't what they used to be! They're more exciting than ever. For instance, take these ten— and who wouldn't?

■ The good looking guy sat on my sofa telling the story with gestures while I almost rolled all over my best Oriental rug. He was recalling the time when the late John Barrymore came to his house for dinner—and stayed six riotous days. Every minute that week was a howl, every hour a fantastic adventure.

"You just can't believe what a fascinating person Jack was," sighed my guest, as I doubled up at the unprintable pranks. "I never had a more wonderful time in my life. But Hedda," he lamented, "you know, they've quit breeding stars like Barrymore around here. There just aren't fascinating men in Hollywood any more."

But before he had those words out of his mouth, I had the mirror whipped out of my compact and up before his handsome, startled face.

"Take a good look," I told Errol Flynn, "and maybe you'll see one right about now!"

"Stop kidding," he protested. But, believe me, kidding was the last thing on my mind.

Almost every day, it seems, someone comes my way with a complaint like this: (*Continued on page 92*)



"FARLEY GRANGER, an exciting faun-like creature, has a ravenous hunger to live and learn. He's like springtime, ready to bust out all over one fine day."



"TYRONE POWER is a model gentleman. His manly authority is blended with incredible handsomeness, clean-cut charm."



"TONY CURTIS has eyes you could get lost in. He's a flinty fighter who doesn't let anything stand in his way, yet Tony is tender as well as tough."



"ERROL FLYNN is a scamp who should have lived in the flamboyant 16th century. He's ruthless, conceited, irresistible."

fascinating men

by hedda hopper



"MARLON BRANDO, a brilliant brat, is oll wrapped up in acting. Passibly the greatest genius since Borrymore, he's complex, unarthadax, hard ta know."



"HOWARD DUFF is the pipe type. He's patient and philasaphical, slaw but sure. One star soys, 'He has the greatest physical magnetism I've ever felt'."



"STEWART GRANGER, the essence af saphisticatian and British charm, has ramance and virility in every glance."



"ROBERT MITCHUM, that reckless slugger af life, is a paet, taa. He does what he wants when he wonts to, and na matter what it is, he's lavable."



"MONTGOMERY CLIFT is lazy and likes ta loaf, but he's a brilliant personality. A free saul, he despises glamor, and remains unimpressed and indifferent."



"VICTOR MATURE is like a brass band. He's frank, he's original, he's never dull. And what a 'gargeaus hunk af mon'."



portrait of DOMERGUE

When you think of Faith you think of tangos in the moonlight, the scent of perfume, the lustre of black satin and pearls . . .

BY LOUIS POLLOCK



"They come first," says Faith of director-husband Hugo and baby Diana.

■ More than six years ago Merle Oberon was dancing at the old Trocadero when she suddenly turned away from her partner to put her hand on the arm of a young girl nearby. Merle spoke to her in open admiration.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "But how pretty you are."

The younger girl, slim, dark like Merle, brown-eyed and with a Latin glow, blushed and seemed to hesitate about answering. When she did speak it was with a noticeable lisp. "Thank you," she replied.

The girl had wanted to say more. She had wanted to say (and this is her first opportunity to do so publicly) that ever since she was in her 'teens and saw Merle in *Wuthering Heights* she modeled herself after her. In fact, she converted her neighborhood into the Highlands in her imagination and for months it rang with her lisping cries of "Heathcliffe!"

The girl, as you may have guessed, was Faith Domergue. Today Faith, who plays opposite Bob Mitchum in RKO's *Where Danger Lies,* is headed for stardom. She brings to this career her unusual brunette beauty and a long, intensive preparation for her work. However, she does not leave behind the life she has been living—the most important side of her life, she says. Whatever happens to her professionally, she wants always to continue a role she began more than three years ago—the role of a young wife, and now, young mother.

Faith lives with her husband, Hugo Fregonese, and her baby daughter, Diana, in a two-bedroom, duplex apartment resembling hundreds of other small apartments in West Los Angeles. Like many of the young wives in the area she has a cleaning woman come in two or three days a week, but otherwise does her own housework and cooking. Though she is blessed by the fact that her parents occupy the lower half of the duplex and constantly volunteer to baby-sit, she and Hugo do not go out very often. When they do, it is generally to the home of friends for an evening of talk or perhaps cards. They're seldom seen at large parties or night clubs.

Born in New Orleans, Faith was brought to California by her parents when she was five and grew up right in Beverly Hills. Her playmates started to laugh early at her lisp, on the street, and in school when she insisted on trying out for parts in class theatricals. Even worse, her teachers used to try to dissuade her, diplomatically, of course, from trying to be an actress.

This was when a discouraged Faith used to run away from school . . . but rarely to anywhere else but her home. She doesn't think this was odd on her part.

"After all, what (*Continued on page 104*)

two tragic divorces

Marriage and divorce are common in Hollywood; the public takes them both with a shrug of the shoulders. But these two marriages were different; these two divorces were shocking blows. Elizabeth Taylor, beautiful and blessed, found her prince and spun golden dreams for all the girls in the world . . . Barbara Stanwyck married Robert Taylor and for eleven years set an example of mature devotion . . . When these marriages ended, belief ended, and now people wonder: can love ever last in Hollywood?

"I cried for you"

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM It was a bleak Wednesday evening in December. Lights were glowing softly all over Bel Air where people live in luxurious contentment. Suddenly, a black Cadillac convertible whizzed up a winding road. It slid to a stop before a huge and stately mansion. For a moment nothing stirred.

Knuckles white as she grasped the steering wheel, Elizabeth Taylor sat and stared straight ahead, as if gathering courage for a momentous decision. Then she swung open the car door and walked toward the sumptuous home of Conrad Hilton. Inside her husband, Nicky Hilton, waited.

Now they were alone together. Completely alone for the first time in weeks. These two for whom there were such high hopes were strangers now. Formally, they faced each other across the long dining room table and Nicky might well have imagined that the traces of hurriedly removed makeup on his wife's face were stained by tears.

They talked in low tones, as though reporters were lurking behind the paneled walls. But there was no one to eavesdrop on the things they said. There was as much intimacy in their disenchantment as there had been in the first thrills of married love eight months before.

"Come back to me!"

There is a desolate hopelessness in those words. Nicky Hilton may doubt that he ever uttered them. Elizabeth will never say whether he did or not. The actual truth is that he said more than that. He talked to Elizabeth for hours as a man will when he knows he is losing the woman he really

A world apart

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS After eleven years of a marriage that supposedly was one of the most idyllic in Hollywood history, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor agreed to divorce.

Oddly enough, they decided to dissolve their union on the very same day that Shirley Temple and Charles Black decided to marry, nine days before Christmas of 1950. (*For the story of Shirley's marriage see page 52*).

The announcement by Barbara and Bob that their marriage had been a failure, that they could not go on living as they had in the past, that their only recourse was the divorce court, came as a shock to the entire screen colony.

As you probably know, the film colony doesn't shock easily. Last year for example, Frank and Nancy Sinatra, Evelyn Keyes, Kirk Douglas, Betty Hutton, Bette Davis, and half a dozen other noteworthy stars all decided to call off their marital ventures. No one seemed surprised at any of these. But the Stanwyck-Taylor admission that their marriage was no-go—that was a genuine shocker, because for a decade now Bob and Barbara have been pointed out as the perfect mates.

They were two mature people—not kids like Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton. The Taylors knew the score. They went around with each other for two years before they eloped to San Diego in 1939. Each of them had ample time to learn everything they needed to know about the other.

What went wrong with this "perfect" marriage?

loves. It is as true of young Nicky Hilton as it has been of many men that by careless words and deeds he can reject a woman, and then want her terribly.

On the other hand, it is as true of Elizabeth Taylor as it is of many women that she can come to the time when, no matter how strong her love for a man is, she will no longer allow that love to be treated with disdain, beaten, run over for all the world to see.

There was a time when, swallowing her pride, Elizabeth could come back, warm and forgiving after a bitter quarrel. But now she was strong, even cold in her decision. As for Nicky, it seemed when he talked as though he were a gambler losing his life's stake. He reasoned feverishly, then humbly with his bride. (*Continued on page 101*)



Liz and Nicky's glamorous union ran its course in seven tempestuous months.

For 11 years, Bob and Barbara had set an example by their "perfect marriage."



The statement issued by Barbara and Bob says: "In the last few years, because of our professional requirements, we have been separated just too often and too long. Our sincere and continued efforts to maintain our marriage have failed. We are deeply disappointed that we could not solve our problems. We really tried. We unhappily and reluctantly admit what we have denied to even our closest friends, because we wanted to work things out together in as much privacy as possible. There will be a California divorce. Neither of us have any other romantic interest whatsoever."

That's the official statement—and for what it's worth, it was handed out to the press by Barbara's press agent, Helen Ferguson. (*Continued on page 88*)

two happy marriages

The romances were private; the weddings were simple. Shirley Temple became Mrs. Charles Black, and the unreal splendor of her childhood, the unfortunate interlude of her first marriage became memories . . . Ruth Roman became Mrs. Mort Hall, and her long struggle toward stardom, her battle against loneliness became memories, too. For each, this is a new beginning. Shirley leaves her legendary past; Ruth continues to build her career—both move forward alike in their security of love and understanding.

Now and forever

BY SUSAN TRENT Several years ago when Shirley Temple was making *Since You Went Away* with Claudette Colbert, both girls were discussing career versus marriage.

"A career," Claudette admitted, "is a very wonderful accomplishment—only you can't sit down beside it at breakfast."

Shirley has never forgotten those words. A few weeks ago when the time came for her to make her choice, she chose marriage without the slightest hesitation—marriage to Charles Black, the handsome, 30-year-old son of a San Francisco utilities company president.

The ceremony, Shirley's second, was in direct contrast to the Temple-Agar wedding of September, 1945.

This time Shirley was no longer a wide-eyed, innocent child taking part in a gigantic public spectacle; nor was she an American institution, the darling of 57 million movie fans, who called all the shots.

In wedding number two, publicity-shy, Charles Black was calling the shots.

A few days before Shirley and Charles were married in a simple ceremony, she was invited to attend the MODERN SCREEN party at Ciro's.

"I'd love to come," she said, "but Charles doesn't like publicity, and I want to do what he likes—so this time, please excuse me."

Even before then, everyone in Hollywood knew who would wear the pants in that family. A little while after he had come to Los Angeles to be near Shirley and had taken a job with TV station KTTV, Charles told a newspaper reporter:

"Look, I come from San Francisco, and up around there we don't believe in all this

A man of her own

BY JIM HENAGHAN The romance between Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall began in New York City early last fall. Ruth, still flushed with the first glow of success, was on a jaunt East, sampling the café society life she hadn't been able to afford during her embryo days as an actress in Gotham. She was dining with a girl friend at the "21" Club. At her elbow, at the next table, a dark, handsome young man was eating alone. They laugh at it now, but Ruth admits that during her dinner she thought the attractive lad at the next table was having some sort of a fit. And the young man admits that he did just about everything but stand on his head to attract the movie star's attention.

Dinner was almost finished when a man stopped at Ruth Roman's table to say hello. Like an ambitious quarterback, who had just found a hole in a tough line, the man at the next table leaped to his feet, shook hands with the stranger and demanded an introduction.

"Ruth Roman, this is Mortimer Hall," said the visitor. And he excused himself and left, little realizing that he was a vagrant agent of Cupid.

Without an invitation, Morty Hall sat down and joined the girls. They sipped coffee while Morty wracked his brain trying to think of some way of prolonging his presence. He might have saved himself the trouble. As they were about to leave, Ruth turned to him.

"What are you doing tonight?" she said.

"I beg your pardon," said Morty.

"I've got a couple of tickets to a show.

rah-rah and publicity. We believe in a little privacy. If it's okay with you, just say I served in the Navy and let it go at that. The movie magazines have been after me to talk about my future with Shirley ever since I got here. I'm not talking to anyone. I give you my word."

Black kept his word, too. Eleven days after Shirley received her final divorce papers, this former Naval Intelligence officer and millionaire's son picked up his bride-to-be, sneaked out of Hollywood, and obtained a wedding license at Salinas, California.

He asked Superior Judge Henry Jorgenson to perform the marriage at his parents' white California ranch-style home on the Monterrey Peninsula. The Judge happily agreed, and at (*Continued on page 64*)



Her marriage to Charles Black on Dec. 16 marked the end of Shirley's screen career.

Ruth Roman surprised Hollywood by eloping with radio executive Mort Hall on Dec. 17.



Would you like to come see it with me?"

Morty Hall never did get his answer out but Ruth Roman knew he was trying to say yes. And so it happened that when Ruth Roman, former carnival girl, met Mortimer Hall, darling of Westport society, she took *him* to a show—and he loved it.

Less than six months later, they were married. The Associated Press Wire service handled the story in a very unexcited, matter of fact manner. "Dateline, Las Vegas, Nevada, December 17, 1950: Ruth Roman, Warner Brothers actress, today married Mortimer Hall, wealthy New Yorker, in a surprise elopement."

Of course, the newspapers expanded on this information considerably, but none of them told the real tale—the Cinderella story of a poor (*Continued on page 62*)



A fat cat snoozing

on a Montmartre bar . . .

neat Israeli farms . . .

the serenity of

the Holy City . . .

and the many, many

faces shining

with friendliness.



At St. Peter's Basilica, June Haver adds to her movie record of her pilgrimage to Rome and the near East.

This I Remember

by June Haver

■ This will be the audience in my heart from now on whenever I step in front of the camera:

The white-haired, delicately old monk weeping with joy at having finally reached the shores of the Sea of Galilee . . .

The young guide of Killarney whose farewell was, "Come back to Ireland and get yourself an Irish husband . . ."

The little French boy with his long loaf of bread whom I met on my way to early morning Mass in Paris' "wicked" Montmartre . . .

The bronzed girls and youths of Israel; the intense, dramatic people of Italy; my beloved Father Xavier of India; these and hundreds of others . . .

I don't think I'll ever say or sing another line in a picture, or dance a step, without wondering if they will like what I am doing, and whether it will help them know Hollywood and America better.

According to the dictionary a pilgrimage is "A long and weary journey . . ." Mine, which I took this winter to Rome and the Holy Land, was a joy, and even though I traveled by plane, I think I could have walked all the way and still come back as inspired as I am now.

My mood was such, in fact, that I refused to be disturbed, on my return, when I learned that some newspaper people had ascribed other reasons for the trip—that I had gone, as one columnist reported, to discuss entering a convent, or as another stated, to get a Church annulment of my former marriage. It was a little saddening that the simple truth did not occur to these writers; that I had gone for the same reason thousands of other Americans had—to know better the source of the peace and inspiration we had found in our faith. (*Continued on page 86*)



June traveled simply, made friends everywhere. Here she chats with an Arab policeman in Jerusalem.

hands off my heart



John Agar's in love all right . . . with his career, and the only girl in his life just now is Susie Agar, age three.

BY PATRICIA MONROE



John and Ruth Roman were a surprise twosome before she wed.

■ John Agar is doing just fine.

In a slow methodical way, which is characteristic of him, he has steadily ignored gossip, set each one of his goals slightly higher than the one before, and is hoisting himself gently up the glass mountain to Hollywood success.

"Next to my daughter, my career is the most important thing in my life," he says bluntly.

Maybe he says it a little bit too forcefully. Maybe there's an edge to his words. Maybe you get a feeling he's daring you to doubt. If so he has cause.

The night *Fort Apache* was previewed was a heart-breaker. It was his first picture. The sun had taken 62 hours to go down that day. In the afternoon someone had suggested golf as a sedative. Every ball he shot landed in the rough. Dinner tasted like mildewed sawdust and his seat in the theater wasn't built to hide a 6′2″ growing boy.

In the lobby some clabber-mouthed pseudo-critic pointed at him and said to his girl friend, "That's Agar. All those horse scenes were done by a double. The kid's got nothing but pretty blue eyes."

Those pretty blue eyes registered the poisoned crack, and turned to blue-black. His fists were clenched and his jaw looked like Fearless Fosdick's. But not one sound came from his tightened lips.

When John Ford asked him to play in *Fort Apache,* John admitted that he (*Continued on page 66*)



Right now John says his career comes first but he's never at a loss for beautiful companions like blonde Gloria De Haven.

I could take
what life dished out,
but taking it gracefully
was another matter.
First I had to learn
to accept myself . . .

I FOUND MY WAY

by Bill Lundigan



Rena and Bill married in 1945 after he left the Marines. Bill's career got a new start in *Pinky;* now he's in 20th's *I'd Climb The Highest Mountain.*

■ How do you find your way?

When you are young you confidently take what you think is the right step and it is the first of a hundred wrong ones. You look ahead and with youthful arrogance peg yourself a high place in the world, and the time comes when the peg won't even stick in a low one.

I was to be a lawyer once. I was to be a radio somebody once. I was on the way to becoming an established actor once. And suddenly I found myself a soldier willing to settle for only one thing . . . that I wouldn't show fear and run in front of my buddies. Nothing else was as important, not even dying. It couldn't have been . . . or I would have run.

I believe that that was when I earnestly started to think about the "way," and it seemed to me that it was not a matter of the direction my life was taking but of my attitude toward it, regardless of direction, and sometimes even regardless of happening.

I remembered a rainy December night in San Diego when a Marine rookie sat in a convertible on a Christmas tree lot and cursed with misery because the top leaked a bit and some water was running down his neck. I was that Marine. The trees belonged to me and two other fellows in my outfit. We had bought them to make a killing (which we didn't) and every night one of us had to be on hand to watch things. Less than a year after that I was under enemy fire on the beach at Peleliu, with only fifteen feet of land behind me and all hell in front. But I was able to experience a thankful and happy moment. It came when I succeeded in digging (*Continued on page 99*)

JANE POWELL
CO-STARRING IN
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
Technicolor Musical
"ROYAL WEDDING"



"Be Lux Lovely," says Jane Powell









Here's the beauty care that guards her million-dollar skin

This radiant young star has a beauty tip for you. "My Lux Soap facials do wonders for the skin," says Jane Powell. "I just smooth on the rich lather and work it well in.

"Next I rinse with warm water and follow with a quick cold rinse. Right away my skin feels so much softer and smoother." *That's because active lather cleanses thoroughly but very gently, too.*

"To dry I pat my face with a soft towel. I can always depend on this easy care for quick new beauty." *See what this Lux Soap care lovely screen stars recommend can do for you!*

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

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Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27c to $2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

the loneliest man in town

OUTSIDERS SAY THE WORLD'S

■ Most Hollywood actors have a favorite hobby—talking about other actors.

Several weeks ago two gentlemen of the screen were avidly engaged in this hobby. They were dissecting Howard Duff.

"I really envy Duff," said the first actor, 'even though he has a face like a Sherman tank."

"This is no time for flattery," said the second lead. "Tell me more."

"Well," said the first actor. "Duff has a contract at Universal. He makes about a



His broken leg will disable Howard for a few months. Luckily he's already finished U.-I.'s *Shakedown*.

HIS OYSTER, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TOUGH IT IS FOR DUFF—WHO HAS TO OPEN IT ALONE • BY STEVE CRONIN

thousand bucks a week. He owns a Cadillac. He rents two houses, one in the hills and one down at the beach. He has all the dates he wants—Yvonne De Carlo, Ava Gardner, Gloria de Haven, Marta Toren, Piper Laurie and Ida Lupino. He's single and has no responsibilities. In short, the guy is leading the perfect life."

Oddly enough, this is the usual consensus of opinion concerning Duff. This, plus the impression that he is cold, virile, stoical, a man of few words, and in general the personification of Sam Spade, the private eye he has played on radio for four years.

This opinion is about as right as Stalin.

Howard Duff doesn't show it, but he's probably the loneliest man in town. He's a warm, kind-hearted guy who's put up a false front to protect himself, to cover up the scars on his heart.

This may sound overly-dramatic, but the truth is that Howard Duff has played hard at love and lost.

The two women he wanted most to marry: Ava Gardner, and another who will remain nameless because she is now happily married, both turned him down. Somehow their refusals caused such a deep hurt that Howard constructed a wall of stolidness to assuage it, a wall which hides the real Howard Duff from the world.

Of course, he doesn't like to talk about it, but six years ago when he was an Army sergeant in the Pacific, he received a "Dear John" letter from his "nameless" girl friend. In the letter she (*Continued on page 107*)

WOMEN Make Money THIS EASY WAY

and get your dresses without a penny of cost!



Here's a special opportunity for ambitious women who want to earn money during spare moments. Without previous experience you can make up to $23 a week with ease—just by taking orders for Fashion Frocks, and you don't invest a penny of your own. These stunning new creations are such unbeatable values, you simply can't stop women from ordering them! Amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns—more than you can find in a dozen dress shops. Famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring—the cream of the world's best mills. And, a complete range of sizes for every type of figure—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. You can coin money "hand over fist"—and besides, you get *dresses for your own personal use as a bonus, without paying a cent!*

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Whether you are married or single—housewife or employed woman—you can earn EXTRA money in your spare time. And just imagine how it will feel to have as many dresses as you want; to wear the latest, smartest, most glamorous dresses *without cost.* No canvassing is necessary. Women order several times a season—and for season after season. It's like having your own dress business WITHOUT INVESTING A PENNY.

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*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

*Age*_____ *Dress Size*_____

a man of her own

(*Continued from page 53*) girl who rose to stardom without anyone's help, and then married one of the handsomest, richest young men in America.

And if the Cinderella legend sticks to the script, they will live a long and happy life together, although none of these things seemed likely in the beginning of Ruth's life.

RUTH Roman's first meeting with a movie actor was on the same casual level as her meeting with her present husband. She had just arrived in California. It had been a long trip West in a chair car, catching cat naps on a small pillow propped against a hard upright seat, because she didn't have any money to squander on a berth. She stepped from the Los Angeles Union Station into the bright California sunshine and with an extravagant gesture, employed a taxi driver to deliver her to a small hotel in the land of her dreams—Hollywood.

An hour later Ruth Roman, washed and refreshed, stepped into Hollywood Boulevard for the first time. There were so many sights to see, so many things to do. The first thing she wanted to do was find Grauman's Chinese Theater and stand in the cement footprints of some of her idols. She saw a tall, dark-haired young fellow leaning against a building and she asked for directions. The man grinned.

"You're new here, aren't you?" he asked.

"I won't be for long," she said.

Before telling her where Grauman's Chinese was, the young man spent fifteen minutes telling her what a waste of time the whole thing was, and elaborating on the flimsy character of fame. He confessed that he, too, was an actor, had been around for a little while and, at the present moment, didn't have the price of a cup of coffee.

Ruth bought coffee for both of them, then reached down into the hoard of $100 she had in her purse and loaned her new friend $5. The man said he would pay it back—someday.

Just before Ruth Roman married Mortimer Hall, she completed a picture called *Tomorrow Is Another Day.* Her co-star was Steve Cochran. He hasn't changed much from the day he first met Ruth, standing against the building on Hollywood Boulevard—but he does admit that he never gave her back the $5.

"When I saw her again," he said, "she didn't need it."

Both of these stories illustrate quite graphically the splendid character of Ruth Roman that has brought to her success in the movies and in love, for they show that she is without guile and that she meets all people and situations on an equal basis.

REGARDLESS of what you have read, the courting of Ruth Roman by Morty Hall was neither a casual nor a hasty matter. After the night at the theater, there was never a day that a dozen roses didn't arrive at her hotel room with his name on them. And when she went back to Hollywood, Morty kept the Western Union Flowers by Wire department well occupied with his business.

Some people say, and it might well be believed, that after two months of separation, it was Morty's love for Ruth that made him give up his job as Business Manager of the New York Post to take a position as an executive of his family's television station in Los Angeles. At any rate, Morty moved to the coast and set about making something permanent of their relationship. Some of the columnists

said he was doing fine from the very beginning, but it can be told now that this was not so; that not until a couple of hours before they got into an automobile to drive to Las Vegas to be married was Ruth Roman sure she wanted to take him for a husband.

A MODERN SCREEN reporter talked to them both at that time, checking a rumor that there was a possible marriage coming up. Morty had one thing to say and he said it often.

"I want to get married."

Ruth wasn't sure and it was a confirmed fact when the reporter hung up, that there would be no wedding in the near future.

A couple of hours later a Warner Bros. publicity man in Hollywood telephoned Wilbur Clark, host at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas.

"Dust off the bridal suite, Wilbur," he said, "cool the champagne, and wake up a judge. We're going to have a wedding."

Clark, who is used to such assignments, made all the arrangements and at 3:45 A.M. Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall arrived for the ceremony. Sleepy-eyed and tired from the long drive, they were led to the courthouse, where they picked up the license. They sat around for an hour while someone was dispatched for the Judge and then in the quiet of the Nevada dawn, Ruth and Morty became man and wife.

Eight hours later, and without a honeymoon, Ruth was back at Warner Bros. working in *Strangers On A Train*. An actor, late to arrive on the set, when informed of the speedy marriage, said, quite appropriately. "They ought to change the title of this picture to 'Lovers On A Rocket.'"

It's a pretty stock story when you read it back, but this marriage has something very different about it. It's not the standard union of a movie star and a rich man, but the blending of two lives which appear to be very different but which are alike in one respect. They have both had a double share of loneliness.

RUTH ROMAN wasn't an orphan but she was very close to it. A nagging desire to get out into the world and make a name for herself far away from the rather unhappy world of the carnival in which she had been raised, made her leave her family at a very early age. At a time in her life when most girls are enjoying the leisure pleasures of adolescence, and high school courses are the biggest problems of the day, Ruth Roman was trudging the cold wet streets of New York, hungry and often without a bed.

When most girls of her age were indulging in the casual, exploratory romances of youth, looking for an eventual mate, Ruth was sitting in agents' offices looking for a job that would raise her social and financial status. It was a hard, lonely existence, with not too much possibility of a rosy future, but Ruth stuck it out.

The stories that you've heard about her rise to stardom in Hollywood the hard way are in her case not phony—but as true and as difficult as you've been led to believe. It was no wonder, then, that you seldom read about Ruth, the star, having the flighty romances most women stars seem addicted to. There were rumors for a long while that she was married to Bill Walsh, her constant companion, and few people believed her when she said that he was just her good friend. A thorough look back through the record of her career in pictures will disclose the fact that she never had or pretended to have a romance before Morty Hall.

Mortimer Hall, on the other hand, was the son of a very rich woman, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, the owner of the New York Post. His father, separated from his mother, was a stockbroker, and Morty didn't have very much family life either. He attended several of the better prep schools, enrolled at Carnegie Tech and then was snatched up by the Army. As he tells it, the Army life was lonely, too—until one day on a furlough, he met a Conover model named Mary Ann Parker. They were married shortly after that, and rumor has it that it was against the wishes of his family.

In Mary Ann Parker, Morty Hall might have found the home and companionship he sought in his youth. But tragedy struck. Mary Ann Hall went on a routine visit to a New York dentist. She was given an injection of a very common pain killer to which, without her knowledge, she was acutely allergic—and she died in the dentist's chair.

For the next four years Morty Hall lived a rather vagabond life. It is to be said to his credit that he didn't drift into the sad status of the dilettante idle rich, but worked at many kinds of employment and earned his own keep. But he was known as a solitary lad, not too much interested in girls and definitely not the marrying type. In 1948 and part of 1949, Morty lived in Hollywood and was seen constantly with Lizabeth Scott. Many reporters covering movietown were sure they would be married, but Morty's pals didn't think so.

Tiring of Hollywood and its tinsel glamor, Morty returned to New York in 1949 to go to work as Business Manager on his mother's newspaper. He had made up his mind to make newspapering his career and keep away from Hollywood for good. That was before he met Ruth Roman.

When U.P.'s Virginia MacPherson asked Shelley Winters whether she wanted to get married, Shelley replied, "Sometimes I think I do—other times I just think I think I do."

In these two lives there is a great similarity. In the way Ruth Roman waited for her man—and in the way Morty Hall waited for his girl; in the way Ruth Roman trudged the streets of New York and lived in the backyard of Hollywood, a lonely woman—and the way Morty Hall worked at menial jobs to find his place in life, there is a story that would require little changing to make them both the same tale. It is the story of the young person looking for his home, not knowing the address, but believing it is there to be found some day if the search is not abandoned.

Today, Mortimer and Ruth Hall, he a young business executive, she a top movie star, are making adjustments that will give them both their dreams. Ruth has given up the house she decorated herself in the San Fernando Valley and has moved into Beverly Hills where Morty lives, high above the Sunset Strip, above the lights that shine in the streets of Hollywood.

"I'm not going to have anything to do with the movie business, or Ruth's work," Hall told MODERN SCREEN. "It will just be coincident in our lives that Ruth is a movie star."

"And I'm going to be an actress from nine to five," Ruth told MODERN SCREEN. "When I come home at night, I'm just going to be Mrs. Hall. The girl who can cook the best pies in the block."

And you can bet it is going to be so. They will be one family that will not fall easy prey to the hidden pitfalls of Hollywood, for they are tried and steeled people, both sure of what they want—and both complete now because they found each other and their present happiness the hard way.

THE END



Since Cleopatra's time, history's beauties have glamorized their hair with pure Egyptian Henna – the finest hair coloring obtainable. You can be a ravishing redhead too, with . . .

NESTLE EGYPTIAN HENNA:

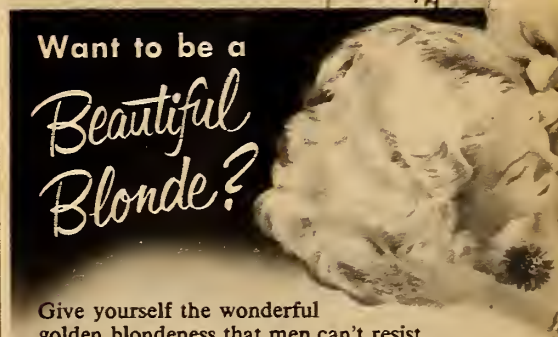
- **100% vegetable product – not a chemical dye.**
- **Absolutely harmless to hair and scalp.**
- **Colors hair a wonderful *lasting* Henna, Auburn or Titian shade that *really* makes you look *years* younger!**
- **A permanent coloring – touch-ups necessary only on new growths.**

Each can contains enough for a complete Henna pack or 10 rinses.

This picture of Cleopatra identifies the GENUINE



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*At drug and dept. stores, 49¢**



Give yourself the wonderful golden blondeness that men can't resist.

NESTLE LITE for your hair:

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Nestle **LITE**
LIGHTENS YOUR HAIR
*At drug and dept. stores, $1.00**

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Nestle – first name in hair glamour





now and forever

(*Continued from page 53*) 4:30 P.M. the next afternoon, the 22-year-old actress who had grown from a dimpled cherub into a beautiful woman, stood before a fireplace bedecked with pine boughs and flowers. She was dressed in a gray suit and matching hat as she promised softly to "love, honor, and cherish" Charles Black.

Present at the ceremony were Shirley's parents, her brother Jack and his wife, the bridegroom's parents, and his brother James, Jr., with his wife and three children.

After the ceremony, when Shirley and Charles had driven off on their honeymoon—which they spent in Monterrey—Judge Jorgenson said, "In my 23 years of marrying people I've never seen a happier couple. That marriage should last forever."

Shirley's secretary, Mrs. Earl Drake, said, "This time I think she's going to be really happy."

Back in Hollywood when he heard of the marriage, actor John Agar, Shirley's first husband, said gallantly, "I hope her marriage will be very happy. I don't know what else I could say."

Of course, if he'd wanted to, Jack Agar might have said a good deal. He might have talked about Shirley's hopes and dreams, because he knew them all—the ones that came true and the ones that never did, largely because Shirley and Jack were mis-mated from the beginning, and unprepared for marriage.

WHEN Shirley divorced Jack and went to Honolulu with little Linda Sue last year, she realized that. Basically, Shirley is a sensible young woman with all the right instincts, and while she may have blamed Agar for his inconsideration at times, she knew in her heart that so long as she remained a prominent actress, any man she might marry would have to take a back seat to her. She knew that by doing this his vanity would be hurt and he would compensate for that hurt.

After her divorce Shirley knew, and knows now that if her marriage is to be lasting, she must give up her acting career. This she is fully prepared to do. "I've made pictures long enough," Shirley said at her one recent press conference. "Nineteen of my 22 years were spent that way—that's enough career for any girl. I want to be free now to go where Charles goes. My little girl needs me. In fact, she needs a lot of both of us."

"This doesn't mean that marriage and movies don't mix," added Charles, in a rare statement to the press. "It's just that in our case, we've decided that this is the best way."

Charles Black isn't the type of man who'll give up his job in order to follow his wife on location, nor will he permit himself the luxury of becoming a mere consort. From here on in, Shirley Temple will be a wife and mother only.

Aside from one special press conference at which they made the above remarks, Charles keeps the press at bay. During their honeymoon, reporters spotted Black's convertible parked outside a seafood restaurant on the Monterrey waterfront. They waited for Shirley and her groom to finish their 3:00 P.M. "breakfast" of bacon and eggs, cracked crab and seafood cocktails, and approached them as they came out of the restaurant.

"Give us a statement, any kind of a statement," the reporters said.

Black stepped in front of Shirley and said, "Sorry, no statement."

Shirley smiled, but following her husband's lead, she, too, refused to say anything.

Earlier last year when she and Black began going together steadily, and everyone predicted the inevitable marriage, it was Black who said that he didn't particularly like night clubs. As a matter of fact, neither does Shirley, although she used to go along to keep John Agar company. Last year, however, she came right out and said, "Charles and I have a pact not to appear in night spots. He just doesn't like them."

Shirley also had an agreement with Charles not to announce their engagement until after she had received her final divorce. During the one-year waiting period she dated no one but Black and said over and over again, "Charles and I want no publicity about our romance." And no matter how long and hard most reporters tried, Shirley would not talk about Charles Black.

Of course, they never did announce their engagement; they just went out and got married. The reason for that is Black's membership in the Naval Reserve. He may be called at any time, and it was only natural that he and Shirley should want to spend as much time together as possible.

Black never speaks about it, but he pulled some heroic duty in the Navy both aboard PT boats and landing on enemy islands to radio intelligence reports back to the fleet.

A friend who knows him well says, "He's a shrewd, intelligent guy who's been around. He's well-educated, more so than Temple—money means very little to him because he's been around it most of his life. He gets along very well with people. He's independent and self-reliant, and I can assure you he's not going to deteriorate into the typical Hollywood husband.

"I understand that Selznick offered to re-make Shirley into a dramatic actress like Jennifer Jones—you know, send her abroad and have a European coach give her a new dramatic personality and a whole new career. You've got to hand it to Shirley. She said no, and I don't blame her. Black is a much better bet. Besides, she had a successful career, and it's a wise girl who knows when to call it quits.

"Matter of fact, Shirley should have quit after she married Agar. She was at the peak of her popularity then, and she should've retired as the undefeated champion. Instead, she pulled a Joe Louis. Under Black's tutelage she's become a whole lot smarter."

Under Black's sponsorship, Shirley is also selling her home and that of her parents. Both houses occupy the same large estate. Black refuses to move into a home which Shirley owns and paid for.

No matter what the professional women say, and even if there are a few exceptions—Shirley Temple thinks that a career and marriage do not mix . . especially in Hollywood. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Betty Hutton was recently visiting the Michigan State Fair, I noticed a man taking movies of her. Right near the end of her last song, she ran down while singing and planted a kiss on his astounded face. The crowd loved it.

Betty Lewis
Birmingham, Michigan



Spending a birthday check can be a problem...

THE NOTE with Dad's check said, "No fair spending this on dull things—buy something you *really* want."

But spending money's a *problem* when you want so *much*—everything from dancing lessons to another place setting of beautiful International Sterling!

So I wrote out the things I yearned for most, *including* cost and length of life.

One look at that list and I had the answer—International! Now, every time I look at my place setting I get a new thrill. And it will last a lifetime, too!

WHICH?	Cost	Length of Life
Alligator Shoes	$28.00	5 years (if I'm extra careful)
Rhumba Lessons	25.00	? (until the rhumba goes out of style)
Handbag (plus tax)	22.95	2 years (--or less. I'm hard on them.)
Place Setting (Incl. Tax)	27.50	Forever!

Why not choose *your* International pattern now? You can build your set gradually, or buy it by the place setting (easy payment plans available at your dealer's).

You'll find your International Sterling a joy to own—truly the solid silver with beauty that lives forever!

International Sterling

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hands off my heart

(*Continued from page 56*) hadn't been on a horse since he was 10.

"You hold yourself fine, boy," Mr. Ford had told him. This was after Ford had squads-righted, squads-lefted John up and down his office. "We start shooting in a month."

John rushed home, excitement locked in him. As he placed a long distance call to Texas, he tried to rescue some logic from his whirling thoughts.

"Hello, hello, Uncle Ted?" he screamed into the phone.

"What's the matter, Jack?"

John felt like a dope. He tried again—*sotto voce*. "Uncle Ted, I've just been given a role in a motion picture," he explained quietly.

"Fine," Uncle Ted shouted.

"I'm supposed to play a cavalryman, and I haven't ridden in years."

"Learn bareback."

One month later John Agar could jump, gallop, walk, rein-in, or stumble anything on four legs. To test his ability John entered a local rodeo in San Fernando Valley. No medals, but a pro invited him to bust broncos in Cheyenne.

"I'd learn to be a human fly if John Ford asked me," John insists. And that unqualified adoration is his tribute to the man who gave him his first break.

No highly skilled, highly paid stunt man rode the length of Monument Valley at full gallop in *Fort Apache*. The rider was paid, but he was John Agar.

INTENSITY and sincerity are the two qualities John brings to everything. His face is impassive when taking direction. Then, in an instant, it breaks into a boyish, shy smile. Directors have wondered how a kid can absorb so many details.

But any faith placed in John is rewarded with interest. The minute he starts his job, the "kid" vanishes and the man takes over. It's his genuine likeableness and liking for the things he does that's endearing. Any of his boyhood pals could have prophesied the kind of man he'd be.

"He could charm the math prof out of homework. But he'd make the coach pour on training," one of them recalls. "Yeah, I got awful grades," John wryly admits. "But I was pretty good at sports."

At Pawling Preparatory School in New York, his alma mater, "pretty good" was spelled BMOC. He not only played varsity football and basketball, but he was a five-event man in track, broadjump, discus, hammer throw, highjump and shot put.

The same kind of modesty won him unspoken praise from the cast of *The Magic Carpet*, his most recent picture.

It was one of those melodramatic, death-defying wall escapes. A stunt man, dressed in John's flaming red costume, was supposed to scale a 20-foot stone barricade on a rope tied to a white stallion.

Almost imperceptibly the cast became aware that John himself was starting up the rope. Tense clusters of harem girls, grimy electricians and burnoosed horsemen watched and wondered. Director Lou Landers tried to relax in his chair, but finally he too was caught up in the spell. Oblivious that his ascent was being observed John competently moved, hand-over-hand to the ledge until Landers, in relief, shouted "Cut!"

John didn't know why one of the grips offered him a prized baked potato when he got off the ledge. This is an honor accorded few actors. The perforated metal frames which surround the 1000-watt bulbs lighting a set get so hot that the crews bake potatoes on top of them. These spuds are reserved for them that works.

No one John has worked with fails to enjoy his company. He mixes easily. Yet there's an aloneness about him. He is hard to really get near. A clue to his fierce independence slipped out once. It was an unguarded moment at a party. Hollywood's young set had gathered for a few laughs. Jack was sitting in the corner, as usual. He wasn't saying much, as usual.

"Agar, you're nothing but a jumbo sponge," one of the fellows growled.

John grinned. "You can't learn from talking," he drawled back. "So I just listen."

As the evening mellowed so did the party. Nostalgia replaced the wisecracks. Even John came down with the fever.

"When I was a kid I had only one ambition. To grow up!" The words sounded unnecessarily defensive. Everyone was a little surprised. They'd thought John's sole and unswerving aim was to be a meat packer, like his dad. Besides, who would want to outgrow the perfect childhood John had?

SPRAWLING Lake Forest, Illinois, was a made-to-order playground for a small boy's imaginative pranks. The big, bearish house John lived in creaked with the laughter and living of his sister, two brothers and his mother and father. Love oozed out of the clapboard shutters. Four generations of Agars had made their living at meat packing. A generous living, which had nurtured such by-products as security, freedom to choose any kind of life and a name which fostered respect.

Nobody took a more loving pride in all this than John, the oldest boy. With it, though, John also inherited an out-size sense of responsibility.

On the day his father died—John was 14—his world caved in. With Ping Pong, his red chow, he scuffed into the house after the funeral. As he entered his very own den John released all the tears he'd had to check for his mother's sake.

Once before he had been in tears, but for a different reason.

It was on his 12th birthday. In the morning he'd lain in bed visualizing all his gifts. Then he'd squirmed and turned over because that happy feeling was too good in such a lump. Now his golden day was turning into a nightmare. No "Happy Birthday" shouts. No fake spankings and real hugs and kisses. And no presents!

Jack dawdled his way downstairs. The breakfast table was set, but no family. "Hey," he called out. "Hey yourself," his dad echoed. Jack traced the voice to the cellar.

He opened the door and a chorus of Agars started chirping "Happy Birthday to you." Jack let out an animal yowl of sheer joy. The entire cellar had been converted into a game room. Knotty pine paneling covered the cement walls. A new gun case held his rifles, from the first BB-gun to his latest Remington. A dart board, archery target and his beloved golf clubs rested in each corner.

"Hope you like it son," his father said.

In the center of the room a small four-legged object, wearing a red fur coat yapped for attention. John gathered him up in his arms. "What's his name, Dad?"

"You name him."

"Ping. Here Ping," John said almost immediately.

And now Ping, his father's gift of two years before shared his misery. Ping, mute and loving heard the vows Jack made. To be the "man of the family." To provide for his mom and the kids. To make them as proud of him as they had been of Dad.

BUT at 14 you're more child than man. That's why John wished to grow up more than anything else. He felt he had to. Unfortunately, growing up on the outside isn't much good without growing up inside. Inside growth turns into maturity. And maturity takes experiences and an honest evaluation of your failings. Both of these are riding herd on John Agar. And he likes his riding companions.

John has never accepted any job without integrity and a monumental will to succeed. If his marriage broke up there was a reason. What the cynics can't accept is an unpretentious fact. A simple old-fashioned trait known as "being a gentleman." John is a gentleman. And gentlemen don't talk.

But John is beginning to achieve that maturity he pleaded with God for.

Up until his marriage to Shirley Temple, his family and friends bestowed love and approval on him. He was rich with them. After the marriage a world-full of filmgoers gifted him with their friendship. By now he was a millionaire, with a fortune of good will.

Divorce might have turned him into a pauper. After all, being rejected by an unseen jury isn't easy on the ego. Particularly in Hollywood. And it was in Hollywood he decided to fight it out.

He wanted a movie career. He wanted to make the name "Agar" as respected in his new neighborhood as it has been in Chicago. He had to learn a new set of rules. And he had to learn fast—before the slight dent he'd made in pictures was washed out by a torrent of vicious gossip.

But John refuses to be washed out.

bulletin on modern screen's big contest

Thousands of letters have poured in telling why MODERN SCREEN readers would like a visit from Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie. Now the results are being tabulated, and more than 180 winners selected by the board of judges: Leonard Goldstein and the editors of MODERN SCREEN. Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are thrilled with the response. Tony is so impressed that he has been granted permission to visit three more writers of prize-winning letters. The top winners will be announced next month.

over $6500 in prizes!

1st prize

A visit in your home
by Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis
plus
A special premiere of Universal-International's **The Prince Who Was A Thief**
in your neighborhood theater
plus
$1000 Government Bond

2nd prize

$500 Government Bond

3rd prize

$250 Government Bond

178 additional prizes

Watch for next month's issue with the announcement of the top winners, plus the time and place of the gala premiere of Universal-International's **The Prince Who Was A Thief.**

"I don't feel anyone has intentionally misunderstood me," he says simply.

With courage and common sense John has sifted out his fundamental needs from the superficial. First of all he moved back with his mother in Beverly Hills. Her love and approval came unstinted to help heal the bitter reality of divorce.

He increased his dramatic lessons, and his screen performances have mirrored his growth as an actor.

Hollywood is the biggest adjustment John will ever face in his life. Not just the business of making pictures. The part of Hollywood that bothers him is the gnawing, gossiping part that feeds off the private lives of its stars.

"Hollywood is like any other kind of business," he says, "you have to learn. You have to work hard. And you can't run the business until you understand it.

"Everyone asks me if I have any opinions . . . about acting, about directing, about scripts. I haven't any opinions. I just don't know enough yet." But he's learning something new every minute.

Recently he was posing for some stills on his latest picture, *The Magic Carpet*. He had his face against the magnificent white horse he rides in the film when suddenly the horse reared.

John grabbed the reins and sank his heels into the ground. As the horse came down it neighed and tried to shake its head from John's grasp.

"Get that shot," John shouted at the cameraman as he struggled with the rebellious white steed.

"Whaddaya mean, get that shot?" screamed the photographer who had dived behind a wood platform.

Directors find John a refreshing oasis of flexibility. This doesn't mean Jack is a goody-goody boy. He's a rebel at heart. But he knows when to rebel.

ABOUT the most painful thing John has to face is talking about himself. "I'm so dull. I can't even stand to hear myself on the screen."

Information about his tastes, or his plans or his date last night is yielded only under the threat, "It's good for your career."

He grits his teeth, holds his breath and tries. "I like women," he manages to say.

"What about your date with Ruth Roman before she married?"

"Well what about it?" he slings back. "We had dinner and went to a movie." Then suddenly he remembers the dinner, and his face opens up a little bit. "We had a swell spaghetti dinner. I sure like spaghetti."

Some insight into the depth of his feelings can be gleaned when he talks about his baby daughter.

"Susie is really special." And when John says this all the determined steely lines around his eyes soften out. His face takes on a look of wonderment that this sweet child belongs to him. There's a hint of fear—fear for her future in his words.

"I want Susie to have all the chance in the world to be whatever she likes. I hope she'll wait until she's grown up before making her choice. And I know Shirley feels the same way about it.

"You know, my collie Lannie lives with Susie."

And in that ordinary fact John's love is illumined. Dogs, or any kind of animal, are pretty important in his life. A part of him still feels like that puppy Ping, playful and carefree. And Lannie, too, satisfies the everlasting wish to return to childhood. Giving Lannie to Susie was like giving her the most important gift he could tender—part of himself.

And giving of yourself is really being grown-up. THE END

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The "Tissue Test" convinced Virginia Mayo, co-star of Warner Bros.' "Captain Horatio Hornblower" that *there really is a difference* in cleansing creams.

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floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains ***Penaten***

miami previews warm weather fashions

mercedes mc cambridge wears red

■ Mercedes McCambridge, soon to be seen as star of MGM's "Inside Straight," faces the summer season in an outfit that is a true red red. The sculptured blouse, zipper controlled, has a minimum of arm coverage for daytime—evenings, push the straps off shoulder. In Fabricana's broadcloth in red, navy, green, black or white. $4.98.

The swirling stepladder print skirt is in Cohama's woven waffle pique in colors to match the blouse. $7.98. Both blouse and skirt in sizes 9-15.

JAY ORIGINALS BY MEL WARSHAW OF MIAMI.

Shoes by Mademoiselle
White jewelry by Karu.

THIS MIAMI-MADE FASHION MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER SEE PAGE 75.



modern screen fashions



Flats and Pumps by Mademoiselle
Jewelry by Karu

GOING PROSPECTING? OR BICYCLING?

Or just aiming to look trig? Here are the works, in a three piece, double breasted ensemble. A jackety top with a double sailor collar (one comes away for laundering) $8.98. A twice pocketed skirt, $10.98. The snappy cuffed shorts, pleated for action, $5.98. Fabric: Celanese prospector Town and Country. In coral with white, navy with white, white with navy. Sizes 9-15. MISS MIAMI BY MYRON WARSAW OF MIAMI.

THE MIAMI MADE FASHIONS ON THESE PAGES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR

MIAMI MAKES HEADLINES IN FASHION



SHIP AHOY! SAILOR GIRL!

The Navy has been invaded and up comes the trim details from a sailor's uniform. A two piecer with a sleeveless middy, white bound and laced—the nautical collar, deep and squared. A pouffed out pocket makes a triangle at the side of the wide flared skirt. In pique, white with navy; navy with white. Sizes 10-16. $8.98.

BEST MODE SPORTSWEAR OF MIAMI

ORDERED BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER, SEE PAGE 75



White cotton lace pumps by Mademoiselle

MIAMI MAKES HEADLINES IN FASHIONS

A beau catcher and an eye stopper. Six grosgrain bows, each adjustable, slice across the provocative shoulder line of a dancy cotton frock. A neckline that is just low enough and a skirt that is just full enough. In Pima broadcloth and WASHABLE. The exciting colors are purple, black, tangerine, navy, cypress green with white bows; or powder blue, pink, lime bittersweet with navy grosgrain bows. Sizes 10-18; 9-15; 14½-22½. $12.95. BUNNY'S CASUALS OF MIAMI

The news is in the oblique closing. Velveteen buttons begin at top side and continue on the slant all the way down to the hem. The combination of cotton and velveteen is a fresh idea too—and when the cotton is Peter Pan's Glasboro woven houndstooth check, that's good! There is a velveteen belt to match the buttons and a sailor collar to blow. In black, green or red with white. Sizes 9-15. $14.95. LINDA LEE BY B. S. KAHN OF MIAMI

THE MIAMI MADE FASHIONS ON THESE PAGES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER SEE PAGE 75



MIAMI MAKES HEADLINES IN FASHION

The Footsie Coat—"This little pig went to market" . . . a new way to amuse you and your child. Corduroy feet are appliqued on the back, front and pocket of a shortie terry cloth coat. Not only for beach wear, but a handy one to use in the bedroom or around the house. Misses' sizes 10-18. $8.98. Children's $5.98. Girls' $6.98. Teens' $7.98. All in small, medium or large. Giant size matching terry cloth towel, also with appliqued feet $3.98. In white or light blue with red feet, or yellow with blue feet.



THE ORIGINAL FOOTSIE COAT BY SHORELAND DRESS CORP. OF MIAMI. THIS MIAMI-MADE FASHION MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER SEE PAGE 75

miami previews warm weather fashions

bobbie fog, fashion editor

■ Florida has been long known as the land of sunshine—the place to go for that long awaited vacation, whether it is for a winter warm-up or a gay few weeks in the summer. When you think of Florida, naturally the first place that jumps to mind is Miami, where the palm trees grow, where beauty abounds, where there is an abundance of sunshine and fun all year round.

With all of this wonderful atmosphere and superb weather, what could be a more natural place to design and manufacture the very clothes that are to be worn all around the country.

The Miami Fashion Council had this very idea and decided to make Miami even more famous, this time as a part of the country known as the home of top fashions for all occasions. Here in a sun drenched spot, fabrics are studied—everyone is interested in those materials used to make clothes attractive, unweighty and, of course, packable. Colors are judged and selected for affinity with the sun and the sky, for the least possibility of fading. And fashion! Fashion is evident in every spanking new detail.

Prices are the usual bugaboo—but these too have been kept to the minimum by Burdines.

The colorful creations by members of the Miami Fashion Council in this issue are so great that we want you to have a sneak preview of what the season has in store for you. It's all bright and pretty and balmy.

---

how to order modern screen fashions by mail

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Jonathan Logan



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La Comtesse de la Falaise

"For a completely natural make-up, I find Pond's Vanishing Cream a *perfect* powder base," says the Comtesse Alain de la Falaise.

hour of darkness

(*Continued from page 19*) immediately after hospital admittance a stricture in his left arm passed quickly. A crick in his neck was diagnosed as inflamed tonsils, and his response to treatment quickly cleared it.

As Norma's visits to the ward identified her to her child's roommates, she soon became friendly with them, and familiar with the twenty-four hour ward activity. The air of efficiency was reassuring—as was the look on Billy's face.

He shared his games and cut-outs with his new companions, and soon he was his cheerful self, carrying on conversations across the room. A few days before he left the hospital he turned to his mother with a happy, "Mommie, please bring us some good flowers to smell."

His treatment, identical to others in his ward, was patiently applied. Hot packs, massage, and his quick response made it possible for his speedy release.

THE Lancasters' home, undergoing expansion during Billy's illness, pleased him immensely. Norma had a day bed placed in front of the living room fireplace, and here each morning a therapist massages him. Soon he was given muscle exercise in a heated swimming pool.

Billy gleefully examined his special bed, but reserved his delight for the evening of Friday, November 17th. "Mommie," he laughed then, "I know what day it is!" As the dinner hour drew near, the Lancasters gathered with more in their hearts than a simple birthday celebration.

Burt set the hearth ablaze and the Lancaster clan soon arrived. Grandad, Burt's father, Aunt Ruth, Burt's acrobat partner, Nick Cravat and Mrs. Cravat, Susan and Jimmy. Billy's eyes grew as the buffet table was set before his living room window, and he demanded the candles be lit immediately.

Swinging around his bed with glee, he grinned delightedly as a profusion of gaily colored wrappings and ribbons was brought to him. Within a matter of minutes Billy ordered "Daddy" to help him, and out tumbled puzzles, musical circuses, Sheriff's badges, Hopalong Cassidy guns and holsters, blocks, puppets, and the largest gift of all, his daddy's giant-sized clown which reached above his three-year-old head.

Throughout the simple yet gay celebration, Norma moved with platters of shrimps and ham and milk, and in the center of the rug Burt sat helping his son Jimmy put a puzzle together. Tiny Susan ran gaily from one celebrant to another, and occasionally stepped up to Billy's bed and patted his legs.

Jimmy in amazing childish pretense, firmly ignored his brother's bed. But soon Burt and Norma were quietly smiling as they noticed Jimmy's inquisitive glances towards the out-of-place bed, and then his darting to his brother's side to pat his leg before quickly returning to his puzzle.

Though Bill's leg is still slightly paralyzed, no emphasis is made on his illness. His love of high proteins makes feeding him quite simple. Billy celebrated his birthday with gusto. As dinner plates were cleared Norma, with a gentle happiness, scurried into the kitchen, and Burt lifted his son to his arms as they walked to meet a birthday cake ablaze with three giant candles.

His eyes aglow with excitement, Billy took his father's hand, looked quickly around the room, and chuckled, "Mommie, it's just like it's Christmas all the time."

THE END



VACATION COTTONS

MONICA LEWIS, singing star of M.G.M.'s "Excuse My Dust," realizes the wisdom of buying summer clothes early. The selection is best and you don't have to fight your way through the crowds. Here she appears in an any-time-of-the-day dress of imported Egyptian pima cotton. A classic shirtwaist top, semi-circular skirt of generous proportions corded for decoration. In navy, gold, pink, turquoise or green. Sizes 10-18. $14.95
By Henry Rosenfeld

BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER SEE PAGE 75

Mademoiselle shoes



VACATION COTTONS

Monica Lewis models a creation that is as versatile as anything can be. A dress and a jacket that can be worn inside out. One side is a solid color, reverse it and there is a dainty print on a white background. With this brain storm of an ensemble it is possible to make six changes. Another thing to remember, no slip is necessary—the double layers of material and the boned bodice take care of that. The big feature—the price, about $9. In Cheshire cotton, navy, red, green or rust with matching prints. Sizes 9-15.

By Junior Clique



shoes by Mademoiselle

BUY IN PERSON OR ORDER BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA; STERN BROS., NEW YORK CITY.

one-woman man

(*Continued from page 39*) more influence, more contacts, and yet she dates me.

"It's always been that way between the two of us ever since the beginning, and that's why I'm the happiest guy in the world. I don't have to play the field. If I want to date a pretty girl, I have Janet for beauty. If I want to discuss some acting problems, I have Janet to give me advice. If I want to go out dancing, I have Janet who dances like an angel.

"Why should I play the field? For publicity's sake? It's taken me three years to find it out, but the guy who gave me that advice about not going steady is all wet. At least as far as I'm concerned."

When Tony looks back nowadays on his first two years in Hollywood he's a little chagrined about his conduct and feelings and suspicions. He tells you frankly that he was probably all wrong about Geraldine and Farley, that they were just being friendly towards each other. But it's easy to understand the thought process of a young fellow who comes to Hollywood, dates the prettiest girls, imagines they're genuinely fond of him, and then wakes up one morning to discover that he's been duped.

Tony's realization that one good girl is better than a dozen ambition-ridden women has been part of his growing up.

No one understands that better than Janet Leigh. "We all go through the stages Tony underwent," she says. "I did myself. You have a lot of dates and they make you feel like the belle of the ball, and then suddenly you wake up and realize that it's all been pretty shallow and that the only meaning in life lies in a deep human relationship. That's why I've gone with one boy at a time. People are pretty complex and involved and it takes a long time to know them. You just can't have a variety of dates and ever wind up with a good, solid friend. In short, when it comes to dates, quality is much more important than quantity.

"Tony has found that out and so have I. That's why I'm a one-man woman, and he's a one-woman man." THE END

(*You'll see Tony soon in U-I's* The Prince Who Was A Thief. *Janet Leigh's at work on MGM's* It's A Big Country.)



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Since Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart are mum on their romantic status, we've taken to doing a little quiet sleuthing on our own hook and have one clue to report. Olivia is patronizing a well-known Boulevard tailor, and has ordered two dashing aviatrix outfits. Though Jimmy has been "grounded" by studio orders until his current picture is completed, he's planning on taking off for Mexico City the moment the ban is lifted. We haven't caught Olivia boning up on Spanish—but quien sabe?—*August, 1940, Modern Screen.*

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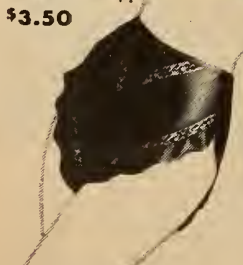
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tell it to joan

by joan evans



You underweight? Here's a diet I'd love to follow if I were in your shoes.

BEFORE I start on the big problem this month I want to tell all you kids how grateful I am for the way you defended me against "R. H." She was the girl from Billings, Montana, who wrote that I was "a stuck-up, painted-up doll who couldn't act." She said I didn't have "the guts" to print her letter.

Well, I'm not a very sentimental person, but I got real sentimental when so many of you wrote in to cheer me up. From J. B., Detroit, Mich., "I think that person is very rude to write such a letter to such a nice girl." From B. J., Gloucester, Mass., "Please don't let that letter from R. H. upset you. There are twelve girls in my gang who think the way you answered was wonderful." From T. R., Butte, Montana, "Please don't think that all people from Montana are rude. R. H. is a disgrace to us teenagers." From J. K., New York City, "I never wrote to a magazine before and I haven't any problem but that letter from R. H. got me so mad that I had to tell you not to worry. She is just jealous."

I could go on and on. I'm sorry I can't quote all the letters. But, believe me, I appreciate every one. And from the bottom of my heart I say a very sincere, "Thank you."

In the December issue of MODERN SCREEN I have a couple of diets to take off weight. A lot of kids wrote in to tell me that they worked. I'm going to re-print the reducing diets at the end of this column. But in the meantime, I've had letters from a lot of girls who want to put on weight.

As I've told you before, when I'm stuck with a problem I consult someone wiser than I am. So, when I discovered that the big problem this month was gaining weight, I called my swell doctor who'd given me the reducing diet. I said, "How do you put on weight, doctor?" And he asked, "Are you kidding? Why do you want to gain?"

Well, I explained that it wasn't for me; it was for you. So he gave me three basic things to consider when you want to gain. 1. Rest. 2. Food. 3. Exercise.

The main thing is to get rest and plenty of it. Get ten hours sleep a night. Even if you can't actually sleep ten hours, lying in bed that long will help you.

As for diet, the thing to do is to skip the idea of the conventional three meals a day. You skinny kids must have six meals a day. Here's a typical weight-gaining diet.

Breakfast

Fruit juice or fruit
Toast with butter
Bacon and eggs
Coffee with cream and sugar

Mid-morning

Hard-boiled egg
Cottage cheese

Lunch

Green salad
Meat sandwich
Milk

Mid-afternoon

Malted Milk
Fruit

Dinner

Meat
Potatoes or macaroni or spaghetti
Green vegetable
Ice cream or cake or pie
Milk

Before going to bed

Cottage cheese
Bread and butter
Milk

THERE is one thing that skinny people don't realize and that is that it is not the amount of food you eat that counts, but how much you assimilate. So many letters this month said, "I just stuff myself with meat and potatoes and I can't seem to gain." Well, the trouble is that you stuff

yourself. Your body can't possibly turn all that food into weight. Give your body a chance by eating often and not so much at a time.

I know that the eating between meals is hard if you're taking your lunch to school. But you can space it so that you eat part of your lunch at the morning recess, and the rest at lunch time. And then have the malted milk after school.

Now for the third point. Exercise. Skinny kids should never exercise to the point of exhaustion. Instead of doing vigorous exercises they should do balanced exercise. I go to a gym three times a week and I do sit-ups and leg-raises vigorously. But there are several very thin girls who come to the gym to put on weight. All they want to do is to build up muscle.

If you don't have access to a gym you can take exercise at home. To build up your legs, put a big book on the floor and, with the ball of your foot on the book, raise yourself very, very slowly, first on one foot, then on the other and then on both. Begin by doing this ten times and work up to twenty-five.

To build up the arms and chest, lie on the floor or a flat surface. With a heavy book in each hand, slowly bring your arms out and then bring the hands together above your head. Be sure the book or whatever you use is very heavy so it will do some good.

As you know, the best exercise for anyone is swimming. Swimming builds muscles and it also reduces. If you possibly can, swim three times a week.

And now I'd like to repeat the reducing diet. I'll give you the quick way and the sensible way. But let me warn you again. Before you go on either of these diets, ask your doctor if it's all right for you:

THE QUICK WAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit juice
Coffee or tea (without sugar or cream)

Lunch

Two scrambled eggs
Three slices of tomato with lemon juice

Dinner

Small steak (no fat) or lamb chops
Green beans or spinach
Cottage cheese
Celery

Now the other diet, which doesn't take it off quite so fast, but is the sensible way:

Breakfast

Grapefruit juice
Thin slice well-done, lightly-buttered toast
One egg (any way but fried)

Lunch

(You can have fruit salad with no dressing or cottage cheese and pineapple or lettuce and tomato with lemon juice)
Skimmed milk

Dinner

Steak or lamb chops or lean roast beef or leg of lamb
Two green vegetables
Green salad (with lemon juice)
Fruit

I had a letter from an overweight girl who

different as snowflakes

"Snowflake" Bentley,
the homespun Vermont scientist,
proved with thousands of pictures
that no two snowflakes are exactly alike.
Millions of housewives,
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there's no soap exactly like Fels-Naptha
. . . nothing else that washes sheets, shirts,
and all white goods literally "as white as snow."
For downright ability to keep clothes clean there's
nothing like soap . . . and no soap like Fels-Naptha.
Use Fels-Naptha *Chips* in your machine or tub.
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Remember *only* Fels-Naptha gives you

1. Mild, golden soap.
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signed herself, "T. C." She was from New York City. She said, "For lunch I must eat a sandwich since I bring my lunch to school. I stick to your six-day diet without the lunch you had. I only eat breakfast and dinner."

Now, look, this is no problem. And this letter I'd like to answer for all the kids who bring their lunch to school. Instead of scrambled eggs bring a couple of hard-boiled eggs and a raw tomato. That's easy enough, isn't it?

AND now for some other problems:

"Dear Joan: What time of day should you take exercises?—E. W., Hillsboro, N. H."

It doesn't matter. Just take exercise when you can. First thing in the morning or last thing at night. Just so long as you don't exercise right after eating it's all right.

"Dear Joan: Do you think yourself superior to other kids? How late do you stay out on dates? Do you smoke? Do you wear glasses? —E. B., New York City."

I certainly don't think myself superior to other kids. I'm a sixteen-year-old girl trying to do a good job, trying to be a good actress. I hope I'll be a good actress some day. As for how late I stay out, that depends on what I have to do the next day. If I have an occasional week-night date I get home by ten-thirty. On Friday and Saturday nights I can, if I'm lucky enough to have a date, stay out until twelve or twelve-thirty. I don't smoke. I wear glasses for reading and for playing the piano and at movies because I'm nearsighted.

"Dear Joan: I'm fifteen years old, five feet, seven and a half inches tall. Am I too tall to wear high heels?—B. H., Gloucester Point, Va."

I'd suggest that at school you wear low heels. I think every girl should wear low heels at school. But for formal occasions, such as when you're going to a dance, I think you should wear high heels, if your parents permit. Dramatize your height instead of trying to play it down. Hold your shoulders up. Stand well. Be proud that you're a tall girl. I wish I were.

"Dear Joan: I'm in love with a girl and I am in the service. Before she knew I was in the service she was in love with me. Now that I'm in uniform she hardly speaks to me.—S. A., Bermuda Island."

If you want my real opinion, I think this girl is terrible and not worth bothering about. There are so many nice girls who realize how important servicemen are and who like to go out with them, that I think you should just skip this girl and find another girl who appreciates you.

"Dear Joan: In school we recite essays and fables. I love to memorize these, but I get terribly scared and blush in front of the class. What can I do?—M. A. C., Middlefield, Ohio."

Oh boy, don't I know just how you feel! How do you think I feel when I get up in front of the camera and have to say lines in a scene? I'm just scared to death. If it helps you any to know this—it's the old misery loves company theory—this is my problem, too. But the point is that you *have* to do it. Whether it's

saying lines or reciting essays and fables, it's frightening. But this is what I do. I swallow hard and I say to myself, "Joan, you're silly. You can read this line as well as anyone." And then I do it to the best of my ability. It may not be perfect, but it's the best I can do. Why don't you try this the next time you have to read an essay?

"Dear Joan: My problem is that I can't follow boys when we're dancing. Would you suggest something I could do? I don't have a big brother.—M. K., Dallas, Tex."

Dancing school helps but it doesn't help enough, for boys just seem to take off in their own way and we're supposed to keep up with them. I suggest that you practice alone to records or the radio to get the rhythm of the music. When the boys don't have the right rhythm, then all you can do is relax. Let them lead you. Don't try anything fancy, and if you can't follow don't worry. Boys should know how to dance better than they do. It wouldn't hurt a lot of them to take a few basic lessons.

"Dear Joan: I like a certain boy who is two inches shorter than I am. He has told me that it makes no difference to him, but I can't help feeling self-conscious when we are out with a group of kids or when we're dancing. Do you think I'm being silly about this difference?—S. N., Seattle, Wash."

Yes, I do think you're being silly. Did you see a wonderful movie called *The Hasty Heart*? In it, Patricia Neal was taller than Richard Todd, and it was so great to see on the screen what you see so often in real life—that is, the girl being taller than the boy. It isn't looks or size that counts. It's whether or not you like this boy. And, for heaven's sake, if he doesn't care, why should you? It seems to me you're very lucky.

"Dear Joan: My mother allows me to have gatherings, but on those nights she invites her friends and they start playing cards. I feel funny if I invite my friends because they might think my parents gamble. They don't really, but you know how kids are.—M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y."

Yes, I know how kids are—very intolerant. What difference does it make to you whether or not your parents play a game of cards? My parents love to play bridge, and I wish I could learn. They've tried to teach me, but I'm afraid I'm not bright enough to master the game. So when they're having a bridge party and I want friends over, I invite them. I think so many kids feel that they have to apologize for their parents or they feel that other kids are talking about their parents. Honestly, all you have to do is to live and let live.

Well, that's all for now. Thanks for listening and thanks ever so much for writing. And please read the notice below.

An incorrect mailing address was published by mistake in recent issues. If you have a problem or a pertinent subject that you want Joan Evans to discuss, write to her. Box 93, Beverly Hills, California.

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

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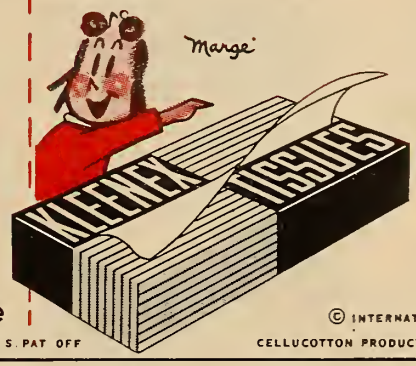
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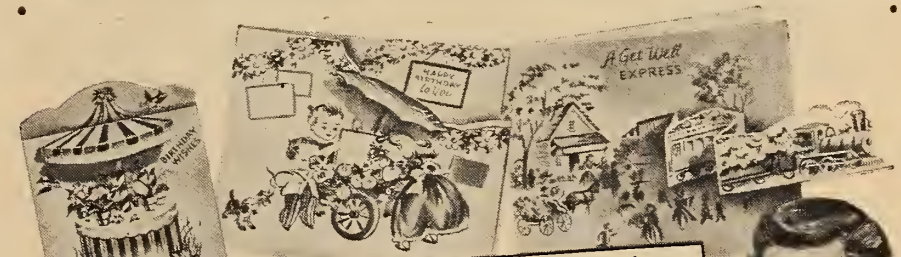
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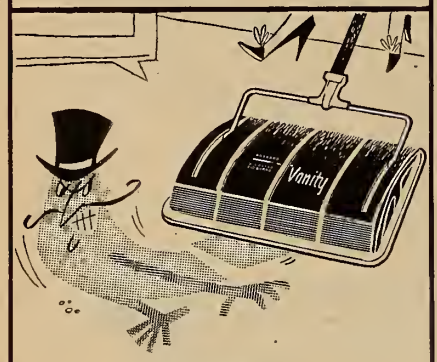
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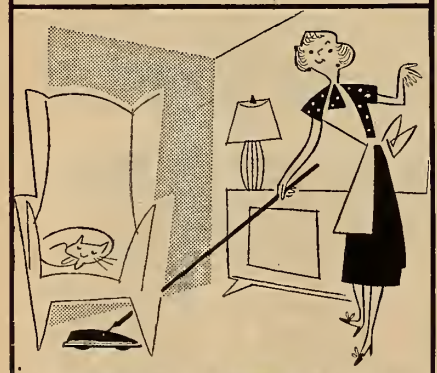
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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

who's a freak?

(*Continued from page 28*) "For instance, everyone knows you live in this modest little walk-up, but you've never said why."

"That's because nobody ever asked me. You know, I used to read stories about myself living in a walk-up. They said I wanted to be different. Some of them even intimated that I lived in a slum." He waved his arm. "Is this so bad?"

It wasn't so bad. In fact, a lot of people would have settled for it—a tastefully furnished flat in one of the most fashionable neighborhoods in New York.

"Well," I said lamely, "I guess it isn't up to movie star standards."

"I know it," he said, "and for a while, I let that argument get under my skin. Why, I even listened to a lot of foolish advice. I was told that a movie star was supposed to live the way the public thought he should. I couldn't be an individual. I was sacrificing my career."

"And then what?" I prompted.

"I did what they wanted me to do. A few months ago I moved to a four hundred dollar a month apartment, went to all the smart places, and threw cocktail parties for the right people. And do you know what happened?"

I shook my head, "No."

"I lost all my friends. They thought I was going 'high hat.' And not only that," he added vehemently, "I almost went broke paying the bills!"

"Well anyway, you didn't stay on that 'kick' very long," I said, consolingly.

"You bet I didn't," he said. "I'd rather have my friends and a little money in the bank than change my way of living just to conform to some imaginary rule."

He frowned intensely.

"Who makes up the rules, anyway?" he demanded. "Who's to say how a movie star should conduct his life? Who's to say where he should live; whom he should take out; and where he should go?"

I shrugged my shoulders for want of a better reply. But *is* there a better one? Monty Clift lives the way he wants to live. No one is going to tell him when, where, or how to manage his private life. And what's wrong with that? Those very qualities of determination and independence were the driving force behind his success and they are the factors that will keep him on top.

When I asked him who his friends were —the ones who thought he was going high hat—he smiled.

"You wouldn't know them," he said. "They're just plain, everyday fellows and gals. You see, I don't pal around with show people or go to their hangouts."

"Well, what do you do?" I asked him. "Don't you ever go to '21' for lunch, or go dancing at El Morocco or the Stork Club? Haven't you ever dropped into Sardi's for a late snack?"

"Sardi's," he repeated. "The place where legitimate actors and their ulcers stay up all night waiting for their reviews in the morning papers?"

I nodded.

"Never go there," he assured me. "And the same thing goes for Ciro's and Mocambo in Hollywood. Wait a minute," he corrected himself. "I went to Ciro's once. Just once. I took a girl I had known in New York. I thought she'd get a kick out of seeing it. Well, we got a table and ordered a bottle of wine. The room was crowded, noisy, and hot as the devil. My collar was starting to wilt, and so was my energy. After about twenty minutes, my girl friend leaned over and tapped me on the arm. 'Monty,' she said, 'you were sweet to bring me here, but I just can't stand to see you suffering. So, let's go.'

"Don't get me wrong," he continued. "I have nothing against Ciro's. I know it's one of the finest cafés in the country. But it's just not my kind of fun."

And don't get the idea that Monty's a stay-at-home—although he looks good in an easy chair. He likes to go out as well as anyone. He particularly likes shows, bars, restaurants, or even a walk in the park. But, the bars and the restaurants will be neighborhood places, he'll tell you. He knows who's going to be at the Colony in New York and Romanoff's in Beverly Hills. What's more, he knows what they're going to say and it bores him. As he puts it, "I get much more enjoyment in the little out-of-the-way places where the customers want to have a good time and aren't worried about impressing anybody."

There's nothing he likes better than "picking up" with people whether it's in a bar, on a street corner, or at the beach. "I love to find out what makes them tick," he told me. "I take long walks in the park, sit down on benches and start conversations with strangers. I find out what they think and how they feel. You never know what it'll bring. Sometimes it's darned exciting."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When my small daughter and I were returning home by plane, we met a young girl and her mother. The girl admired my daughter and tried to pick her up. When my daughter refused, the girl was genuinely disappointed. Today my daughter is the disappointed one since "that girl" was our favorite, Jane Powell.

Mrs. Rosemary Noli
Tucson, Arizona

I REMEMBERED a story someone once told me about him. Monty was taking one of his casual walks and happened to pass by the Stork Club. It was a warm night, and he was jacketless and had his sleeves rolled up. He stood in front of the glamorous club, and with a cynical grin watched the fashionable customers walk in and out. A sailor, out sightseeing, came along and paused near Monty. "I bet you'd love to go in there," the sailor said. "I know I sure would."

"Not me," Monty answered. "You couldn't drag me in there."

The sailor regarded him skeptically. "Why're you saying that? Because you haven't got the money?"

"It's not the money," Monty assured him.

"Aaah, tell it to the Marines," said the sailor.

"On the level," insisted Monty. "And if you don't believe it, come on across the street and I'll buy you a drink."

The sailor didn't mind. He and Monty went to a little bar where they sat and talked for hours over their beer. Or rather, the sailor did the talking with Monty drawing him out. As Monty paid the check, the sailor stuck out his hand appreciatively. "Thanks, Mac," he said gratefully. "Say, I been so busy enjoying myself I didn't get your name."

"It's Montgomery Clift," Monty told him.

"The movie star?" gasped the sailor.

"Yes," Monty admitted. "I hope you won't hold it against me."

MONTY'S next question interrupted my reverie. "Anything else I can tell you?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered, blithely. "What do you talk about with these people you meet?"

"Anything, everything, just as long as its not about the picture business all the time," he answered. "I can gab with a man six-feet-four about religion, or a girl five-feet-two about her love life. I've talked about sports with a Salvation Army drummer and physics with a steam shovel operator."

"You ought to write a book," I told him.

"I'm almost finished with my first one right now," he informed me.

"What's it about?"

Monty shook his head. "If I told you that, you wouldn't buy it."

"I promise to buy it," I said, but he wouldn't talk.

"What's new in the girl department?" I asked him.

"Absolutely nothing," he answered. "You know I take out a lot of girls but there hasn't been anything serious yet."

"How about some names?" I prodded.

"These names wouldn't mean anything to your story," he said. "They're nobodies as far as the public is concerned. Salesgirls, secretaries, elevator operators, and maybe a stripteaser or two," he added, with a glint in his eye.

"Stripteasers?" I squeaked.

"Why not? They live breathe, think, and dream, don't they? And some of them have led really interesting lives."

He got up and started to walk around the room and I almost dislocated my neck trying to keep my eyes on that profile.

"You know," Monty went on, "I don't have to be in love with every girl I take out. Believe me, it's going to be quite a while before I get married and drop out of circulation. Anyway, that's the way I feel today. Tomorrow, who knows?"

"Oh," I said slyly, "and how do you feel about Pocahontas Crowfoot?"

He grinned.

"Isn't that a name for you?" he said.

"A name that's been coupled with yours in the gossip columns," I replied.

He explained that very simply. It seems that Monty enjoys the Martinique—probably the only café so honored. Pocahontas Crowfoot is a dancer there—a very attractive Indian girl with a wide reputation for her wit and personality. One evening, Monty dropped in with a friend and when the show was over, Pocahontas joined them for a drink. It made all the papers. "And the funny part of it is," Monty said, "I'd been in that club a half dozen times, and with attractive girls, too, and not one of the newspapers mentioned it."

"But, aren't you even a little bit in love with her?" I begged.

"Sorry," he smiled. "I'm still waiting to meet my light of love, and Pocahontas—well, I guess she's waiting for John Smith."

"Your light of love," I repeated, romantically. "Monty, how do you picture the girl you're waiting for? Does she have to be tall and stately like Hedy Lamarr, or small and cute, like Betty Grable?"

He sighed, a little wistfully, "If I knew, I'd probably be a happier guy."

I pulled myself together and rose to leave. He walked me to the door with that friendly smile.

"Sorry I couldn't be more helpful," he apologized. "I guess there just isn't much to write about me."

Oh, no? I could write reams. I could write symphonies. Talk about Monty—he doesn't know it, but he's my type of man.

THE END

(Montgomery Clift will soon be seen in Paramount's A Place In The Sun.)

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this I remember

(*Continued from page 55*) It is only this which is worth talking about: that from the beginning to the end of my pilgrimage, I found what I wanted to find—good people. They were people whose heart-born piety assured their acceptance of each other as equals, no matter what private walk of life each came from.

All that the Pope asked, smilingly, when Cardinal Spellman presented me was, "Are you a good actress?"

All that a Scandinavian priest inquired was whether I was happy in my work.

All that a bearded Hebrew guide in old Jerusalem was moved to do was to present me with a lovely gift—an Egyptian scarab.

I was not June Haver to any of these, I was a devotee, come a long way, as they were, and I cannot describe the exultation to be just that . . . and no more.

THE morning after the attempted assassination of President Truman, I was in Rome and attended a special Mass celebrated by Cardinal Spellman to offer prayers for his protection. Following this, a group of us were taken to the private study of the Pope and suddenly he was there, talking to each in turn. I had a special assignment for this visit. With me I carried a pair of cuff links bearing the likeness of St. Genesius, patron saint of actors, and belonging to William Lundigan. He now has them back—blessed by the Pope.

I also brought back a message for Hollywood that was given to me by everyone I met: how much good our pictures can do for the people of foreign nations if we put our best into them, how much they can let them down if we don't. It was best explained to me on the Rome to Haifa plane on which 36 of us, assembled in one group by the Franciscan Fathers, made the Holy Land flight. I sat down next to a priest from India and immediately recognized him as a man I had heard speak at home, right in St. Paul's Westwood Church! He was Father Xavier (born S. Thani Nayajam) of Tuticorn, South India. We became not only special friends on the tour, but today he is my "Mission Father," the one to whom I dedicate an hour of prayer every Saturday.

Imagine Catholic children singing a hymn set to the tune of "It Was on the Isle of Capri That I Met Her." Yet this is so in South India. They fell in love with the melody after hearing it in one of our pictures.

Father Xavier told me about his work and his people, and the uplifting effect a good screen story has on them. He explained how the difference in their climate can affect the language of prayer so that sometimes the religious phrases they hear in our pictures puzzle them. They do not say, for instance, "In the light of God." Because they are almost always under the rays of a dazzling sun they find, "In the shade of God," infinitely more pleasing and understandable.

I sang aboard that Haifa-bound plane, not alone, but with a priest from Chicago, Father Carroll Riedel. We were all asked to sing our favorite songs from our homeland and as the only two Americans we got together on "God Bless America."

Another time I sang, this time solo, was for our Army boys stationed in Paris. But the star of that show was a cake the boys had ready for the occasion. It was an "objet d'art" I hated to cut. And the third time there was singing on my trip was on the bus from Cork to Killarney in Ireland, and I didn't do any of it. A bantam-sized old Irishman climbed aboard at one of the stops, announced that he certainly would enjoy a drink of good Irish whiskey, and then proceeded to entertain us with a series of Irish ditties all the way to Killarney.

NATURALLY, on a personal trip, as my pilgrimage was, I asked the studio not to make any publicity arrangements. And I had a hope that I would not be recognized, either. All through the Holy Land, for instance, I wore a navy blue snood over my hair to make sure, and also because I didn't want to be a contrast in a country where most of the people are dark. But when we left Rome, the airline people wired ahead and Israel newspapermen were waiting when our plane landed. Photographers even followed me into one of the temples and, fearing that the rabbi would be offended, I asked him to speak to them about it. From that time on they respected my request and took pictures only when I was outdoors.

The effect of the stories became apparent whenever we arrived at the different towns and places on our itinerary. Delegations of young people would be waiting. They told me, as luck would have it, too, that one of my pictures, *Look For the Silver Lining,* was playing in Tel-Aviv at the time.

I could not help but be impressed by the confidence of the people of Israel in their future. It is evident in their manner, in their talk and in their works. But I was saddened by some aspects of their communal existence in the outlying farms, particularly by the nursery life which their children must live because their mothers and fathers are busy in the fields. It seems to me that neither children nor parents can ever make up the love gone to waste because they are apart so much.

Father Xavier went wading with me in the Sea of Galilee, and it was there that I saw the old monk who was so moved by the biblical scenes around him that his eyes were filled with tears. He, too, had his shoes off, and sat on a rock dangling his feet in the water. I smiled at him but he saw only the wondrous waters and the distant, ancient hills.

Before I left Rome I had seen another monk I will never forget, this one a young fun-filled lad even if he did wear the traditional robe and cord, and his head was shaven. I was leaving the office of the Franciscan Fathers when I noticed him just ahead of me, carrying an umbrella. As he reached a quiet, cloistered part of the hall, he flipped the umbrella upwards in his hand and balanced it blithely on his chin. And in this manner he gained the street and went on his way happily!

Today travel through both Israel and the Arab areas is mostly by bus and train, but there are still some who journey by donkey. We met one of these natives at a little village on the road to Jericho. He was a nine-year-old Arab boy and I am not going to forget him in a hurry. He was standing beside his donkey when our bus stopped for a few minutes. I got out and asked him if he would get on the animal and let me take a picture. I should say that I communicated with him in sign language. He understood all right. He nodded, but held out his hand and said, "Baksheesh."

This meant he wanted money first, the others told me. But I carried no money on this trip and shook my head. I could see his dark face actually get darker, and he looked about on the ground as if he were seeking a weapon—which he found! Of all things, there lay a broken Coca-Cola bottle at his feet. He snatched it up and pulled his hand back to swing it at me. I went flying back to the bus. He had made himself perfectly plain. No "Baksheesh"—no picture.

Curiously enough, I felt that this little

boy was not without dignity, and if he enforced it savagely it was the only way he knew. By his code if I deemed a picture of him and his donkey valuable I should pay for it. I had been put in my place and was probably the better for it.

My first stop on the trip after leaving the United States was Paris, and something I saw there reminded me of the one-sided impression the world has of Hollywood. I visited the Montmartre twice. The first time was on a Saturday night and saw and heard what I had been led to expect: jostling, laughing groups in an excited coming and going, as if everyone was nervously afraid the music and wine-thickened atmosphere would suddenly clear up and leave them stranded.

My second visit was just a few hours later when I walked through on my way to early Sunday Mass. Now the Montmartre was playing a different role. The night gaiety was gone. Instead it was stirring lazily in the early, pale sunshine.

The doors of a night club lay open and inside there was nothing to be seen but a long bar on which snoozed a fat cat. From a gate emerged a black-shawled old woman holding an empty milk pitcher. When she turned a corner and was gone the street was deserted until a small boy came along carrying a long, French loaf of bread for his breakfast. His fresh face and clear eyes told plainly that he had been asleep long before the first roisterer had arrived in the area the night before. He stopped to peek in at the cat (he seemed to know it would be there) and go, "P'ssst!" He acknowledged my presence with a knowing, little smile as if to say, "Well, we are the only ones up and about so far, eh?" And then he went along, whistling in a way that revealed he had not quite learned how, but was trying.

more beautiful
than ever
liz taylor
on the
april cover
of modern screen
on sale
march 9

I felt like protesting. Why hadn't anyone given me *this* picture of the Montmartre? It was a lovely, quaint place as I was seeing it now. And, of course, I knew the answer. The ordinary lives its people live are of no interest. Just as the Hollywood in which stars have babies to put to bed, meals and other household duties to attend to, and a lot of plain, everyday living to do, is not news.

I didn't have to ask that little French boy to know that he loved the Montmartre; just as I and dozens of my friends love the Hollywood we know, the Hollywood that means our homes and our loved ones, and all the things we hold so dear.

Well, the French boy loves his Montmartre. In the eyes of an old Jewish patriarch come at last to his beloved homeland of Jerusalem I have seen love shining plainly. The Irish lad who was sure the best husbands are only to be found in Ireland loved his land. They reinforced my love for mine.

They did this, and they did more for me. They gave me new incentive.

I wish I were as brave as the people of Israel.

I wish I could smile like the Italians do. Or even get as much real living out of an hour of my day as they seem able to squeeze out of an instant.

I wish I had the manner and elan of the French, from the most distinguished of its citizens to anyone you chance to speak to on the street.

I wish I had the simple faith of the old, paralyzed man I saw in a wheel chair at the Grotto of Lourdes in France. His nurse told me that he has sat every day for years at the shrine with his paralysis uncured. "But he has been cured otherwise, Madame," she said. "You have only to look at his face to become convinced of that." And she was right. His face shone with the health of his soul.

I wish I could read between the lines of life for the poetry that is there as the Irish do.

Like the little French boy again, with his whistling, I haven't quite made it. But I, too, am trying.

A pilgrim makes his journey to the Holy Land to kneel before the resurrection place of his Lord. I did. And in return I saw Christ's glory reflected in the faces of His people who showed me how rich and resourceful and loving the human spirit can be.

THE END

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But Tampax is so different! It *cannot* cause a bulge or edge-line beneath the sheerest, snuggest fabric. It banishes the discomforts of pins, belts and external pads. And finally, Tampax causes no odor, thus removing the danger of offending . . . Tampax performs all these miracles because it is worn *internally*. (It is so small that a whole month's average supply may be carried in an ordinary purse!)

Made of pure surgical cotton contained in one-time-use applicators, Tampax is a marvel of efficiency and comfort. You cannot feel it when in place and it is readily disposable. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

a world apart

(*Continued from page 51*) Barbara wouldn't talk to any reporters about her divorce, and Taylor, when the news was made public, was flying around Palm Springs in his private plane.

Two weeks previously he had been operated on in San Francisco for a double hernia. Barbara had gone up there to be with him. Bob's operation lasted three hours. "Those three hours," Barbara later said, "were the longest hours in my life."

The operation proved successful. When it was over, Barbara confided to a reporter that she had bought her husband a new Cadillac convertible for Christmas and that she was going to act as his chauffeur.

Barbara was so solicitous, so genuinely interested in Bob's health that no one expected a divorce announcement two weeks later.

Actually and truthfully, it had been forthcoming since the end of World War II.

THE story that professional requirements were responsible for the split-up may in part be true. But actually, Stanwyck and Taylor are big enough stars to make any picture where and when they want.

Barbara is in demand by so many film companies that she never has to go on location if she doesn't want to. Moreover, if she felt that geography were ruining her marriage, she could have quit anywhere along the line.

She's been in the big-time for more than twenty years. She has plenty of money. Taylor's salary hits $3,000 a week, certainly enough to support any wife.

Not only that, but Barbara and Bob just finished touring Italy together. The January issue of MODERN SCREEN ran a large story, profusely illustrated, on these two stars enjoying the sights of Rome.

This excuse of being separated "too often and too long" is just not good enough.

What happened to Barbara and Bob happens to many couples who have no children. (Barbara had one by her former husband, Frank Fay.) They find after a decade of marriage when the sex attraction has subsided, that there is no common bond to hold the marriage together. One of the few things Bob and Barbara had in common was the motion picture industry, and to this common profession, this mutual avocation is ascribed the cause of their divorce. It just doesn't ring true.

What does ring true is that Bob Taylor is an aviation sportsman. He loves to fly. He flies all the time. Stanwyck detests planes. She died a thousand deaths this past summer when she flew to Rome to be with Bob.

In Rome the Italian newspapers carried the story that Bob and a young Italian actress were quite the thing. It was a ridiculous story. Members of the *Quo Vadis* cast said later that the girl in question was a publicity-seeking extra, who meant nothing to Taylor.

The Stanwyck-Taylor marriage did not go on the rocks because of any third parties. It went on the rocks because Barbara and Bob could find nothing mutual to do in their spare time.

To say that they had no spare time is to hedge the point, because Barbara has enough money and position to obtain as much spare time as she desires. The fact she constantly chose to work was an indication to a handful of shrewd insiders that all was not well at the Taylor menage.

One reporter, tired of the constant publicity drivel about how beautifully two maior stars could get along, once asked Barbara if she and her husband ever quarreled. "Sure," Barbara said, "we have disagreements but I like it that way. Sometimes we get so mad at each other we don't speak for days. That's better than these lovey-dovey things."

A friend of Barbara's says: "If she would only learn to fly, if she would only learn to like planes, I think she and Bob might still make a go of it."

"IT'S not as simple as that," says one of Taylor's intimates. "Sometimes a marriage drags on when it should have ended several years previously. Something happens. The glamor is gone. The passion fades. A couple find they don't care to do the same thing. They keep going together. Maybe the spark will light the embers. Maybe the fire will flare up again. Such things rarely happen. The marriage begins to diminish in intensity. The excitement dies down. A husband and wife no longer enjoy each other.

"Taylor goes to London to do *Conspirator*. Stanwyck stays behind to work for Hal Wallis. There are loads of long distance calls, but these are born more out of consideration than love.

"My own analysis is that Bob and Barbara got tired of each other. It's as simple as that. If they enjoyed each other's hobbies, it might've been different. But as grown-up folks, each went his own way. Barbara has a 17-year-old son, Dion, by Frank Fay. Maybe if she and Bob had adopted some kids it would have been different.

"All I can say is that they're wonderful people who have no recriminations. Bob, you know, was a flying instructor for three years in the Navy. I don't think the war changed him appreciably, but it heightened his love of aviation. Barbara suffers from a constitutional fear of planes, and there's nothing anyone can do about it. She never begrudged Bob his hobby, but she never shared it, either."

No one would be foolish enough to say that Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor are divorcing because he likes to fly, and she doesn't. Disagreements, at least marital, are seldom that simple. It's the annual increment of a million little things that eventually wrecks a marriage.

The most successful Hollywood marriages are those in which (1) the wife has abandoned her career in favor of becoming a housewife; (2) those in which the marriage is blessed by the quick arrival of children; (3) those in which the husband and wife do not partake in the same occupation; and (4) those in which the husband and wife share a number of major hobbies.

The Stanwyck-Taylor marriage failed to meet any of these requirements—and therein lies the answer to its dissolution.

THE END

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"My morning kiss of Suave



MAKES MY HAIR
SO MANAGEABLE
SO RADIANT!"

"watch your step, farley!"

(*Continued from page 40*) the most cynical of the Hollywood executives..

In itself even the unwillingness to do a story which the wise men in the production department believe is just right for him is not a matter of serious moment. This, however, linked with Farley Granger's rather erratic behavior during the past few months seems to make it necessary for some friend to clap him on the back and say, "Watch your step, Farley—the road ahead is rosy and strewn with flowers and gold, but it is filled with enormous, hidden pitfalls. Beware, my boy, and take a long look back before you venture further. Watch your step, Farley, because from now on more and more people will be waiting for you to blunder. That's how they are in Hollywood."

There is a tale, universally believed in film circles, that when one of his "people" says "no" to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, the movie-making genius flies into such a tizzy of rage that within a square mile radius of his office strong men crawl beneath their desks and shiver in fear. It is also an accepted belief that when one of his "discoveries" shows the slightest tendency toward "ingratitude", Mr. Goldwyn becomes Savage Sammy.

The necessity for the above information is to establish the fact that when Farley Granger got involved in a dispute with Mr. Goldwyn last year, it was immediately deduced that he was either attempting suicide, or he had a beef so legitimate it could not be ignored, or (and most popularly believed) he had reached that stage of movie-stardom where all is confusion. It was unthinkable that such a quarrel could take place.

Farley Granger will probably never forget the first time he saw Samuel Goldwyn smile. Farley was seventeen, a tall, rather gangling, trembling seeker-of-a-job when he entered Mr. Goldwyn's office. Goldwyn smiled, and the world became filled with beauty. The youngster, flanked by his mother and father, sat and basked in the splendor of the occasion—assured now, by some strange miracle that at that moment he had been made a movie star; and in his heart he undoubtedly vowed eternal obedience, fidelity and loyalty to Samuel Goldwyn. Such was the wonder of the event—and the magic of Mr. Goldwyn's personality.

Seven years later, the same Mr. Goldwyn almost uprooted every tree in West Los Angeles with the wind of his wrath against Farley Granger—and Farley calmly drove to a travel bureau and bought a pocketful of tickets to far away places.

The first seven years of any actor's life is a dangerous period. It is in this space of time that the average actor serves out his first contract. It is generally at the conclusion of his first contract that the actor either makes a quick series of mistakes which plunge him to oblivion, or sets up his future so that he can go on with a lifetime of picture-making. It goes without saying that most actors take the plunge.

Very little of Farley Granger's early career as an actor is worth recording. When he was in his teens he made two films, *The North Star* and *The Purple Heart*, then the Navy swallowed him up and he was gone for a year and a half. When he returned, he went another year and a half without a part. As Goldwyn explained it once, he was being paid to grow up. Farley's real life as a movie star began when he appeared one day with a moustache—and girls all over the world began collapsing at the sight of him.

It is an odd fact that millions of fans fall in love with Farley Granger because of the things they read about him in the magazines, the gay, silly things that a certain kind of girl likes. While, on the other hand, other millions fall for him because of the off-beat, degraded characters he plays in most pictures. Farley, in other words, gets them all.

At the age of 25, Farley Granger is physically a rather splendid specimen. He is six feet, one inch in height, sturdy, athletic—although tending to leanness—and brimming with good health. He wears his clothes with a rare style, not like Beau Brummel, but like a college man with expensive good taste. You can get into an argument about his face. There are many women who will tell you that he has the most classic set of features since the young Barrymore. Others say there is much of Lincoln's ugliness in his face, but that a gentle warmth of expression lends him handsomeness.

These things are not quite enough to make a man a movie star. There must be talent, which Farley unquestionably has, and there must be the animal element. Veteran starmakers will tell you it is this animal something that makes the difference between an actor and an idol.

Farley Granger has this masculine magnetism, he has the face, the figure, the flair, the talent, the position. But he will not live as a movie star for very long if people begin to believe that he has too great a love for Farley Granger, or too reckless a disregard for Hollywood.

It is a fact that people have begun to suspect this. But are they right?

A couple of years ago, an acquaintance



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of Farley and Shelley Winters was amazed to see them dancing down a Hollywood street, some time after dusk, like a couple of celebrating gazelles.

"What is the matter with you two?" he asked, sniffing the air for the reek of the beverage that leads to exuberance.

"Nothing. Why?" chorused Farley and Shelley.

"Then where are you going so all-fired enthusiastically?" asked the friend, failing to smell anything but the night air.

"To the movies," said Farley.

And arm in arm, Farley and Shelley skipped off, bounding high into the air, dancing from side to side, and screaming with glee. Traffic halted, pedestrians got out of the way—and Farley and Shelley continued on their happy, uninhibited way.

That was a couple of years ago.

A couple of months ago, Farley Granger, a coat thrown over his shoulders against the nippy air on a night location, stalked through a group of extras to the locale of the next shot. Without reason, one of the extras nudged another and said, "Get him!" Without explanation, this would be a terribly unfair incident to note, for it can be misleading by implication. It is told only to picture the change in public manner of the man, and the agility with which casual observers can spot the most subtle of transformations and exaggerate on them.

It could be that Farley Granger is more aware of his importance than he used to be two years ago; and it may be that it is just that he is two years older, has been broadened by travel, and has decided that public exuberance should be curbed. At any rate, he is different. But what people may unfairly believe is that he has changed for the worst.

In any circumstance, a man of 25 is not as filled with emotional gratitude as a boy of 17. And growing up into a movie star has nothing to do with it. Few junior executives in commerce pay the same homage to opportunity and the front office that they did when they were green, multi-thumbed office boys.

To Farley's credit list the fact that his fans support him avidly in both magazine polls and at the box office, which gives him a sledge hammer of an argument. It gives him the economic whip hand, for he has something to sell for profit, something that is highly resalable at a profit. He controls this commodity which is Farley Granger. He is, in truth, a highly reliable actor, always on time, always up in his lines, and always dependable in the performance of his craft. He can become as arrogant as Bugs Bunny, and he'll still be able to peddle Farley Granger tomorrow at a fine fee per peek.

But Farley must remember for future use that no star in the history of the movies has ever fought City Hall and got away with it; that no star has ever worn a hat bigger than his most humble associate for very long and not been toppled by the combined hatred of his ill-wishers; that no star has ever remained bright once his fans ceased caring to identify themselves with his personal as well as his screen life.

To get closer to any possible "change" in Farley Granger, we ought to examine his work more closely. Not the maneuvers of acting, nor the readings, but the spirit of the work. Players who did pictures with him in his more eager days, say that it was easy to do scenes with him, for he was anxious to please and cooperate and it came across to them. Recently, this writer felt obliged to ask actors currently working with him how they liked it. In most cases, those questioned said, "fine." But a couple said, "It's hard playing a scene with him because he doesn't give."

To those unfamiliar with movie-making and its terminology, this expression will mean little. But to the wise, it means a good deal. It means that an actor has lost zest for the play and has gained a lot for the part. It means that he is so engrossed in his own performance that he plays it like a block of ice, coldly and with the ultimate in jealous precision. Alone, he prances and mouths his words—and by the great Lord Harry, alone he would find himself on the film. It is this awareness of self that will, if not purged in time, drive any actor who turns conceited into certain mediocrity.

To exactly what degree Farley Granger has changed is something that at this point he alone knows. It is apparent that when he is not working in Hollywood, he likes to get out of town, or, better, out of the country. This may be just an earnest desire to bone up on foreign culture. It is apparent that Farley doesn't have as much fun with Hollywood people as he used to have. It might be that he has suddenly found them dull and tame—or it might be that he has just grown out of the playful age. Who, but Farley can honestly say?

Although it is not widely known, Farley has turned down pictures which have been selected for him by experts who have been in the business for a good many years longer than he has lived. And it must be admitted that these experts, with a stake in his earning powers, would cut off their right arms before they would make a deliberate error that would detract from Farley's future potential. In Farley's favor in these instances, it must be realized that he, too, has a stake in his future, and that a man sometimes has to trust his own judgment above that of all others. If, by exercising this judgment, he exposes himself to criticism, he must be mature enough to take it on the chin, holding his ground, without losing his head.

This is why it is time for a friend to ask Farley to take stock of himself and, by his own attitude, to destroy every vestige of doubt as to his worth. For when people begin, even idly, to question his behavior, the unrest which is created is as potent as outright accusations.

Farley Granger mellowed Samuel Goldwyn into his triple-whammy smile and captivated the hearts of millions of moviegoers seven years ago. He grew a moustache and all over America heartbeats quickened. He had his picture taken in the front seat of his first convertible, and countless young girls sighed, "Gosh, I wish he were my guy."

He skipped down the streets of Hollywood with his favorite date and enchanted a sated town with his youthful enthusiasm for living, and his ability to have a marvelous time just going to a movie.

He acted the play and not the part, and spines tingled at the touch of his fingers on the flesh of the mass girlhood of the world. His hazel-eyed likeness has been hung lovingly on the walls of innumerable adolescent bedrooms, and has been the inspiration for more gasps than all the asthma of the universe.

At the age of 22, Farley Granger had the world by the tail, more homage in his daily mail than a king, a brighter future than the son of the richest of the Du Ponts—and as many true friends as a man could count if he totaled from now till the newest tree on earth falls from old age. Let us hope that he keeps them all fair, square and secure, for many many years to come.

He can do it. And he can destroy the whispered accusations of his inability by being careful now. The End

something sort of grandish

(*Continued from page 44*) to practice his golf chip shots.

The interior is equally lavish. The lighting fixtures in the drawing room—it's too romantic to be called a living room—are fitted only for candles. The butler's pantry is so well-equipped with cabinets and counter space that it would delight the heart of an Army quartermaster. The master suite has a bath and dressing room for the lady of the house and a combined bath and dressing room for the gentleman.

"Those first weeks after we moved in," David says—"well, we were all slightly hysterical with our new sense of freedom. The children didn't know where to play, in the nursery or in the sunroom. A few minutes in both and they'd rush out of the nearest door like mad, grab their bikes, and pedal furiously around the tennis courts. They were like three flaming comets, and I knew we'd made a good choice with the house. It was for us."

According to Jane Wayne, "David went slightly nuts himself. This was just about the first privacy he'd known in eight years of marriage, and he wallowed in it. He spent hours singing in the bathroom, and whenever I wanted him, I'd have to search through the whole house. I usually found him reading in some new book nook.

"As for me, I went closet-happy. I plunged into unpacking our possessions so fast that I lost track of which closet contained what. It's taken me months to discover where I put things during that first flush of housekeeping."

The Wayne home life has now simmered down into a more orderly pattern. Grock, the French poodle, lives in a dog house in the service pantry. The twins share a bedroom next to their parents. Timmie sleeps in one corner of the nursery near his Scotch nurse, Margo.

DURING the day, Grock and the children play in the large playroom on the second floor. This room is done in red and white, two colors particularly gay and child-like. One end of the room consists entirely of windows, but instead of fussy draperies, Jane had it fitted with white shutters that can be tightly closed at night and during nap time. Jane also covered the floor with a number of fluffy red and white scatter rugs which can be easily picked up and laundered. Three straight chairs, two red toy chests for the girls, a small cabinet for Timmie's treasures, and one comfortable couch for the parent who reads bedtime stories complete the room.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND

Hollywood is an amazing place and I wander around popeyed in wonder at its technical facilities. But I've promised myself never to make any permanent alliance or buy a home there.—*David Wayne quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

David and Jane love their new way of living. When they sit in the library, they're filled with peace of mind. Jane looks up from her book at the walls and woodwork and lamps and upholstered pieces—all a soft shade of green, and she knows it's just perfect—calm and relaxing.

The Waynes, cramped for space for so many years, not only have a living room downstairs, but a living room upstairs. "It's an extra bonus," Jane says, "I guess to compensate us for all those basement years in New York." The room is pine-paneled, and is used for intimate family gatherings around the fireplace or for television showings.

Actually, their household—once the residence of Frances Marion, the scenario writer—is designed for large-scale entertaining, the kind of entertaining typical of Hollywood in the Rudolph Valentino-Pola Negri era. So far the Waynes haven't had much time for parties, largely because David has starred in six pictures within one year. A few weeks ago, however, they tried one small dinner.

WHILE David was making *Up Front*, he met Berti, the Italian actress, who offered to cook him a real spaghetti dinner. David was willing, and Jane was thrilled. They invited friends for morning tennis and set the spaghetti feast for one o'clock.

Came one o'clock and Berti hadn't arrived. Came two o'clock, and no Berti. The Waynes started to get uneasy as more and more people began popping in.

By the time Berti arrived at seven that night, the Waynes had twenty-four guests, and the spaghetti dinner developed into a tremendous buffet supper.

After the last meat ball had disappeared, David and Jane stood in the kitchen surveying their tomato-spattered walls. "Darling," David asked, "why is it that when we start out doing something, it always ends up double in size?"

Jane thought for a moment, and then from the upstairs nursery, there wafted down the sound of Melinda crying. As Jane went off to take care of her charge, she tossed a remark over her shoulder.

"Don't let it worry you, honey," she called out. "For once in our lives we have a house large enough to absorb the shock."

THE END

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hollywood's ten most fascinating men

(*Continued from page 46*) "Where are all the new Hollywood charmers? Where are the fascinating, irresistible young men? Don't they grow 'em any more?"

And my rude answer to that is, "Darling, you are growing old!" Sure, the Rudy Valentinos and the Jack Gilberts are dead and gone. But did fascination fade from fashion with those characters? No fascinating young men in Hollywood today? Applesauce! The Hollywoods is full of them. I can count a couple of fists full without half trying—and since I've got ten fingers, I'll rattle off ten right now, like this—

Farley Granger, Tony Curtis, Howard Duff, Robert Mitchum, Victor Mature, Marlon Brando, Tyrone Power, Montgomery Clift, Stewart Granger—and yes—years don't bother him—that latter day Barrymore himself, Errol Flynn! Every one of those charmers can make my heart do naughty nip-ups, and I'm not the only romantic gal in the world.

But first, just what are we looking for? What is fascination anyway? Webster calls it, "enchantment; unseen, inexplicable influence." I can say it with stronger synonyms: Fascination—masculine noun—is sex. It's virility, mystery too, action, daring, danger and suspense. It's character, guts, authority. It's charm, gaiety, sophistication, a flair. It's being thrillingly noble—and it's being bad as a lead nickel, too. It's personality—or, as we used to say in Hollywood, it's "It."

Everyone of my ten terrifics has something different but it comes up fascination all the same. Take Farley Granger—and I think every girl who reads this would take him, if she had the chance. She'd love to find out what's going to grow out of this feverish faun-like creature, what lurks behind his dark eyes, what it is he's seeking so eagerly—so she could help him find it. And me, I'd like to help him myself.

Farley Granger is like a Christmas box that arrives early—gorgeous on the outside, but the thrilling surprise is to come when you open it, and you can hardly wait. Farley couldn't be more handsome, but that's not why he's at the top of my list. It's his ravenous hunger to live and learn that makes him so super-exciting.

Farley was mama's boy, but he broke away fast to find out things for himself. He got his own house, collected his own romances, his own adventures, travelling alone far out from the cozy world he knew. He bucked not only the silver cord to do it, but the boss who made him—a tough, paternal boss that few fair-haired boys he's fostered have dared stand up to, Sam Goldwyn. But Farley said "No" to Sam to fly off to Rome and Paris—cities that can teach a young man plenty—and took suspension to do it. He didn't come back until money ran out either, and $2000 of it ran out collecting paintings; so that he had to borrow $100 eating money from Shelley Winters until his salary check came in again!

I used to tease Shelley when that gay fireball was first teaching Farley to love and laugh, wising him up on women and their ways. "How's that Boy Beautiful you're bringing up?" I'd ask her. I pulled that the other day and she came back, "Don't you worry about Farley. He's no boy, he's all man—and right now he's bringing me up, or wearing me down, I don't know which. He wants to stay up all night and how can you catch any beauty sleep after five A.M.?" But Shelley, like some other Hollywood girls too, isn't fooling herself. She knows that Granger isn't going moony and soft and getting married right away. Not even girls, at this point, can satisfy the craving he has for the things he still hasn't savored—this boy who didn't go to college, and got to be a star before he got east of Palm Springs.

Farley Granger's fascination is wrapped up in one wonderful word—Promise. He's like springtime, ready to bust out all over one of these days—and if you don't think that comes across as a potent spell—tell me what does.

It's rough on the girls when a man outshines them, but it happens whenever they buck up against a Hollywood male with a sexy wallop—and they're likely to be all around you in Hollywood these days. Lois Andrews found that out not long ago—and the result was a new star with as much push and power as an F-80 Jet. I mean Tony Curtis.

I ran into Lois, seems only yesterday, and heard her sigh, "Golly, I wish I owned a piece of Tony Curtis' contract."

"Tony Curtis?" I puzzled. "Who in the world is that?" I'd never heard of the guy. Well, he was, Lois explained, just about the most wallopy hunk of young man she'd ever run up against and what had happened was slightly sensational.

The studio had sent him along for the ride on a Seattle junket to open *The Kansas Raiders*. Tony had a bit in the picture—Lois, Scott Brady and Audie Murphy were the stars. But you wouldn't have known it. "The mob passed us by like a taxi in the rain," grinned Lois. "And they almost tore the clothes off that Curtis. What has he got? Everything!"

That's a lot—but Tony has it—as I've since discovered, along with a million other sighing girls—and Janet Leigh in particular. Men like him, too. The first time I met Tony was at a benefit. As he entered, I perked up in my seat and said, "Who's that?" And Pat Nerney, who's Mona Freeman's husband. and an old friend of mine, told me. What's more he kept telling me—in raves—for a solid half hour. "Heavens—you sound like you're in love with the guy," I kidded him. "I would be, you can bet, if I were a woman." said Pat. And that about says it—for all the girls. What's the reason? Sex appeal. The rugged kind.

Tony has black curls you long to rumple and big eyes you'd love to get lost in. But back of them is a flinty fighter from New York's East Side who'd just as soon shove you over as look at you—if you got in his way. That's his fascination, mixed with a surprising sweetness. Janet Leigh tells me that's what makes Tony tops with her. "I can't say hello to Tony Curtis without getting a flock of flowers, or a present," she protests—but not too much. That's true—Tony has good manners; he's kind, thoughtful and tender. And when you mix tenderness with toughness—look out, ladies! Remember Clark Gable?

Now, that sounds like a pretty irresistible dish of wolf, but in that department even Tony Curtis can't match a certain quiet, unpretentious star who came on my radio show the other night. He arrived on crutches with a beautiful blonde to help him on one side and Ida Lupino—in the sexiest gown I've ever seen her wear—on the other. I don't blame her, with the competition, because when Howard Duff sat down at my broadcasting table I had to ask the announcer, "Move him to another mike, please! I can't settle down to my work." There's something about that dangerous Duff that quietly moves in

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on you—the minute he gets near. And believe me, Howard has moved in on some of the sexiest girls in this town.

How come? Duff's no Adonis or personality boy. He doesn't go to parties—if there's more than one other person present, meaning a lovely girl. But back of his piercing blue eyes there's a come-hither which was described to me the other day by a very beautiful, smitten and experienced star as, "the greatest physical magnetism I've ever felt in a man." When Howard played *Sam Spade* on the air, his voice was so sexy that girls who'd never seen him wrote him, wired him, called him and begged to surrender!

Howard's the pipe type, the quiet, reflective, lonely soul with his books—it says here—and that makes every girl in town long to mother the poor bachelor, until they realize their feelings aren't maternal at all. He's patient and philosophical, slow but sure, and he seldom slips up. Maybe he did when he got those crutches. I asked Duff how it happened.

"I fell down some stairs," he said.

"Sure you weren't pushed?" I pressed. "Maybe by a pair of lily white hands when you got too close?"

"I fell down some stairs," repeated Howard. But back in those baby blue eyes I caught a fascinating glint. I wish I knew his secret, that sly one—but I don't think I ever will, nor will anyone else. He's keeping it where it does Howard Duff the most good.

On the other hand, Victor Mature is about as mysterious and secret as a brass band—yet to me Vic's a fantastically attractive guy and always will be. I didn't think so when I first met him. I thought then, "Migosh, why doesn't somebody lead him around with a chain?" He looked and acted like a St. Bernard dog, a clumsy clown falling all over himself.



Bill Lundigan helps advertise a worthy cause.

For two years I feuded with Mature. Then one day he called me and we patched up. I said I'd come up to his house. I never saw anyone so jittery. "I'd like to look around your place," I suggested. "N-n-n-n-O-uh—it's all torn up," protested Vic. Back home, I called him to say I'd enjoyed my visit. "But," I had to ask him, "what's happened to you anyway? You ought to relax. You acted like you had a redhead stashed away."

"As a matter of fact," Vic blurted out, "I had."

You can't help liking a character like that. Vic's frank, he's original, he's never dull. He's the hub of any party and wowing everyone around him. He's got a big heart, loves everyone, especially if they're all mixed up. He set a war-buddy of his up in business and it's booming now. He's a darling to his stepson—he kept two new cars out in the rain all last winter so the kid could have a garage playroom—and if he could remember to come home on time, he'd be the ideal husband to his wife, Dorothy.

I don't know any one at any studio who doesn't love Vic Mature now. He's become a rattling good actor and I think a very handsome man. Don't think Cecil DeMille would have picked him for *Samson* if he couldn't pull the ladies in. Still he's the same guileless guy, who acts as he pleases, says what he pleases, lives as he pleases. He's never conformed or changed his style—and that style to me is terrific.

There's another non-conformist named Bob Mitchum who intrigues me too—and about everyone else—but for a completely different reason. Bob has the fatal fascination of a bomb with the fuse sputtering. You never know when he's going to explode and blow himself right off the map. Mitchum's the most dangerous man I've ever known around Hollywood.

He's suspense walking. He's a haymaker cocked and ready to fly. He's a rogue male on the loose, and yet he'll never hurt anyone but himself. That belligerent, mocking dare which comes at you on the screen is real. He could go back to driving a truck tomorrow and be just as happy—maybe happier—than he is as a Hollywood star. He's told me, "I'm just here between freight trains." Once I asked him, "What do you think would have happened if you hadn't wandered to Hollywood?"

"Oh, I'd have wound up in the poorhouse—where I'll wind up anyway."

Bob has flouted every Hollywood taboo. He's punched producers in the nose. He's shocked interviewers silly with too frank details of his rambling past—his hobo

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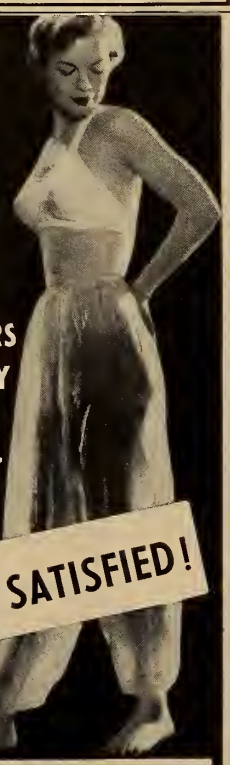
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scrapes, his Georgia "chain-gang" escapade, his arrests. With movie success, Bob collected a gang of no-good Hollywood hangers-on because he likes to please everyone. They led him to trouble, real trouble, but it didn't wreck him as a star—and Bob Mitchum is the only man I can imagine who could come out of a mess smelling like a rose.

Bob Mitchum is a reckless slugger of life—but a poet and troubadour, too. Money means nothing to him. He makes $4250 a week—and he's usually broke. But when his business manager swindled him out of $80,000—all he had saved in the world—he refused to prosecute. Bob's so loaded with sex he's scary. He's muscled like a stevedore, and his angular face and disdainful eyes say, "Watch out," to every gal who sees them. He knows that power but it doesn't bother him—or his wife, Dorothy, the one girl in the world who really understands him.

Bob and Dorothy came to a party at my house last year. Errol Flynn was there with his fiancee of the moment, Princess Ghica. Bob sized her up. "She's no dame for Flynn," he announced. "The corners of her mouth turn down. Watch me break this up."

Dorothy heard him and laughed to me, "He'll do it, too." Bob sauntered over. In a few minutes, the Princess' mouth was down to her shoulders and she was ready to crown Flynn. Bob had casually brought up all the escapades in Flynn's past and Errol was roaring himself right out of romance. And yet—that day Bob was trying to be on his very best behavior.

I wouldn't gamble a plugged penny on what Robert Mitchum will do from one minute to the next. But I'll always risk my roll on this: he'll do it if he feels like it—and he'll be fascinating, good or bad. Maybe it's because he's so bad that he's thrilling. I'll have to ask my psychiatrist about that.

I'd sic him, too, on those two brilliant brats, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift—if I weren't already pretty sure why they're such fascinating odd bodies. Neither of them are just playing hard to get. They are.

"Bud" Brando and Monty Clift are two of a kind—yet they're very different. Both despise glamor, both are wrapped up in their acting. Both attract women like sugar draws flies. But Monty Clift is merely a self-assured, complete free soul, independent and unimpressed; while Marlon is a legitimate, working screwball, complex and unorthodox, maybe the first genuine all-out acting genius since Barrymore. Either way, they're both loaded with male power and sex.

MARLON looks like a statue—chiseled face, sinewy torso—and he dresses like a cow-college campus kid. "Glamor in a tee-shirt," someone tagged him—but it's only part of his smoldering rebellion against flattery.

Shelley Winters dropped by a set party when Marlon was making *Street Car Named Desire*—and Marlon likes Shelley and vice versa. So Winters got herself gussied up. Brando completely ignored her—although they'd been out on dates. The next time she dropped by in Levis with her hair tumbling down. Marlon grabbed her by the arm and they climbed the studio fence, getting out of there together—fast. Shelley cooked dinner for him that night. He wouldn't buy her one.

Monty Clift took Liz Taylor (before Nicky) to *The Heiress* premiere, you'll remember, and had to rent a dinner jacket to do it. The studio gave him a car, driver and publicity man. On the way to the formal affair, Monty pulled into a drive-in and bought Liz a hamburger for

her dinner. Afterwards, he was more interested in escorting the publicity man home than he was Liz—and that was when Elizabeth Taylor was mighty pretty and unattached.

I had a dinner date with Monty Clift one night at Lucey's. He showed up impeccably dressed. But the minute we got back in a booth, he asked, "Can I take off my coat?" I nodded—he rolled up his sleeves, jerked his tie and grinned. "Now," he said, "we can get going." We did—and I found out why it takes $100,000 to lure Clift to Hollywood for a picture. "I'm lazy," he said. "I like to loaf, I want to travel and bum around. If I don't do something right now I'll catch myself breezing away."

That's not Brando. He's wrapped up in his work. Where Monty loses himself in the Maine woods between pictures, Marlon goes to school. I met him first on the set of *The Men.* When I talked to him he didn't answer—just stared off into space. "Run along, Sonny," I snapped, "you're no good to me." He came to. "Oh," he said, "were you talking to me? I was thinking about my next scene." And you know, I knew he was and I couldn't get mad.

Neither Marlon Brando nor Monty Clift will ever want for women's sighs. Both keep walk-up flats in New York, and have to move periodically to hide from girls who break in the doors. They're both virile, and they're both brilliant. But how can you ever crack their indifferent shells? That's what millions of females are dying to find out, and that's exactly why they're two of the most fascinating, though eccentric, males anywhere around Hollywood.

But do you have to be a character these days to be charming? Not necessarily—look at Tyrone Power. There's as



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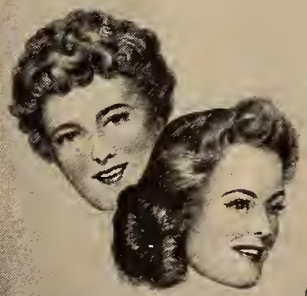
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I remember when Ty walked into a bit scene, unbilled, in *Girls Dormitory* with a dazzling smile and the words, "Well, here I am." And there he was, for sure, and there wasn't anyone around like him. In the preview audience that night there was one mass gasp, "Who is he?" He was every girl's dream man, that's who, and from then on he was a star. Ty's fan mail record is still unequalled at Twentieth Century-Fox. And why?

Gorgeous looks. Inherited acting ability. Shining youth. Sex—sure. But, largely, too, a straight, clean, clear-cut American charm.

Ty's had his girls—Sonja Henie was his most sizzling affair, but there were plenty more. He always treats them right. When he split with Annabella he gave her most of his money. The only girl I thought he was rough on was Lana Turner. But love's love, and he'd met Linda Christian when he left Lana flat. Even then, when I took Lana's side, Ty admitted, "I don't blame you, Hedda."

There's fascination, plenty, in Ty's kind of character. Tyrone Power is not only one of our all-time great stars but he's the best ambassador Hollywood ever sent abroad. His studio paid for those South American good-will flights of his, even bought the plane Ty flew. Happy to. Ty's the best salesman there Hollywood ever had. He charms wherever he goes. They practically declared a Roman holiday when he married Linda in that high church ceremony. They think he's an American prince there today after *Prince of Foxes;* when he rides through the streets he gets "Vivas." The English loved him after *The Black Rose,* too. Those long locations for Ty are more than for making pictures; he also makes character for his studio and for Hollywood. Right now he's tackling *Mister Roberts* on the London stage—a tough one—but he'll be more of a darling in England when he closes. He's a natural diplomat—he represents Hollywood and America at its best. That's fascinating enough for me.

Now, let me whirl and bow to the British for a charmer they've sent in return—Stewart Granger. Stewart is the essence of sophistication and British charm—and we've never lacked a tumble for that around our town. Stewart has romance, and adventure, and polished virility in every glance of his blue eyes, every move of his arm and quiver of his full lips. If you like your gentlemen English (and that's a world-wide weakness) Stewart's your man.

I first met him when he played the ravishing Marc Antony in *Antony and Cleopatra.* I was in London one day. He asked me to lunch in his Savoy Hotel suite, overlooking the Thames. He could have been a duke entertaining. The table was loaded with delicacies, the wines at the right temperature, the service absolutely faultless.

I picked up a plover's egg and cracked it—ugh! "Tt-t-tastes like a seagull!" I sputtered. But if my face looked pained, Stewart's looked downright desolate. He tasted one himself. "Oh, my God," he cried, "they're bad! Here, spit it out," he begged, "here, in my hand." Well, I did—and I'm sure Sir Walter Raleigh couldn't have looked more gallant when he tossed his cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth. And I'll bet he wasn't half as handsome, either!

Anyone who can sweep that twenty-

year-old beauty, Jean Simmons, off her feet and marry her is romantic enough for me. Jean is Britain's loveliest, their Elizabeth Taylor. Any beau in the Isles would have given his tea ration and title to marry her. But Stewart captured the prize. Right now, after *King Solomon's Mines,* he's the hottest male star at Metro. They're aiming him shamelessly to draw in the ladies in their choicest romantic parts—and they aren't aiming wrong. Yet Stewart Granger's no lace cuff laddie. You don't have to take my word for that.

He sweltered and risked his neck half a year in Africa along with the rest to make *King Solomon's Mines.* Dick Carlson told me how Stewart slapped down a cobra without batting an eye in one chilling scene that you saw. And when the movie safari was over, what did Granger do but pack up and join a real big game safari for another two months of tangling with lions, rhinos and bull elephants. He was too busy shooting pictures the first time to get the risky action he craved. I think he'll do as a fascinating Hollywood man of distinction—without the highball.

Well—I knew when I started this fascinating business I'd never get past the Irish—so sure enough, here I am winding up with that disarming guy who started me off on this ramble in the first place. I never know whether I want to kiss Errol, or kill him.

OF COURSE, Flynn's a scamp. Of course, he's ruthless, conceited, spoiled, disdainful. Errol should have lived in the Sixteenth Century. He's a buccaneer at heart—and what a pirate he'd have made! They'd all have walked the plank, you can bet, at the point of his swashbuckling sword—but he'd have sailed off with the beautiful maid. Errol's selfish. He pleases only one person—Errol. When his baby was born, he didn't even show up at the hospital—yet, today when ten-year-old Sean is interesting, he adores him. Errol lived across the street from me when Lili Damita was his bride—and I used to have to smother nights with my windows shut to keep out the noise of their battles. Yet he let Lili take him for his bankroll when they split up. He discarded little Nora Eddington like the deuce of hearts—yet her parents run his Hollywood house today and they love him madly.

He's had girls, girls, girls, girls. They won't leave him alone, because he won't leave them alone either. He could have married Barbara Hutton if he'd wanted to. He knows all the countesses and heiresses in the world. Doris Duke's a chum. He's lived chronically beyond his means, yet he's never married for money. He's been broke and in debt—but he's always lived like a lord, yachts and everything. He stocked his place with wild game once, at a fabulous price. He dresses like the Duke of Windsor.

I asked Errol once, "Why for heaven's sake, with your rich tastes, do you marry all those poor girls? You don't have to, you know."

Flynn shrugged charmingly. "I love 'em," he said, "and when I love 'em I want 'em and so I marry 'em."

Well—there's something about a man like that—that you go for. Don't ask me why. But I'm a woman and I say it's true. He's got something. Dashing's the word for Flynn I suppose. Handsome—of course. Sexy—sure. Impulsive—naturally. I hardly knew he was out of love with Princess Ghica—and I wonder if he did either—before he was engaged to Pat Wymore.

Call him a cad, a cavalier, a cocksure conscienceless character out of a paperback novel if you like—but never call him dull. And if he lives to be a hundred (which wouldn't surprise me a bit) he'll still be in there chasing romance, even if he's pushed in a wheel chair.

Not too long ago, there was one of those parties at my house and along toward the end I spied a dainty purse, left on the sofa. At the same time I spied it, Errol did too. I looked at Flynn; I looked at the purse. "Maybe you're missing something," I said. He was engaged to somebody then, I've forgotten who.

"Excuse me, Hedda," bustled Errol, snatching the perfumed handbag, "I'll be right back." In a minute my cocked ear caught the roar of a motor as a car raced away. He didn't come back. I didn't expect him to.

Jack Barrymore would have loved that. I know I did. I'll bet the lady did, too.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



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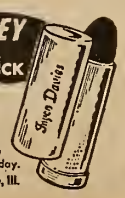
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party of the year

(*Continued from page 34*) added, thoughtfully, "I wish some of Hollywood's severest critics could be here—those who say that people can't stay happily married when they are stars."

Louella was looking in the direction of Dana Andrews who was seated nearby, grinning happily at his charming wife, Mary. Van Heflin and his little woman, Frances Neal, were holding hands, and across the table the Jeff Chandlers were doing likewise. Vic and Dorothy Mature must have bent a million ears telling about the plans for the Bel-Air home they're going to build. And by the end of the party, they'd gotten enough advice to cover a dozen houses. The Bob Cummings', thinking of their own experiences, offered sympathy. Their own home's been under construction for too many months to count.

The David Waynes joined forces with Kay and Brod Crawford and it was old home week in Ciro's corner booth. All you had to do was look around to discover that Ciro's seemed to be a haven for Hollywood's happily marrieds.

Watching Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson whirl around the dance floor, the matchmakers were certain that before long they'd be waltzing down the aisle. Now, of course, they're not so sure.

Speaking of matchmakers, well—we all had a field day. Why not? Take the way Piper Laurie and Dick Long were gazing into each other's eyes. "Scoop!" we thought. But Beerman and Parry, our photo friends, did their best to break it up. "Piper," they kept declaring to that gorgeous redhead, "we love you."

A few people away were John Agar and Gloria De Haven. But you can't tell about John. Just a couple of nights ago he was dating a luscious Powers model.

In the crowd that surrounded Louella, we glimpsed Joan Evans and Roddy McDowall. Joan was glamor personified in a wine-colored satin cocktail dress. A Voguish "little hat" completed the outfit and made her a candidate for everyone's best dressed list. Loretta Young looked—as usual—like a dream. She was laughing at one of the verbal reactions to the creation she wore on her head. "If you think my hat's complicated now—you should have seen it before I gave it a haircut," she grinned. The chapeau featured white feathers which had a tendency to hide her face. So before the party, she got out the scissors and remedied what to our minds would have been a deplorable situation. While we were staring at Loretta, another dream walked by with a man who is so handsome it's almost against the law. This was John Hodiak with Ann Baxter. She was wearing red velvet and a white beret. The photographers took off in hot pursuit to get themselves a color shot.

Along about this time at every party the stag boys show up. This evening's eyebrow-lifter was Lew Ayres who darned near never goes to a party. You could see a half-dozen pretties wishing he had their telephone number. The same was true of Macdonald Carey whose Betty was not well, so he came alone. But we've got news for those ladies. Macdonald's about the happiest married one in town. Burt Lancaster stagged it too, wouldn't pose for a picture because the Missus couldn't come, she being home with their sick baby. Larry Tierney, Scott Brady's brother, arrived alone, looking fit and still fitter when he left, still alone, without having touched one ole debbil cocktail.

There were lady stags, too. For instance, Ida Lupino arrived breathlessly.



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Producer Hal Wallis, George T. Delacorte, Jr., and Alan Ladd pose for the Paramount newsreel camera on the set of *Quantrell's Raiders.*

Somebody said she was there to meet Bob Neal, but if so, how come she left later with that handsome agent, Charlie Feldman? Everybody kept asking who Ruth Roman was with. They even asked her, but she just grinned in a pagan sort of way and departed for a late date (who may well have been radio executive Mort Hall, the man she married on December 17 in Las Vegas).

Talking about pretty women—they weren't all movie stars. There was Mrs. Pat O'Brien who arrived on the arm of her great Irishman. She should know that there is a MODERN SCREEN editor who says he's never going to marry because he can't find a woman as lovely as Mrs. Pat. This boy is really in trouble. He is also simultaneously in love with Dinah Shore who is so completely Mrs. George Montgomery. Dinah, chatting underneath Hedda Hopper's sensational hat which was only slightly smaller than the Hollywood Bowl, looked as lovely as one of her songs.

Okay, okay. So all the ladies were pretty. Take Esther Williams, who, as always, is right up there in the top ten in popularity. She retired to a booth and acted as if she'd just met Ben Gage ten minutes ago. And speaking of such kindred subjects as who has a crush on whom, the cigarette girl at Ciro's has one on John Derek. "Too bad he's married," she moaned, "but he couldn't have found a more attractive girl than Patti."

And so it went, far on into the evening, with the orchestra playing and the huge room looking like a mink coat version of the subway rush hour. It wouldn't be fair to say that one girl was prettier than the next, or one guy more exciting.

Everybody did agree, though, that the nicest thing that happened at the whole party was the arrival of Dixie Lee Crosby. Looking sweet and lovely, she arrived with Mrs. Lyn Howard, wife of the famous sportsman who is Bing Crosby's racing stable partner. Modest Dixie sat quietly in the corner greeting old friends while Bing was still working overtime on the set of *Here Comes the Groom.*

'Twas a gay and gala night, friends. Like we said in the beginning. You should-'a been there!

GUEST LIST

So many people gathered to honor June Allyson and Alan Ladd at Louella Parsons' party that the editors can't resist presenting their names with thanks for helping make the evening a happy occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana Andrews, Lew Ayres, Mr. and Mrs. Desi Arnaz, John Agar, Katharine Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Noah Beery, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. William Bendix, Ann Blyth, Scott Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Keefe Brasselle, Mr. and Mrs. Rand Brooks, Mr. Lex Barker, Macdonald Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Broderick Crawford, Tony Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Chandler, Herman Citron, Arlene Dahl, Vic Damone, Faith Domergue, Mr. and Mrs. John Derek, Mr. and Mrs. William Demarest, Mr. and Mrs. Don DeFore, Nancy Davis, Joan Evans, Virginia Field, Sally Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford, Charles Feldman, Mitzi Gaynor, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gage, Mr. and Mrs. Tay Garnett, Sheilah Graham, Edith Gwynn, Mr. and Mrs. John Hodiak, Mr. and Mrs. Van Heflin, Mr. and Mrs. John Ireland, Hedda Hopper, Rock Hudson, Gloria DeHaven, Arthur Kennedy, Ida Lupino, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Janet Leigh, Piper Laurie, Mr. and Mrs. William Lundigan, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis, Dick Long, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Mature, Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Montalban, Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Nerney, Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pasternak, June Allyson, Ruth Roman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Taurog, Bob Stack, Estelle Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Thompson, Vera-Ellen, Shelley Winters, Lew Wasserman, Mr. and Mrs. David Wayne, Mr. and Mrs. James Whitmore, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Wald. . . .

If we missed anybody it's just because the pencil wouldn't travel fast enough on the note paper. Happy party—and see you again next year! THE END

I found my way

(*Continued from page 58*) a foxhole in the sand without getting hit. And after that, I didn't mind at all that every time the tide came in, water not only slopped over the edge, but welled up from below as well.

If I could exult in the bathtub of a foxhole and moan in a convertible, wouldn't it be better to adjust myself to accept life so it wouldn't continually either throw me or thrill me? Why not try to establish a level of well-being inside? And just about the time I made this startling discovery, I realized that I had heard it said differently, and better, ever since I was a kid. "Happiness comes from within," is the way it went. I decided to try to make that my way.

I had a great chance to try it out when I got back to Hollywood, Rena Morgan, whom I had first seen as a teen-ager at Schwab's drug store on Sunset Boulevard (she says I couldn't "see" her then) and later met and fell in love with when she visited Quantico, before I went overseas, was waiting for me. We went to the Mocambo where I proposed to her. We went to Huntington Beach where a priest, who is an old friend of mine, married us. We went to San Diego where we honeymooned while I was waiting to get mustered out of the Marine service. And then we went to Hollywood where my career was impatiently waiting for me . . . or at least I thought it was.

Months passed. Nothing. A year. Still nothing worthwhile. We were living in a tiny apartment. You couldn't take a half-dozen steps without either banging into a wall or going through the window. Another year, another blank, practically.

In New York there is another small, furnished apartment, in one of those old, brownstone mansions just off Fifth Ave-

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nue. The rent is cheap and it is right near the radio world in mid-Manhattan. I can't tell you more about it because I've never even seen it. But it will always be important in my life. It marks a willingness to accept my lot when I was all set to leave Hollywood as a failure. This was the kind of place Rena and I decided we would have to live in while I tried to make a fresh start in life . . . as a radio announcer or player, I hoped. As anything if it had to be.

I wouldn't come to this decision immediately. I went to my agent first and suggested, a little regally, I'm afraid, that he arrange a personal appearance tour for me.

He pulled the props right out from under me. He pointed out that it had been several years since I had been in any important picture and thus I had no identification worth anything at the box office. I had not had enough stage work to be sure of presenting effective entertainment as an act, so I would impress few people and instead of helping the commercial value of my name, would probably wash it out altogether. No, I had but two choices. Start fresh some place else, or just hang on in Hollywood until there was a call for me....

"From a studio, you mean?" I asked.

He shrugged. "From a studio, or . . . from a service station to help pump gas," he said. "I'll keep after the studios. You keep your eyes open for the other."

That was cruel, maybe, but it was honest. He is still my agent and that's why he's my agent. But that was when the New York idea was born. It had to be that or the gas station . . . and if we hadn't the money for the New York trip, it could have been the gas station and I wouldn't have blown my top.

It turned out to be neither. It was *Pinky* instead. I had my fresh start. . . .

ACTUALLY, John Ford, the director, wasn't completely satisfied with me in the test I had to make for the picture. But he was able to put his finger on what displeased him. It was my hair. He was certain I would do if it were cut more severely—a semi-butch. But supposing he hadn't bothered to figure it out, or it just didn't strike him? Or, supposing Darryl Zanuck, head of 20th Century-Fox, wasn't the kind of man to take a gamble with a production of the importance and scope of *Pinky?* Nine times out of ten, for a top role like this, a studio head would insist on either a brand new face or a big name actor. I was neither. Well, I would have let my career hang on such a detail, but not my happiness. Rena and I have both decided that the one must be kept apart from the other; otherwise a person's real life becomes a sort of football, kicked here or there by the winds of fate.

Right from the start, life can give you a see-saw ride emotionally if you can't find your own balance.

I remember a day in Syracuse as a kid when I felt great until a chance remark suddenly took all the joy out of me. I was fifteen and was going to visit a high school girl friend who was recovering from illness in the hospital. As I walked into the room I was wearing a blue suit, white spats, chesterfield coat. black Homburg hat (which I purposely kept on) and white silk scarf tied Ascot style. Boy, I felt sharp! I felt so sharp I didn't even notice her aunt who was visiting as well and was standing to one side. But I heard her the next second. She sort of gasped and blurted out, "Oh, my! What's this?"

The next second she caught herself, and smiled sweet welcome, but it was too late. Her exclamation has punctured me. I mumbled my way out of there in less than a minute to drag myself home.

It can happen even more quickly than that. Once, as a younger kid, I picked a fight with another boy. I wanted to exalt myself in the eyes of others. I thought it could only be done through physical combat. I was lucky. I landed a punch and the other kid went down. The second when my fist hit a sense of triumph flashed through me, but the next second I heard the side of his head smack against a rock and I was horrified. I knew that instant, instinctively, that I had done nothing for myself, nothing. I knew that outward events were not to be trusted; that whatever I sought had to come from within not from without. The incident faded away but the impression was there, and there were many times when it had its effect on me. I have never picked a fight since.

When I made *Pinky* a lot of praise came my way for which I was, and still am, grateful. But I was also prepared for the opposite. I think that from now on I always will be. After all, there were almost ten years of ups and downs in Hollywood for me before *Pinky*. And there had been uncomfortable times prior to that.

Because I had gotten into radio early back in Syracuse, speaking lines when I was hardly ten, I was supposed to be a boy wonder. I remember the boy wonder growing up a bit and finally getting a regular announcer's berth and then proceeding to bog up the whole works of the station. Why had I swallowed whole all the praise that came my way just because I had managed to utter a few well rehearsed lines without a mistake? The minute this happened I was placing my well-being in the hands of others. And when I proved to be a boy mess instead of a boy wonder in the face of real pressure, the crash was awful.

I no longer want to be a boy wonder, or a man wonder either, for that matter. I think life is better evened out a little.

YOU'RE aboard a transport at night off a beautiful tropical island (Ulithi, it was, this time I have in mind) and the sky shines with star-glory. Nothing could be more peaceful, more inspiring. The next morning you're pitched into a hellish inferno with death smashing out the lives of fellows you've lived and laughed with. Ten of us fellows gave a show aboard the transport that night I speak about. Within two weeks six were dead; the guitar player, two of the comedians, the singer....

Who can pick out when to laugh and when to cry from that which happens without? On Okinawa one afternoon I was flattened out on a hill under fire when I turned around and saw Leif Ericson next to me. He was in the Navy, but had come ashore for observational photographs. "Hello, Willie," he said casually.

"Hello," I returned. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm beginning to wonder," he replied.

The next time I saw him was when we both worked in *Mother Didn't Tell Me*, with Dorothy McGuire and June Havoc. The contrast was a little odd. I think a fellow needs help to accept what each day can bring. With the help of the faith I was born in and with the help of my wife I think I am beginning to learn how.

I knew Rena only a few weeks before I sailed for the south Pacific. I proposed to her the first night I got back. I proposed because I had never really left her—or rather, she had never left me.

For two and a half years, she wrote me almost daily about everything imaginable, about a lot that might seem to you like little things; yet heat, rain, sweat, aches and all the deadly monotony between fighting would disappear the second I opened one of her envelopes. It was actually like leaving one life and slipping into another, one that made sense and had warmth and in which only we two lived. Do you blame me for saying that it's the one I want to continue to live in always? THE END

"I cried for you"

(*Continued from page 51*) Without triumph, but with quiet determination, she resisted every appeal.

"No, Nicky, no!" The words were spoken quietly, firmly. The next morning, without consulting her parents or best friends, Elizabeth Hilton asked her studio to announce that she would sue for divorce.

When I was called with the news I was neither shocked nor surprised. As I have said in earlier MODERN SCREEN stories, keeping an unhappy death watch on this marriage, the end seemed to be in sight but everyone hoped for a miracle.

Remember, I watched Elizabeth grow up. I could forgive anyone for not telling the real truth when the most important emotion in life is involved. The fact is that only a few days before the abrupt announcement came that Elizabeth had asked her agent and attorney, Jules Goldstone, to file papers, I had talked with her mother. Brief hours before, Elizabeth had told me, "I love Nicky. We won't divorce. Somehow we'll work it all out."

Elizabeth's mother and I talked about her daughter's old room. It had been redecorated. The walls had been repainted in soft grey, to match the carpet which had been dyed a deep burgundy.

"Then you did expect the breakup?" I'd asked.

"Oh no," Mrs. Taylor had assured me, "We had to dye the carpet a dark color. There were spots where Elizabeth had tried a little unsuccessfully to train her dog. We had no idea that this would happen. We hoped that the problems would be settled."

Then Mrs. Taylor refused to tell me more. I cannot find it in my heart to blame her. She has been wrongfully accused of trying to break up the marriage. Her one job now is to help rebuild Elizabeth's health and spirit.

So it is that Elizabeth did go back to her old room at home. New closets were built to hold all the clothes she had bought with such pride and high hope. Everything was changed, except for the big, worn teddy bear of her childhood.. He sat on the edge of the bed as always, his arms open in comic welcome.

AND what of the beautiful wedding gown? That bitter memory, packed in a trunk with the vow that it would never be opened until Elizabeth should give away a daughter of her own, now rests in a dark room at Bekins Storage Company. No one relishes the recording of so dismal a commentary on modern marriage, yet sometimes the doors to these dark rooms do open and sometimes love is reborn.

Can this be so with Nicky and Elizabeth Hilton? Well, for one thing I recall my own words printed on these pages: "Whether they are together or apart, they'll still be in love!"

Now, however, the unconsciously cruel "little things" enter into the picture. Things like that occurrence of an evening not long ago when Elizabeth's brother, Howard, and some friends dropped by the house. Someone picked up a leather book and asked, innocently, "What's this?"

Liz looked up, caught her breath and replied, "That is a picture book—the story of our wedding."

Silence fell. Someone laughed in embarrassment. Then Liz joined in the laughter to show that she could take it.

Somehow, the false bravery every woman must summon to her aid in cases like this is a little pitiful. I was a visitor at Metro the day after the marriage failure was admitted. Everyone joked about the title of the new Elizabeth Taylor picture, *Love Is Better Than Ever*. At luncheon, Liz came into the commissary, trying to appear unperturbed.

I knew that although she had not missed a day on the set, outwardly appearing to be her old gay self, she was actually in deep depression.

But here in the midst of co-workers she was playing a double part as her character in the picture, and as the girl who had put part of her private life out of mind. I sat down at the luncheon table with Liz and we talked casually.

Someone spoke about a red dress the studio wanted to give her—one modeled after her dance costume in the picture. Liz said, "I won't be needing another new evening gown. I don't expect to be going out very much."

That is true in the extreme. For one thing, Liz is not at all well. She lost twenty pounds on her honeymoon; not, as we know now, from happy excitement but from steeling herself against the many bitter quarrels. Every day now, Liz goes to the doctor for liver and vitamin shots. She has gained back a few pounds, but her nerves are on edge. In fact, some of her friends are worried that she may collapse. Liz doesn't think so. "All I want to do is work," she says, "and I never want to travel again."

AS I once wrote hopefully that this marriage would right itself, I now must record a more dismal picture. Elizabeth Taylor is no longer the girl Nicky Hilton married. She is a wiser, if sadder woman. Nicky, despite outward appearances, is the same carefree boy in my private opinion. Only the barest chance exists for a permanent reconciliation, for although it is possible for a woman to change abruptly through sudden shock, a man's emotional set-up is more deeply rooted. For Nicky to change so that Liz will be convinced that change is permanent, for him even to be able to fully realize how different she has become, seems well nigh impossible.

Yet there is that chance. In California, there is a year's period of grace between the first and final decree of divorce. This provides a year during which the man and wife may reconsider.

In this modern age there is much winking at California divorce law. Some people even rush off to Mexico and marry again before the decree is final. Then there is the exception, as in the case of Shirley Temple who during this entire period kept herself above reproach. I am certain that Elizabeth Taylor will follow the same pattern.

Meantime, plans have been made for her to take a house at Malibu in early spring. Elizabeth used to live there during every summer season and loved it. Now, however, her friends are scattered. Such old buddies as Marsh Thompson are married. Dick Long, another casual boy friend of those days, is off for the Army. If one can imagine it, Elizabeth Taylor is due for some lonely hours. True, there will be many men who will want to help her forget, but they will be older, much older. The young men, Nicky Hilton among them, will be headed for service.

As this is written, Elizabeth Taylor wants nothing from her husband. No alimony, no favors, only to be left alone. I think the best commentary on the situation comes from a friend of the Taylors' who said, "I never saw anyone try harder to make a go of marriage than Elizabeth, and it will be months before she can regain her emotional stability enough to think clearly. For this reason I hope that they don't try a reconciliation now. It may be too soon."

I for one feel as everyone does on witnessing the failure of young love, "I hope it is not too late!" THE END



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bringing home baby

(*Continued from page 31*) Ben's birthday fell on a Sunday in October and they planned to move in the day before. The moving men came on Saturday afternoon and worked well into the night. Esther stood in the driveway directing the men as they unloaded the vans, and steered most of the furniture into the middle of the living room. The moving men, noticing that Esther was obviously pregnant, were solicitous of her health. "You'd better sit down, ma'am," they told her.

"I'm fine," said Esther. "Stop worrying. Put that barrel into the garage, please—and that chest into the kitchen."

At six o'clock a group of friends arrived. "We've come to help," they announced. They didn't help much, but at nine o'clock Esther cooked dinner for them by candlelight and the kitchen fireplace, because the electrician was learning to be a chiropodist at night school and was no longer paying attention to fuses and wires.

The next morning the moving men returned to help place the furniture, and after they finally left, Esther got busy with shelf paper.

"Look," said Ben. "You'll just have to get off that ladder. I know the baby isn't due for six weeks yet, but—"

"I'm all right," said Esther. "Today is your birthday and there's going to be a dinner party tonight, and I want the house in order when the gang gets here."

"But they'll never see shelf paper!" exploded Ben.

"Sh-h," said Esther.

When the guests began to arrive that evening, they found a house that looked as though it had been lived in and loved for many years. And there was shelf paper on the shelves. Esther cooked dinner for twenty people in the farm kitchen.

A theater which followed Dial 1119 with Southside 1-1000 had a call from a patron asking, "What number are you running tonight?"—Herb Stein in The Hollywood Reporter.

The next morning at six o'clock Esther stirred slightly in her bed and reached for the clock on the night table. A bit later she nudged Ben. "I think we'd better call the doctor," she said.

"Hmmm?" murmured Ben.

"Darling—call the doctor," she said.

Mr. Gage was sleeping the sleep of the dead, but he answered her anyway. "Honey," he said, "you've had a hard day. But we're moved in now and it'll be easier for you. Just take a seltzer."

When he did wake up, of course, he almost had a stroke. At ten-fifteen they reached the hospital, and a half hour later Kim Gage made his appearance.

Esther was fine, but Ben was a wreck. He never should have let her give him that birthday party, he said. He never should have let her work so hard on moving day. He should have had the family moved in long ago.

"Oh stop!" Esther said. "I feel wonderful. When can I get out of this hospital? There are a million things to be done."

After five days, Esther burst out of the hospital and rushed back to the house. Sawdust covered everything, and from the back of the grounds came the soothing sound of work being done on the pool and the dressing rooms. Even a pile driver would have been music to Esther, because it would have meant progress.

"Now," she said. "First, the cushions for the window seat, then that tree that has to come down—and then there's the

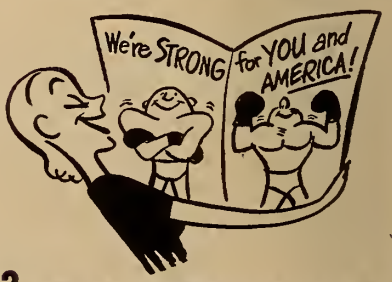
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wallpaper that goes in Benjie's room."

That was the afternoon that Benjie himself added another item to the list of things to be done. He tottered into the living room, proudly holding over his head a mop, the working end of which was enveloped in flames. "Hi," he said, making full use of his vocabulary. Esther screamed and Ben dived the length of the room to capture the flaming mop.

The fireplace in the kitchen is set high into the wall and while they had supposed it to be beyond Benjie's reach, Benjie had proven that nothing is impossible when you are fourteen months old. So now there was the problem of a firescreen.

"I want one," Esther told the salesman, "that will keep a child out of the fire."

"Our item number nine, pictured here, is quite attractive," said the salesman.

"But a baby could go right through that. I want something that's secure at the bottom as well as the top."

"May I suggest this one?" The salesman pointed out a dainty job.

"Won't do," said Esther. "He could tear it to shreds."

Loftily the man said, "Madam, have you ever thought of training your child?"

Esther squinted at him. "How many children do you have?" she said.

The man drew himself up. "I," he said, "am a bachelor."

So Esther found a dealer who had five children, and a Benjie-proof firescreen was ordered forthwith.

The next morning she woke to find the whole house shuddering.

"Go back to sleep," said Ben. "It's only a bulldozer."

"That's what I like about you," said Esther. "You're so lucid. What are we doing with a bulldozer?"

"There are two bulldozers," said Ben. "And how else do you expect us to have a driveway through those trees out front?"

The door opened then, and a stranger poked his head into the room. "Good morning," he said cheerily.

From the depths of their bed, Esther and Ben looked at him blankly.

"I'm the electrician," said the man. "You're having a heater put in here. Sorry. Got to get to work."

THE workmen became fast friends of the Gages. Esther and the carpenters had one great thing in common, and that was a love of fine woodwork. The Gages had put their big Dutch cupboard (circa 1700) into the house long before they moved in themselves. It was set along the wall of the immense living room, and day after day Esther watched with delight the workmen's reaction to it. They never passed the cupboard that they didn't run their fingers over it lovingly.

"Our house," she had told Ben, "must be built around that cupboard."

That meant gracious living and above all, comfort. Esther wanted a house that spelled "home" the minute the front door was open, and in a few instances she had to fight to make it that way. The upholsterer who made her window seat, for instance, put up a battle. He brought the seat and the cushions that went with it, and placed them carefully in their niche, the cushions standing primly upright.

"How's that?" he said.

Esther marched to the window where she picked up the cushions and unceremoniously jammed them into corners. "Just fine," she said.

"But you can't do that," he said. "They're supposed to stand straight up."

"Not in my house," said Esther.

This same man was given carte blanche to make a lamp from a large crock and a milking stool. When he brought it back, crowned with a huge lampshade, it was a breathtaking masterpiece.

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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Every Rosie, Jane and Mable enjoys a march around the breakfast table when DON McNEILL, the happy housewife's delight, issues the famous call to ABC's BREAKFAST CLUB every Monday through Friday at 9 to 10 AM (EST).

Listeners from coast-to-coast have told me about the wonderful feeling they get when this happy-go-lucky lad sets them to starting the day with plenty of bounce. There's never a dull moment with DON! The whole BREAKFAST CLUB gang sort of "gang up" to bring brightness into each day, too.

Would you like to know a little about the personal life of the gay group that "comes to breakfast"? Well, let's begin with the "top man" DONALD THOMAS McNEILL, the country's favorite breakfast-boss. Did you know that DON is one of radio's pioneers? Yes, ma'am, no less an individual than Fred Allen has said that DON brought a new era into being when he created the first BREAKFAST CLUB programs over 17 years ago. If you've watched DON on the weekly DON McNEILL TV CLUB (check your local newspaper for day, time and station) you know that he's 6' 2" tall, weighs about 200 pounds and is one of the handsomest he-men ever to face a camera (or a "mike")!

As for the BREAKFAST CLUB gang, fast-and-funny SAM COWLING has just presented his 10,000th item from the Fiction-and-Fact-from-Sam's-Almanac feature that highlights each show. (You may remember one of SAM's own favorites: "Living with your mother-in-law is like taking a bath. After a while is isn't so hot.") Sam said it. We didn't!

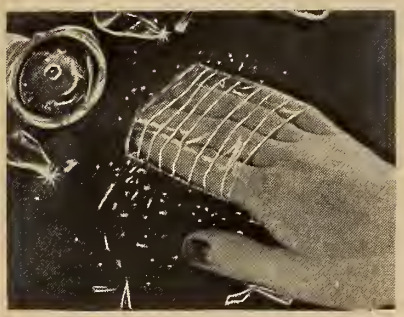
Pert PATSY LEE has received more than 5,000 marriage proposals since she's been on the show . . . oh-JOHNNY DESMOND, who croons a tune and makes you swoon, received this year's "Sorority Sweetheart" award . . . "Aunt Fanny" FRAN ALLISON started her career as a school-teacher . . . and young 'un, BERNIE CHRISTIANSON, recently turned 12, has been named the "singing star of tomorrow."

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Joan Lansing

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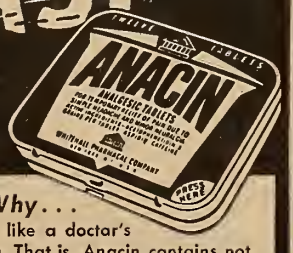
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"But it isn't right," said Esther.

The man bristled slightly. "What do you mean, it isn't right?"

"It's too perfect," Esther said. "I want it to look as though I made it."

"Like *that*?" He pointed to an old lampshade on which Esther had tacked a red gingham border about five years ago. The material was falling down in spots.

"Like that," said Esther. "And furthermore, I'm going to keep it just that way. It has sentimental value, and besides, nobody could be uncomfortable with that staring them in the face."

The phone rang then. It was the studio calling, and in the middle of the conversation an ear-splitting noise came from the back of the house. "Excuse me," said Esther into the phone, and went to the open window. A moment later she picked up the phone again. "I'll have to call you back," she said. "A bulldozer just cut through a water pipe."

Just then a wail went through the house and Esther looked apologetically at the upholsterer. "Now which baby is that? Oh, it's Benjie," she said, and left the room.

When she returned she steered for the telephone. "I'm sorry," she told the man, "but I have to call the doctor. Benjie has a fever."

The man sat down and lit a cigarette and while Esther was talking, Annie the maid came into the room and stood waiting for an end to the conversation.

"Mrs. Gage," she said, "there's a man out back who wants to know where to put the firewood, and one of the men says he can't find the window glass for the dressing room, and somebody just knocked a bucket of paint into the pool, and there's a boy out front who wants to know if we're going to take any papers." She spread her hands in a helpless gesture. "We don't want any papers, do we?"

The upholsterer ground out his cigarette and stood up. "Tell you what," he said to Esther. "I can see your point. I'll take that lamp home and beat on it for a while with a hammer."

She saw him to the door, and looked past his shoulder to the driveway still being shaped by bulldozers.

"You know," she said, "I'm worried about that driveway. It's too big—too elegant."

The man smiled. "You can't expect the *driveway* to look as though you made it. Besides," he said, "with all the friends you'll have in this house, you'll need a highway out front."

"Thank you," said Esther. "Just you go home and give that lamp a shabby touch."

When Ben came home from work late that night, he looked at Esther closely. "I know this sounds silly, knowing you as I do," he said, "but you look a bit tired. I wish you'd take it easier."

"I'm all right," she said. "I promise you —when the next baby comes—I'll lie down, and Annie can bring me orange juice when I ring my little silver bell. Now, about that water pipe. . . ." THE END

portrait of domergue

(*Continued from page 49*) I wanted was comforting, not adventure," she points out.

You might say that Faith first discovered herself because of the lisp. She'd heard that if you were signed by a film studio they placed you in the hands of speech experts. She was fifteen and nearly her present height of five-feet-six inches, when she applied to Warner Brothers for a test without telling her parents about it. The talent head put his fingers in his ears when she talked but he kept his eyes open and that sold him.

ONLY a few weeks later her father, Leo Domergue, who is a car dealer in Beverly Hills, took a summer place in Balboa; and not two days after Faith got there with her mother she was invited aboard a sailing yacht for luncheon by some studio friends. She was child enough to innocently approach a man of about thirty-five who seemed lonely standing by himself. They talked about the weather, and about sailing and then she was called away.

Later one of her friends asked Faith if she knew that the man she'd been talking to was Howard Hughes.

"Oh, you're kidding!" replied Faith, not too sure just who he was. At any rate, Howard Hughes proceeded to buy her contract from Warner Brothers, and held on to it for the better part of ten years.

At RKO, where Hughes placed Faith, a voice expert by the name of Bob Paris went to work on her diction, using toothpicks as mechanical aids. He built a sort of gate of them in her mouth to keep her tongue where it belonged, and set her to reading aloud. At the end of a year's pushing against the barrier her tongue began to stay put. She completed her regular schooling in the studio, and had stiff dramatic training as well.

Then she was ready for her movie debut in *Vendetta*, which has recently been released. She also married Ted Stauffer, a hotel man, after knowing him for 18 days. A separation swiftly followed.

Faith says that her youthful marriage to Stauffer was a mistake for which they were equally to blame, and that they both agree on this now. In 1947, more than a year after their separation, she went to a Beverly Hills party and met Hugo, an Argentinean movie director. She had barely entered the door, she says, when her gaze caught the eyes of a man across the room and she felt herself taking off from an everyday world for something far, far better. The eyes belonged to Hugo, of course, and she remembers that they not only seemed to be saying, "At last . . ." but that when he took her hand she knew he wasn't going to let it go.

Faith reports she finds herself still watching Hugo's eyes these days when he talks to her. "He can be asking me why I didn't send his shirts out to the laundry," she says, "but his eyes will be saying, 'What do I care about some old shirts as long as I have you?'"

As may be imagined, the marriage relationship in the Fregonese household is on an old-fashioned basis. "I don't wear the pants in our family," says Faith. "I am wife and mother first, an actress afterward."

When she was expecting Diana, Hugo, now with Universal-International, had contracts to fulfill in Buenos Aires. They decided that Faith should stay in Hollywood until he got back. A few weeks alone was the most that Faith could take. With Diana's birth still seven months off, she set out on what proved to be a nightmare flight to South America.

In Puerto Rico she discovered giant water bugs in her hotel room, and sat up all night in the lobby. This sent her to a hospital for three days. In Trinidad she had to be carried off the plane on a stretcher and was treated by a Chinese doctor. He was anxious to get her off the island fearing that without hospital treatment she would lose the baby. She dragged herself aboard another plane, this time headed for Bellem, Brazil.

In Bellem all passengers are required to wait for medical okays before being permitted to enter the country—a precaution against malaria. Faith told the doctor she was simply too sick to bother, and again she had to be carried off, but this time Hugo was waiting for her.

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The friends they made in Buenos Aires were soon saying that Faith and Hugo "wrote tangos together," a local way of describing romantic happiness. But Faith also took time out to study Spanish intensively. After Diana's birth she spoke it well enough to star in one of Hugo's native pictures. When they arrived back in Hollywood, she was handed her role in *Where Danger Lives.*

Her apartment is furnished in modern style. She dresses it as she dresses herself, in soft tones touched off with bright spots. The day she met her husband she wore a black, dull satin dress, with red handbag and pins, and he remarked that she was the most feminine looking woman he had ever seen. She has since ordered three more dresses exactly like that one.

FAITH'S general reputation rates her a person of quiet affability, with an impulsive way of talking. She complained to a writer once because his script had her nibbling at her nails while the man she loved was fighting the villain.

"What *would* you do?" asked the writer.

"I'd jump in and chew *his* fingers!"

On her recent personal appearance tours by plane she began faithfully to buy insurance on every trip from the special coin-slot machines provided for this purpose in the airline offices. But one day on a flight from New York to Cincinnati, it slipped her mind. Nearing Cincinnati the stewardess announced that an emergency landing might have to be made because of a snowstorm. Faith cried back, "Oh, no! That isn't fair. I forgot to buy my insurance!"

Didja catch Colbert photographed on the wrong side of her face in that 20th newsreel? Couldn't yell at the cameraman either, who caught her curtsying to the Queen, at the Command Performance of *The Mudlark*—Herb Stein in The Hollywood Reporter.

Faith is a pet of RKO's publicity department because she accepts all arrangements for trips exactly as made.

"She simply is an easy person to be with," says Edith Lynch of the department, who generally accompanies Faith. "A comfortable bed and an eyeshade when it is time to go to sleep is all she needs. Then I can keep the light on to finish my reports, or even read."

Faith spends a lot of time with Pamela Mason (James Mason's wife), whose daughter, Portland, is about the same age as Diana. Pamela has all the scientific books on child-raising and Faith consults her a lot. One day she called Pamela about Diana, who seemed to stutter a little. Pam reported that this meant only that Diana's tongue was trying to catch up with her mind.

"Isn't that funny?" commented Faith. "My tongue was way ahead of me and used to hiss at people before I even knew what I wanted to say."

When Faith was a child she had a habit of losing articles of her wardrobe—particularly those she didn't like. She once wore a brand new coat just an hour before walking off and leaving it in a field.

Pam reported that this occurs with little girls who don't know what they want.

Today Faith knows. She wants to spend most of her life in her little duplex apartment. When a writer recently told her that she didn't seem so much an actress, as she did a happy wife, she laughed.

"When you talk like that you make me feel I am a happy actress as well," she said. But when she started to talk about her picture plans, the conversation somehow got back to Hugo and Diana and that little apartment again. THE END

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enjoy yourself

(*Continued from page 37*) That decided it for Sheila. She notified her folks and married Gordon in Cleveland's Old Stone Church on May 21, 1941, with Horace Heidt and his wife in attendance.

"Every man must have a good wife if he's to be happy," Gordon says. Then adds, "She's the talent in our family. When you meet her, you meet me."

When they finally returned to New York, Gordon landed a place in Ray Bloch's radio chorus and a role in the Broadway production *Junior Miss.* The young MacRaes dined on steaks in the best restaurants, were at home at a good address and went around in Cadillacs. This came to an end and they found themselves living part of the time with Gordon's mother and part of the time with Sheila's family. The future didn't look rosy.

Gordon finally landed a sustaining (non-sponsored, therefore not very lucrative) radio program. He loved the work. Dick Haymes and Frank Sinatra, who'd had that job before him, were really up there now.

But instead of the name "Gordon MacRae" being bandied about in celebrity circles, it was lost in the Army three months later.

"What's your first name," a sergeant barked at the new recruit that June day in 1943.

"Gordon," MacRae answered quickly.

"Then what's this *A.* Gordon MacRae here on this form?"

Startled, Gordon answered, "Well, sir, my first name's really Albert, but I've never been. . . ."

"You're in the Army now. From now on you're Albert G. MacRae," the sergeant informed him coldly.

So Sheila followed Albert G. MacRae whenever and wherever she could—even when his intensive war-time training period allowed him only one hour a week with her. Not until Sheila was in a Houston, Texas, hospital for the arrival of their first child did Albert G. MacRae get any special leave from his nearby base. And then it came only an hour before their daughter arrived. After that event it was two weeks before he and Sheila had enough time together to settle on Meredith Lynn as the baby's name.

Albert G. MacRae advanced from private to lieutenant. When he was discharged, he had spent some time flying the south Atlantic as navigator for the Military Transport Command's C-47's and C-43's.

THE Gordon MacRae who returned to New York was two inches taller than the one who left. He found his name all but forgotten. Not until he landed a sponsored show, NBC's "Teentimers," did people begin talking about him again. Then he got a part in the Broadway musical *Three To Make Ready.* That brought offers from Capitol Records and Warner Brothers studio, both of which he accepted. But he was no overnight sensation and it's quite possible he might still be trying to achieve success except for a teen-age girl, the daughter of an advertising executive.

One night this executive unburdened himself to his family at his own dinner table.

The dignified American Association of Railroads, one of his firm's most important accounts, had never utilized the radio medium in their public relations campaign. Now suddenly they'd decided to try it. They wanted a dignified program presenting a young singer. Someone with unmistakably great promise; someone who was now virtually unknown, who would develop along with the program. He had to be a clean-cut young American whose private life would stand the severest scrutiny. Further, he had to be unbelievably versatile, able to sing the latest popular songs and the most demanding classics with equal ease.

"Now just where am I going to find someone like that?" the executive demanded of his family.

"Oh, Daddy, get Gordon MacRae! He's yum-m-m-ee!" his teen-age daughter exclaimed rapturously.

"Who?" the man asked blankly.

"Gordon MacRae," she repeated, her face filled with blind enthusiasm.

"Well," the executive says now, "I thought he'd turn out to be another one of those crooners with limited ability. But I couldn't face my girl again if I didn't at least listen to her latest rave. Happily, I'm an indulgent father."

"So far Gordon has sung 54 completely different musical comedy, light opera or operetta roles on "The Railroad Hour's" winter shows alone. They've ranged from 19th century hits through the latest current ones we're permitted to broadcast. The only criticism we get is that the show isn't long enough. I've been in this business a long time but never before have I seen a personality get so many letters which start out, 'I've never written anyone like this before but . . .' Well, you can see he's far more than fulfilled our early expectations of anyone."

GORDON'S first three pictures at Warner Brothers brought only a so-so response, but when *Tea For Two* came out in September of 1950, his fan mail zoomed him right up among the top three attention-getters. The effect of *The West Point Story* hadn't had time to show up at the time this was written. Now he's making *Moonlight Bay* with Doris Day.

Outsiders figuring conservatively estimate Gordon's earnings for 1950 can't be less than $250,000.

He has followed in his father's footsteps pretty well. At 29, he has provided his family with the same kind of luxury. Not the luxury of jewels and furs. Sheila, to whom he is so deeply devoted, doesn't have a fur coat and doesn't care about having one. She wears rhinestones rather than diamonds. But they do enjoy a gracious, spacious home with their two daughters and one son. There'll be good schools for those youngsters. There'll be wonderful trips to Europe and elsewhere. And there'll be ample financial security for them all *if* Uncle Sam doesn't decide he needs Albert G. MacRae more than Gordon MacRae.

Gordon's not working toward the day

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Gordon MacRae was appearing on the stage of the Strand Theater, a little girl in the audience called out loudly, "Mommy, can I go up on the stage?" Mr. MacRae heard her and said, "Of course you can honey." He knelt down, lifted her onto the stage, spoke with her, and then held her in his arms while he sang his next song.

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he can retire from his profession. He hopes to be singing all his life. Before long he'll add a concert tour to his already crowded activities. Even then he won't have tapped the full potential of his voice. William Brady, with whom he studies voice whenever in New York, says it would take only three years of concentrated study for Gordon to be equally successful in grand opera. But Gordon's not ready to abandon what he has now in order to gain that achievement. And Brady agrees, saying, "Do whatever you love."

That's exactly what Gordon determined to do in those days following his father's death.

"My father was happiest on Sundays," Gordon says. "At least that's the way I remember. In the afternoons he'd usually go to Schenectady where as 'Wee Willie' MacRae he sang over Station WGY. Then Sunday evenings, we'd gather in the living room to listen to the 'Ford Symphony Hour.' When that was over, we'd create our own music. Good music. Mother had studied to become a concert pianist. Occasionally others joined us, but usually it was just mother, father, my sister Jane and me. Father was so completely relaxed and happy those evenings. Quite different from the man I saw at the factory working so hard and at such a pace he couldn't relax."

So today Gordon MacRae, in the opinion of a lot of people who should know, is the most relaxed, though busiest, personality to hit Hollywood since Bing Crosby arrived. In addition to motion pictures, radio, recordings and personal appearances, Gordon has appeared at more than 100 benefit performances in the past year besides cutting approximately an equal number of transcriptions for other benefit and community drives to use in their radio campaigns.

His is a sane success story. THE END

the loneliest man in town

(*Continued from page 61*) said simply, yet tenderly, that in Howard's absence she'd found another boy friend. She was very sorry, she said, but she was now in love and had to take happiness when she could find it.

The letter broke him up. After he read it, the momentary shock was so great that he showed no reaction. At first he couldn't believe it. When he read it the second time, the truth began to penetrate and hurt, because if ever a man were in love, that man was Howard Duff.

She was a tall, willowy brunette with soft blue eyes. Howard had first met her in Los Angeles where she worked for a recording studio, and he had fallen in love with her slowly. This in itself was unusual, for the time was 1943 and emotions everywhere were heightened to the point where one date meant romance and two meant marriage. Only Howard and his girl seemed unaware of the panic. It was as if they were sure of what they had, sure that time could not ever diminish their deep feelings for each other.

Duff was in the Army, stationed in Los Angeles, and at night he would call for her and they would dine at Brittingham's or walk along Sunset Boulevard, or on Sundays go down to the beach, always held by the wonder of their love.

All this must have passed in a moment before Duff's eyes that day on the beach in the Pacific.

From that day on, he was wary. He kept his thoughts to himself. He met other women with restraint, shyness, and fear of the potential hurt each one might bring into his carefully self-insulated life.

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Duff says now, "I was very much in love. There's no use lying about it, and I still think of her from time to time. But I've gotten over it. At least, I think I've gotten over it. After all, it's been six years."

In those six years, Duff has dated dozens of girls, and practically all of them will tell you that, "He's a strange date."

One actress says, "When you go out with Howard, the thing that surprises you most about him is his economy of speech. You get the feeling that he knows so much and that he really wants to talk, only there's something holding him back. He was born in Seattle, I know, and he's not British, but there's almost a British kind of reserve about him.

"I understand that he was very much in love once, and I guess he was hurt because he somehow always manages to keep his distance, as if he's not going to get burned a second time."

This restraint was something which Yvonne De Carlo never understood about Duff. After the war when he signed a contract with Universal, he and Yvonne began to see a lot of each other. These two were bright, young players being groomed for stardom, and their similar environment threw them together; anyway, a wholesome affection sprung up between them.

Those who knew Duff intimately felt that his romance with Yvonne was just a case of rebound—but Yvonne never felt that way.

The general opinion is that she was really in love with Duff and attributed his lackadaisical courting technique to his basic manner of behavior.

She didn't know about Howard's resolve not to get hurt again; and the sad result was that when her romance with Howard began to fade, it was she who was hurt. Fortunately, her career was going great guns at the time and she took the bit of pain in stride.

Similarly, Howard had to prove his mettle three years later when, after going with Ava Gardner on and off for 33 months, the beautiful brunette replaced him in her heart with Frank Sinatra.

DUFF was daffy about Ava from the very first moment he met her at a Mark Hellinger party in New York. Ava is very easy to be daffy about. She is not only physically irresistible, but what men like most about her is her honesty. She puts on no airs. When she doesn't know a thing, she comes out and says flatly, "I never heard of it." She never acts the Hollywood actress. She is plain, down-to-earth, and seemingly incapable of the usual feminine coyness. She also believes in letting her escort take the lead in conversation, and she makes no demands upon his time or money.

Men see in Ava the potential perfect wife. And that's what Howard saw in her.

Unfortunately, when Ava met Duff she had been hurt badly by two marital misadventures: one to Mickey Rooney who's about as shy and introverted as a Congressman campaigning for re-election, and one to the high-strung Artie Shaw.

She therefore made it a point not to get serious with Howard. Whenever anyone asked her about her marital intentions, she usually came up with, "Oh! We're just going around for laughs."

And between Ava and Howard there were thousands of them. They went everywhere and did everything together. Ava thawed Howard out. He became the old Duff, more smiles, more expansive, more fun. He rented a house down at the beach. On Sundays, he and Ava always had a crowd down. They'd spin records, dance, picnic on the beach.

Duff fell in love with Ava. He didn't want to. But a man can't help loving, and Howard is certainly a man.

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However, Ava didn't feel for Duff what Duff felt for Ava. She liked him, and she still likes him—but when it came to marriage, Howard wasn't what Ava wanted.

Just what that is, Ava herself cannot say. "I want to get married and raise a lot of babies," she always says. "And I know that men who aren't in show business make better husbands than men who are. But I was never really serious about Howard, and maybe he wasn't about me. We're still good friends and I talk to him a lot."

When Ava started seeing a good deal of Frank Sinatra—after Frank's separation from Nancy—Duff was hurt. He never said anything about it, and he tried not to show it—but for the second time in his short life, his love had gone unrequited.

Since Ava, Howard has dated Marta Toren, Piper Laurie, Gloria De Haven, and Ida Lupino. The Piper Laurie and DeHaven dates have been publicity shows.

As for Marta Toren and Ida Lupino—Duff is exceedingly fond of them both, and it is significant that neither of these two girls is American. Marta is Swedish and Ida is British, and between the two of them they have an enormous amount of savoir-faire and continental charm.

The columnists insist that Ida will become the first Mrs. Howard Duff, and Ida insists that these same columnists have rocks in their heads.

As for Duff, now recovering from a broken leg—he sits in his house down at the beach, alone and a bachelor, fixing his own meals, reading, smoking his pipe, and playing his records.

"Of course I should be married," he says, "but maybe marriage has passed me by. Who knows? All I know is that if I don't get married within the next year or two, I'll probably never get hitched. A man gets used to one sort of life and then it's tough to change.

"It's also tough to find a good wife in this business. Girls who come out here are more interested in careers than husbands.

"Don't think for a minute that I'm griping, because I'm not. It's just that a lot of people think I lead the perfect life because I'm single and I have a good job. Actually, like most other single people, I get pretty lonely. All the stuff you read in the columns about me and the girls—not true. Once in awhile, Ida comes over and we talk and have a bite to eat, but it's no love affair, and it's nothing serious.

"The plain truth is that I'm probably the loneliest actor in town and will stay that way until and if I find a wife." THE END

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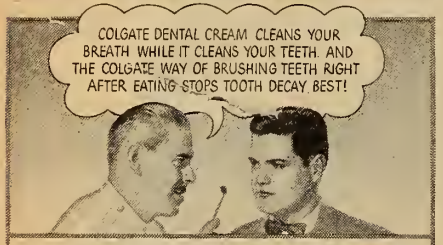
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APRIL, 1951

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'ANNIE GET YOUR GUN'
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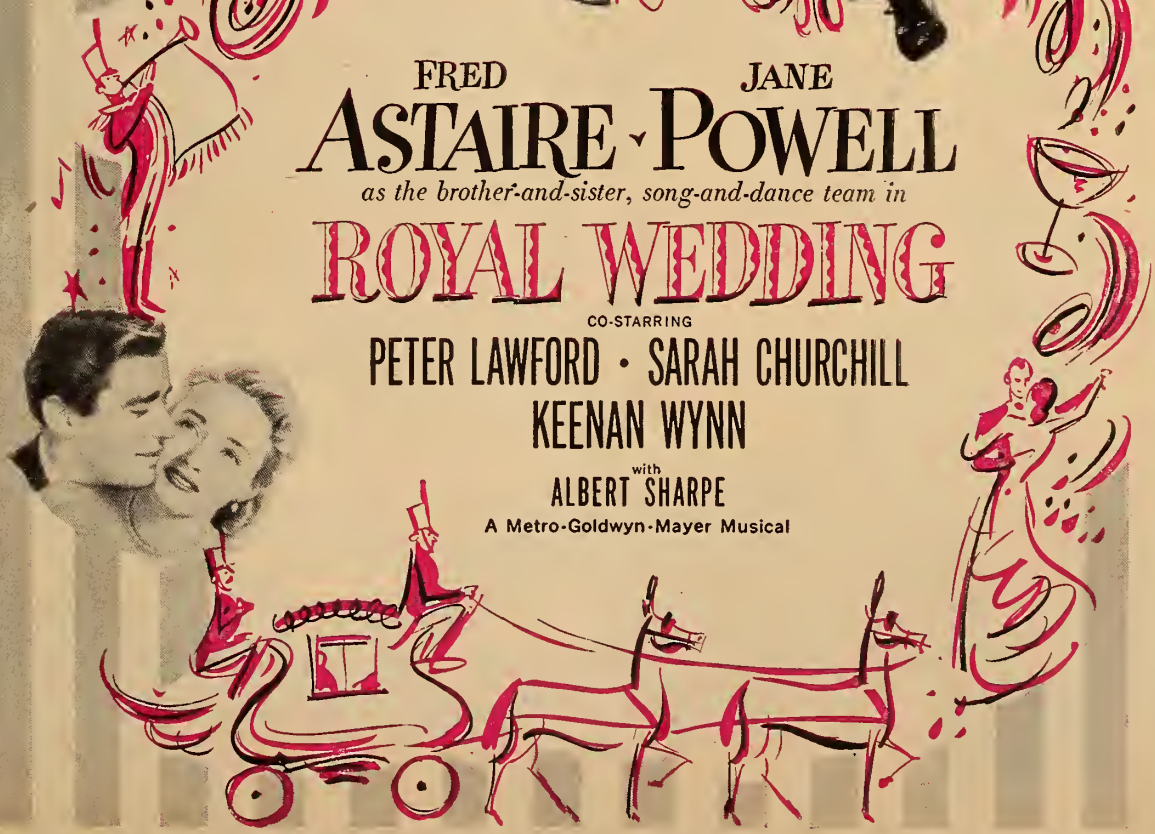
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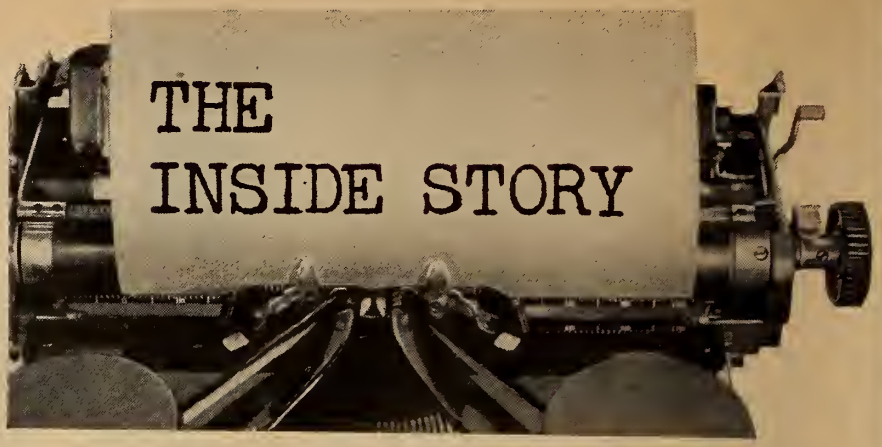
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Dixie Lee Crosby is planning to divorce Bing in the near future?—T. T., San Francisco, Calif.

A. *No truth to this whatever. As* Modern Screen *predicted last year when rumors of the Crosby marital strife were rampant, Bing is spending more time with his wife these days than ever before. To start the New Year right, he threw a large Western party for 150 friends. It was at this party that his brother and business manager, Everett, buried the hatchet with Dixie, thereby ending a lengthy family feud. Bing's attitude toward the press has also changed, and he is currently the sweet, affable charmer of the old days. Now that Gary, Phil, and Dennis, the three oldest Crosby boys, have gone off to prep school at Bellarmine in San Jose, Dixie and Bing are re-discovering each other.*

Q. Will Rita Hayworth have to return to Hollywood because her husband is broke? —R. R., Reno, Nev.

A. *Aly Khan is far from broke. In fact, he will never be broke as long as his father, the Aga Khan, remains spiritual ruler of the Moslems. As for Rita's return to Hollywood, she has now postponed that indefinitely. When reached in Mombasa, Africa, recently, this is what she had to say: "I suppose I wouldn't be adverse to making another film, but there just doesn't seem to be a suitable vehicle." Columbia Studios, which has Rita under contract until 1953, has been searching desperately for a suitable script. Rita is difficult to cast since she is essentially a dancer and not a dramatic actress.*

Q. I have received many autographed pictures from stars. Do they sign their names on these photographs or does someone else?—C. G., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Most do, though some have their secretaries sign for them.*

Q. Is there anything serious between Ann Blyth and Glenn Davis, the football player who used to go with Liz Taylor? —A. V., Dover, Del.

A. *They've dated twice, but Glenn is now playing the field.*

Q. I understand that June Allyson is Dick Powell's third wife, and that he's almost twice as old as she is. I also understand that June's cute little-girl act is a cover-up for her hard-as-nails personality. How much of this is true? —V. D., Denver, Col.

A. *June is half Dick's age, and she is his third wife. As regards her so called "hard-as-nails personality," this is neither true nor fair. June didn't have a father when she was a young girl, and had to make her own way in life. As a result she has developed an extraordinary amount of self-reliance. But she never stepped on anyone's heart as she climbed her ladder of success.*

Q. Who has Elizabeth Taylor been dating now that she and Nicky Hilton have parted?—T. C., Hartford, Conn.

A. *Liz has been too sick to date anyone lately. In fact, for several days she was checked into the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood under the name of Jones. For a time, doctors thought she might be suffering from a stomach ulcer. It was decided eventually, however, that her illness was psychsomatic in origin—purely mental with physical manifestations brought on because of her impending divorce from Nicky. You may expect Vic Damone to resume his courting of Liz soon, and Stanley Donen, Liz's director of* Love Is Better Than Ever, *is very interested in her.*

Q. I read in the papers that John Agar and Jackie Coogan have been arrested for drunken driving. Why do these young Hollywood actors drink so much? What's wrong with Agar, anyway? —D. Y., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *Young Hollywood actors drink no more or less than young men in any other community. Agar suffers from an inferiority complex, and is not particularly happy.*

Q. I have a bet with my husband. He says Hopalong Cassidy has been married four times. I say Billy Boyd who is Hopalong has been married only once. Who wins?—T. G., San Diego, Cal.

A. *Your husband.*

Q. Is it true that directors have a hard time directing Marlon Brando and Monty Clift? —C. D., Moline, Ill.

A. *It's true. Both refuse to perform any sort of action in front of a camera which they consider not in line with the characterization they are trying to make real. Each prefers the stage to the screen.*

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Written and Directed by DELMER DAVES · Associate Producer HARMON JONES

20th CENTURY-FOX



Ava Gardner and Kathryn Grayson became close friends while warking on *Show Boat*. At Kay Thampson's Macambo apening they were guests of Howard Keel. Ava's date was Roger Eden.



Sid Luft brought Judy Garland, 22 pounds heavier than usual, to the Thompson opening. Kay, once vocal coach at MGM, and Judy are old friends. Gloria De Haven dropped by to tell them a story.



Ronald Reagan, who claims he isn't carrying a torch for ex-wife Jane Wyman, looked convincing as he escorted Nancy Davis to the premiere of *Operation Pacific*. Nancy dotes Bab Wolker *and* Ronnie.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

THE CROSBY'S THROW A PARTY . . .

By the time you readers scan this edition of Modern Screen, Doris Day will probably be married to Marty Melcher, Hollywood agent. When I asked them about their plans, both were very frank in telling me they will marry just as soon as Marty's divorce from Patti Andrews (of the Andrews Sisters) is final.

There had been a lot of talk that Doris and Marty would slip across the border for a Mexican marriage without waiting for the California divorce to become final. So I asked them about this gossip.

"That will never happen," Doris told me. "I want my marriage to Marty to be *right*. I couldn't do that to my little son. Marty loves him. We never want the slightest question about the legality of our marriage to come up."

Doris' mother lives with her and looks after the child. She approves of Marty who likes her too—so there will be no trouble in that direction.

"Mom will live with us," Doris said. "Both Marty and I want it that way. I feel my son needs her while I am busy at the studio."

I had a completely different idea of Doris until I had her on my radio show and grew to know her. She is not the harum-scarum girl I had pictured. She has worked hard all her life and is a very level-headed person.

Green Room lunchers at Warners were surprised to walk in the café and find Farley Granger and Patricia Hitchcock crawling around a table on their hands and knees!

They were looking for Pat's tooth—a loose and detachable molar formerly anchored to the mouth of pretty Pat until she bit into a hard roll and sent it spinning!



John Agar and rising young Metro star, Poulo Raymond are a new twosome. He took her to the premiere of *Operation Pacific*, starring John Wayne. Agar's latest is *The Magic Carpet.*



So many *Good News* readers have written asking what Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, that delightful party-giver, looks like that we've captured this picture of her. Louella always calls her "the lovely Loreno" and now you know the reason why.

MORE ABOUT UNHAPPY LIZ TAYLOR . . . CHARMIN' SHARMAN TAKES A JOB . . . COCKTAILS AT THE HODIAKS' . . .

"I think it landed over here," said Farley politely, still on all fours.

"No," mumbled Miss H., who is thriller-director, Alfred Hitchcock's daughter, "I think it bounced thisaway."

But it was Farley who found it.

"Isn't it wonderful that we aren't in love?" Pat giggled. "This is embarrassing enough to ruin any romance."

THE loss of Lana Turner's baby (the second time she has lost an expected child since her marriage to Bob Topping) is not going to deter her from trying again. She told me that her doctors assure her that it is completely possible for her to bear a child. "Unless, of course, I should fall again, or suffer a similar accident. But next time I'm going to sit in a wheelchair or stay in bed most of the time," she said.

Olivia DeHavilland remained in bed seven months before the birth of her baby, remember?

In spite of their disappointment over the loss of the baby, Lana is again being besieged with a barrage of rumors that she and Bob are on the verge of separating. "That won't happen," Lana said. "We've been married for three years and our quarrels are not any more serious or even as serious as many married people have." *(For another view of Lana's marriage, see page 27.—Ed.)*

SHIRLEY Temple is radiantly happy with her bridegroom, Charles Black, and their home life is ideal. Should Charles be called back to the Navy, which seems likely as he was a Lt. Commander in the last war and is in the Reserves. Shirley will follow him wherever he is stationed.

She was very upset over the arrest of John Agar on a drunk-driving charge, not because there is the slightest flicker of feeling still burning, but because he is the father of her little Linda Sue.

Although John has permission to visit the little girl, he seldom does. But Shirley is a wise girl. As much as she would like the baby to be adopted by her present husband, she will make no move in that direction; at least, not right away.

JANE Powell insisted on finishing *Rich, Young and Pretty* when she was a very sick girl. The singing star's pregnancy (she and Geary Steffen expect a baby in the Spring) is complicated by a stomach ulcer.

Yet, in spite of the fact that she was frequently in pain during the final week of the picture, and was in a generally run down condition, she refused to ask for a leave of absence because, "too many people on the picture would be taken off salary."

They really love little Janie on the MGM lot from the front office to the back gate.

"IF she thinks she's going to tell me how to dress and conduct myself, she has another guess coming," snapped an RKO starlet following word that Sharman Douglas, our ex-ambassador's daughter, had signed with that studio as a "special public relations consultant" —press agent in less fancy terms.

Now isn't that silly? In the first place, Sharman's job is not that of a monitor. But wouldn't you think any girl starting out on a career would be *glad* to get the advice of a young woman with Sharman's good taste? When the Douglases were living in London, charmin' Sharman was the closest girl friend of Princess Margaret.

The young lady who made the remark that she didn't want or need any help could actually stand some advice. Her gowns are cut much too low for such a young girl, and she wears too much makeup.

AVA Gardner and Kathryn Grayson became the best of friends making *Show Boat.* The two beauties go to London this Spring for a joint appearance at the Palladium. And they are just as pally socially as they are professionally, which ain't always the case when two glamor girls work together.

They came together to a big party hosted by the Howard Keels when Kay Thompson opened at the Mocambo. What eyefuls—Kathryn in strapless velvet, and Ava in a sleek, black, backless gown.

Ava's escort was Roger Eden, but she spent most of her time in the telephone booth telephoning Frank Sinatra in New York.

Speaking of *Show Boat*, there's an amusing romantic tangling-up on that picture. Bob Sterling, who makes love to Ava in the movie, is Nancy Sinatra's devoted beau in private life. Many people believe that Nancy and Bob are becoming so serious she may change her mind about not divorcing Frankie—clearing the way for him to marry Ava.

I asked a private spy how Bob (he is Ann Sothern's ex, you know) and Ava got along on the set considering the, shall we say, "embarrassment" of their private affections?

"They got along beautifully," was the answer. "Had lots of laughs and liked each other very much. But I don't believe that the name

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

'Sinatra'—either *Mr.* or *Mrs.*—was ever mentioned between them."

JUDY GARLAND has put on 22 pounds—and it isn't becoming. But her friends hesitate to suggest that she diet because it makes her very nervous.

Almost every night Judy is nightclubbing with Sid Luft and they act very much in love. I hear that Vincente Minnelli said, after Judy announced their separation, "This time it's for keeps. I've done all I can." No one will deny that. He was an angel to Judy all through her trouble.

One thing that hasn't changed about her—is her voice. Frequently, in the wee early hours of the morning, when the clubs are almost deserted, Judy gets up on the bandstand and sings as thrillingly and wonderfully as ever.

And there's something so sad about all this wasted great talent.

THE best news out of Hollywood in a long time is the way Dixie and Bing Crosby are getting along these days.

They hosted their first Hollywood party in six years when they opened wide the doors of their big house overlooking the Los Angeles Country Club golf links and invited their pals for a "western shindig" honoring Dixie's best friend, Kitty Sexton.

Kitty and her husband used to manage the Crosby ranch at Elko. Now they have bought adjoining property—a ranch of their own.

The party was a whizz. Of course, Sue and Alan Ladd were there—they are such close friends of Dixie. Also Lana Turner and Bob Topping, Pat Dane and Bill Morrow, the Bob Crosbys and Everett Crosby. Yes, Everett (who manages Bing's affairs) and Dixie have kissed and made up after a family feud that lasted too long.

Of course, everyone was waiting for the Crosbys to start singing—which they did. Bing introduced his big boy Gary as "the competition."

Way late in the morning, Bing and Dixie were in the kitchen scrambling eggs and frying ham steaks for the stragglers and singing duets, just like in the good old days.

Could anything be grander?

I DINED with the newlywed Stewart Grangers —Mrs. G. is the former Jean Simmons, don'tcha know—and never laughed harder than over "Jimmy's" (that's his real name and what Jean calls him) account of their early romance in England.

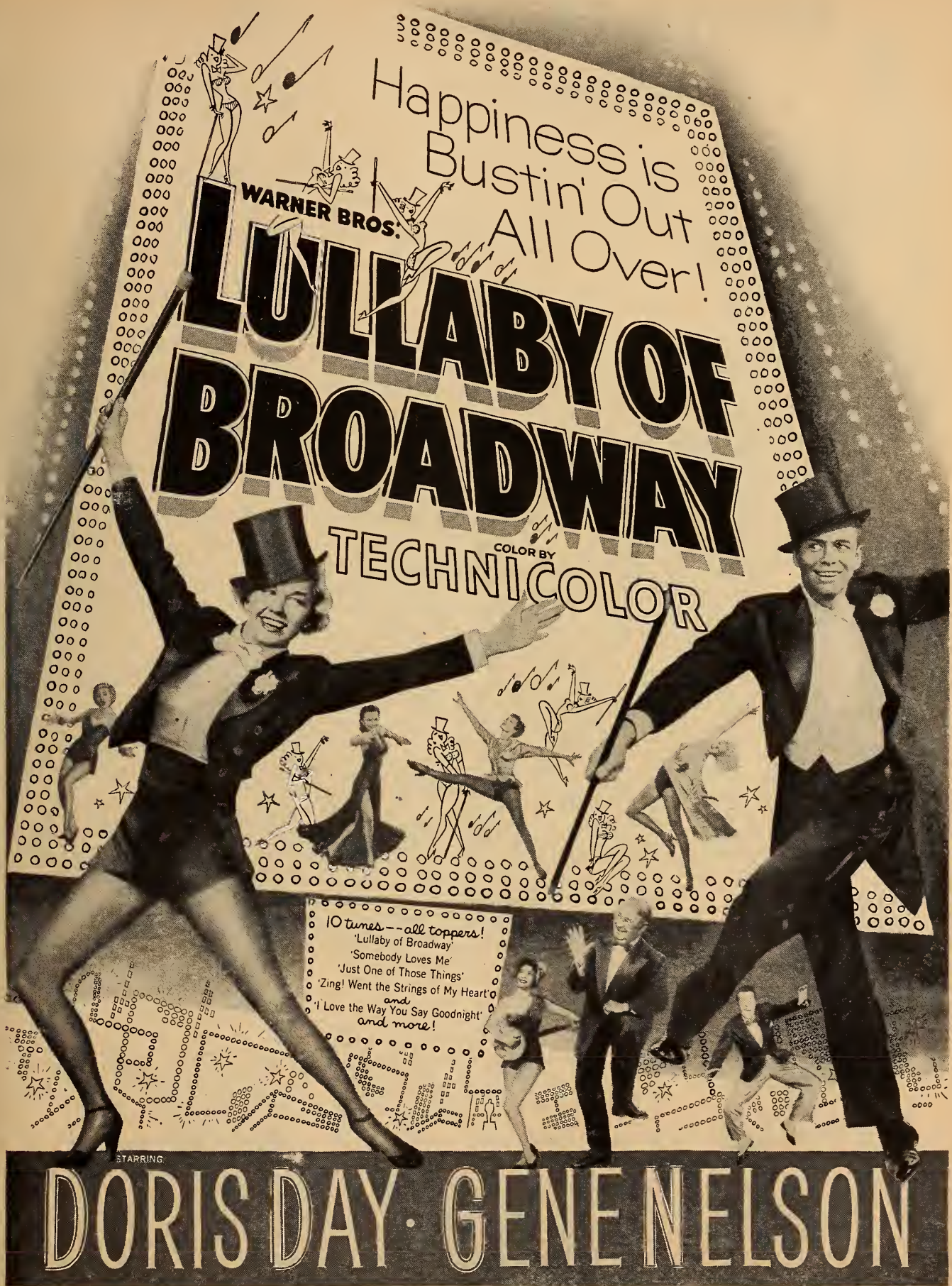
"Jean was a little girl of about 13 or 14 when I first saw her around the studios," he told me. "And she was batting those beautiful big eyes of hers at me right from the start."

"I was in love with him from the moment I saw him," nodded the new Mrs. Granger, who is now just 19—the same age as Elizabeth Taylor—but she is far more mature than our Liz.

"I was terrified," Granger went on. "I thought everyone would be thinking 'look at that nasty old man—flirting with that *child!*' "

But, Jean grew up and got her man—and I've seldom seen two happier people.

The big house they bought in Bel Air is only half-furnished. "We have no stove or ice box," the bridegroom explained, "but we already have a house guest, Michael Wilding, our best man. No unfurnished home should be without a guest!" (*Continued on page 10*)


Happiness is Bustin' Out All Over!
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10 tunes--all toppers!
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and
'I Love the Way You Say Goodnight'
and more!
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DORIS DAY · GENE NELSON
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S.Z. SAKALL · BILLY DE WOLFE · GLADYS GEORGE · DAVID BUTLER · WILLIAM JACOBS
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● "I do recommend Ayds to any woman who has a problem with her figure," says Sonja Henie, Star of the Sonja Henie Hollywood Ice Review. "I keep myself in trim all the time with the help of Ayds. I can't think of a better way to reduce."



10 ***The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS***

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

He says that he and Jean and Michael take most of their meals at drug store counters in Beverly Hills. "It's delicious and the service is so *immediate* you can already have indigestion by the time the average restaurant is serving your soup."

I noticed that the young Grangers (yep, he is young even if he is listed as 37 on his studio biog.) laugh a great deal together. That's one of the best recipes I know for a happy, happy marriage.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR feels now, more than ever, that she is living in a goldfish bowl. That was what she told me when she and Nicky Hilton came to my home before their trouble. Now that she and Nicky are divorced, every move that she makes becomes a "news" event.

My young friend Liz doesn't always use good sense. Put that down to youth.

For instance, it was not at all necessary for her to use the assumed name of "Rebecca Jones" when she had to go to the hospital for a few days. Of course, it got out—and much more of a to-do was made than if Elizabeth had just gone into the hospital for her cold like any other person.

She received many calls from a "Mr. Mills"—who, it turns out, was Stanley Donen, good looking, attractive young MGM director on her picture *Love Is Better Than Ever*.

Just how serious it is between Elizabeth and Stan I don't know. Who does know with Liz? But as I write this, he's the one in her life. She has gone out a few times with Vic Damone, but that is no more serious than it was in the old days.

Liz would like to live her own life, but her studio insisted she go back home, which must have made her parents very happy. They were very worried over Elizabeth's unhappy matrimonial experience and her decision to live away from their home, until MGM changed her mind.

THE cocktail party and buffet dinner hosted by Anne Baxter and John Hodiak was one of the nicest of the season. Their home is so attractive—liveable and comfortable and yet very modern in its furnishings. (*For more about their home see page 42.—Ed.*)

Anne, who is blooming like a rose over all the praise she has received for her performance in *All About Eve*, wore a becoming blue hostess gown. John, formerly a lone wolf, has changed a lot since his marriage and really enjoys social events. He was a perfect host, with that marvelous quality of making each guest feel he or she is the one person he wishes to have an especially good time.

I think there is a better understanding between Anne and John than at any time in their married life. She told me one day when I was talking to her, "You know—like most married people we have grown closer with the years and our interests are more united."

John is very popular, too, with his mother-in-law, which is high praise. Anne's family were at first opposed to the marriage.

In addition to all the stars at the Hodiak party, I noticed so many people with whom Anne and John work among the guests. They are really such sincere people.

CLOSE-UP of Janet Leigh: She worries herself because she seems capable of being in love with two men at the same time. When she's in Hollywood, (*Continued on page 12*)

Women are buzzing about

the amazing new enamelon ingredient

that makes low-priced nail polish

chip less, wear better, look brighter

than high-priced polish



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NEW CUTEX COLORGENIC LIPSTICK
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CUTEX luxury nail polish

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

she loves Tony Curtis best. When she's in New York, it's goodlooking TV actor, Bob Quarrie. . . . Her closest girl friend is Nancy Sinatra. She frequently spends the night at Nancy's home and they sit up all hours talking "girl talk". . . . She doesn't like to drink, but now and then celebrates a special event with champagne. . . . She owns more elaborate bathing suits than Esther Williams —her favorite being a gorgeous pink satin. . . . She likes to be suntanned, but not burned. Thinks skin too "burned up" is not attractive to men. . . . She likes jokes if they are silly, not naughty. . . . Her mother and father live with her in her new home because she likes them better than anybody else in the world. She has no desire for a bachelor apartment. . . . She cooks fairly well and doesn't mind cleaning up afterward. . . . Hard work doesn't bother her. She's restless when she is idle. . . . She is a great admirer of other screen stars. Thinks Lana Turner is "gorgeous"; Bette Davis "wonderful"; Esther Williams' figure "divine." . . . She uses very little makeup, but loves lipstick so much she puts it on before going to bed. . . . She can wear all colors but prefers pink, pale green, white in the order named. . . . She is very honest but can fib a little if it means saving someone's feelings from being hurt. Maybe that's how she frequently finds herself in the bewildering spot of not being able to hurt her beaux—any of them!

THE Louis B. Mayer party for the Quo *Vadis* returnees (Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Mervyn Le Roy and Sam Zimbalist) was already scheduled and invitations were out when, just two days before the gala event, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor announced their separation. (*Read "Second Heartbreak," the story of the Taylor marriage, on page 40.* —Ed.)

It was a sad beginning for a perfectly wonderful evening. Neither Bob nor Barbara was in a partying mood and both sent their regrets to the Mayers. Everyone felt very bad about this break-up of two popular people after 11 years of marriage. But no one mentioned it, and the party Mayfair Room in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, where the social affair was held, swung into high gear early in the evening.

I sat at the table with my lovely hostess, Lorena, Mervyn Le Roy, and producer Sam Zimbalist. Claudette Colbert was also with us and her gown was beautiful beyond description—bouffant bronze lace it was, with gold threads—absolutely gorgeous.

Another eyeful was honor guest Deborah Kerr, in pink with a full train made of tiny pink ruffles.

It was the first big party Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had attended since their return from Europe, and Mrs. Fairbanks was much admired in a white gown with a sparkling diamond tiara on her sleek dark hair.

Mervyn Le Roy, my dinner partner, told me that it was so hot in Rome during the making of Quo *Vadis* that the cast and crew lost an average of 15 pounds apiece.

I saw Esther Williams, in a low cut white satin gown, dancing time after time with Ben Gage—who else? That is one gal who adores "her man" and doesn't care if the whole world knows it.

AND that's all this month. Be seeing you.

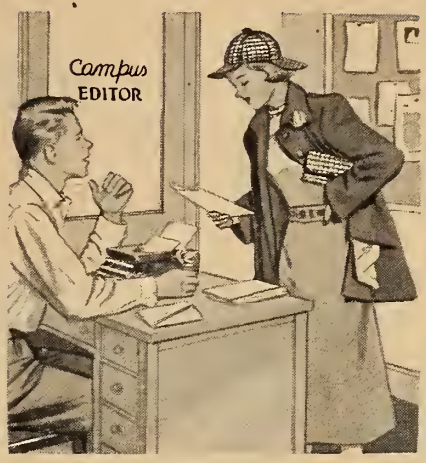
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What helps smooth out too-curly locks?

- ☐ *Softening*
- ☐ *Stretching*
- ☐ *Brushing*

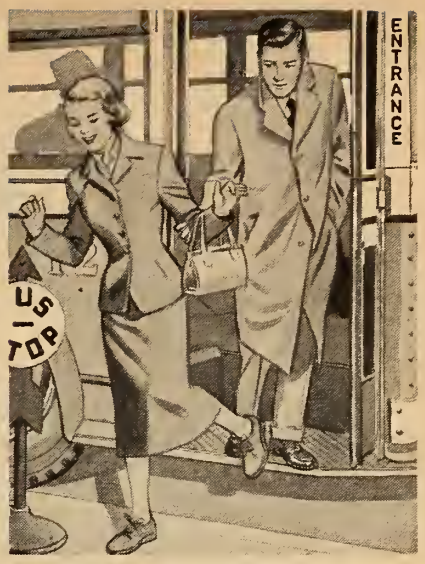
If you're a frizz-kid, don't fret. Have your locks shaped and thinned out. After each washing, use a softening rinse; apply wave set to s-t-r-e-t-c-h hair while putting into pin curls. And you'll find constant brushing can help smooth those problem tresses. Of course, you can smooth away problem-*day* cares—with the comfort of *Kotex* to keep you at ease. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives softness that *holds its shape.*



Is "snooper" the word for a—

- ☐ *School poper columnist*
- ☐ *Choperone*
- ☐ *Chopeou*

You could check all 3 answers and who'd argue? Main thing, though, is the chapeau. Sharp as Sherlock and twice as newsy, this "snooper" cap's a date-stalker! Comes in chintz, calico, tie silk, etc.—to suit your different spring togs. And for certain times, so you can choose just the kind of sanitary protection to suit you—Kotex comes in *3 absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days). By trying Regular, Junior, Super, you'll find the very one for you.



When leaving a vehicle, which is correct?

- ☐ *Ladies first*
- ☐ *Ladies lost*
- ☐ *Look before you leop*

When you leave a bus, street car, taxi or jalopy—ladies *last* is the rule. That's so your squire can assist you to a safe landing. To owl up fast on etiquette, dating, grooming, fashions—send for the *free* booklet "Are You In The Know?" New! Fascinating! Important poise-pointers reprinted from these magazine advertisements (*without "commercials"*), in booklet form. Write today. It's *free.* Address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 14, Chicago 11, Illinois.



What's your reaction to last-minute bids?

- ☐ *Eager beover*
- ☐ *Thumbs down*
- ☐ *Think it over*

Ee-magine! Being asked to tomorrow night's shindig on such short notice! Should you gals say nay? Think it over. If the boys have jobs, it may be hard for them to plan ahead; or could be they're low on loot. If there's no excuse, better squelch eleventh-hour bids. But just because it's calendar time, you've no excuse for date dodging. Learn to count on Kotex for confidence. You'll never know how poised you can be—until you discover those *flat pressed ends* really *prevent* revealing outlines!



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ *Circle your colendor*
- ☐ *Perk up your wordrobe*
- ☐ *Buy o new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort,* buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now.* (Why not buy two—for a *change?*)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

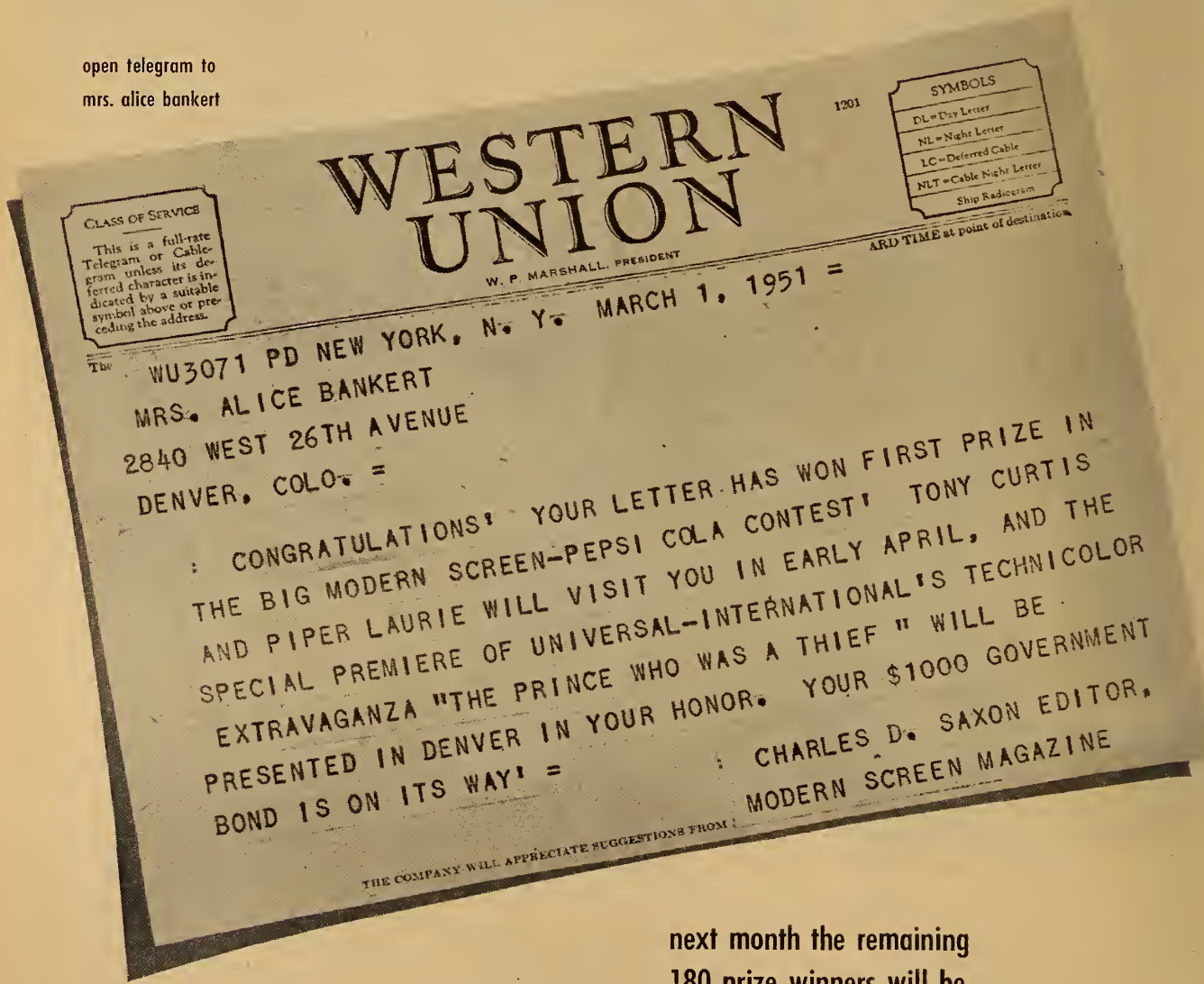
3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



1st prize winner!

bring a star to your home contest!

open telegram to
mrs. alice bankert



WESTERN UNION

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

1201

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

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MRS. ALICE BANKERT
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DENVER, COLO. =

: CONGRATULATIONS! YOUR LETTER HAS WON FIRST PRIZE IN THE BIG MODERN SCREEN-PEPSI COLA CONTEST! TONY CURTIS AND PIPER LAURIE WILL VISIT YOU IN EARLY APRIL, AND THE SPECIAL PREMIERE OF UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S TECHNICOLOR EXTRAVAGANZA "THE PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF" WILL BE PRESENTED IN DENVER IN YOUR HONOR. YOUR $1000 GOVERNMENT BOND IS ON ITS WAY! =

: CHARLES D. SAXON EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM

next month the remaining
180 prize winners will be
announced, with additional
prizes of over $5,500
to be awarded and

three additional home towns to be visited by tony curtis and piper laurie!

Which girl has the natural curl . . . and

which girl has the Toni?



Meet charming Jane Cartwright and Nellie Jane Cannon of New York City. The one with the Toni says, "My wave is soft as silk and it takes no more care than naturally curly hair." Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Now—Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known . . . plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave soft and natural from the *very first day*. And your Toni with Permafix lasts longer—*far* longer.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafix today and *tonight* discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so silky soft, so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! Jane Cartwright, the beautiful blonde, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (at the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

TONI REFILL ONLY $1



Toni *the wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair!*

YOUNG WIVES! READ HOW TO

get these extra advantages in

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

Zonitors are one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness. They provide a modern scientific method of *continuous* medication—so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of the most effective methods. So *powerfully germicidal* yet so *absolutely safe* to delicate tissues.

How Zonitors Work...

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories—each sealed in a separate glass vial—so easy to slip in your purse and carry if away from home. When inserted, Zonitors release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties *for hours*. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. All you need is this dainty suppository. *No extra equipment.*

Destroy Offensive Odor

Zonitors actually destroy offensive odor. Help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

Zonitors



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank, intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMR-41, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

movie reviews

by Christopher Kane



picture of the month



Reverend (Bill Lundigan), a new circuit-rider, introduces his city-bred bride (Susan) to the North Georgia mountain country.



Susan and Bill are sympathetic toward village play-boy (Rory Calhoun) who crashes their first party to see his girl against her parents' wishes.



The preacher is faced with many worries, including an epidemic. Then when the village atheist's son drowns at a Sunday school picnic, even Susan loses faith in Bill's religion.



Susan comes back to her senses and takes a constructive part in the work of the missionary society.

I'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN

■ There's something very nice and warm about this picture. It deals with a country preacher (William Lundigan) and his new wife (Susan Hayward), and his new assignment on what's known as "the Mossy Creek circuit." William's route is studded with characters—Gene Lockhart, the parish skinflint (he's rich and he aims to stay that way); Alexander Knox, an atheist who won't let his children believe in Santa Claus; and Rory Calhoun, the neighborhood black sheep—to mention a few. Rory, by the way, is the biggest milksop of a black sheep I ever set eyes on. Wickedest thing he does is make eyes at a pretty girl, and at that, he wants to marry her. So it goes. There are tragedies for the young minister and his wife to face—an epidemic which kills many of their parishioners, a Sunday school picnic that ends in disaster when a little boy drowns, the loss of their own new-born baby—but they come through their trials shiningly. The hill people, the kind of parties they hold, the way they talk and look, the scene where the mourners at a small funeral walk along slowly singing an old hymn—these seemed wonderfully authentic and flavorful to me. I liked *I'd Climb The Highest Mountain*.—20th-Fox. (*For more reviews please turn to page 18.*)



The savage charm and reckless escapades of RUDOLPH VALENTINO- the greatest romantic idol of them all!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

VALENTINO

An EDWARD SMALL Production starring

ELEANOR PARKER
ANTHONY DEXTER

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

with Richard Carlson · Patricia Medina · Joseph Calleia

Written by George Bruce · Produced by EDWARD SMALL

Associate of Producer—JAN GRIPPO · Directed by LEWIS ALLEN

Amazing shampoo guaranteed not to rob hair of natural oils

Shasta lathers out beauty-dulling film—
Leaves in glamour-giving natural oils that make hair...



New Shasta, enriched with lanolin—that marvelous emollient from nature—does what women have always wanted from a shampoo ... lathers out beauty-dulling film, leaves in glamour-giving natural oils.

Shasta is guaranteed not to rob hair of precious, glamour-giving oils which keep your hair naturally shiny, soft, healthy, easier-to-manage.

See how Shasta persuades even hair that seems dull and dry to look softer, silkier; sparkle with gleaming highlights. Try new lanolin-enriched Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.



PROCTER & GAMBLE GUARANTEE: Shasta does not rob hair of natural oils. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or money back when unused portion is returned.

LANOLIN ENRICHED **Shasta** CREAM **Shampoo**

DOESN'T ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

THE GROOM WORE SPURS

For sheer lots of plot, this picture deserves some special kind of prize. First we've got lawyer A. J. Furnival hired to represent cowboy movie star Jack Carson. Surprise! "A. J." turns out to be a woman, Ginger Rogers. Carson's in gambling debt trouble, marries Ginger, only to have her find out it was because the guy he owed the money to was an old friend of her father. Debt's canceled. So is marriage. Ginger's still Carson's lawyer, though, gets his option picked up by his studio. Then gambler who canceled debt is shot, and Jack's indicted for murder, and Ginger has to go visit her father's "underworld contacts" and track down the real killer. Maybe you had enough? Maybe you had too much? Carson mugs and double-takes more than seems quite human, and I felt sorry for Ginger.
Cast: Ginger Rogers, Jack Carson, Joan Davis, Stanley Ridges.—Universal-International.

ONLY THE VALIANT

After the Civil War, Gregory Peck did not lay down his arms, he went off to New Mexico and fought the Apaches. As a cavalry captain whose men hate him (he's a strict disciplinarian), Peck's got his work cut out. There's this mountain pass, see, and he's got to hold the Injuns back of the pass, until reinforcements arrive, otherwise them Indians are gonna come whooping through and shoot up every man, woman and child at the nearby fort and in the surrounding territory. Gregory's handful of malcontents start from the fort toward the pass, but instead of fighting Indians, they belabor one another, and in the end, Greg practically has to win the whole Indian war single-handed (except for a machine gun which arrives in the nick of time). As if this wasn't enough, Greg's girl doesn't understand him. She—buxom, blonde Barbara Payton—thinks he's sent his best friend off to get slaughtered in his place. Gregory's upper lip comes out on top, and I'm glad. He's the prettiest man I ever did see. Cast includes Lon Chaney as a soldier whose facial contortions and wild grunts would horrify a live lion; Ward Bond as a soldier who drinks too much; Jeff Corey as an Indian Scout.
Cast: Gregory Peck, Barbara Payton, Ward Bond, Gig Young, Lon Chaney.—Warner Bros.

BEDTIME FOR BONZO

College professor Ronald Reagan, son of a light-fingered Louis who spent much of his time in one pen and another, decides to make an experiment to prove it's environment and not heredity that really counts. He wishes to marry the dean's daughter, which gives him incentive for the experiment. The dean's old-fashioned, he believes like this: Your father's a dip? You're a dip. Or something. Reagan adopts a chimp, hires a girl (Diana Lynn) to be its mother, and proceeds to teach it right from wrong. And is that chimp cute! It wears pajamas, rides a bike, returns things that don't belong to it, and out-acts the more professional union members. Not that Reagan and Diana don't do nicely, just that they've got some kind of sickening momma-poppa dialogue to contend with. Naturally, Diana falls in love with Reagan, who doesn't realize it. He's the thickest psychiatrist in the world—needs things spelled out for him, and signed by Kinsey. The picture's certainly enjoyable and Bonzo's terrific.
Cast: Ronald Reagan, Diana Lynn, Walter Slezak.—Universal-International.

RAWHIDE

Tyrone Power, whose father owns a stagecoach line, is out at a godforsaken station called Rawhide, learning the business, when things bust loose. First Susan Hayward and her dead sister's baby arrive in on the Eastbound stage, and Susan pulls a tantrum when she finds she'll have to stay in Rawhide overnight. Reason for this: Four desperadoes have broken out of a nearby jail, and they may attack the stage. Not safe for a lady to ride. (Susan doesn't exactly act like a lady, but who cares?) Well, where do you suppose those desperadoes show up? Right! Rawhide Station. Villains include Hugh Marlowe (he's educated, but a murderer), Dean Jagger (he's flea-bitten, and his feet hurt), George Tobias (he doesn't say much, and when he does, it's with an accent). Fourth desperado is Jack Elam, a sex maniac type who goes around all but drooling. Tyrone and Susan, who have nothing to cling to but each other and a long-handled kitchen knife, make do, and come out all right, but plenty of folks get kilt first.

Cast: Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward, Hugh Marlowe, Dean Jagger.—20th Century-Fox.

CALL ME MISTER

First Fox buys the rights to a rousing Broadway hit like *Call Me Mister*, full of wonderful music, skits, etc.; then it throws away most of the music, skits, etc., and starts out fresh. Of the eight songs in this picture, only three are from the show, and one of these has a revised lyric. *Call Me Mister* (movie version) is just another of life's little disappointments, I guess. Story deals with actress Betty Grable out in Japan to put on a show for the troops, of the troops and by the troops. She needs 40 men, and she gets them, including one she doesn't want in the person of AWOL Sergeant Dan Dailey, her not-yet-divorced husband. Dan used to have a roving eye, but Betty still loves him, and they kick this situation back and forth until you get the general idea; and Danny Thomas, the comedian, does the one classy piece of work in the whole business. He's funny every time they give him a chance. It's in Technicolor.

Cast: Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, Danny Thomas, Dale Robertson.—20th Century-Fox.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photos which appear in this issue.

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Abbreviations: B., Bottom; T., Top; L., Left; C., Center; R., Right.



FIRST NEW KIND OF GIRDLE in 11 years, the amazing Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle has *all* the famous Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom *plus* the *extra coolness and comfort of fabric next to your skin!*



Balmain Paris Designer

Emphasizes Vertical Line in his Slim New Silhouette, recommends

Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC NEXT TO YOUR SKIN



"AMERICAN with French accent is my new fashion," says Balmain. "It's a slender silhouette that comes naturally when you wear Playtex.®"



IT CARESSES YOU to new slimness! For the new Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle has a cloud-soft fabric lining fused to the smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone! And it washes in seconds, dries in a flash.



Top afternoon entertainment on CBS-TV Network (see local papers for time and channel)

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
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PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal Canada

In SLIM, golden tubes,
PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES **$5.95** to **$6.95**

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . **$4.95** to **$5.95**

In SLIM, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES . . **$3.95** to **$4.95**
(All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries.)

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large sizes, slightly higher

At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

When a COLD threatens to run through a family

...it's Listerine Antiseptic for Everybody!



Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following: (1) Pneumococcus Type IV, (2) Streptococcus viridans, (3) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (4) Staphylococcus aureus, (5) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (6) Friedlander's bacillus, (7) Bacillus influenzae, (8) Pneumococcus Type III.

A safe, direct way to fight infection

IF SOMEONE in your home has a cold don't let it become a "family epidemic".

Prompt and repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle may keep the infection from spreading . . . protect the person who hasn't a cold from the one who has. It's a safe, direct way to help avoid infection.

Kills Secondary Invaders

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called Secondary Invaders.

They are the very germs that many authorities say cause much of the misery of colds when they invade the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion, attacks the germs before they can attack you.

Tests showed germ reductions up to 96.7% even 15 minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle; up to 80% even one hour after.

Whatever else you do

So, whatever else you do, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle. It's a safe, direct way to attack the invasion —no dangerous side effects.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

a Special Service for Modern Screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ Each month a different star shop for herself—and for you—with on eye on glamor and one on th budget. She uses all her taste ar know-how to choose among th newest, the smartest, and wise buys from the finest stores in Ame ica. For she loves a bargain as mu as any woman.

All you have to do to get any these star-selected items is to wr direct to the shops mentioned low each picture, enclosing a ch or money order (and a gift car you like). Your selection will rushed to any address you na MODERN SCREEN will guarantee livery. All prices include pos and tax where necessary. M will cheerfully be refunded for item that does not prove sati tory, if returned within 10 after delivery. Only monogra merchandise cannot be returne

piper laurie
your hollywood shopper
for april



Universal star, Piper Laurie, is a home-body. Only 18, she's already a veteran bargain hunter.

■ As an actress, I'm a newcomer. But as a shopper, I'm quite an old-timer. That's because, through the years, my mother has carefully taught me to recognize a bargain when I see one.

I'm in my glory when a birthday or some other special event comes along for Dad, Mother, sister Sherry, or brother-in-law Mel. And, of course, every time I go near a toy department, I find at least ten playthings I'd like for my five-year-old cousin Linda.

The only trouble is, I'm inclined to spot too many bargains and have an awfully hard time getting out of the stores without an armload of packages piled sky high. When MODERN SCREEN asked me to be the Hollywood Shopper for April, I explained my problem. "Don't worry a bit," was the reassuring reply. "We have millions of readers!"

So for you (and me, too!) I went traveling. With one eye on Easter and the other on Spring, I found loads of terrific buys in the finest shops in the country.

And now MODERN SCREEN brings you the results—prize plums for your folks, friends and home—as well as you. Take your pick, then order directly from the store mentioned under each picture.

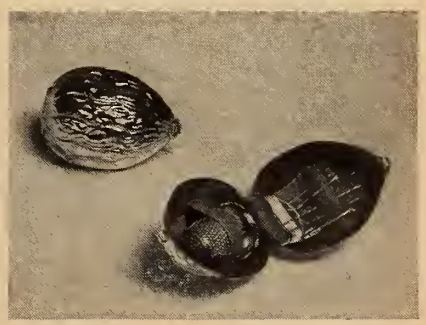
Have a wonderful time choosing your gifts. And I hope the Easter bunny will be extra good to you!



IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM! *Just slip on this eye-catching bracelet and you'll have all the boys flocking round to identify all the fascinating little charms. More than a dozen unique conversation pieces linked together to form a most unusual bit of jewelry. Heart and keys, scissors, true-false scale and canasta score board are but a few of my favorites. The gold or silver colored metal danglers are only $1.25 each. Charm Creations, 2 E. 23 Street, New York 10.*



THIS IS JUST MY DISH! *It's a gay 20-piece set of modern plastic dinnerware. Smart yet sturdy, this place-setting for four is perfect for the times when Sis and I entertain, and practical when we're dining solo. Square-shaped and made to be treated casually, they come in any combination of chartreuse, wine, emerald and grey, or a whole set in one color. They're truly stunning on colored cloths. $5.95 for the set. Horizon House, Box 628, Summit, N. J.*



ALL IN A NUTSHELL. *In a fat golden walnut you'll find all the essentials of a portable emergency sewing kit. It comes equipped with a thimble, assorted pins, needles and thread . . . so you're well supplied. I certainly found it handy making* The Prince Who Was A Thief. *It takes up so very little room, and is always ready for service. It's saved my life just dozens of times and costs a mere $1.00. Goubaud de Paris, 743 Fifth Ave., New York 22.*

piper laurie

your hollywood shopper

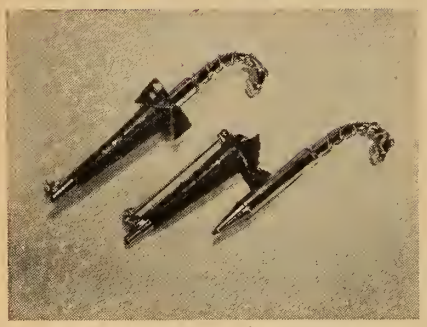
for april



In *The Prince Who Was A Thief* I play the part of a robber. But these real-life bargains turned the tables and stole my heart away.



TO MAKE ANY GAL TRIGGER-HAPPY! *Sure to knock 'em dead, this tiny pistol atomizer quickly loads your best scent. A mere pull on the trigger sets off a sweet spray. Worn as a brooch, or on a bracelet or belt, this leak-proof wonder is a real "scent-sation". Finest gold plate with cobra grips and holster. Easy to fill. $3.00. With plain holster, $2.00. It even comes with pearl grips, chamois holster, $3.50. The Aladin, 16 E. 52 St., New York 22.*



APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY FLOWERS, *but to any fashion fan, they bring on a flurry of smart umbrellas—usable or wearable. Here's a chic parasol pin, designed in Paris. A fine leather case with perky bow conceals a long gold-plated umbrella that is a lead pencil in disguise. A captivating lapel pin and very handy gadget. It comes in smart bright shades of red, blue, green leather. $2.34. Spencer Gifts, 1117 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.*



THE DOLL WITH A THOUSAND FACES *depends on your tot's artistic ability. Scribbles, the doll with a washable, wipable plastic face and body, is easily crayonned into any mood. A line here or there has her laughing, crying or pouting. She stands 15" high, wearing a cute polka dot bonnet and matching dress. She sports a shoulder strap plastic bag of crayons. She will provide hours of fun for your youngster. $2.98. The Toy Chest, 408 Second Ave., New York 10.*



TO EACH A WELCOME "BLOW". *Handkerchiefs are always a welcome gift for the folks at Easter, and these are really prize-packaged. Pert parasols made out of three imported Swiss hankies in assorted prints to thrill Mom and Sis; fairy tales for kiddies. For Dad and Junior, one nice white hankie rolled to resemble a Corona cigar. Mom's $2.98; Sis' $1.98; Dad's $1.25; Junior's 65¢. Walter Thomas, 716 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica 36, Calif.*



FOR GALS WHO CRY WOLF. *A charming and useful trinket that should dispel any fear of venturing out after dark. A handy gold-toned combo key-ring and policeman's whistle that is an immediate and audible SOS as well as being a practical custodian of your keys. A useful gadget—a piece that should get an appreciative whistle from your favorite wolf. In fact he might very well want one himself. $1.00. Dextor, 53 West 49 Street, New York 19.*



SURE TO TIE THE KNOT. *These handsome cravats will thrill your one-and-only at Easter . . . a pure silk regimental stripe in 28 different color combos, here in red and silver; a neat silk foulard for a conservative swain in a tri-colored pattern (pictured here in royal, grey and white); or a smart brown rayon tie with a bold horsy print. Fine wool linings. You can literally name your own colors. $1.00 ea. Cardinal, 557 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



THEY'RE DESIGNED FOR GRACIOUS LIVING. *A massive crystal ash tray specked with tiny air bubbles is mated with a fine cigarette cup. Modern in shape, the tray is roundish and will take care of several smokers. The cup is smart and square shaped. Easy to see they're handmade . . . by Erickson. In vibrant shades of grey, champagne, amber and clear, to add to any decor. Ashtray $4.50, cup $3.50. Designed For Living, 131 E. 57 Street, New York 22.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



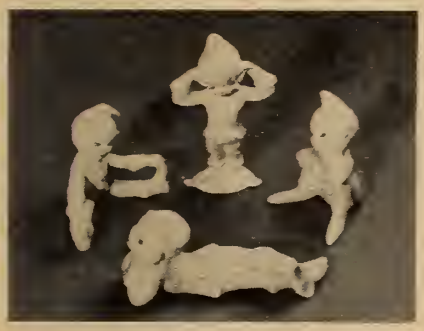
WATERING CANS THAT SPRINKLE SPICES! *This trusty twosome keeps salt and pepper right on tap. These miniature sprinklers are made with aluminum tops and bottoms, and plastic bodies. They do a fine job of table decoration, and I think they're smart as individual place settings, too. Perfect as a hostess gift and one that rates another invitation. Or why not use them as bridge and canasta prizes? Set of two only, $1.00. Carla Jill Studios, Northport, L. I.*



A COLLECTION OF HORSELESS CARRIAGES. *Eight fine color prints, 6"x8½", of early buggies to delight the man in the house (and his missus too!). Recognize the Cadillac, Ford, Olds or Packard? You see the earliest models dating from 1877. Quaint and charming today, a terrific set of prints to frame and decorate your living room or library wall. Framed or unframed, they make a grand gift. Set $3.50 (unframed). Creste-Andover, 2 Park Ave., New York 16.*



FOR YOUR FAVORITE SHUTTER-BUG *(and it might very well be you). It's the complete works for the young photographer, including the prime prerequisite—a fine little camera. The set also contains a roll of 127 Kodak film and chemicals, equipment and paper for printing your prize pictures. A cinch to operate and much more fun than just* watching *the birdie. You'll love this hobby. $7.95. Howard Products, 301 South Eighth Street, Boise, Idaho.*



PRECIOUS PIXIES FOR YOUR MASCOTS! *These winsome little folk come straight from California to bring you good luck and fortune and lots of chuckles. With hand-painted faces and highly glazed bodies, these ceramic cuties take over your mantel, table or any spot on which they happen to perch. They love an indoor rock garden. Four poses in chartreuse, red or green. You'll find them irresistible. $1.00 each. Cliff's Trading Post, Crestline, California.*



A MUST FOR ANY MOTORIST. *Whether you're off on a coast-to-coast junket or just cruising, you'll find this car kit handy. An attractive plastic kit with owner's name or initials stamped in gold, it fits in the glove compartment. Has windshield scraper, bottle opener, four screw drivers on a disk, dust cloth, comb and clothes brush. You'll wonder how you managed without it. Blue black, brown and tan. $2.75. Greenland Studios, Squirrel Hill, Pittsburgh 17, Pa.*



CHOOSE YOUR MAN'S FAVORITE WEAPON *and see what a hit it makes with him as an unusual tie holder. Whether he's at work or play, the hunting gun, riding crop and golf stick, in finest gold plate, are smartly styled by Manleigh to show off to their best advantage when they're on the job. If you can't decide which tie clip to give, I'm sure he'd like all three of them. $2.00 each. Irvington Shirt Shop, 1515 Broadway, New York 18.*



FOR YOUR "SUNDAY BEST" *(and I do mean Easter). Here's a versatile, short-sleeved blouse inspired by the United Nations. A line-up of three gayly colored flags accented in gold, and a smart center stripe give this blouse real zip. In rayon tissue faille by Tanbro, it comes in six heavenly color schemes, featuring white, black, navy, grey, red and yellow backgrounds. Sizes 32 to 38, $6.14. Franklin Simon, Fifth Ave., & 38 St., New York 18.*



MAKE A GAME OF SAVING *with this terrific basketball bubble bank, and have the kids hoarding their pennies to play. The bank's made of durable red plastic and comes with 50 balls of multi-colored bubble gum. Just slip a penny, nickel or dime in the slot, then shoot for a basket with gum for your ball. Score a hit and out it comes, a delicious prize (miss and it goes back). $2.00, gum refills, 25¢ each. Bloomingdale Bros., Lexington Ave. & 59 St., New York 22.*



THREE CHEERS FOR POLLY PUSHCART! *She's a saucy little miss who's always ready to protect your private paraphernalia. Her cart stands 3" high, a perfect size for a load of cigarettes, bobby pins, toothpicks or even candies. Hand-painted wood in bright, bright colors, she's an adorable addition to any household, and a must for your dressing table. Polly makes a cute inexpensive gift, too. $1.25, Green Gable Gifts, Gracie Station, New York 28.*

Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

piper laurie

your hollywood shopper

for april

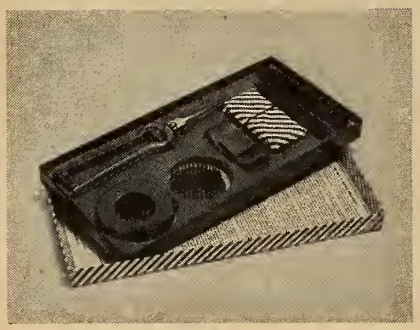




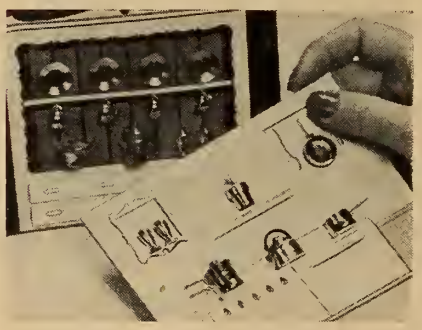
WIPE YOUR SLATE CLEAN! *Make copious notes, doodles, shopping lists (that's for me!) or take phone messages on this attractive memo tile. When they're past interest, erase them with a simple swish of a damp cloth. A red china-marking pencil comes attached to the slate for note-making. Tile in white with red or green design of a thread around index finger. Doubles as hot plate, paperweight or trivet. $2.50. Carol Janeway, 113 West 10 St., New York 11.*



GIVE ME A RING ANYTIME. *Yes, anytime at all, especially now for Spring, I'd adore this stunning golden ring. Flattering to your finger, it's a faithful copy of a fabulous jeweler's ring selling for lots more. Bold diagonal fluting that tapers off at the sides gives it great chic. I'll wear mine right around the clock. Gold plate $2.50. Pair of matching earrings $2.50. Ring in 14K gold, $30.00. Sanlys, Dept. MS, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



TO CULTIVATE YOUR GREEN THUMB, *here is a wonderful Flower Arranger Kit to help you rival the corner florist. There's an assortment of professional looking equipment with full directions, making it a cinch to manipulate. The kit includes plummers lead, a hammer-shear, florist's tape, two different size holders, green wire, florist sticks and clay. You're bound to make stunning floral groupings. $4.95. Swift Flower Arranger, Woodbridge, Conn.*



FOR KIDS AND COLLECTORS ALIKE! *These two miniature sets in shining brass delight both children and grownups. One, a breakfast set, includes cups and saucers as well as coffee and sugar pots with removable tops. The other is an adorable set to outfit a doll house kitchen with its double boiler, pots and pans and even a little flower pot. Each set only $1.00. (You'll probably want both of them.) Croff Crafts, P. O. Box 919, Houston, Texas.*



CONTAINER FOR YOUR CROWN JEWELS. *Precious or paste, this darling booty box will house them well. Shaped like a tiny hat box in shining gold plate, topped by an earring holder, it's 3" in diameter. A red velvet lining protects your prized trinkets. It's a wonderful traveling jewel case for any gal who lives out of a suitcase. It also comes in a variety of bright shades to match your bedroom colors. $3.50. McCreery's, Fifth Avenue and 34th St., New York 1.*



YOU'LL CERTAINLY HAVE HIS NUMBER *if you use this clever jiffy phone index that attaches firmly right onto the telephone itself. It's very simple to operate, too. A spin of the wheel and the number you want turns right up. There's room for more than 200 names and phone numbers, all of them readily at your fingertips. Completely encased in a sanitary black enamel metal case. $2.50. Green Jade Tree, 10 Sanford St., Fairfield, Conn.*



FOR MISS "SEW-AND-SEW". *Anyone who can thread a needle will want this cunning sewing helper of solid cherry with hand-rubbed finish. A real collector's item with a partitioned serpentine drawer that has a secret lock. Easily removable brass spindles with turned wood top will hold 16 spools of thread. Topped off with a fat pin cushion. Stands 8" tall. A buy for $5.95. Carl Forslund, 120 East Fulton Street, Grand Rapids 2, Michigan.*



START YOUR OWN FAMILY HEIRLOOMS. *This jewel-studded Fleur-de-lis fob is a handsome front for a family album locket. Spring catch opens to reveal four penny-size miniature picture frames. Gold plate pin, chased and embossed, set with simulated pearls and choice of emerald, ruby or amethyst-colored stones, or all pearl. Fine finishing touch to your Easter suit, blouse or dress. $3.95. Hyde's, Dept. MS-4, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

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JANE GREER
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"THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS"
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Medium	☐	Ruddy	☐
Sallow	☐	Freckled	☐
Olive	☐	Dp Olive	☐
SKIN		Normal	☐
Dry	☐	Oily	☐
EYES			
Blue	☐	Hazel	☐
Gray	☐	Brown	☐
Green	☐	Black	☐
LASHES [Color]			
☐ Light	☐ Med.	☐ Dark	
HAIR			
BLONDE			
Light	☐	Dark	☐
BRUNETTE			
Light	☐	Dark	☐
BROWNETTE			
Light	☐	Dark	☐
REDHEAD			
Light	☐	Dark	☐
GRAY HAIR			
Check here ☐ also check former hair coloring above			

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Your lips have been *waiting* for Cashmere Bouquet—and Cashmere Bouquet for your lips. So luxuriously smooth, *naturally* clinging, that your lips take on a fresh look, a luscious look, one that says right out "I *dare* you!" And somewhere among Cashmere Bouquet's eight flattering shades is one that's made just for you. But why not see for yourself, today!

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Face Powder
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everybody is asking:

what happened to lana's marriage?

by Steve Cronin

■ The trouble with most Hollywood rumors is that usually there's a germ of truth in them. But each time you look for the germ, someone clubs you with a heavy denial.

A few months ago, for example, when Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton were sandpapering each other's temperaments from Los Angeles to Rome, Liz vehemently announced, "If people would only leave us alone, I'm sure we could be very happy." Three weeks later she was filing for divorce.

Two weeks before she announced the end of her marriage, Barbara Stanwyck said, "I'm going up to San Francisco to be with Bob when he has his operation. Does that look as if we're thinking of separating?"

These ladies are superb actresses, and when they deny something as intimate as a marital difficulty—they do it with such mastery that it's more than convincing. Shirley Temple denied her troubles with John Agar, Kathryn Grayson her quarrels with Johnny Johnston, Betty Hutton her disputes with Ted Briskin, and now Lana Turner her (*Continued on page 87*)

This is the story of a phenomenal man who made show-business his kingdom. Twenty years ago, he was a singer looking for a job. Today he is a legend. The story, which begins in this issue, is one of the most complete and informative ever written about Mr. Music. THE EDITORS

THE BING CROSBY STORY

BY TOM CARLILE

■ During the year of 1951, an aging jazz singer named Bing Crosby will reach the all-time peak of his popularity. This prediction has been made before; in fact, every year since 1936. Yet, this year, Bing Crosby will be accorded such universal acclaim that the only honor left for his old age, with the possible exception of the Presidency of the United States, would be an outright gift of Fort Knox.

This year is Bing's year. From January through December, the people of America will be constantly reminded by their newspapers, their radios, their record shops, and their neighborhood theaters that the Old Groaner is celebrating his 20th anniversary in show business.

In the 20 crowded years which have ensued since he first stood before a microphone in the New York studios of CBS, Bing Crosby has made a deeper impression on our national culture than any other personality of our time, with the possible exception of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The thousands of songs which he has sung are lastingly imbedded in the emotional life of two generations. His records have sold more than 70,000,000 copies, his 43 motion pictures have amassed a total gross revenue of more than $1,000,000,000 and have been seen by more than 500,000,000 people the world over. His weekly radio program, now in its 18th year, remains high in popularity at a time when television is ringing the death knell over many of the established shows on the air.

During the month of January, inspired by the release of his latest Paramount picture, *Mr. Music,* Decca Records, CBS, Liggett and Myers, Famous Music, and Paramount Pictures joined forces in a gigantic salute to Bing Crosby, and the response of the nation was overwhelming. On "We the People," Otto Harbach, (*Continued on page 31*)





An L.A. station dedicated a day to Bing. Jane Wyman, Jerry Lewis, Frank Capra visit the mobile unit on the Paramount lot.



THE TWO BOBS IN BING'S LIFE. Though younger brother Bob claims he's been living off Bing's middle register for years, he has a healthy career as a singer, himself, and a top dance band.



Bing's friendship with Hope dates back to 1931. He m.c.'d a show where Bob was a comic. They've been repartee-ing ever since. They're perfect foils, and when ad-libbing, they're perfect fools.

president of ASCAP, made an unprecedented award to Bing and acclaimed him as "the one man who has done more for popular music than anyone else." More than 1200 disc jockeys all over the country echoed the words of Martin Block who, during a two-hour tribute from the lobby of New York's Paramount Theater, said, "For the disc jockeys of America, I want to say that if there is any one guy in the world who made the disc jockeys popular, it was a fellow named Bing Crosby; and I, personally, will be eternally grateful for your wonderful work, your wonderful records, and the entertainment that you've brought to the people of America." Decca Records, searching for an adequate testimonial of his value as a recording artist, presented Bing with a gold record of "White Christmas." This record, incidentally, has sold more than 7,000,000 pressings to date.

On January 10th, designated as "Bingsday" across the land, hundreds of prominent persons from all over the world sent congratulatory wires to Bing at his studio. It is estimated that, before the year is out, more than 5,000,000 Crosby fans will have written their personal best wishes to him.

Today, at 48, Bing Crosby seems to gain strength as he rolls along. *Mr. Music* will undoubtedly be one of the largest grossers in Paramount history. In honor of his 20th anniversary, Decca Records will reissue many albums of Bing's movie songs, many of which have long been unavailable to the public. These together with the 30-odd new songs he will record this year, very probably will bring his total record sales near the 100,000,000 mark.

By his own admission, Bing Crosby is not a romantic figure. Perhaps because he is not, he is one of the few personalities in Hollywood who have successfully managed to bridge the gap to middle age with no attendant loss of popularity. This is largely due to the fact that the amiable, easy-going character he portrays in films and on the air is, in reality, Bing Crosby himself. Over the years, his unpretentious and serene conduct has been one of the most comforting and reassuring influences of our troubled times. Bing is not only America's most beloved entertainer; he is also one of the few men in public life on whom people can focus their minds and their hearts when they are anguished and low in spirit.

For a man with such a significant burden of responsibility, Bing lives his public life, as always, with a seemingly minute amount of bustle and care. To the casual observer, he sometimes gives the impression of complete effortlessness and, at times, of downright indifference. Yet nothing could be further from the truth. As the people who work with him know, Bing ambles through his day with his mind in a state of (*Continued on page 95*)



Bing loves to live comfortably wherever he happens to be, so he maintains several homes. This one's at Pebble Beach.



The Crosby homes match his easy, rambling singing style. Their vine-covered Holmby Hills house is Dixie's favorite.



Dinner-time at Elko, Nevada. The boys work on the 20,000 acre ranch, which is stocked with 4,000 head of prime cattle.

never lost a father

by Jane Wilkie





Dick made the picture of the perfect father here when he and June visited the Tennessee Children's Home last year. Daughter Pam was adopted there and they hoped to find her a brother.



As June admired the babies she didn't dream that she would return to Hollywood and find she was pregnant. Now that their own Ricky has arrived, the Powells may adopt other children.

"My time has come," she told Dick. He started to grow faint. "Keep calm!" he shouted, as June quietly braided her hair. Anyway, Herman's finally here, and the proud Powells call him Ricky.

● When they wheeled Junie out of the delivery room last December 24th, a man who had been waiting in the corridor came galloping to her side and leaned over her, adoration written on his face.

"Darling, you're wonderful," he said.

"Thank you very much," said June, fighting through the cloud of anesthetic. "But who are you?"

Her husband stood back, dumbstruck. "Sorry," he said, "I must have the wrong woman."

June giggled. You certainly have, she thought. Then she recognized Dick. She had heard about the ordeals of new fathers, but even so, she wasn't prepared for this. Dick's face was bathed in perspiration, and he looked as though he had scaled the Empire State Building on a July day.

"Are you glad it's a boy?" she said.

He nodded, ran a finger inside his collar. "You all right?"

They said nothing more until June was tucked into bed and the nurse had left. Then Dick said a lot of things which we figure are his own business, and after that he took her left hand and slipped on her finger an exact duplicate of her wedding ring.

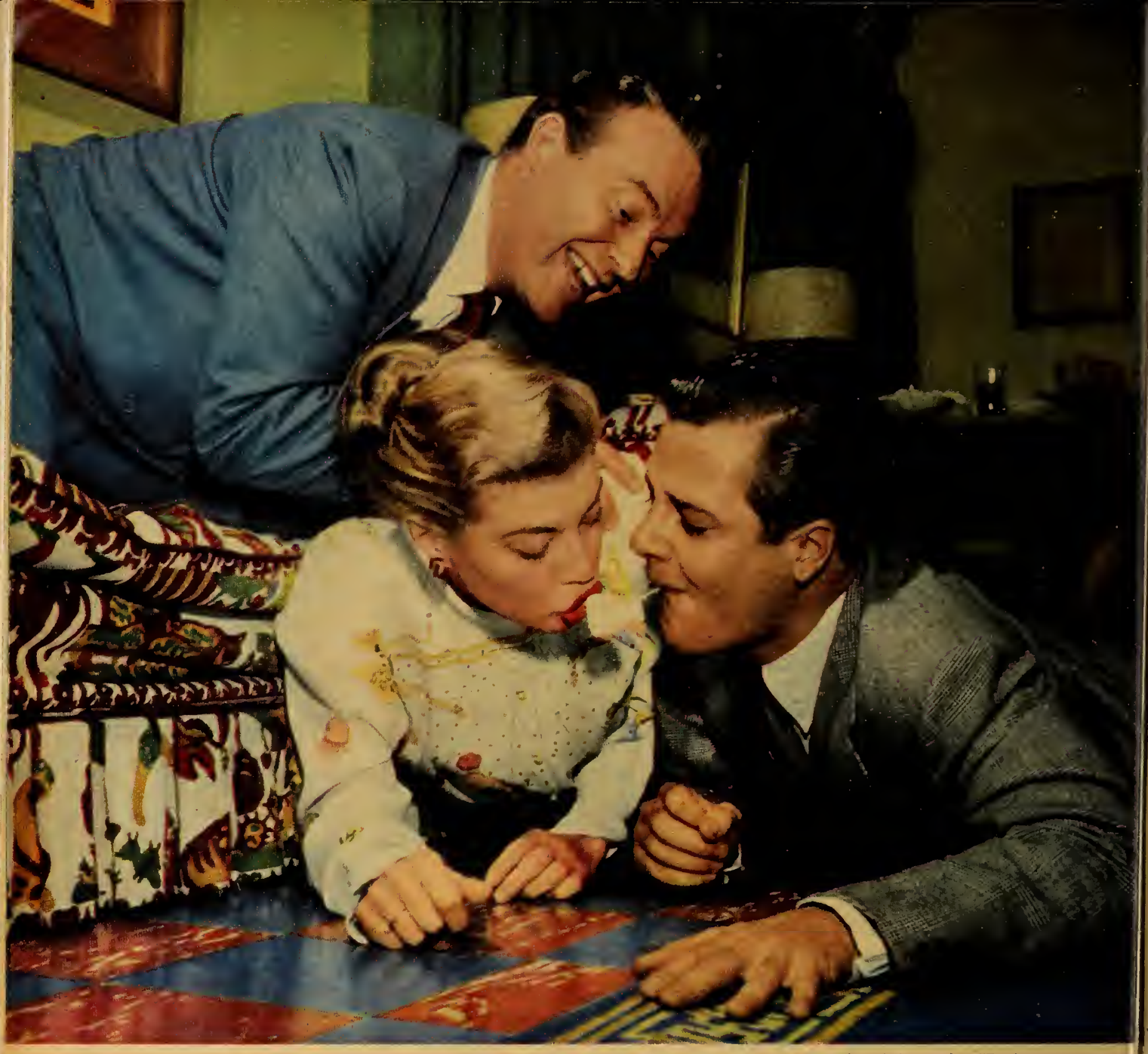
"Merry Christmas," he said, and a lot of other things.

When he'd been evicted by the nurse, June had a precious 15 minutes to think about the past and dream about the future before she fell asleep.

It had really happened. She hadn't waited any longer than other women; in fact, a shorter time than most. But the waiting had seemed so long. And now she had a son. Funny how sure she had been that it would be a boy. She remembered talking to the doctor when she went into the delivery room, and she had said, "You take good care of my son."

Way back when she first knew she was pregnant, she and Dick had kiddingly referred to the baby as Herman. There must have been a lot of publicity about that, because when they finally decided to name the baby Richard Keith Powell, she received a letter from her mother in New York. "I'm so glad you've chosen Richard for a boy," her mother had written in relief. "It's a much nicer name than Herman."

Ricky. He hadn't been very big. Five pounds and one ounce. She'd been frightened when she saw the doctor put an oxygen mask over the baby's face. But soon he had cried, a funny kind of a little cry, (*Continued on page 62*)



Peggy Dow ond Dick Long play "Truth or Consequences" on the floor of Rolph Edwords' playroom. Thot's Rolph on the couch.

it's a marshmallow whirl

To tell the truth, nobody at Ralph Edwards' party gave a hang about the consequences—they were so much fun!

BY BEVERLY OTT



Dick and Rock Hudson whip up bonnets for Peggy and Vera-Ellen. (*Right*) The girls pose in them.

■ I guess I don't have to tell you that the man hanging off the couch at the left is Ralph Edwards, probably the zaniest quizmaster of the century. If you haven't seen him, you haven't lived—or died—depending on whether you've been a spectator or a participant on his "Truth or Consequences" show.

The people on the floor beneath Mr. Edwards are Peggy Dow and Richard Long. They started on the couch, too, with nothing between them but a marshmallow on a string. Just shows you how a little thing like a marshmallow can bring people down to earth. But before this story runs away from me I'd better catch it at the beginning.

I work for MODERN SCREEN at its Hollywood office. Came closing time one evening and there I sat with my feet in the desk drawer and no place to go but home. All of a sudden in walked Rock Hudson.

"Come on," he said.

"Exactly where?" I asked, leaping up, putting on my shoes and powdering my nose in one magnificent gesture.

"CBS," he explained, patiently, "the 'Truth or Consequences' show."

"With you, Rock?" I said, sighing. "That will be lovely."

"With us," said a firm, feminine voice at the door. And there stood Vera-Ellen, Peggy Dow and Dick Long.

I had no real objections so we all went over to CBS. An influential friend of Peggy, named Barbara, met us at the studio and led us to seats in the front row.

Ralph Edwards started walking up and down the aisles looking for contestants and I made myself very obvious by trying to trip him every time he passed and showing all my teeth in a toothpaste grin. He casually ignored me, and got safely back on the stage to proceed with the show. You know what happens—Ralph Edwards asks a question and if the contestant can't answer it correctly she takes the consequences. Taking the consequences is like putting your life in Edwards' hands. Everyone has a wonderful time watching, though, and every once in a while, Ralph leers happily at the audience and inquires, "Aren't I a devil?"

"Why didn't he pick me?" I kept muttering. "I'm as dumb as the next one. I'd be more than happy to go up there and get myself sent off to sell ice in Alaska."

Dick stared at me sternly. (*Continued on next page*)

Football helmets protect Peggy and Dick from cracking each other's skulls. They're supposed to be biting at the apple, but [illegible] beats them to it.

Mrs. Edwards removes the blindfold from Vera-Ellen who has just completed a drawing of her favorite man. Rock Hudson, [illegible] immediate apology.

When illness threatened my life I felt that God had let me down. Slowly I learned that He moves in a mysterious way to perform His wonders.

■ My breath was coming in quick, short gasps. I was breathing so hard and with so much difficulty as I walked through a Philadelphia street that all of a sudden my legs seemed to buckle under me! Gasping for breath, I seized the ledge of the building nearest me—an office building, and for 15 tortured minutes, I clung to that ledge as though for dear life.

At the end of the 15 minutes I found that I could walk again. Slowly, and with hesitating steps, I made my way inside the lobby of the building. I wondered if I would stand or fall. Some deep pride inside me kept me from calling for help. When, at the end of a few minutes, I found I was still on my feet, I inched my way slowly toward the office where I usually worked. It was only about two blocks away from the building to whose ledge I had clung for support, but those were the longest two blocks I had ever walked in my life. (*Continued on page* 92)

Each year, MODERN SCREEN, with the help of qualified judges, pays tribute to the stars who have, through their outstanding works, proved themselves to be . . .

hollywood's ten best citizens

BY HERB STEIN
Daily Columnist of the Hollywood Reporter

The distinguished columnists listed at the right studied the civic activities of scores of Hollywood stars, then voted by secret ballot. We are proud to present their choice of the top ten for 1950.

CEDRIC ADAMS
The Minneapolis Star-Journal
HERB CAEN
The San Francisco Examiner
HARRISON CARROLL
The Los Angeles Herald Express
SHEILAH GRAHAM
North American Newspaper Alliance
HEDDA HOPPER
Chicago Tribune-Daily News Syndicate
ERSKINE JOHNSON
Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance
LOUELLA PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor, INS
LOUIS SOBOL
The New York Journal American
ED SULLIVAN
The New York Daily News
EARL WILSON
The New York Post



Ann Blyth, here with Father Peyton, is the youngest of the best citizens. She averages 200 benefits a year.



Rosalind Russell and son, Lance, during a Bond drive. Among her many activities are Red Cross and hospital charity work.



Joan Crawford bids goodbye to Korean-bound Marines. She maintains hospital rooms for the needy; sent shiploads of milk to French children.



Bob Hope, at a March of Dimes show, is well known as an unstinting worker for charities and benefits.



Bing Crosby, active in Bond, Red Cross, and Camp work, chats with a polio patient at a charity tournament.



Loretta Young, receiving a medal as Outstanding Catholic Woman, is a hospital guild president.



Ronald Reagan, with Piper Laurie, signs autographs for paralysis victims. Ronnie heads Screen Actors' Guild.

■ A dramatic story—which never made the headlines—took place recently in a huge Army base located secretly somewhere in California, known only to those who pass through it as Kick-Off Number One. The time: zero nine twenty-two. The people: several thousand Korean-bound GI's, fully equipped to go about the business of killing, but heavy-hearted with thoughts of wives and sweethearts left behind.

Abruptly, and without warning, a stern voice sounded over the loud-speaker system, "Now hear this, men. . . ." Hardly had the voice died away before a cheer roared through the huge staging terminal as into the midst of these fighting men walked a beautiful girl from Hollywood. Her name was Ann Blyth. Behind her came a perspiring accompanist, shoving a small piano.

For almost an hour, urged on by shouted encore demands, her soprano voice filled the room with song after song—"The Man I Love," "Count Every Star," and dozens more. Then with the applause ringing in her ears, Ann Blyth left the room. Moments later these same soldiers were marching toward their troop transport; while Ann moved through corridors in a nearby hospital, still singing.

This was a momentous day, without (*Continued on page 60*)



Eddie Cantar makes hospital rounds above. He helped provide Vets with over 5,000,000 Xmas gifts.



Jack Benny makes one of his hundreds of camp appearances; is extremely modest about his charitable contributions.



Irene Dunne is shown receiving Laetare Medal, awarded to Outstanding Catholic Layman. She's been honored for inter-faith work.





Career-enforced separations have often made Bob and Barbara lonely. Friends blame the break-up on Bob's long location in Rome.



When love hurts Stanwyck she withdraws from the world. Friends who saw it happen fear for her now. They know that the bigger the heart the harder it breaks.

BY FRANCES CLARK

second heartbreak

■ Their curt statement was in the newspapers of December 16, 1950. Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor were announcing their separation.

Everyone was startled. Even Helen Ferguson, their press representative and one of Barbara's closest friends, said, "I couldn't believe it myself even when I was giving the statement out for them."

But there was the statement, in cold print:

"Because of our many and too long separations due to work and to other reasons, we could not maintain our marriage . . ."

Those who've known Missy and Bob for a long time heard the echoes of what Barbara had said when they were married in 1937, "Plans? Bob and I haven't any plans—except to be together as much as possible. . . . You don't make plans when things are perfect as they are. . . ."

But now the words were, "We've come to the conclusion that the only solution is divorce." Then, fully aware of fleeting rumors that an Italian girl whom Bob met in Rome has replaced Missy in his affections, the couple concluded their dignified statement with, "Neither of us has any other romantic interest whatever."

And that was all. There have been no further statements from either of them.

Missy's friends are deeply concerned. It seems ominous that she has gone into seclusion and that she has no picture set for the immediate future. She went into seclusion once before—the time she was finally separated from Frank Fay. (*Continued on page 80*)

all about eden

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



The living room's built around the fireplace. Like every corner of the house, it is modern, spacious and individual.

Even off screen, Anne Baxter knows a perfect plot when she sees one . . so she

■ A year ago one Sunday, Anne Baxter poked her head out of the real estate section of the paper, and asked a pointed question.

"If I could pick any one spot in the city," she started rhetorically, "do you know where I'd like to build?"

"Where, dear?" John asked absently as he wet his thumb to turn the pages she'd laid aside.

Anne bent down and patted the ground beside her. "Right smack here. It's the most heavenly spot in Hollywood—if not the world."

Hodiak looked around their well-loved garden with its neat little pool and the grove of priceless trees and smiled a little. Then he threw his wife a married look. "You're wonderful, darling," he said firmly. "I love you. I also love this little house. But we've lived for three years in a cottage designed for a single girl. We're a high-type married couple now, and it's time we got a home to match." He folded the paper for her.

by Marva Peterson





Anne and Jahn knew they'd never find a mare perfect garden ar paal, so they remadeled rather than mave. They braught the outdoors inta the hause, and enlarged their terrace living.



Plenty af baaks, lats af space for music and canversotion moke hame entertaining a pleosure. Anne's mather designed the dining room toble, and partition between the rooms which houses o bar.



built a house around her garden.

"Here. If you can't be constructive, why not be quiet?"

Baxter was never more constructive in her determined young life. And never less quiet. "Of course: That's the answer to all our problems! Remodeling! Why didn't I think of it before!"

Before her startled husband could muster an argument, she was striding up and down, pacing off yardage, and sweeping walls away with a gesture as she talked. (*Continued on next page*)



A glass and fieldstone wall; planted with greens, separates the living room and terrace. A continuous banquette hugs the wall.



John's dressing-room suite is blue. Here he keeps his camera equipment and clown collection. He revels in his engineer-designed desk.

"We can knock out the east wall and extend the living room at least a dozen more feet. Then we'll level off the terrace and furnish it as an outdoor living room. We won't touch the fireplace, but we can do away with the two dinky windows and replace them with a large chunk of glass. And then upstairs I'll add a lot more wardrobe space. And the garage, darling! Why, we can make it our service wing with a guest suite above it."

Hodiak sat, and with that look of sufference husbands have worn from time immemorial, he listened and watched as Anne built her dream house on the spot. When she'd installed the last light fixture he rose. He walked over to his beautiful wife and looked deeply into her eyes. "Darling," he said. "No."

Anne argued, she pleaded, she explained—she wore the man down. She convinced John that remodeling was the only thing to do.

Anne's family was even more skeptical than her husband. Anne is the granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, the dean of American architects. Her uncle, Lloyd Wright, is one of the best designers in Southern California, and her mother, Mrs. Catherine Wright Baxter, is a licensed interior decorator in Burlingame, California. All of them pointed out that any remodeling which involves structural changes usually ends up costing more than a new house. "In addition," they said, "you're asking for trouble when you start knocking out walls and cutting away the supports of a house without having a set of the original plans."

Anne and John (*Continued on page 90*)



Anne, who's making *Follow The Sun,* and Shoo-Shoo come out the front door for a stroll.

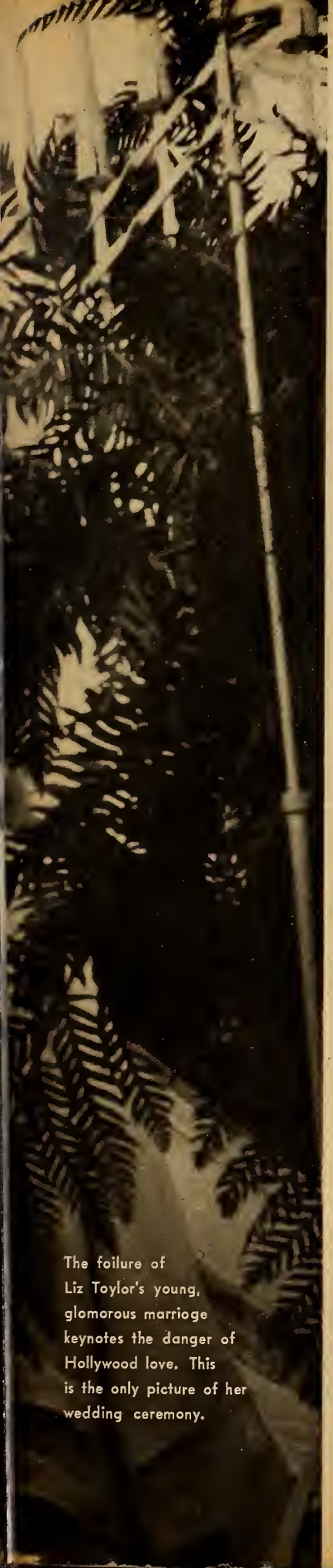


▲ Couch and coffee table plus antique Chinese pieces furnish the master bedroom like a sitting room. Shutters conceal windows and closets.

▼ The den's round tables are handy for John's running chess games, Anne's scrap-books. The colorful ceiling decoration is a Calder mobile.




modern screen reports on
love
in
hollywood



The foilure of Liz Toylor's young, glomorous marrioge keynotes the danger of Hollywood love. This is the only picture of her wedding ceremony.

For the past quarter of a century people have been discovering that they can get a quick audience and a daring reputation by taking potshots at Hollywood. Such an exaggerated amount of beauty, wealth, talent and glamor always offers itself as an immense target for any and all mud-slingers. Just as Hollywood stars appear mammoth on the screen, so do the details of their private lives become magnified beyond proportion. That they exist as human beings in the public mind is a miracle not yet explained away by ardent yellow journalists.

It would be silly to deny that divorce, scandal and irresponsibility are part of Hollywood—just as it would be equally silly to deny their existence in any state of the union. People everywhere, despite variations of environment and heredity, are the same.

The environment of Hollywood is unique. Nowhere else on earth is personality the main product for sale, or is fantasy the reality of daily existence. Most actors aren't born in Hollywood; they come there from small towns, big cities and farms to form a hybrid society of their own—a society where new values often conflict with the old. It is understandable that some actors should lose their footing, that they should be swept along on the tides of unreality out of sight of firm ground. They are only people, overwhelmed by sudden good fortune and fame.

However, it is true that as people they are responsible for their behavior. No excuses can justify shallow or immoral actions, but neither is it justifiable to condemn Hollywood as a whole for the transgressions of a few. To these few, love is a laugh and so is divorce, and though families are fun, fun gets boring. Their life is confusion, and it may well be that they would be just as confused if they lived in Detroit, Saskatchewan or the Mohawk Valley. The majority of Hollywood actors are fine citizens who value their homes, their families and their careers. Without these people Hollywood would be lost, with them Hollywood measures up to every other worthwhile American community. Now for a more complete report on "Love in Hollywood," please turn the page.

→



a psychologist looks at liz taylor

A distinguished Hollywood psychologist, anonymous because of ethical reasons, probes the background of Hollywood's most discussed divorce.

■ This year will mark my twentieth anniversary as a practicing psychologist in Hollywood.

In the course of that period I've treated motion picture personalities ranging from the very famous to the unknown. Dozens of stars have come to me with their neuroses and fears, their troubles and complexes, and I've helped them as best I could.

These 20 years of practice have taught me a fair amount about the problems likely to arise in the careers and lives of movie stars. I can anticipate their behavior, and can often predict the outcome.

Last May 6th when lovely Elizabeth Taylor was married to young Nicky Hilton in one of those dreamy, publicized weddings that make world-wide headlines, I happened to say to one of my nurses, "I'll be surprised if that marriage lasts two years."

Now my nurse, who is a young and pretty little thing with lots of stardust in her eyes, happens to be a rabid Liz Taylor fan. My casual remark irritated her. "Why do you say that, doctor?" she asked. "Don't you believe in young love?"

"Sure, I believe in young love," I answered. "Only I don't think these two kids have a chance in a million of making a go of their marriage."

That statement was tinder which set my nurse to flame. Her eyes sparked fire. "I know you've analyzed a lot of movie people," she snapped, "but in this case I think you're dead wrong. What makes you so sure?"

(*Continued on page 103*)

and an ex-sweetheart looks back

At sweet 16 there was Peter Lawford, her first love . . .



They met two years ago.

■ If, on the eve of her sixteenth birthday, Elizabeth Taylor could have announced to her dinner guests that she was engaged to Peter Lawford, she would have been the happiest girl in the world—and might still have been.

But at 16, even a mature 16, crushes are never taken very seriously.

"Liz is the most wonderful girl I know," Peter told a friend. "But she's too young. I'm 25. She's 16. But in a couple of years if she still feels the same way anything can happen."

In a couple of years she met Nicky Hilton, and her crush was overshadowed by courtship and marriage. Now, for Elizabeth, Peter Lawford exists in a world that "might have been," and probably never will be, although stranger things have happened.

Certainly, if Liz had married Peter, their union would have been one of the most popular ever celebrated in Hollywood. They had, and have, almost everything in common. Both were born in England. Both have a wholesome attitude toward life. A Hollywood social butterfly once said of Peter, "He's such a nice guy he's almost nauseating. I tried going with him for a while and I never saw the inside of a nightclub. We played tennis, shot skeet, went surfboard riding, horseback riding, bowling, and then sat up until four A.M. every morning listening to music in his den. He kissed me exactly three times. The athletic program was so exhausting, I had to go to Ciro's every night for a week to rest up with a local hot dog."

(*Continued on page 82*)



WIDE OPEN-ALL-NIGHT LAS VEGAS, NEVADA (ABOVE) IS A

We're in the same state,
but don't confuse us with Reno,
says Las Vegas. Lots more wed than
shed here—look at the record.

BY JOHN MAYNARD

they took

Betty Grable married Harry James in July, 1943.



Andy and Della Russell have been wed since 1945.



In 1946, Eleanor Parker became Mrs. Bert Friedlob.





COLORFUL JUMBLE OF GAMBLING SPOTS, "WEDDINGS WHILE YOU WAIT" CHAPELS, AND LUXURIOUSLY ELEGANT RESORT HOTELS.

their love to las vegas

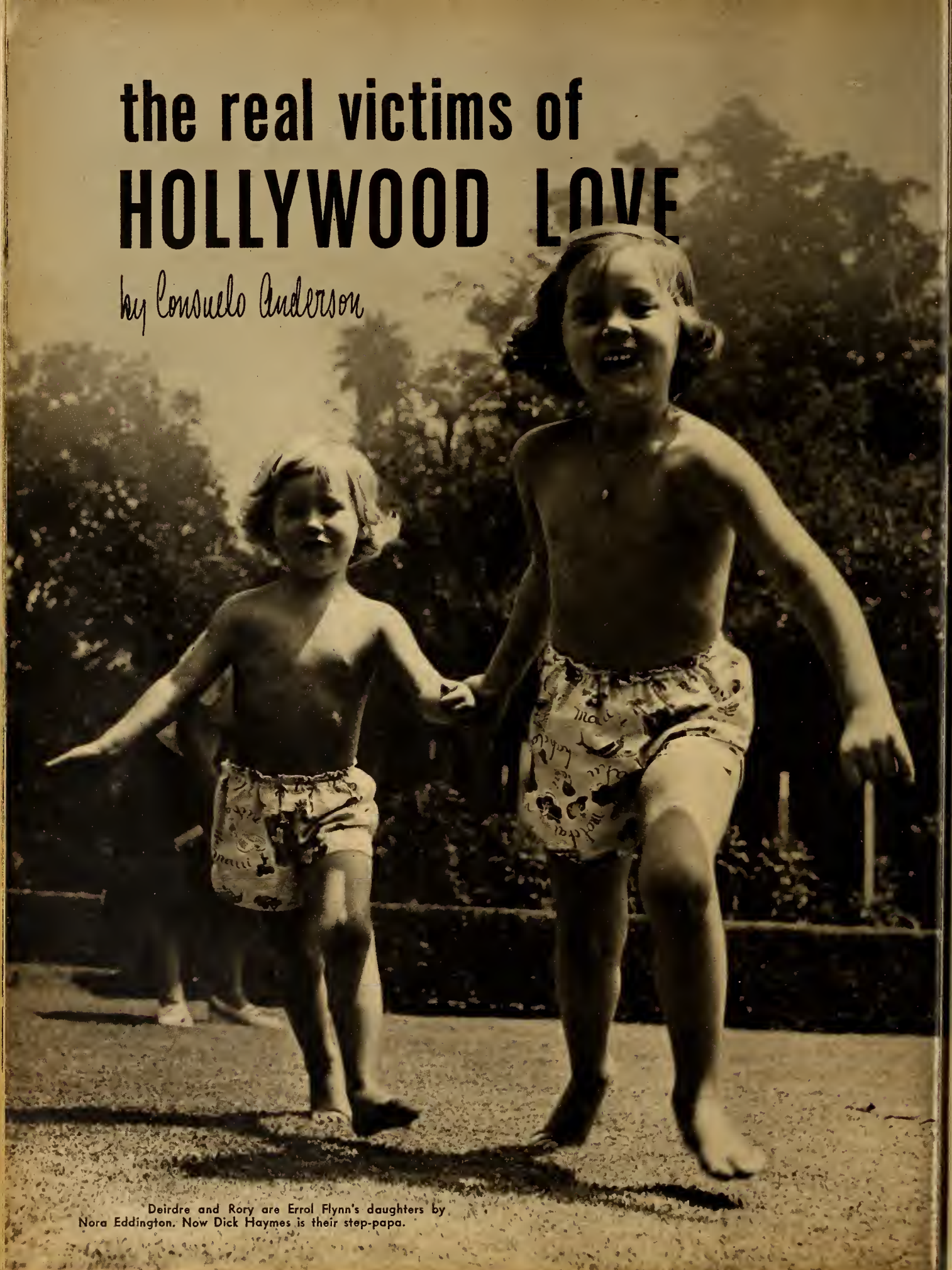
■ On a spring afternoon several years ago, two notable Hollywood marriages were taking place at roughly the same time; one in a stately Beverly Hills church, the other before a Justice of the Peace in a stretch of Nevada desert known as Las Vegas.

The Beverly Hills nuptials were a model of propriety—universally attended and blessed by parental approval. The bride and groom, romantic darlings of their respective publics, had known each other two years, 18 months of which were spent in decorous courtship. Their marriage was launched on a wave of journalistic tears, and they sailed away into the sunset on a bark that looked every bit as seaworthy as the U.S.S. Missouri. The voyage lasted slightly less than a year before it yawed, foundered, and disintegrated in a rather hideous explosion. Love, it would seem, had perished somewhere between Romanoff's and the wide blue yonder.

The other young couple had driven to Las Vegas from Hollywood in a state of suspicious merriment at the tag end of a dawn party. They had been acquainted for exactly 18 hours. The groom used one of the bride's earrings for a substitute wedding band. Both had (*Continued on page 73*)

the real victims of HOLLYWOOD LOVE

by Consuelo Anderson



Deirdre and Rory are Errol Flynn's daughters by Nora Eddington. Now Dick Haymes is their step-papa.

In the final analysis of Hollywood love, it's the children of broken marriages who are the innocent victims of their parents' follies.

■ "There is no such thing as a quiet or amicable divorce in the movie colony if children are concerned," a Hollywood psychiatrist recently said. "Long after the newspaper stories stop, the headlines keep screaming out their terrible news in the hearts of the youngsters."

Not far off one of Hollywood's prominent boulevards stands a large, well-kept mansion looking very much like the lovely home of a screen star. In a sense this home, which has been converted into a boarding school, is an unhappy monument to the Hollywood loves which have failed. Here the children of broken marriages have come to live temporarily—residue of failure, pushed to one side—while their parents occupy themselves in making a new try for romantic happiness.

The children play like any other children. They seem to laugh as readily and even to react as normally. Yet the unalterable fact is that each of them has suffered an emotional wound, a distortion of social feeling from which only the most fortunate will ever be able to recover.

Not all of these children are from the homes of stars. But at one time, when there were 30 of them registered, every youngster but *one* was from a movie home that had split up.

The educators who run this boarding school are understanding and expert at caring for children whose sense of security in parental love has thus been shaken, but their job is heartbreakingly difficult: "I just can't take it any more," said one teacher on leaving for another post. "It's like shepherding a bunch of lost, little souls. There ought to be a law compelling parents who are divorce-minded to stop off here first and picture their own children trying to pretend that an institution is a home. They will at least have some sort of idea then what price the innocents pay when a family splits apart."

While it is true that Hollywood's unhappy marital record is no higher than the national average, its children suffer more cruelly from the publicity, and over longer periods of time. As long as either of their parents is prominent in the (*Continued on page 76*)



THE SHATTERED MARRIAGE of Dick Haymes and Joanne Dru produced three children, who now have so many parents they don't know what to do—as Daddy is married to Nora Eddington and Mother is Mrs. John Ireland.



THE HAPPY MARRIAGE of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker follows a pattern other Hollywood couples would do well to emulate. The Barkers work hard at marriage and twins, Tim and Gregory benefit by their sensible behavior.

charting love in hollywood



JOHN AGAR, 29. Ex-husband Shirley Temple. *Financial status:* excellent. His acting career is doing well, and he may gain new riches as a crooner. *Girl friends:* Paula Raymond and Glaria De Haven. *Prediction:* He'll fight shy of glamar girls when it comes to marriage. A burnt child, he's a goad target far same Little Miss Nobady.



SCOTT BRADY, 25. Never married, but had clase call with Dorothy Malone. *Financial status:* Hamburger stage naw, but he's laaking ahead, so is clase with a dollar. *Dispasitian:* like a merry-go-round, but a better tune. *Girl friends:* Ann Blyth and the next girl he meets. *Predictian:* Due far clase altar escapes, but may marry in 1951—to a tap Glamar Type.



MARLON BRANDO, 27. Never married. *Financial status:* never know from laaking at him that he earns a dime. *Dispasitian:* puzzling. *Girl friends:* Shelley Winters and nameless others. *Predictian:* He'll be a hard ane to catch; acts mare stand-offish than Manty Clift an a bad day. Nan-professianal girl is almost certain ta became future Mrs. Brando.



MONTY CLIFT, 31. Never married and insists he doesn't care much. *Financial status:* Up in the big brackets. *Disposition:* Excellent when you get to know him, but who does? *Dates:* Sharman Douglas. *Prediction:* Clift will still be a bachelor by year's end, but pressure will be so great that he will start dating more girls, and in 1952, goodbye!



TONY CURTIS, 26. Never married, but he'd settle far Janet Leigh. *Financial status:* It's hard to live on $250 a week in Hollywood, but he's on the up-grade. *Disposition:* like he discovers a gold mine every morning. Current *heart beat:* Ask Janet. *Prediction:* If he and Janet don't "I Do" each other before June, they'll eventually marry two other people.



HOWARD DUFF, 34. Never married and very cagey. Would have settled for Ava Gardner but not now. *Financial status:* just short of Bank of America. *Girl friends:* keeping it quiet. *Disposition:* Smiles on alternate Thursdays. *Predictian:* Acts the opposite, but would like to have wife and kiddies; thinks there's little chance with the Hollywood-type girl.



FARLEY GRANGER, 25. Never married; discount talk about Shelley Winters. *Financial status:* Fair and warmer. *Dispositian:* What every woman sighs far. *Girl friends:* Mostly Shelley Winters. *Prediction:* Farley mistrusts his own popularity, has been discontented about career. Likely to go social route with Mrs. Gary Cooper type; but they're hard to find.



ROCK HUDSON, 26. Never married. *Fincial status:* Slim pickings, but it's early in his career. *Dispositian:* Friendly as a callie. *Girl friends:* He dates Vera-Ellen whom he wanted to marry. *Prediction:* Would make a fine husband for a girl like Vera-Ellen, but may prefer to wait awhile longer now, since canfusion has set in and their romance is on and off.



PETER LAWFORD, 27. Never married. *(See story page 48.)* *Financial status:* Prize catch in Hollywood in this respect. *Dispositian:* Plus perfect, an army of farmer girl friends say. *Predictian:* Pete will not marry Sharman Douglas, but sometime in 1951, in current frame of mind, he may decide for a fling at matrimony. Bored with being a bachelor.



RONALD REAGAN, 39. Ex-husband of Jane Wyman. *Financial status:* Good as vintage wine. *Disposition:* acts disillusioned, claims he isn't. *Girl friends:* Nancy Davis, Sally Forrest and several others. *Prediction:* Reagan swears he no longer totes the Wyman torch, but is perfect husband type and a girl like her is liable to win the jackpot with him.



ANN BLYTH, 22. Never married and considered best catch of all. *Financial status:* Na heiress, but has saved her money. *Dispasitian:* Praaf pasitive that a nice, whalesame girl can be fun and important in Hollywood. *Bay friends:* Glenn Davis and Scatt Brady. *Prediction:* The Glenn Davis romance may be mare salid than it laaks. They'd make a great pair.



NANCY DAVIS, 28. Unmarried. *Financial status:* Middle-bracket. *Dispasitian:* Intelligent, glamorous but still home-townish. *Bay friends:* Ronald Reagan, Bab Walker. *Predictian:* Either Reagan or Walker, and prabably the latter cauld win her heart, but they'll have ta prove that they aren't just "hoping it will work aut."



VERA-ELLEN, 25. Once married before she came ta Hollywood. Didn't date far a year after she entered mavies. *Financial status:* Goad. *Dispasition:* Wanderful far a career-minded girl. *Bay friends:* Rock Hudsan, Henry Willsan, A. C. Lyles. *Predictian:* Disconcerted by divarces of friends, she is likely to remain devoted to her career at least a year.



JOAN EVANS, 16. Unmarried and unlikely to be in a hurry to jump at romance. *Financial status:* Excellent. *Dispositian:* Calm, friendly, sweet, sensible, and exciting. *Bay friends:* Half-a-dozen swell young boys, but there seems to be no particular favorite. *Predictian:* Joan won't marry before she is 20, and her first marriage will be her last.



AVA GARDNER, 28. Twice married and still going with Frank Sinatra. *Financial status:* Thar's gold back of that beautiful scenery. *Disposition:* Exciting and wonderful. *Boy friends:* Sinatra, when he's around. *Prediction:* Ava is being true to Frank, but there is much against their marriage and Ava is reluctant to make a move while Frank is still legally wed.



PIPER LAURIE, 18. Never married and due to be ane af 1951's most exciting girls. *Financial status:* Just as a beginner, but who cares? *Disposition:* As sunny as her bright locks. *Boy friends:* Vic Damane has the inside track. *Prediction:* Piper is one of the few sensible girls who won't let her heart run away with her in a great big hurry.



JANET LEIGH, 23. Twice married, considered the most glamorous girl since Rita Hayworth. *Financial status.* Not wealthy. *Dispasition:* Like an animated rainbow, but temperamental in a radiant sort of way. *Prediction:* Janet looks like she's in love, acts like she's in love, but very well might not be until a more mature man comes along.



MARILYN MONROE, 20. Once married at 16, then tragically disappointed by the death of Johnny Hyde. *Financial status:* Same as any other newcomer. *Disposition:* Sultry and shining. *Prediction:* Marilyn won't marry for at least a year unless someone suddenly appears who can make her forget the past in a rush. Due to be one of the all-time Glamor Girls.



LIZABETH SCOTT, 26. Never married and never on the verge until she met Herb Caen. *Financial status:* Like a Cadillac turned human. *Boy friends:* A whale gang she hasn't cared for. *Prediction:* Liz has often said she'd like ta be married. Would make an excellent, exatic wife, and just the type for a saphisticated writer the likes of Caen.



SHELLEY WINTERS, 28. Married once. *Financial status:* Salting away her hard earned cash. *Dispasitian:* Samewhere between froth from champagne and a female boxer. *Boy friends:* Farley Granger; Granger, Farley. *Prediction:* Shelley has been a mixed up young lady. Is as likely to elope to Las Vegas as not to marry at all; a bad betting risk.



what happened when

HUTTON HIT MICHIGAN!

Crash! Bam! Alakazam! That's Betty Hutton coming home. Michigan reeled and rallied to show how it loved her. You can see for yourself on the following pages . . .



Hutton fans mobbed the Grinnel Music Co. store when Betty came to autograph records and stage an impromptu show atop a counter.

Betty visited old friends and old haunts between shows.

■ The pictures on these and the next pages show the triumphant return of Betty Hutton to her hometown. She began her career as a singer in the beer joint two photos to the right, and she never forgot it. She never forgot the schoolkids, the friends, the relatives, even the strangers who watched her spectacular climb to fame. Betty's reunion with the whole state of Michigan started in Detroit, worked its way through Lansing, Battle Creek and Grand Rapids. In executive mansions, theaters, stores and hotels Betty wowed the people. The trip over, she headed home, and Michigan pulled itself together as best it could, being somewhat awed and completely devastated by Hutton's brand of lightning.



Her mother argued with Betty about where the kitchen used to be in their old Lansing home, while tenant Larry Maisel looked on.



Betty visited the beer joint where she used to sing for a living. The proud owner served her at a ringside table.



After performing at the Michigan Theater, which premiered *Let's Dance,* Betty relaxed in her dressingroom for half an hour then rushed to her suite at the Book Cadillac Hotel to entertain old friends.



A round of broadcasts and personal appearances started immediately after Betty arrived. She rehearsed with Herschel Lieb's orchestra. Betty's next pix is Para.'s *The Greatest Show On Earth.*



Betty introduced her mother, Mabel, to the Michigan Theater audience and the two sang "Harvest Moon." Afterward, Mabel invited old friends in the audience to visit them at the hotel.

It seemed as if half of Michigan had known her when she was a kid singing for pennies.



Mrs. Hutton used to work in this Chrysler plant, but was escorted through it on her visit by the president of the corporation, himself.

Betty attended morning classes at her alma mater, the Foch Intermediate School. She embraced her teacher, and sat at her old desk.

In Lansing, Betty looked up an old dancing friend, discovered that he owned this bar and grill. His wife served her.

Betty met four mayors, dined with the Governor, and dated the public for the best time of her life.



Mayor Albert Cobo welcomed Betty to Detroit, introduced her to Deputy Treasurer MacGregor Neville. Betty asked if the key to the city opened the vaults.



Betty was escorted to Lansing by state trooper Ken Christensen who turned out to be a childhood pal. She introduced him to the governor.



▲ After touring the Chrysler plant, Betty and her mother were lunch guests in the executive dining room. Betty sat between L. L. Colbert, the Corp. Pres. and D. A. Wallace, Pres. of the Chrysler Division.

▼ As soon as Betty arrived in Lansing, Governor Williams, his wife and three children called on her. Later, the governor introduced her at a luncheon sponsored by "The Red Stocking," a local charity organization.





Lansing's mayor accompanied Betty ta the house she lived in as a child. The Lansing Historical Society had placed a plaque there.



Betty stopped off at Grand Rapids where she was guest af the mayor. She assured him that she'd be campaign manager if he needed one.



Battle Creek's Mayor Bill Bailey welcomed her with traditional key and kiss. Later, Betty entertained her relatives.



Betty greeted Battle Creek relatives at the Post Tavern; Betty mother, her great uncle Ray, great aunt Jessie, cousin Laurence Walker, his wife, Mrs. G. Lehman, her daughter-in-law.



When Betty came off the stage at the Michigan Theater she was soaked from head ta foot and had last her voice. After a short caaling-aff process, thaugh, she was ready, as usual, far a party.



Hutton killed her audience in Battle Creek, and almost killed herself, but she was unsatisfied with her perfarmance. The next day, her hectic, thaugh inspiring trip was over. After a bubblebath she hopped a plane for Hollywood.

YOUR VOICE IN HOLLYWOOD

We would like to have you tell us how your motion picture theaters can best serve you. These questions are being asked simultaneously of movie-goers in the Fanchon & Marco Theaters of St. Louis, and the combined results will be put before Hollywood leaders for immediate action. This is *your* chance to tell Hollywood what you really want.

1. I attend the movies:
☐ several times a week
☐ once a week, approximately
☐ once a month, approximately
☐ less than once a month

2. The three types of films I like best are: (check three)
☐ comedy ☐ adventures
☐ romance ☐ serious drama
☐ musicals ☐ historical films
☐ mysteries

3. I select films I wish to see because of:
☐ featured stars
☐ newspaper or magazine reviews
☐ word of mouth recommendations

4. My home ☐ does ☐ does not contain a television set

5. I usually attend the movies with:
☐ my family
☐ my friends
☐ alone

6. I believe a fair price for movie admission is.....

7. My three favorite movies during 1950 were:
a._____
b._____
c._____

8. My three favorite movie stars of today are:
a._____
b._____
c._____

9. The three stars I like least are:
a._____
b._____
c._____

10. My three favorite stars of tomorrow are:
a._____
b._____
c._____

11. I prefer: (check one)
☐ double features
☐ single features

12. Personal data
☐ female ☐ male ☐ age____
occupation_____

General comments:
_____
_____
_____

Clip and mail to:
MOVIEGOER'S POLL, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

hollywood's ten best citizens

(*Continued from page 39*) headlines. Yet it is important now that Americans everywhere salute Hollywood citizens like Ann and the others mentioned on these pages. They are in a sense typical of the thousands who are quietly doing their very best for their country.

To choose those Hollywood citizens most worthy of recognition, MODERN SCREEN enlisted the aid of America's top columnists. These columnists studied the qualifications of many stars, and selected ten in secret ballot. Those who voted were Herb Caen of the San Francisco Examiner, Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper, Sheilah Graham, Harrison Carroll and Erskine Johnson, Hollywood syndicated columnists; Earl Wilson, New York Post; Ed Sullivan, New York Daily News; Louis Sobol of the New York Journal American and Cedric Adams of the Minneapolis Star-Journal.

Now the votes have been counted, and it falls to us to tell you briefly about Hollywood's Ten Best Citizens. We chose to mention Ann Blyth first, not because it is the intention to rate one star above another, but because Ann happens to be the youngest of our best citizens, and as such she is an inspiration to a legion of young people throughout the United States.

At 21, Ann is the youngest member of the Board of Directors of the Screen Actors' Guild. She is honorary Mayor of Toluca Lake. For three years now she has averaged about 200 benefits a year, raising funds for charities sponsored by people of all faiths. Her beautiful voice, fine spirit and endless energy have been an inspiration to the point that the movie industry's top men refer to her as Hollywood's Ambassadress of Good Will.

The reason we talk so much about Ann is that she is typical of the younger players of Hollywood who will inherit the civic responsibilities of Hollywood's future. The other and better-known players have established a legacy of citizenship which will be passed on to these young people.

In a way, Ann is a younger version of another of Hollywood's "Ten Best"—Irene Dunne. As you may know, it is possible to win a name for charitable work by merely accepting a number of chairmanships for various high-sounding drives. Such is not the case with Irene. No one worked harder than she did during the recent campaign to raise funds to finish a wing of St. John's Hospital. The wing will house research labs and wards for the study and cure of children's diseases. Irene has had a long record of achievements. She plunged actively into last year's senatorial campaign and was responsible in no small degree for the success of her candidate. Wherever she has gone, she has captured both the love and respect of her fellow Americans.

Not long ago we talked with a famous doctor about the tendency of American people to require constant help from psychiatrists. "Why," we asked, "are so many men and women today turning into helpless neurotics?"

"The answer," he replied, "is quite simple. Whatever the original cause of his or her trouble, the individual who cracks under the strain of modern living is first and foremost extremely self-centered. The young woman who winds up in a divorce court, goes to a psychiatrist to straighten out her unhappy life and eventually may emerge as cured. And what has she discovered? In essence, it is the fact that when she stops thinking about herself and begins to think about others, she suddenly becomes happy and successful.

How true this is can be seen in taking a brief look at our other best citizens: Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Eddie Cantor. I mention these as a trio, and it is hardly necessary to mention what they do. Almost every day we can see and hear these great performers, working for the March of Dimes, entertaining troops, going all out for other people, and worthy causes. We'll wager this, that if in another poll we sought to discover the happiest people in the country, these men would rate very close to the champions.

Among the "Ten Best" are Ronald Reagan, former President of the Screen Actors' Guild, ex-serviceman, youngest man ever to be honored by the Friars Club for industry services . . . Joan Crawford, who has maintained two rooms for needy patients in Hollywood hospital for 15 years, was responsible for three shiploads of milk going to children in France, worked tirelessly in the war effort, and in 1949 was Red Feather Woman for the Community Chest . . . Bing Crosby, who has quietly served his government on broadcast after broadcast, sponsored many a benefit and hospital tour, and keeps completely mum about any and all good deeds . . . Rosalind Russell, you'd have to write a book about her, filled with names of organizations like Red Cross, Jewish Home for the Aged, American Veteran's Service Foundation, Hollywood Canteen, John Tracy Clinic, Catholic charities, and dozens of others. Not bad for a girl whose main chore in life, most people believe, is to be the zany comedienne. Last and as important as the first named is Loretta Young, President of St. Anne's Maternity Hospital Guild, active in hospital appearances, the PTA and the Catholic Church—the actress who gives all proceeds of her radio broadcasts to her favorite charity.

Dozens of other stars were named in the voting. The columnists who cooperated with MODERN SCREEN put a great deal of thought into the matter. For instance, Ed Sullivan wrote us, "To mention just a few, I'd say that the really outstanding citizens I know about are: Walt Disney, Frank Capra, William Wyler, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Irene Dunne, Dinah Shore, Pat O'Brien, Bing Crosby, Charles Laughton, Leo McCarey, Jimmy Durante, Laurence Olivier and Abe Lastvogel." In his consideration, before making a final selection Mr. Sullivan looked into the deeds of not only stars, but agents and executives as well. For example, no man ever served his country more intensely than did Hollywood agent Abe Lastvogel with his efforts in behalf of the USO. That is why the editors have decided to provide below a secondary, but equally important, list of citizens of quality among Hollywood's executives.

We in Hollywood are mighty proud of our Ten Best Citizens; we honor them as we know you will. And it is with a touch of regret that we cannot take space enough to mention other great citizens of our town who may be named next year when voting time comes around—people like those stalwart ex-Marines, Macdonald Carey, Bill Lundigan and Glenn Ford. Then there's John Wayne, Bob Young, Red Skelton, George Murphy, Jimmy Stewart. And among the women, Esther Williams, Audrey Totter, Joan Evans, Dorothy Lamour, Jane Powell, Barbara Stanwyck and Shirley Temple.

Good citizens all, we salute you!

THE END

Special Executive Honorable Mention

MODERN SCREEN *wishes to congratulate the following Hollywood executives who were also mentioned by a number of the famous columnists voting: L. B. Mayer, Abe Lastvogel, Dore Schary, Darryl Zanuck, Harry M. Warner, Walt Disney, Y. Frank Freeman, C. B. DeMille, Mrs. Spencer Tracy, George Jessel, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Robert Montgomery.*


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It makes you feel like a love bird—it makes him act like a love bird. In fact, our romance research experts found that 9 out of 10 love birds choose ENDEARING as the perfume that "makes you want to fall in love." (The 10th love bird? Completely "carried away"!)
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Irresistible
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So easy to have the kissable lips men adore with this new lip-width Irresistible. All the advantages of a pencil plus extra strength of the "shorty."

PLACE THE CAP on the base and presto, it's the long length professional size.
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the talcum with the fragrance that whispers "kiss me, dear"

DJER-KISS
TALCUM
Keeps you silky smooth, fresh, dainty all over. Use it lavishly.
DJER-KISS
DEAR KISS
TALCUM

never lost a father

(*Continued from page 33*) more like the bleating of a goat.

They had held him up for her to see, and despite her semi-conscious state, she had immediately noticed the long upper lip. "He looks just like Richard," she had said.

She thought back over the last nine months. Everything had been so wonderful at first; and then Dick had been confined to bed with painful neuritis in his shoulder. There had been months of that, and she had insisted on caring for him herself. But at last she'd surrendered to the idea of having Dick attended by a nurse.

She supposed that she had been tired, but then it had certainly made the time fly. Every minute she wasn't caring for Dick, she had been preparing the new nursery and playing with Pamela. Pam had been so excited over the idea of a new baby, and they had been careful to prevent any jealous thoughts. It had worked rather well, too. When they took some of the pictures from the walls in Pamela's room and hung them in the nursery, Pam had gone to them and run her little fingers over the frames.

"Not mine," she said. "They're Herman's."

There had been the baby showers, and she remembered the awful time they'd had with the invitations. For the shower given her by Frances Bergen and Dinah Shore and Jane Dart, there had been beautifully printed invitations, and after they were delivered, June had offered to help by pinning tiny diaper-shaped pieces of cloth on each one. In the middle of pinning on the 46th diaper, she had a vague feeling that something was wrong. The printer had omitted the date of the shower. She unpinned all 46 so that they could be sent back to a printing press, and on their return, re-pinned the entire batch.

THERE had been the preparation for Christmas, too, and the night of December 23rd when she'd been putting gifts under the tree and become conscious of the pain in her back. She had gone to bed about 11, and although she'd fallen asleep immediately, she kept waking with that strange, slight pain. It couldn't be the baby, she had thought. He isn't due for almost two weeks. But why, she wondered, do I keep going to sleep and then waking up? She began watching the clock on the table at her side, and two hours later nudged Dick.

"My time has come," she announced.

"Don't be silly," mumbled Dick. Then he sat straight up. "What do you mean?"

She pointed to the clock. "Every 15 minutes," she said.

"Now, be calm," he said. "It's just your imagination. It's much too soon." He leaned across her and took the clock from the table. "Tell you what," he said. "Just to prove it, I'll sit here on the floor and hold the clock and talk to you, and I'll bet you can't tell me when 15 minutes have passed."

As it turned out, June announced the turn of 15 minutes for more than an hour, and Dick was becoming alarmed when she suddenly announced an eight minute interval.

"There, you see?" he said. "Most irregular."

After another eight minutes June requested a phone call to the doctor.

"I'll do it," Dick said. "Just to calm your fears."

He picked up the phone and when the doctor had answered, apologized for disturbing him. "June thinks this is it. But it's just her imagination. She can't tell the difference between eight minutes and 15 minutes . . . What? . . . 15 minutes, and then eight minutes. . . ." Dick's face froze. "Oh. You bet. Right away."

He looked at June in consternation. "Now just be calm," he said, running his hand through his hair. "We're to go to the hospital right away. Now get dressed as fast as you can, but keep calm."

He tore into his dressing room. June could hear running water, and then footsteps pounding down the hall, after which there was much knocking on doors. What's the matter with *me*, she had thought. I'm not even nervous. She swung her feet out of bed and went into her dressing room, and a few minutes later Dick came bounding into the room followed by Olie, Pamela's nurse. June was standing before a mirror, still in her nightgown, braiding her hair into pigtails.

"For heaven's sake!" Dick said. "You aren't ready yet! What are you doing that for?"

"I am *not* going to have my baby with my hair looking a mess," said June. "I'll be ready in a little bit."

Olie regarded her critically. "There must be some mistake," she said. "You don't act like you're going to have a baby."

"That's what *I* told her," said Dick. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. "But the doctor said to get her down there right away. Now, June, be calm," he said, and raced off to another part of the house.

In 15 minutes she was ready and sitting quietly in the car next to Dick, who held the wheel as though he had a 30 pound tuna on the other end of it. At the hospital they met the doctor, and June stopped to chat with him, inquiring politely after the health of his family.

Dick was all but hopping around on one foot. "Ye gods!" he said. "What about *our* family? Doctor, can you get her to get in bed—or wherever she should be?"

It was shortly after that that June's serenity melted away, and in its place came a strange sensation of losing all thought, all logic. They asked her to sign her name on the register and she stood there for several minutes, the pen poised over the paper. This is silly, she thought. It can't be George, but that's all I can think of. Finally she turned to the doctor. "I'm sorry—I know it sounds stupid—but just what *is* my name?"

June smiled now, remembering it, and turned her head into the pillow for the best sleep of her life.

DICK came to the hospital that night, and every afternoon and night while she was there, and each time he brought one gift from under the tree. Aside from his visits, there wasn't much fun about the hospital stay. The phone rang perpetually, and strangers entered the room to ask for June's autograph. But the worst of it was not having Ricky in her arms. He was so tiny that he stayed in an incubator for the first three days, and even when he was removed from it, there was no risking the danger of taking him out of the warm nursery. They wheeled June down to see him sleeping beyond the big glass window, but merely looking isn't much satisfaction to a new mother. Dick took a picture of

HOW SHE'S CHANGED!

June Allyson is one of the most difficult of all players to interview. It is hard for June to talk about anything that is close to her—and the other kind of material doesn't matter to writers.—*Louella Parsons, June, 1945, Modern Screen.*

the baby the morning after he was born, and when June returned home she put a huge enlargement of the photograph at the foot of her bed. Ricky had to stay at the hospital for another week.

By the time June came home, Dick was utterly exhausted. June would often ask him if he'd had lunch.

"Of course," he would say, and then think a minute. "Wait—did I or didn't I? I can't remember."

"Well, go eat something, you goon."

And he'd come back to the bedroom a half hour later, grinning sheepishly. "Guess I ate before. I'm too full to eat anything now."

He was absolutely incomprehensible on the phone. People would call up and ask how June was.

"Fine," Dick would say.

"How's the baby?"

"She never felt better."

"How much does the baby weigh?"

"Wonderful."

After a while people gave up asking.

The Friday before New Year's Eve, June went downstairs for the first time, and everyone in the house had their Christmas. They had all waited to open their packages. Dick opened each package addressed to June, held it briefly under her nose, then tossed it into a pile.

"Have you been keeping a record of who sent the gifts?" said June.

"Certainly," said Dick.

"Where are the cards?"

"Right here in my jacket," said Mr. Powell, patting his pocket confidently.

June squirmed. "You *have* written a description of the gift on each card," I hope."

He looked thoughtful. "Well, now that you mention it. . . ."

Dick left the house on the morning of January 5th to bring Ricky home and June spent the longest hour of her life. Then he was there at the door of her room, a blue bundle in his arms.

"Here you are, mother," he said, and turned the bundle over to June. She held the baby for more than two hours, and once he puckered up his lips and exhaled.

"Look," said June. "He looks just like you when you whistle."

Pamela was especially interested. She took a good look at the baby.

"He isn't much to look at," June told her. "No hair or teeth like you have."

Weeks later, Pamela entered Richard's den and put her elbows on his knee. "My little brother certainly cries his brains out," she announced.

"Hmm," said Dick. "Why do you suppose that is?"

"I s'pose it's because he's not as pretty as I am," said Pamela.

Everyone was careful to assure Pamela that she was every bit as precious as Ricky. When they wanted to enter the nursery they asked Pam for permission to see her little brother, and after weighing it carefully in her mind, she would give her consent. The routine about his having no teeth or hair soon began to rankle, however, and she switched wholeheartedly over to Ricky's side. The last time visitors remarked that the baby was devoid of any of his sister's charms, Pamela looked them up and down with a scornful air.

"He'll grow," she said.

So will the family, if June has anything to say about it. She wants more babies, and in the meantime is completely charmed with her current clan. Each night she tiptoes into the nursery to watch Ricky sleeping in his crib, then into Pamela's room where she kisses the tousled blonde head. And when she leaves these two rooms she is filled with a sense of happiness, a feeling that she is really living life.

THE END

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a time and place for everything

bobbie fog, fashion editor

■ The time . . . is Now. The place . . . is Here. And the girl, of course . . . is You. Here are the right clothes to suit your every need, your special whims; a work and play wardrobe to take you through your busy, happy day.

If you have a whole long morning to putter about the house, why not look as pretty and fresh as paint in a little-girl pinafore. Going out to lunch or afternoon bridge with the girls? Choose a simple classic that fits into any background, and promises a lot of tireless wear—for both the dress and you. If it is the sun you're after, have fun in an amusing harlequin print. There is a brief little jacket for a quick cover up. For a really gala evening, try a bare topped cotton in one of the delicious mauvy tones. And when a "Spur-of-the-moment" occasion crops up, you're set with a top-everything Swirl. It's jiffy-quick to get into, and the tunic length makes it equally at home over slacks or a skirt. To pretty your feet, you will find a varied group of slippers, all in bright colors. And we've included those hidden necessities (a bra-and-girdle duo, and an all-in-one foundation) that you'll wear from A.M. to P.M. toothbrush time, and feel bright and right every moment.

gene tierney takes light checks and a dark skirt

■ Ever-smart Gene Tierney, star of two "where" and "when" movies— 20th Century's *On The Riviera* and Paramount's *The Mating Season*—is happy all day long in this tissue gingham with its woven check top matching a solid broadcloth skirt. Mock pearl buttons trim the strip of solid color that continues in a mandarin collar. Of washable Sanforized fabric in navy and white checked top with navy skirt; or these checked top-solid skirt combos: black and white check with black, green and white check with green, taffy and white check with taffy. Sizes 10-18. $7.95. BY COTTON CLUB FROCKS.

ALL MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS IN THIS ISSUE CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT CO., WASHINGTON 4, D. C. SEE PAGE 73.

Together they make a Beautiful Pair . . .
Mother and Daughter with Color-Bright Hair!



MOTHER'S GRAY HAIRS are tinted from view.
Rich, glowing color makes her look younger, too!
she uses **Nestle Colortint**

DAUGHTER'S DRAB HAIR is rinsed shining bright.
Its highlights and sheen are a glorious sight!
she uses **Nestle Colorinse**

Triple-strength Nestle Colortint—makes you look *years* younger as it blends graying hair with rich, even, natural-looking color.

Nestle Colorinse—an after-shampoo "must" to remove dulling soap film, give your hair glamorous color-highlights, soft lustre and sheen. Easy to use . . . no muss—no fuss.

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Ask your beautician for a PROFESSIONAL application of Colorinse or Colortint, made by . . .

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RINSES IN . . . SHAMPOOS OUT

modern screen fashions





a time and place for everything

Pearls by Marvella; Gloves by Crescendoe; Bag by Rober Van S.,



← **TIME:** Home-work hours.
PLACE: Your house, from kitchen to parlor.

Dress up at home in a pinafore as perky as its name, "Confetti." Trimmed with a deep ruffle from portrait neckline to small of back, it's of dainty plisse seersucker that washes like a dream and scoffs at ironing. A self belt ties fore and aft. Tiny dots of red, green or navy scatter over a white background. Sizes 12-40, and 14½-24½. $5.00. BY SOPHISTI-COAT

TIME: A summer afternoon.
PLACE: Your place in the sun.

The "Playafore's" a bright concoction to wear anywhere there's sunlight, and right into the moonlit hours. This "Harlequin" is a combination jacket and sun-dress in fine waffle pique. In navy or black background printed in brilliant hues with white jacket, or a black jacket over a white background printed dress. Sizes 10-20. $8.95. BY GINGHAM GIRL

THE MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL, SEE PAGE 73.

a time and place for everything



Bag by Rober van S.
Gold jewelry by Monet.

← **TIME:** Tea for Two time.
PLACE: Across a table, across a room.
The slim-lined "Tea-Timer," with contrasting trim at panel pockets and sleeve inlets, is at home in town or country. Colors: beige with cocoa and green trim. Lime with dark green and cocoa trim. Navy with beige and tangerine trim. Cocoa with beige and lime trim. It's of Butcher Rayon with that linen-look. Sizes 12-20 and 14½-24½. $8.95. Another linen-type rayon dress is the button-down "Mad Cap." A fashion coat dress with a two-way convertible collar, the white-capped waves are embroidered in white. Sizes 10-18 come in navy, tangerine, aqua and coffee. BY LENNY FROCKS.

→ **TIME:** Your day off.
PLACE: Your favorite playground.
It's called the "Swirl." Walk into it, button it once, wrap it close and tie, Wear it over your play clothes; dress up your slacks and skirts. An all-purpose tunic, cut from beautiful waffle fabric in blue, pink, aqua, maize and white with less than 2% shrinkage. Wonderful to wear to . . . at . . . and from the beach. Sizes 10-20. $7.95.
BY L. NACHMAN & SON.

Here's how the Swirl works.



THE MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON THESE PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON 4, D.C. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 73.



a time and

TIME: That romantic moment.
PLACE: Beside your best beau.

"Peek-A-Boo" is designed for flirtation. A demure fitted jacket of tissue broadcloth masks a bare-shouldered sun dress with bodice of eyelet embroidery that shows prettily over a camisole lining of blending color. Add your shiniest jewel for evening sparkle. Basic colors are navy, lilac, aqua and pink. Sizes 10-18 and 14½-22½. $8.95.
BY COTTON CLUB FROCKS.



"PEEK-A-BOO" DRESS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 73.

Rhinestone jewelry by Kramer, Shoes by Mademoiselle.

place for everything

if the shoe fits . . .

. . . wear it for glamor as well as ease in the informal hours when comfort is the keynote. Look pretty in any of the Baranee slippers featured on this page. Prices range from $2.95 to $6.95 and all slippers are available in various leading colors.

1. A new idea in soft leather wear . . . a cozy, jester-like slipper with laces up the back of matching grosgrain ribbon. In every color with contrasting pastel linings.

2. A single-band scotch plaid scuff with squared-off toe. The band is wide enough to doubly insure comfort and ease in walking.

3. A cozy scuff with the added feature of specially embossed satin. Open toe, elastic sling-back and luxurious white furry trim.

4. A delightful mule of satin with contrasting square dot design. Two bands, placed just right for easy wearing, and a one-and-a-half inch wedge heel.

5. For extra-special comfort, a suedine fabric shoe, suitable for both indoor and outdoor wear. A tiny grosgrain bow in front, and an ankle-hugging cuff of brilliant electrified shearling.

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1.



2.



3.



4.





everything in the right place

Engineer your curves for scenic beauty. Flexees' boneless, one-piece foundation (*at right*) gently but firmly masters a bulge or a bump, creates a fluid line. Satin lastique for the front and back panels, nylon net lastique at the sides, Stitched satin undercups combine with nylon marquisette in the bra. Profile foundation in white or pink. Sizes 32-40. $15.95.

The prettiest dress is at a loss without a pretty you in it. Insure a trim body profile with the girdle and bra at the left. The delicate semi-plunge bra is of stitched, porous nylon. In A (32-36), B (32-38) or C (32-40) cup to fit junior, average or full bosom. White, pink, or black. $2.95. The Profile step-in girdle with front and back panels of satin lastique has featherweight nylon net lastique at the sides. Length: 15″. White or pink. Sizes 25-30. $10.95. ALL PROFILES BY FLEXEES.

"PROFILES" CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 73.

they took their love to las vegas

(*Continued from page 51*) difficulty remembering the names of their witnesses and both showed a deplorable tendency to waive "Oh, Promise Me" and "I Love You Truly" in favor of a mysterious ditty called "Who Hit Nellie in the Belly with a Flounder?", a number that seemed to have sentimental connotations for both of them. Their marriage, frowned upon by press and public alike, survives today—reasonably stable and very nearly as joyous as it was at its conception.

Vegas—the prefatory "Las" is usually ignored—likes to think about that. It's proof of the proposition maintained by Vegans and a vociferous minority of Hollywoodites that impulsive marriages (particularly in Las Vegas) have a good chance of survival. The record, any Vegan will tell you, bears this out. And Vegas, that much maligned and misunderstood strip of sand, neon and dice tables 90 minutes from Los Angeles, has a long record.

It points with pride, for example, to its most cherished jackpot, Betty Grable and Harry James. The details of the wedding, related here for the first time by a friend and witness, may read like a Dagwood Bumstead nightmare, but remember the payoff.

"They met," says the friend, "when Betty went to hear the James orchestra at the Hollywood Palladium. Betty preferred nothing to swing save Home and Mother, and she fell in love. When Harry headed East for a two-week appearance at New York's Hotel Astor, Betty followed." The marriage was arranged there—Betty was to go back to Hollywood, then double back to Vegas where James would meet her, arriving direct from the East by train. Slightly complicated—but people who are going to be married in Vegas do not let trifles bother them.

"I'll never forget that stifling desert night of July 5, 1943," their friend continued. "The train was two hours late and the bride, waiting at the Last Frontier, had come close to hysterics three times. She was haunted by a notion of omens and finally left the hotel. She insisted on waiting at the tiny Las Vegas station, surrounded by consolers and a worshipping bevy of 150 or so of the younger set.

"Meanwhile, back at the hotel, the license clerk and the minister decided to go home and go to bed. They were dissuaded only by Sam Israel, then Fox publicist and friend of the bride, who offered to sit on both their heads and beat them with blackjack dealers." The hour was well after three. It was 4:15 before the Union Pacific's *City of Los Angeles*, westbound from Salt Lake City, finally slid into the platform. James, and two members of his band dismounted far down the tracks.

"In those days the Vegas platform proper featured a knee-high guard rope designed to keep prospective passengers from wandering into the paths of trains and so lose their value as prospective passengers. Betty knew nothing about this. Anyway, it was dark and she had so much accumulated emotion choking her she wasn't thinking. She yelled, 'Harry, darling!' ran forward full tilt, hit the rope and disappeared into the tender embrace of Nevada's best cinders.

"Not till an hour or so later did a trembling and badly bruised bride repeat the ceremonial words before Dr. C. H. Sloan, her barely less shaken groom beside her. Hastily recruited witnesses joined Sam Israel, Betty Furness, Manny Sachs, Mrs. Lou Wasserman and other friends of the bride and groom (still steadfast) numbering such distinguished Vegans as the fabulous gambler Nick the Greek, who approves of love, and his less distinguished associates who had to be dragged bodily from their dice tables into the two small rooms, joined as one for the occasion."

The Las Vegas ceremony is mercifully short—though warm and sweet as wedding ceremonies anywhere. "Dearly beloved," said the haggard Dr. Sloan. And Betty's voice broke badly as she repeated the marriage vows. In Hollywood no director would have stood for it. "I, Betty, take thee Harry, to be my lawful wedded husband . . . as long as we both shall live. . . ."

As long as they both shall live. They said it in fly-by-night Vegas as dawn was breaking, and they're seven years along now. Percentage-wise, how many marriages anywhere have done as well?

Though nominally second to Reno as a Hollywood divorce center, Las Vegas denies the idea that it caters to domestic ruptures, and points out the 1950 totals: 18,060 marriages against only 2,805 divorces. Vegas is well-stocked with divorce lawyers who make a modest living, for the most part. The post of Justice of the Peace, is however, conservatively estimated to be worth $50,000 a year. It's traditional for Vegans to hold the post only one year, by the way.

Hollywood's contribution to the divorce level was slight. Joan Blondell came out to shuck producer Mike Todd, and more recently Marie Wilson put a period once and for all to her tempestuous marriage to Allan Nixon. There were others less notable, but in all only a fraction of the total number of divorces.

Vegas has a way of turning embittered transients and passers-through into free

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Tailored with shirtmaker smartness of fine woven cotton in color combinations of Brown-Copen or Green-Lilac with White cross-checks. Sizes 9 to 15.

At smart Shops where smart juniors shop. About $9

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Buffalo, N.Y.

souls and life-long friends. Intended tourists have stopped to look, remained to become tax-payers. Victor Mature, en route to Hollywood after leaving the Coast Guard, dropped in for the night and was still to be seen there three months later. For a considerable time Mark Stevens made Vegas his home between pictures. One prominent star has made plans to move there for keeps as soon as he begins to slip.

Some weeks ago a Hollywood figure sent a young lady in his employ down to Vegas to do a few chores for an enterprise he had in mind. She sent word that the job would take at least another week. After a month she wired that she wasn't coming home at all, and after a long and conceivably awkward silence, she advised him that she was the happiest bride in all of Southwest Nevada. Inasmuch as her employer had been considering marrying her himself, if he ever got around to it, he was quite upset.

The Nevada law is lenient to divorcees-to-be. It requires only that its guests spend a minimum of one minute of every day in the state throughout the six weeks mandatory to establish residence. When Marie Wilson was there, she was doing her "My Friend Irma" radio show in Hollywood. On the day of the show she used to leave town exactly one minute after 12 A.M. and come back in just before they dropped the gate.

LAS VEGAS does not discourage the divorce trade. On the contrary, it has been known to make an outright pitch for it. When the late Carole Landis was heard to be contemplating a Reno separation, one enterprising Vegas hotel man got on the phone and changed her mind.

But it is weddings that Las Vegas loves best. Most of its Hollywood marriages are made by creatures of impulse, whose primary purpose is to cut through the three-day wait imposed by California between license and altar. Traveling an hour and a half by air, or up to 11 hours by milk train across the Sierra Madres mountain range and the Mojave desert, the stars may settle at one of four plush hotels sprawled along "The Strip" west of town. Two of these, the Last Frontier and the Flamingo are fully rigged for whatever may come. They have their own private chapels. The other two hotels are El Rancho Vegas and Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, a year-old, $4,000,000 spa which was the setting for Ruth Roman's recent union with Mortimer Hall.

Some indication of the thoroughness with which Vegas approaches the wedding situation can be seen in the following section of a brochure distributed by a major hotel. This is what show business would call a package deal:

"A single message to our wedding director . . . and all arrangements will be made for you . . . a minister of your own denomination, or if you prefer, a civil official to perform the ceremony . . . any type of flowers . . . wedding announcement . . . photographs. If you desire, the entire ceremony will be recorded on a phonograph record. You will be assisted in getting your marriage license which may be obtained at any hour, day or night. . . . If you like, a wedding dinner, breakfast or lunch will be planned for you by the wedding director."

Skip the last and all that is yours—or Hollywood's—for $25.

Recently, the Flamingo management arranged to have the Eastern in-laws of a starlet and her groom in on the proceedings. An intricate long-distance telephone hook-up wired the wedding for sound, with the groom breaking into the formalities to shout "Can you hear all right, Ma?"

Obviously, not all Vegas marriages are durable. Deanna Durbin and Producer Felix Jackson couldn't make it stick, nor could Anne Shirley and Adrian Scott, Morgan Ryan and Arline Judge. But there have been lasting marriages like those of Andy and Della Russell, the Ed Wynns, Gloria Grahame and Nickolas Ray, Richard Brooks III and Will Rogers' daughter Mary. To list both sides of the ledger would take more space than we have here—but the marriages are overwhelmingly in the majority.

TAKE Eleanor Parker's own comments on the subject. Her marriage to Bert Friedlob, investment counselor, on January 5, 1946 might be called average. It was not rushed as things go in the West, but not dawdled. It had its quota of gayety, secrecy, its build-up, its delayed revelation and its enduring fiber.

"I'm proud of my Las Vegas marriage," Mrs. Friedlob says. "It's more than five years old, and it's going to be a lot older than that. We have two daughters, Susan Eleanor, two, and Sharon Anne, ten months. We're a completely happy family. So never tell me that Las Vegas weddings are hit-and-run, doomed to failure.

"We agreed to get married one night at the Beverly Club," said Eleanor. "We wanted to keep it secret, but when Bert suddenly told me a week later that he'd chartered a plane to fly to Vegas and be married, I cried. I was wearing an evening dress and had never been on a plane, and Las Vegas—I don't know, it all sounded a little raffish. So Bert took me home to Mother. A week later we decided to go after all and this time it was *my* idea. We took our very good mutual friend Al Bloomingdale along - but we didn't tell him what we had in mind.

"Poor Al." Miss Parker stopped to laugh. "He'll never play blackjack again.

"We checked in at Rancho Vegas in separate bungalows and then next morning had to figure out a way to ditch Al. So we took him to a small gambling place and Bert said he'd show him how to play blackjack so he couldn't lose. The idea was to take it easy, Bert said, play very slow—and incidentally give us a chance to get married. That part under our breaths. So Al started out like a man in a slow motion picture, and we rushed off to have the ceremony performed by the Justice of the Peace—Gene Ward.

"Then we covered my ring with gloves and went back to Al. We were still keeping it a secret. I'd used my real name, Eleanor Jean Losee, and we thought we were safe. But back in Hollywood it wasn't always a cinch. Every evening Bert would tell his friends he had to drive me home to North Hollywood. Then we'd detour around to his house on Camden Drive in Beverly Hills and stay there. His friends thought I was crazy—I hope that's the word—being there so much for breakfast but Bert told them I was standing in for his cook.

"But it couldn't last, and in a way I'm glad it didn't. Secrets are fun only for a little while.

"Two weeks later—two o'clock one Saturday morning—Louella Parsons called and said the jig was up. She'd identified Eleanor Jean Losee, the girl who was married in Vegas, and was going to break the story. So we rushed over to her house, drank to our marriage in champagne, forgot the cook story and have lived happily ever since.

"If you want to do the same, marry in Vegas. I cordially recommend it."

So do hundreds of other stable film folk and thousands who have never been nearer Hollywood than there. They take their hearts to Vegas, formally unite them with the special Vegas glue and find, contrary to careless opinion, that it's high grade glue indeed. THE END



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The little dark chiffon sheer you simply *must* own. You'll wear it now and through the summer... complete with precision-sized SLIP and color bright flower. The shirred top dress in sizes 12T to 20T to scare off alterations. Navy and black. *Under* $17. *For store nearest you, write* Leslie Fay, Dept. 4MS, 1400 Broadway, New York.

the real victims of hollywood love

(*Continued from page 53*) industry, and in fact for years afterwards, wherever they go they can feel the eyes of the curious on them.

Not long ago, while he and Jean Wallace were again before the courts, Franchot Tone walked into Schwab's drug store with their two boys, Pascal, who is seven, and Tommy, who is five. Pascal and Tommy acted like any other kids who come into Schwab's. They dived for the comics on the newsstand while Franchot walked back to the prescription counter. For a while the kids had their heads buried in the books, and then Pascal raised his to look around. He met the eyes of at least a half-dozen patrons who were watching the boys with interest. Whether Pascal knew that he and Tommy were then on the front pages of the city's newspapers as their parents argued over their custody is a question that no one can answer. But he dropped his gaze to his book again quickly and not until it was time for them to go did either of them change his position. Then they scampered out quickly.

It is more than five years since Jennifer Jones divorced Bob Walker, but since she and he are still very much in the limelight, their activities are reported steadily, and only occasionally do these stories fail to carry some mention of the surprising love triangle that saw Jennifer marry her producer, David O. Selznick, after getting her decree. Their two boys can read. Robert Jr. is ten, Michael is nine. Are newspapers hidden from them? How long can this be kept up? And what about their playmates, who can read, and, like all children, gossip and tease. No, the Jennifer Jones-Robert Walker divorce is over only on the official records, not as far as the lives of their sons are concerned.

WHEN a harm is done, someone is guilty. Who is guilty when a family founders? Not in any court, not in any study of marriage relationships has a formula been discovered to establish this. Only one truth remains: those who have committed no fault at all suffer the most.

From Stockholm to Stromboli was a colorful, romantic path for Ingrid Bergman, and, from all current reports, one that has ended happily for her. But hardly begun for her 12-year-old daughter, Pia. Pia, or Jenny Ann, as she is now called, had a mother *and* a father when she left Stockholm for Hollywood. Technically, she still has a mother, but not for any practical purposes. Motherhood must thin out pretty much after it has travelled some five thousand miles. Nobody ever heard, nothing was ever printed about what Pia thought of her mother's flight and new marriage in Italy. This just isn't done. Yet whom could those events concern more closely? Who could have wondered more, worried more? And what could a psychologist gather from whatever thoughts Pia must now have about the other child, Ingrid's baby son, Renato, who is today getting first-hand love from the mother who was once exclusively hers?

A doorbell rings in Shirley Temple's home and she goes to answer. John Agar stands on the threshold. She greets him politely, and tells him that Linda is in the nursery. It is all very formal and restrained. Linda is very young and may hardly note that she sees only one of her parents at a time now, and that never is she the adored object of attention of both of them at the same time. Or does she notice, in some intuitive, child's way? When she is old enough to understand, will it all be explained to her gently or will she have to ask questions first? And, whichever the case, will it minimize the inevitable shock?

HOLLYWOOD's stars who find themselves in these unhappy, parental circumstances aren't inhuman. They do their best to soften the jolt. Sometimes, even, it is the "new" daddy or mommy, the step-parent, who does the best job of this. Victor Mature has probably never worked at anything in his life as hard as he has at winning the affection of eight-year-old Mike, the son of Dorothy Berry whom he married three years ago. He started out by creating a lot of interesting "jobs" which, he assured the boy, nobody but he could do well. He noticed that Mike loved music and he took a roundabout way to develop this liking; he sang for Mike in his atrocious voice and then, very seriously, asked the child for his opinion of it. Mike was honest, but his own voice was full of pity as he told Victor his singing was "the worst in America." Immediately, Victor asked for help and the two work on Victor's vocalizing every day. It is a very serious business; any time now Victor may be asked to sing in a picture and Mike realizes he is racing a deadline. To help Mike, Victor bought him a guitar. To help Victor, Mike plays it. They get along fine.

You can protect a child in the home, perhaps, but unfortunately there remains the outer world in which he has to stand alone. A story which Hollywood laughed over, yet which actually has notes of tragedy and frustration in it, concerns two Beverly Hills school boys arguing with each other during a recess period.

"My father can lick your father!" challenged one of the boys suddenly.

"Aw, g'wan!" replied the other bitterly. "Your father *is* my father!"

That the children of divorced couples who later remarry carry their resentment into their play life is not fiction. To lose a mother is one thing. To meet the kid who has gained your mother is a little too much sometimes. Adults who hear about such an incident laugh—but the kids who hear it don't. They can *feel* it emotionally, and it spells out something very serious to them. These young children know a lot of jokes, but none of them have to do with divorce. To many youthful victims in Hollywood that subject brings a lump to the throat rather than a chuckle.

YOU can make an alphabetic listing of stars and popular players whose divorces involved children and go on for better than a couple of hundred names. From John Agar, Lois Andrews and Eve Arden to Orson Welles, Jane Wyman and Keenan Wynn is a long way in the alphabet and involves such other names as Shirley Temple, George Jessel, Ned Bergan, Rita Hayworth, Ronald Reagan and Eve Abbott. Even more, you have to think

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"**I'm always** cast in exotic roles, so no one sees me in settings I like best . . . at the bowling alley and golf course. These sports are harsh on my hands.



And hours of badminton leave my skin parched . . .



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To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .



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of what went on from there. Shirley is now Mrs. Charles Black. Lois Andrews married twice after Jessel, and divorced both new husbands. Rita Hayworth wed Aly Khan; Keenan Wynn went on to Betty Butler; and Keenan's Eve became Mrs. Van Johnson. This takes in only the "A's" and the "W's." There are left all the stars whose names begin with any of the other 24 letters, and in whose subsequent lives there was fully as much intermarital-mingling—a new word which doesn't make sense even at second sight, but then, neither does the Hollywood marriage scene. In all this confusion, one wonders about the children involved. It is a debatable question whether they are able to retain their composure, or identity.

A pattern has evolved in the shuffling and reshuffling of Hollywood marriages as far as the new relationships affect the children concerned; the youngsters generally remain with the mother and acquire a stepfather. Sometimes, as in the case of Jerilynn Jessel, who is nine, they go from one stepfather to another. Her mother, Lois Andrews, married David Street after her divorce from George Jessel, and then married Steve Brodie after her marriage to Street was annulled. Inasmuch as she and Steve were also divorced a few years ago, Jerilynn may get yet a third stepfather.

WHAT happens to the love between original parent and child in such cases? The courts do their best by permitting visits and sharing periods of custody, but to regulate such delicate relationships by the calendar and the clock is at best a sad thing, and everyone admits it. A boy who hasn't seen his father for weeks is often a shy, little individual when they do meet, unsure of himself, unable to give of himself. The father, measuring what tenderness and love has been lost forever between them, is himself awkard.

Yes, the hard, cynicism of many a star is merely his way of covering up the emptiness in his life resulting from a broken marriage. And more than one top studio executive has pushed important work away from him that he may ponder for an hour how to recreate the adoring look that was in his child's eyes.

---

10 Years Ago This Month

"The marriage of the Gary Coopers is the latest to land in the Hollywood frying pan. Friends hope it's not true . . ."—*Modern Screen, April, 1941.*

When summer vacation rolls around for the four children John Wayne had by his former wife, Josephine Saenz, and they come to visit him, he devotes every moment of his time to them. No one at the Isthmus at Catalina, where John gets a house for the kids and himself, has ever seen a merrier get-together. With Michael, 15, Antonia, 14, Patrick, 11, and Melinda, 9, he fishes and swims, goes out with them for lobsters and abalone, keeps a steady program of activities going. The kids are crazy about him, of course, and, of course, they can't help but feel sad when the vacation ends and they have to say goodbye. John isn't too happy either.

A MOTION picture star is made of no firmer flesh and colder blood than anyone else. If anything, the strain on his or her marriage is greater than average because of the nature of film work and the toll it exacts on emotional fibre. Certainly he cannot be condemned either for falling in love, or falling out of love; no more than the next person. But he is going to be—because he is constantly in the public eye.

Yet when stars work out marital dif-

ferences without resorting to legal means, they get very little credit for it. June Allyson and Dick Powell proved themselves mature individuals when they licked a nasty situation three years ago when they were almost at the breaking point. Since they had no children at the time, it would have been simple enough for each to go his or her separate way. Instead they reasoned out their differences, and when they were sure of themselves cemented their reunion by adopting a little girl, Pamela Allyson. Today their solid marriage is embodied in a baby boy, Richard Keith. It's a nice triumph for both them and Hollywood, even though there are no headlines about it.

PROFESSIONAL differences once threatened the marriage of a couple known as Mr. and Mrs. Jess Barker. This would have been a deplorable ending for a mating that had produced a fine set of twin boys, Gregory and Timothy.

What started to upset things here was their careers. Mrs. Barker, otherwise known as Susan Hayward, grew steadily in film importance. Jess, once headed for stardom, for some reason stopped short far from the peak. There is involved sensitivity, professional jealousy, and, more than anything else, male pride. No matter how you philosophize about it, it is hard for a man to step aside as the principal breadwinner in his own home.

Wisely, though, Susan and Jess sought out a marriage counselor and dug right to the roots of the dissension. Before they parted they were going to know exactly why, not half-surmise the reasons. What they learned must have been interesting and consoling, because on the basis of it they managed to hammer out a solution which kept mother and father and children together—where they all belonged.

Susan continues to be an actress. Jess continues to be an actor. But first of all, they recognize that they are parents.

Susan tells her story in these words:

"My Hollywood career is my outside interest in life, just as other women have outside interests, in clubs, in hospital work, in any of a hundred occupations. It is not going to hurt my motherhood or my being a good wife. I will not let it. Jess and I have impressed on the boys that we all love each other and that nothing else is as important as this. Nothing is."

THERE used to be a popular opinion that without many loves a star could not maintain allure at the box office. This is thoroughly disproved now. Olivia De Havilland achieved her greatest success after her marriage to Marcus Goodrich, after motherhood for that matter. And there is every indication that she is still climbing. Clark Gable was in his real heyday while he was married to Carole Lombard. Reconciliation with Dick Powell has certainly not hurt June Allyson; she is bigger than ever. The same can be said for Susan Hayward.

On the contrary the old adage may soon be rephrased to prove that scampering from marriage to marriage greases the skids of a film career. It is doubtful whether Rita Hayworth will ever again be the box office punch she was five years ago. And perhaps Ingrid Bergman can come back to where she once was—but no one doubts for a moment that a comeback is necessary.

It is not in careers lost or won that Hollywood divorces should be judged, but in the young lives it trips up; in the lives of the children who have two homes, and sometimes three homes, but not one that is wholly and securely theirs . . . not one that is the center of affection from their real mother and father at one and the same time. THE END



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Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

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- **No other spray deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.**
- **No other spray deodorant is safer for skin.**



*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Spray is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

GUARANTEED FULL 24 HOUR PROTECTION

New **ODO·RO·NO**

SPRAY

The Deodorant without a Doubt

second heartbreak

(*Continued from page 41*) For Hollywood first knew Barbara as the wife of mercurial Frank Fay, who'd held the Palace Theater audiences in New York spellbound. The two had met before Barbara was a smash-hit on Broadway in *Burlesque*. Oscar Levant had introduced them and after the first meeting Barbara told Levant, "I've met conceited men, but never one as conceited as that hombre." And Levant, as usual, duly reported her words to Fay, who in turn razzed her about *Burlesque*. Nonetheless, the two were deeply attracted to each other, and not quite a year later, Barbara trained out for St. Louis, Missouri, where Fay was appearing, and they were married. Shortly after the wedding Barbara went on tour in *Burlesque* while he went on with his show. They were reunited in New York a few months later.

When Barbara was offered movie contracts, she was of a mind to turn them down so she and Fay wouldn't be separated again. But he suggested she take them. They'd both go to Hollywood where he'd deign to work in pictures, too.

BARBARA'S first screen appearances definitely were not a success. And more fuss was made over Frank Fay for *awhile*. But he lauded his wife to everyone who would listen. He even went so far as to whisper to a few producers he'd be willing to pay her $1,000 a week salary himself if they'd hire her but not let her know the arrangement.

As it turned out, he should have worried more about his career and not at all about hers. With Frank Capra she hit her stride and was on her way while Frank Fay turned into a real picture flop.

But Barbara's love for her man was so obvious, so strong, and so vehement that it was like a triumphant, challenging banner. Such was her stance for the seven years of their marriage. Reporters were more and more convinced that here was a deathless love which could withstand *any* humiliation. How frayed that banner of love became, no one knew until one day she moved herself and their adopted child, Dion, out of their Brentwood estate into a modest but charming house in Beverly Hills; leaving Frank Fay to enjoy the swimming pool, the estate and the beautiful gardens all by himself.

What the final humiliation was has never been told by Barbara, although there were many innuendoes and whispered reports by others. More than likely it was her own painfully gained conviction that she couldn't pull him up from the depths of depression into which he'd thrown himself when he saw her success and his failure side by side. She tried. She gave up Hollywood and went on tour with him. But her own common sense—and she's a mighty sensible lass—must have shown her during the tour that sacrificing her own success to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of his potential one was no answer to their problem. Back in Hollywood, she must have realized in their lavish Brentwood home that no man wants that kind of sacrifice from a woman.

Whatever the last straw, it was never discussed by Barbara. A simple statement that a divorce had been agreed upon was issued. Many years later when Frank Fay once again hit the big-time in the Broadway production of *Harvey*, Earl Wilson, noted columnist, tried to egg her into going to see the hit play. She said sharply and succinctly, "No thank you. I saw all the rabbits Fay had to offer years ago."

BUT in the months following that separation in August, 1935, it was obvious

that Missy's heart did not break easily. She became almost fiercely anti-social. Career-wise she won the title of Hollywood's Suspension Queen. She flatly turned down role after role. With no back-log of savings, she was in an economic jam. Fortunately, the late Danny Danker, the advertising executive generally credited with the Lux Radio Theater, sympathized with her and used her on every Lux program possible. With those earnings she held out until the right role came along. (How much that meant to her is evident. Her loyalty to Danny did not end with his death. She transferred it to Lux Radio Theater and out of sheer gratitude will drop everything to appear there when asked.)

Barbara was as non-existent on the Hollywood scene as Greta Garbo. While others were dancing at the Trocadero, she might be found in a severely tailored suit, a no-nonsense hat pulled low over her face, browsing in a book-store for something she hadn't read. Reading became important, not only as a chance to make up for the education she'd missed, but to assuage her bewildered loneliness. She developed such a reading habit that Bob Taylor said humorously after their marriage, "There ought to be a Book-of-the-Day Club for her."

She selected friends carefully and slowly. For the first time she turned to women for friendship. Marian Marx, wife of agent Zeppo Marx, was her most intimate pal. They became interested in raising horses and bought 130 acres in the San Fernando Valley.

It was Marian Marx who talked her into appearing at the Marxes' dinner party at the Trocadero one night in March of 1936. There she met Bob Taylor. It was not love at first sight but later she was to say, "Funny thing to pick to say about Bob Taylor, but I thought then what I think now, that he's a really *good* man."

THE second night after their meeting, Bob telephoned her for a date. Perhaps cued by Marian Marx, he didn't suggest a night club. He suggested a ride. After a few rides, they branched into riding the roller-coaster and the carousel at Venice Pier. Then Bob was going to her house for dinner, putting a stack of swing records on her fine phonograph, and sitting down to the table where they virtually had to scream at each other to be heard above Duke Ellington or Benny Goodman. Then they began to go to the Troc and some other places for dancing occasionally.

Soon Barbara became social enough to invite such friends as Bob, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable to her ranch to help her and Marian Marx paint fences. She called them "paddock parties." Then Bob bought a 30-acre ranch just two miles away from hers and Saturday night diners at the Hollywood Brown Derby became used to seeing them drop by in riding clothes, hungry as bears at the end of a long winter.

They talked endlessly and no doubt Bob Taylor, still new to pictures, had full benefit of Missy's sharp-tongued kindliness—kindliness to which Joel McCrea, Bill Holden and countless others will attest.

By the time Missy and Bob made *This Is My Affair* together, Bob was earning $3,500 a week—enough for a man to marry a Hollywood star. Hollywood was convinced they were already married.

Then Bob was sent to England in 1938. At that time, Missy told reporters frankly, "Bob will soon be in England for a picture. For four, or maybe six months. Certainly when he goes, all my affection goes with him. That's true now, today, as I say it. But who knows about tomorrow? I don't. Perhaps it is the best thing that could happen to us, this separation. We've been together every day, every evening

This 1-Minute Test Proves That—

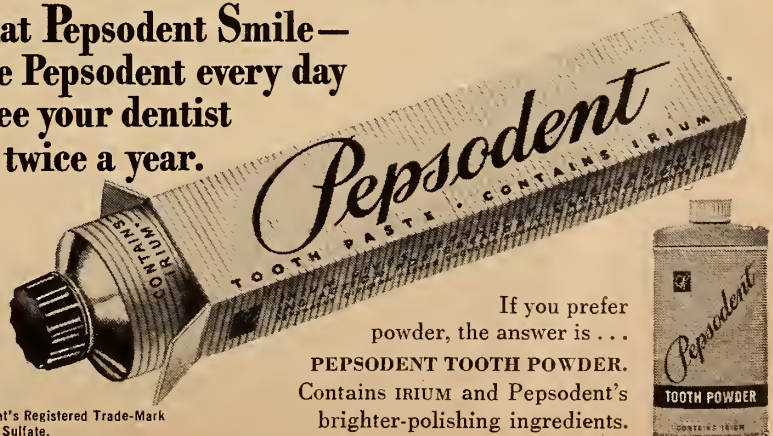
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for the past two years. We don't know whether we can live happily without each other, or not. This parting should tell us, one way or the other. If we find that we can't, then, when Bob comes back, we will stop this dilly-dallying. We have a great deal in common, Bob and I. We have talked it over very seriously. We are not engaged. We are not married. If we were it would be different."

When Bob returned, he said, "Well, now, it's tomorrow and nothing has changed. We spend all of our free time together, every minute of it, just as we did before I left. And we spend it in the Valley at her place, or at mine, or at a neighborhood movie or, playing games, or listening to the radio, or fooling around with horses, or reading agricultural bulletins. We haven't changed."

They were married on May 14, 1939, and they took their marriage into that ivory tower from which they barred their fans by barring the press. No photographs were made in their home for public consumption. But somehow the public respected that. Only little details came out about their life together. The ever-present coffee-maker ready to produce a cup at any moment. The stacks of phonograph records. The books. The gatherings of such friends as the Marxes, the Peter Godfreys, the Jack Bennys.

Once Barbara told me after she'd just moved, "I remembered how I used to sit alone, reading one book after another, a real anti-social gal. I thought how that man from Nebraska and this gal from Brooklyn had both come a long, long way to meet and join their futures . . . their diverse backgrounds, their respective tastes, their careers and ambitions. I thought, with whatever possessions, in whatever locations, adding up the memories, balancing the good experiences, life's been pretty generous. And then I remembered that we're just a typical American couple—sharing a typical American story."

Deluxe style perhaps, but they shared in the hard times America faced during the war years with Bob a Lieutenant in the United States Navy. It separated them for long months, too, except when Bob was sent on a tour of duty in the States and Barbara could accompany him.

Then she ducked the limelight to the extent that Earl Wilson asked rather caustically one time just how long it took an actress to take a bath. She simply disappeared into the only available space—the bathroom—while Bob, as a Navy officer, was interviewed by the columnist.

They survived that separation and others They seemed even to survive the separation entailed by Bob's many months in Italy for *Quo Vadis*. Barbara, involved in *To Please A Lady* with Clark Gable, had to stay here until the picture was over. Then off she went to Italy for a Roman holiday. With her went Helen Ferguson. Helen reported in December's MODERN SCREEN on that idyllic time and how the Italians referred to the Taylors as "Our love couple."

When Bob returned to the United States, he went almost immediately to San Francisco for a commonplace operation. Then back to Hollywood, where all seemed well with Missy and her second great love.

But now they themselves—not gossips—say that love has ended. The ivory tower has crumbled to the dust of a divorce.

In the meantime, Missy has gone into seclusion. "Busy reading scripts" is the official report. And her friends worry about what this is doing to her.

Barbara herself must be deeply concerned. In her long trek from the slums of Brooklyn to the splendor of Beverly Hills, she had managed great artistic success but broken her heart twice.

There is little doubt that her first heartbreak gave her the idea of creating that ivory tower where she too successfully hid the problems which long separations created.

Perhaps in all her reading she never came across Gautier's words in "The War And The Destinies of Art," ". . . retired in his Tower of Ivory, isolated, according to his desire, from the world of man, he resembles, whether he so wishes or not, another solitary figure, the watcher enclosed for months at a time in a lighthouse at the end of a cliff."

Barbara was never really isolated from the world of acting, but more so from life and marriage. Is she saying to herself now, "Maybe it is the best thing that could happen to us, this separation . . . we don't know whether we can live happily without each other, or not. This parting should tell us, one way or the other. . . ?" Perhaps she is.

Her friends hope so. They hope that this parting will eventually reunite Barbara and Bob, and that they'll abandon their respective ivory towers which are unhappy places, and no way for a gal from Brooklyn and a fellow from Nebraska to live. THE END

an ex-sweetheart looks back

(*Continued from page 49*) Elizabeth didn't find Peter exhausting. To begin with, she was absolutely "gone" on him. They'd drive down to Laguna Beach in his Cadillac convertible and park on a hill overlooking the ocean. Liz would take off her shoes, and they'd hike for miles over the huge, rock-studded cliffs. Whether Pete ever spoke to her of marriage in the future no one can say.

This was in 1948, they were doing *Little Women* together. You may remember how Liz looked in that picture. She has never been more beautiful, perhaps, because she had fallen in love for the first time in her life. The two lunched together almost every day. In the evenings they were often seen at Will Wright's famous ice cream parlor, talking gaily while consuming platters of English toffee ice cream.

Mrs. Taylor has never concealed the worries she has had about Elizabeth, but in Peter Lawford she had no cause for worry. She considered him perfect for her daughter. And Peter got along with Mrs. Taylor very well—a fact his friends considered a rare achievement, for the press had already given him a "wolfish" reputation and Mrs. Taylor was known to have told off more wolves than one.

There have always been a lot of myths about Peter. His attitude of carefree sophistication was just that. Actually, he always was a mature, intelligent, solid citizen more than a little wary of overenthusiastic female advances.

That he is miserly is also an untrue accusation. What other young man in Hollywood has ever treated his parents so well? He shares a beautiful home with them and sees that their every need is taken care of even before they are aware of a need.

No one can tell the friends to whom Pete has loaned money or given expensive gifts that he is a penny-pincher. During the height of his romance with Sharman Douglas, he showered her with thoughtful presents. It is not so fantastic to say that the reason his romance with Sharman did not blossom was that the memory of Liz was fresh in his mind.

Close friends remember him saying, "I won't marry until I'm 30." That would make Elizabeth 21—Pete's idea of the proper age at which a girl should marry. Friends have also noticed his extreme restlessness lately. During the last two years he has been to almost every state in the union. When questioned about his travels he shrugged off the reply, "I don't know, I must have lost something."

Probably Elizabeth was too young for Peter when they met. She was going through a period of life that was full of adolescent anguish. When she crossed the Metro lot in a sweater, calloused characters stood around and whistled at her. At Hollywood parties, certain men who consider conquests of young girls an important triumph, used to try to break down her cool and genuine wholesomeness with very little subtlety.

But Elizabeth was just as her mother so emphatically put it—"a nice girl." When she was with Pete there was all the difference in the world compared to her behavior with other people. Ordinarily she was shy or cautious, or both. In Pete's company she was completely relaxed, and perhaps it is not so startling that she should have chosen to give her heart to Nicky Hilton who in many ways is the complete opposite of Lawford. Pete has a rare and brilliant sense of humor. Nicky has humor in his makeup, but compared to the actor he is almost dour, like a man grown old before his time.

Everything that Pete did in company with Liz was different and unexpected. He called her Liza. He had such deep respect for her that he refused to monopolize her time. He didn't give her presents, except on rare occasions, perhaps feeling that this would mean pressing a courtship before he felt that she was ready for more than friendship.

In Hollywood there is a wide group of people who seem to take delight in destroying anything that is genuinely wholesome. There was unkind gossip. Some of it must have reached Pete's ear. Suddenly, when *Little Women* was completed, he took off on a trip, and who is to know with what disgust such words as "cradle robber" must have rung in his ears. Pete didn't come back for weeks, and when he did, things were not the same.

The next development was Pete's sudden and persistent dating of the far more worldly Ava Gardner. Because both Liz and Ava worked on the same studio lot, this was an abrupt, if almost brutal, manner of calling a halt to the association with Liz. But it is safe to say that Pete could not erase the thoughts of her save in the company of such a dynamic and attractive girl as Ava.

As is always the case with an attempt at honest analysis in Hollywood, Pete Lawford may not relish the recollection of all these events. Perhaps, however, in his more mature view of life, he won't mind at all, for there was nothing in his well-disciplined feelings for Elizabeth to be ashamed of. When, a year later, she married Nicky Hilton, a group of people were speculating on how long the two would stay together.

"I give it no more than a year," a girl said, and then turned to Pete. "What do you think, Pete?"

He said, "I wish them every happiness," and got up and left the room. This is not to imply that Pete Lawford carried a torch. To be honest, it cannot be said that he eagerly accepted the part in *Kangaroo*, being filmed in Australia, in order not to be around the Metro lot. An artful writer could suggest that his planned jaunt through Italy and France was partially for the purpose of not being around Hollywood until the definite end of Liz's marriage in actual divorce had come. This isn't the case at all.

There is more than a probability that Pete Lawford may suddenly marry. Time after time he has gone with girls up to the proposal point, only to become suddenly wary. Such may be the case with what appears to be his current heart situation. Her name is Jean MacDonald, a lovely blonde girl, socially prominent in the East. Pete met Jean first a couple of years ago. It was a casual thing. She had a date with someone else at a New York night club. A year later they ran into each other in Honolulu. Then, two months ago, just as Pete was beginning to work in *Kangaroo* in Australia, they met again. Jean was traveling around the world and showed up in Australia. They practically fell in each other's arms. Whether this might have been the case had she shown up in Hollywood is something else again. Pete, however, had been baking in the desolate wastelands a hundred miles from Port Augusta. It is not surprising that the attractive Jean MacDonald should look like a complete angel, and that their interest in each other should come close to the marriage stage. Even Australians will tell you that the place the *Kangaroo* company has been working is the "hell hole of the world," and with no offense to Miss MacDonald, she came closer to being Mrs. Peter Lawford than any other girl since Pete first began to think about Liz Taylor and the girl she'd be in a couple of years. As for Sharman Douglas, that situation has been off for some time.

In view of all this, it may even be predicted that Pete and Liz will be seeing each other again. If not now, sometime in the future. Stranger things have happened in the history of romances. THE END

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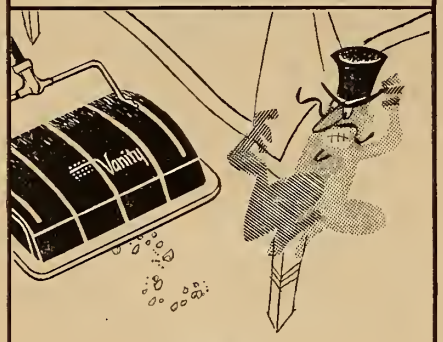
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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Do you have a complex about your complexion? Then care for yourself my way. . . .

I HONESTLY think that the ugliest word in the English language is "pimple"—why doesn't someone invent a new word? But there's no getting away from it. I just have to do a general article about teen-age grooming and I must include something about skin blemishes.

A couple of months ago I answered a letter from a girl who wanted to know how I kept my skin so smooth. Well, I was terribly flattered and I told her briefly what I did. Since then I've had hundreds of letters asking me to elaborate. And also a lot of requests for advice on teen-age grooming problems. What I'm about to say—right or wrong—is strictly for teen-agers.

First of all, the complexion. When you're in your teens your skin, being more oily than at any other time, is more apt to collect dirt. So keep it super clean. Scrub your face every morning and every night with a complexion brush. An ordinary wash cloth won't do the trick. You have to scrub your face as if it was the kitchen floor. Dip the brush in water and work up a good lather with the soap. Give your face the lather treatment about three times, washing the soap off every time. The last time let the lather stay on for a couple of minutes until it dries. Then wash it off, using the brush again.

When your skin is clean, rub baby oil or any good complexion oil into your face and let it stay on as long as you can. I let the oil stay on my face every night when I'm doing my home work and Saturdays when I'm not working, I just plaster my face with oil and let it stay on all day.

Remember to drink plenty of water—at least eight glasses a day.

So, for the complexion—keep it clean, keep it oiled and if you still have skin problems then you should talk to your doctor.

Now about makeup. I don't know how the rumor started but I've been accused of wearing makeup two inches thick. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I don't use powder base of any kind and the other day, when I was going to have a portrait sitting, I discovered I didn't even own rouge. I'm against heavy makeup for teen-agers. Personally, all I use is lipstick, a little light brown eye-brow pencil and powder.

Next in importance to the face so far as good grooming is concerned is the hair. And here's a pretty good rule—keep it clean, keep it oiled, keep it brushed. Isn't it funny that so many old-fashioned methods can be applied today. Our grandmothers believed in brushing their hair a hundred strokes every morning and a hundred strokes every night, and it is brushing that brings up the natural oil in the hair and makes it look alive.

I got a letter from a girl in Newark, N. J., that says, "I am 14 and have everything a girl my age could want except for one thing—my nails. I've tried all ways to stop biting them but I can't. What can I do?"

Now here's another problem that I certainly know about. I was a nail biter myself once and I could give you a lot of corny advice about how to stop. One solution, which may work in some cases, is to go to a manicurist once a week, always carry an emery board with you and when you have a ragged nail, file it down so it won't tempt you. Or put bitter aloes on the nails. But there is really just one way to do it. Stop biting them!

You know, after I gave the reducing diet I got a lot of letters from girls who said, "The diet was fine but I just couldn't stick to it."

If you haven't enough will power to stick to a diet then you really don't want to lose weight. Same way with nail biting. This is something that takes just old-fashioned will power. I know it can be done because I did it. I looked down at my hands one day and

said, "This is silly." And I stopped biting my nails just like that! Look. You have to put your hand to your mouth in order to bite your nails. Well, when you start to put your hand to your mouth, just put your hand down again. It's not easy. But that's all there is to it.

The next most important thing about good grooming is the care you take of your clothes. You can have a wardrobe that cost a thousand dollars but it won't do you any good unless it is kept up. It's much better to have few clothes that you care for properly.

It's the old, old stitch-in-time-saves-nine theory. At night when you undress, look over the clothes you've just taken off. If a button is missing, sew it on right then. If a seam is split, don't wait until the rush for school tomorrow. If the dress or skirt needs pressing, do it immediately. Do it before you put it on the hanger. Wash your stockings or socks when you take them off. Brush your shoes. Honestly, if all of us would just do this we'd never have to go through that awful chore known as "cleaning out the closet."

I had a letter from a girl in Columbus, Ohio, who asked me if I thought my being in pictures helped me to be better groomed. Well, I had to think about that for a minute, but suddenly I knew the answer was "Yes." And the reason is this: I know that I am judged by my appearance. So I have to look as good as I can every time I go out—whether it's going to school at the studio, to the movies, or just down to the drug store. So that's why I check on the stocking seams, on hair well brushed—little things like that.

Because, honestly, the whole secret about good grooming is being clean and neat.

No, I'm wrong. There's something else. You can have good-looking, well-pressed clothes, nice hair, a good complexion and wonderful finger nails, but unless you have good posture the effect is just nothing.

Posture is terribly important. Whether you're short or whether you're tall you should carry yourself as if—well—this is a funny thing to say, maybe, but as if you believed in yourself.

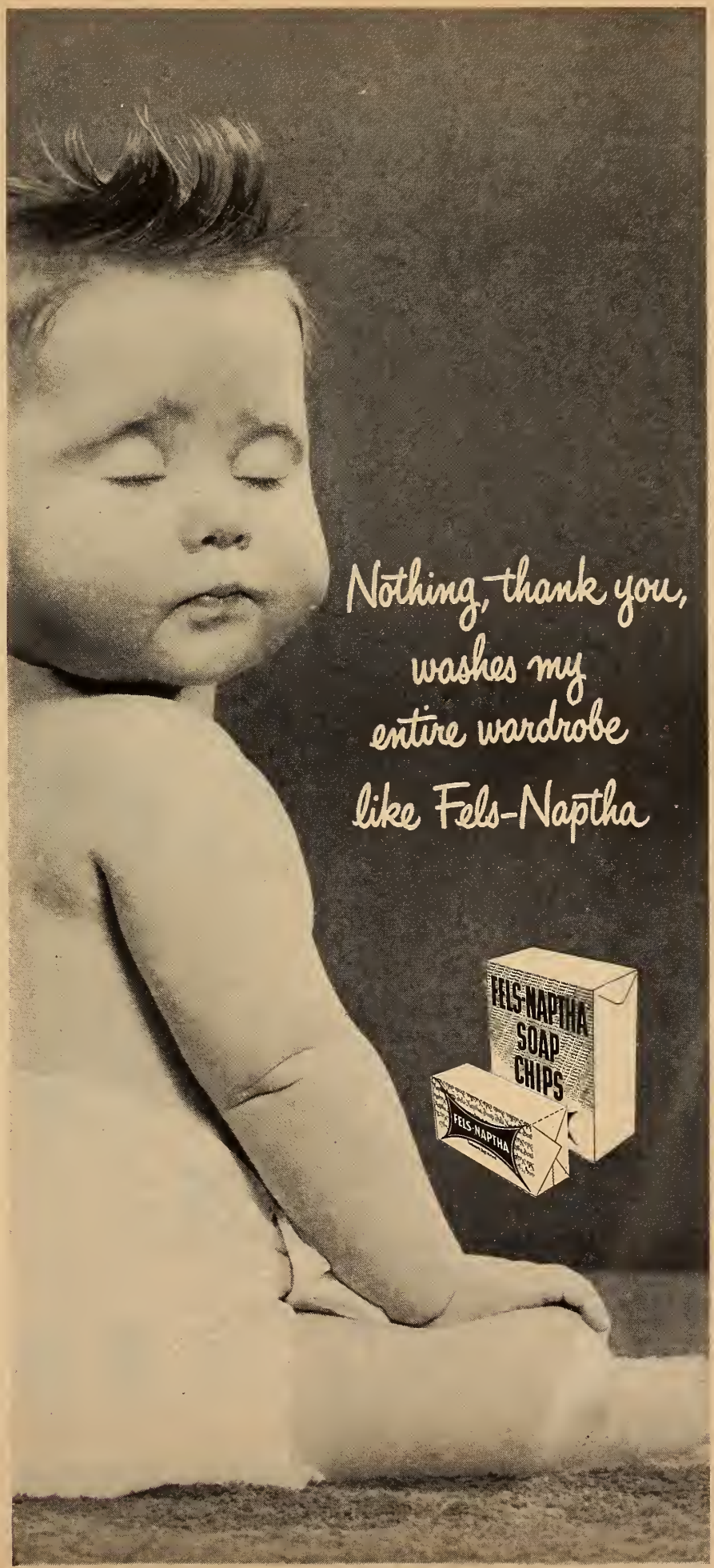
Hold your back straight, your stomach in, your chin up. You might feel real silly walking this way but you don't look silly to other people. Do you know that model's trick? Stand with the spine flat against the wall. Every vertebra from the neck to the hips touching the wall. Then without a single slump, walk away. That's good posture.

Everything worth while takes time. And I know it's hard with school and home work and chores to get good grooming on the time budget. But it really takes just a few minutes a day if it's every day. And, believe me, it's really worthwhile.

Now for some other problems. And if you don't like my advice you can tell me so. I'm just expressing my own opinion.

"Dear Joan: I'm a teen-ager with red hair and a bad temper. I want to be a school teacher. I make straight A's. Do you think I would make a good teacher? I like children. R. P., Evansville, Indiana."

I think you'd be swell but for just one thing—the bad temper. I think it's great for a girl to want to be a teacher but until you can learn to



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control the temper I think it would be wrong. I'd like to hear what other kids think, but I know I've had a couple of teachers with bad tempers and the year was ruined for me.

"Dear Joan: I'm a Junior in high school and I'm afraid a boy is going to ask me to his senior prom. I don't know how to dance and, what's more, I don't like to. Should I refuse him or go with him if he does ask me? C. R., Boston, Mass."

What you should do is to learn to dance right away, if your parents have nothing against it. To be a well-rounded person socially you have to do whatever the crowd does. And whether you like dancing or not you should pretend to. Get one of your girl friends to teach you to dance immediately.

"Dear Joan: I like a boy who is two years younger than I am. He is nice looking, pleasant in manner and speech, and has a good background, but all my girl friends think it is wrong for me to go with him. What do you think? A. D., Malden, Mass."

I just don't think age has anything to do with it. If you like this boy and he likes you and you have fun together what possible difference can his being younger make? And, anyhow, it's not up to your girl friends to decide. If your family approves, and if you like him that's all that matters.

"Dear Joan: I always run around wearing blue jeans and plaid shirts. My mother thinks I should wear dresses like other girls do. What do you really think about this? P. R. H., West Monroe, La."

Honey, I'm on your mother's side. Jeans and shirts are fine for a hike or horseback riding or working in the garden. But I certainly don't think they're for school or going to the movies.

"Dear Joan: I'm going steady with a sweet, reliable boy. I'm in love with another boy who I think likes me. Should I take the chance of hurting my present boy friend by breaking off with him to try to win another boy's affections? B. S., Bronx, N. Y."

A lot of kids jumped all over me when I said I didn't believe in going steady. Here's one of the reasons. If you didn't have a steady, you wouldn't have this problem. However, now you're in this mess, I think you have to be honest. You'll just have to tell your present boy friend how you feel. Otherwise, it wouldn't be fair to him. But before doing this be very sure that you aren't just fickle.

"Dear Joan: I would like to know how to overcome an inferiority complex. It's an awful feeling, thinking all the time that everyone is better than you are. D. W., Falls Church, Va."

Now, look, it just isn't possible that everybody is superior to you. And did you ever stop to think that there are a lot of people who feel inferior to you? Forget about your inferiority complex. Everybody has one in one way or another. We're all just people trying to do the best we can. Make yourself as charming and as interesting as you know how to be. People will respond.

Gee, I wish I could answer every letter I get, but the editor of Modern Screen just won't give me the whole magazine! So that's all for this month. The End

what happened to lana's marriage?

(*Continued from page 27*) discord with Bob Topping.

"We've had our little quarrels," Lana says, "but all this talk about Bob and myself breaking up isn't true. Frankly, I'm a little sick of all this gossip. As soon as I finish retakes on *Mr. Imperium*, Bob and I are getting out of town."

This gossip, of course, is nothing new. For the past three years there have been rumors of periodic discord between Bob Topping and his fourth bride, and whisperings that eventually this unhappiness would drive both parties to divorce.

Speaking of a Hollywood starlet who said she didn't intend to get married until she was 25, Clark Dennis remarked, "And she probably doesn't intend to be 25, until she's married."—*Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat.*

At the time of Lana's hectic springtime marriage to the wealthy sportsman, one of Lana's closest friends privately prophesied that, "If this marriage lasts five years, it will be a miracle."

Another friend of the incomparably beautiful Turner exclaimed two hours after the wedding, "Will someone please tell me how this marriage can last? Bob and Lana have absolutely nothing in common. Bob was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Lana was born into poverty.

"Bob's family mansion is large enough to house a detachment of U. S. Marines. Lana spent her youth shuffling from Wallace, Idaho, to San Francisco to Los Angeles, earning practically every cent she ever spent. I don't want to be a wet blanket, but this whole thing is too much like a Cinderella story to come true."

This is the same sort of talk that was circulated around Hollywood when Liz Taylor married Nicky Hilton, Mickey Rooney married Martha Vickers, and Franchot Tone married Jean Wallace. Unfortunately, the Monday morning quarterbacks were correct in their dire predictions in these cases.

Recently, an actress who has worked with Lana in many films, came right out and said, "Lana's one of the sweetest girls in the business, but my own belief is that she married Bob Topping on the rebound. She was very hurt when Ty Power ran off and married Linda Christian, and experience proves that rebound marriages have a very small chance of succeeding. I should know. It happened to me, you see."

If Lana and Bob were to have children the current rash of rumors might disappear. But Lana has had two miscarriages, the second only a few months ago. Even if she were to give birth successfully to a child, the chances of the baby's survival would be slim.

People in Hollywood know that there has been a definite change in her character. Years ago Lana was very friendly to the press. She would sit for dozens of interviews, answer all sorts of questions, pose for layouts. She was the darling of all the newspapermen.

Nowadays, many reporters consider her uncooperative and blame it on their belief that she is unhappily married.

A while ago, not too long after she had lost her second child, Lana Turner was heard shouting in her swanky new home on Mapleton Drive in Holmby Hills—that, at least, is what neighbors told reporters.

Soon, rumors to the effect that the Toppings were quarreling vehemently began

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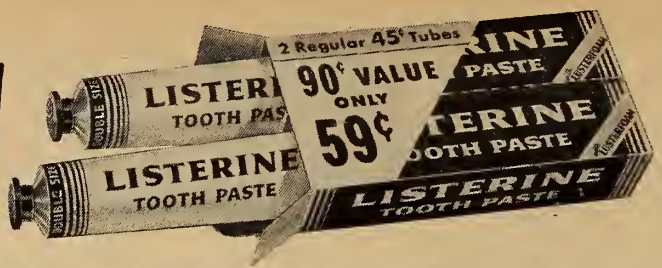
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Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste... not a single one... beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

to invade the neighborhood. A group of newshounds promptly drove out to Lana's house to determine what the hullabaloo was all about.

Cubby Broccoli, an actor's agent who'd accompanied the Toppings on their honeymoon to Europe, opened the front door. "What happened out here last night?" the reporters asked him. "We hear there was quite a fight, a real big rumpus. Is there going to be a divorce?"

Broccoli was visibly shocked by the word "divorce." "Tell you fellows what," he said politely. "I'll ask Lana and Bob, and I'll let you know."

Three minutes later Cubby was back at the door. "According to Bob," he announced, "nothing happened out here last night."

"According to the neighbors," one of the reporters offered, "plenty happened. Come on, give us a break. We have to work for a living."

"I'm telling you," Cubby insisted. "Nothing happened. Everything's okay. Why don't you forget about it?"

"We'd like to talk to Lana," someone said.

"Sorry," Broccoli said, "she's asleep."

"Okay, let us talk to Topping."

Such a procedure, Broccoli explained, was impossible. Mr. Topping was not the sort of person who discussed his personal life in public. Besides, nothing had happened in the first place.

While Cubby was protesting that all was serene in the Topping household, an MGM press representative drove up. He entered the house and promised to return with a statement that would satisfy their editors.

APPROXIMATELY 40 minutes later, he emerged with a statement which at first seemed a little silly, although Dr. John McDonald later corroborated the tale.

Lana—so the statement went—would be confined to her bed for several days because of strenuous Christmas shopping. It seems that while buying and carrying Christmas packages, she had strained her back, and aggravated an old injury which she had incurred while making *The Three Musketeers* in 1948.

The reporters wanted to know why Lana hadn't had her Christmas packages delivered instead of carrying them herself. They even tried to find out in what department store the injury had occurred, but they had no luck, and decided to investigate on their own.

Inside of six hours, the reporters came up with what they believed to be the truth, although the denials were long, loud, and vociferous.

Bob and Lana, it seems, had thrown a party the previous night for half-a-dozen friends. The party carried on to the early hours of the morning. After the guests had left, the Toppings prepared to retire.

"Pops," Lana reportedly said to her husband. "How about playing some of our songs?" ("Pops" is Lana's favorite nickname for Bob.)

Allegedly, Bob told Lana that he was in no mood for songs. Lana replied rather heatedly. Bob said something else. Tempers rose, and Lana, it is said, declared that she was leaving.

She raced out of the bedroom, but as she did, she slipped on the highly-waxed floor, landed on her back, and hurt it severely. Dr. McDonald was called, and it was he who confined her to bed.

Which of these versions you accept, or which one is the truth, makes small difference. The big point is that many people in Hollywood believe the second version. Hollywood is really a very small town, and it's impossible to keep a quarrel which takes place in a large home amply-staffed by servants quiet.

Of course stories like this are nothing new. They've been making the rounds for some time. In the telling, the settings are frequently changed. Lana and Bob are quibbling in Connecticut. They're seen arguing at the Stork Club in New York or outside the Mocambo in Hollywood.

People spread the vicious, untrue rumor that Topping is trying to manage Lana's career. Others say that Bob is disenchanted, that as far as he is concerned, her glamor quotient has decreased.

"I'll tell you how it is," a Hollywood veteran recently explained. "I was married to an actress once, a big star. I was taken in by all the glitter. Actresses seem very glamorous until you marry one. Then the glamor flies out the window. I'm not saying that's what's happening to Lana and Topping. Topping's no kid. He was married to another actress, Arline Judge, and he knows the score.

"With young Nicky Hilton it was different. He went around with Liz Taylor and thought she was the most glamorous thing alive. But glamor has nothing to do with a good marriage.

"For my money disenchantment is what brings on separations between husbands who aren't in motion pictures and actresses who are. If Lana and Topping ever separate, it won't be over career or money trouble.

"There are no children to hold their marriage together. She isn't dependent upon him for support, and they've both been married before. I've heard a lot of stories about their marriage wearing thin, but even so, those rumors may mean nothing.

"Anyway, I think it's a fine idea that Lana plans to leave town for a short vacation after she finishes work on a picture. Hollywood's a tough place to make a marriage work."

That Lana has definitely changed since her marriage to Topping there can be no doubt. She has achieved a dignity which borders on aloofness.

The gay bantering of the past, the wisecracks, the almost hedonistic philosophy seem to have been supplanted by a more matronly attitude.

Some people say that this is ample evidence of Lana's unhappiness. Lana herself denies this. She is certainly determined to make a success of her marriage. Topping likes deep-sea fishing, so Lana stopped making pictures for a year and went deep-sea fishing. Topping wanted a house of his own, so Lana moved out of mother's house and rented a mansion of her own. Topping thought he'd like to spend some of his honeymoon introducing midget auto racing to England. So Lana added her



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Lana Turner is the most exciting girl in Hollywood today. Tomorrow, I prophesy, she'll be as talked about as Hedy Lamarr.—*October, 1939—Modern Screen.*

For the skin that doesn't like a **heavy** foundation...

This sheerer, greaseless base



If your skin feels "uncomfortable" in a heavy make-up, choose this *merest mist* of a base! Before powder, smooth on a thin veil of satiny, transparent Pond's Vanishing Cream. It *disappears* at once, leaving only a smoothing, *adherent* film. Never streaks. Never discolors. Pond's Vanishing Cream is the perfect base for a "particular" complexion. Just see how beautifully it takes powder—with a *completely natural*, soft-toned, translucent loveliness!



1-Minute Mask... instant glamour facial

Make your skin *glow* with enchanting springtime freshness! Before make-up, give yourself this magic 1-Minute Mask. Cover face, except eyes, with a lavish, cool cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Mask's "keratolytic" action loosens dirt and rough flakinesses that dull your skin. *Dissolves them off!* After just 1 minute, tissue the Mask off. You'll rejoice in your truly "re-styled" complexion —so much brighter, clearer, so beautifully smoothed for make-up!

Antonia Drexel Earle

"When I use lovely, sheer Pond's Vanishing Cream as a foundation for powder, my make-up goes on easily and always stays on *perfectly*," says Mrs. Earle.







glamorous presence to the sporty occasion.

If the Topping-Turner marriage goes on the rocks as the pessimists predict, it certainly won't be because the parties didn't try.

Yet, after three years of marriage, there have been no less than 330 stories to the effect that all is not well with Lana and Bob. Each quarrel has been magnified to monumental proportions. "It's almost been as if people didn't want the marriage to succeed," one producer recently pointed out. "In fact every day I hear a new story or a new reason why the marriage is unsuccessful. Why can't people let them alone?"

The reason, of course, is simple. You cannot be a public figure and retain your privacy.

"If she were genuinely happy," some gossip writers say, "she would invite the press into her home as she used to. Then there wouldn't be all these stories."

Hollywood history has proven that where there's smoke, there's fire. Almost all the divorcées you can name have denied that their marriages were shaky. Lana is probably no exception.

But if ever a girl deserved happiness, that girl is Lana Turner. For 15 years her love-life has been virtually a bed of thorns. It's time she enjoyed some of the roses.

THE END

all about eden

(*Continued from page 44*) listened dutifully to all these dire warnings. Then they decided to enlarge the little cottage anyway. Their decision was based on the fact that they didn't know enough about architecture to build a completely new house.

"We were dumb," admits Anne, "but at least we knew it. Neither of us had had any experience reading blueprints. We didn't know a joist from a stud, so we figured it would be easier to visualize what we were getting if we just enlarged this existing house."

They hired a fine modern architect named John Lautner and with Mrs. Baxter's help, they went to work on the plans.

According to Anne's grandfather, any mistakes in a house should be made on paper and not with building materials. He is also in favor of people building homes that suit their individual ways of life and no one else's. He thinks home owners should put as much thought into the plans as the architect, if not more.

About this the Hodiaks were perfectly agreeable. In fact, they had so many personal requirements and pet ideas that Lautner had to draw up three complete sets of plans before he could work them all in.

"The plans took almost as long as the construction work," recalls John, "and it took nine months."

"Exactly nine months," echoes Anne. "That's why we call it our problem child."

As WITH most problem children, the Hodiaks seem to love and appreciate their "new" home more than if it had been built in the conventional way. Sentiment aside, they have a right to be proud of it, for the Hodiak house is easily one of the most unusual and exciting places in Hollywood. What's more, it makes sense. Every feature was planned with a purpose and a sure sense of beauty.

Starting with the front entrance, the place is completely logical. The street view, for example, shows no sweeping driveway leading to an elaborate front door, but rather a simple double garage,

a rural mail box, and a high garden gate. Everything about the front of the house is designed for privacy and personal enjoyment, and not for ostentation or to make an impression.

The enlarged living room is so striking that it's breathtaking, but was not planned solely for decorative effect. Three specific purposes determined its style: reading, entertaining and quiet evenings alone in front of the fire.

This room is a step down from the entrance hall. Half of one wall, starting at the door, is a solid mass of book shelves. The shelves contain over a thousand volumes, and directly in front of them are two comfortable reading chairs. At a casual glance there's nothing to indicate why they're good for reading other than the fact that they look comfortable and are near the books. But concealed in the gold lacquered ceiling, directly over the chairs, are spotlights. These Wendel lights are so ingeniously placed that they throw light beams on the chairs.

THE entertainment features of the room are a lot more apparent.

"I kept worrying about the room being long enough," Anne says. "John and I used to come over every night after work and I'd make him stand at one end of the room while I stood at the other. Then I'd tell him to move further back so I could test the feel of the room. I didn't want it to seem cramped."

Regardless of dimensions, there's no danger of anyone suffering claustrophobia in the Hodiaks' living room, because the portion that opens onto the brick terrace is all glass. The casement windows beside the fireplace were enlarged so that the view of the city comes right into focus. And one wall was pushed right against the hillside and treated as an outdoor structure. It's made of field stone and planted along the top with indoor plants so that there's no sharp dividing line between the living room and the outdoor terrace.

A DECORATING trick also adds to the illusion of the interior merging with the exterior. Anne wanted plenty of comfortable seating in the room without filling up the floor space with a lot of big couches, so her mother, who planned the decorating, suggested that a permanent banquette be built following the curve of the stone wall. Rather than ending it inside the pane of glass, it continues onto the terrace. Mrs. Baxter upholstered the bench in an oatmeal-colored, handwoven, Dorothy Liebes fabric. She also used the same material outside but slip-covered it with a clear plastic to protect it from the dirt and weather.

"We're just waiting for the day," John says, "when some near-sighted friend tries to walk through the glass to get to the outdoor portion of the bench."

Other furniture pieces were also planned with parties in mind. For example, there's an overscale Robsjohn-Gibbings hassock in front of the curved bench for guests who like to perch. There's the concert grand piano for musical friends, and low-backed chairs that encourage people to linger without dividing the party up into isolated conversational groups. Dotted around the room are colorful square boxes that serve as end tables most of the time, and eating tables when the Hodiaks give a buffet supper party. Anne suggested these to her mother who, in turn, had a carpenter make them out of plywood and equipped with recessed handles so that they can be picked up and moved about the room. Mrs. Baxter also had them painted like children's blocks so that they form designs when piled together. These tables are so simple, and inexpensive, so

Before your daughter marries make sure you instruct her about

THESE INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!



No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Every modern mother will instruct her daughter on the importance of putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (internal cleanliness), for her health, womanly charm—for married happiness.

And every grown-up young lady must be made to realize there's an offensive odor graver than bad breath or body odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

What a comfort it must be for a mother to be able to assure her daughter that: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as* ZONITE.

Developed by a Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

The ZONITE principle was the first in the world that was *powerful* enough yet positively *non-irritating, non-poisonous.* You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It gives external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!*

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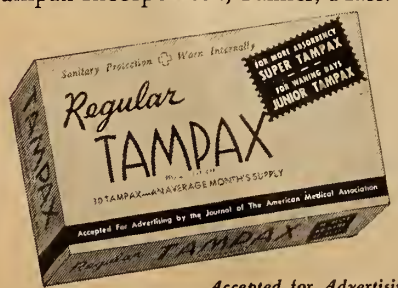


The story of Tampax monthly sanitary protection is filled with many promises—although Tampax itself is as simple as simple can be....You yourself may use Tampax because you are busy and active—or dainty and fastidious—or just sensible and practical. Remember that a woman can be attracted to Tampax for a great variety of reasons.

Tampax is an *internal absorbent* invented by a doctor. It eliminates belts, pins and outside pads. That is the essential advantage of Tampax and from it any number of advantages naturally follow. No binding, bulging or hampering restraint! No possibility of chafing or of "edge-lines" under slim dresses! No odor forms—and there is no need to remove for tub or shower!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Pure surgical cotton of high absorbency is compactly fitted into applicators, making insertion of the Tampax easy, and changing quick. Completely invisible in use. No trouble to dispose of. An average month's supply will slip into your purse. ...Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

practical, and decorative, that other decorators have copied the idea, which pleases Anne almost as much as her Oscar.

All this furniture is placed in a flexible arrangement. Anne swore that when she built a home she would never have a living room with a rigid seating plan. Too often she'd been at parties where she was caught in a corner with a bore and had to sweat out the balance of the evening because there was no way of gracefully shifting her position. This never happens at the Hodiak parties, which probably explains why the Hodiaks are such popular hosts in Hollywood.

Upstairs, of course, are the bedrooms and baths. The master bedroom is a cheerful yellow and white room with antique Chinese accessories. Except for the king-size bed, the room is furnished as a sitting room. There's a small couch, a couple of end tables, a free-form writing desk and several unique Chinese lamps. The lights for the bed, however, are the same Wendel spotlights used in the living room. These spots are so carefully planned that they just illuminate an area the size of a script. John likes to study his lines in bed. (Right now it's MGM's *People In Love.*) When he does, Anne goes to sleep without being disturbed by his light.

The only architectural changes in this room were the additional wardrobe closets for Anne. Unfortunately they had to be built into the room in order to provide the added storage space. To keep these closets from making the room seem too small, Anne and her mother put on shutters for doors. They also hung inside shutters on the windows instead of blinds or draperies. Now that she's lived with them, Anne is shutter-happy.

"In the first place, they look sort of oriental," she explains. "They mask any opening in an attractive way. They also let air circulate among my clothes."

The bath adjoining this room serves as Anne's dressing room. It's papered in a silver grass cloth, and along one wall is a mirrored vanity table that was once the dining room buffet. The crystal chandelier in here also came from the former dining room. When guests ask Anne why she keeps such dim lights in it, she loves to explain it's a professional necessity. She has to get up so early when she's working that she's never quite awake and a dim light is easier on her sleepy eyes.

John's dressing room and bath are at the end of a short hall. This hall looks as if it were lined with painted brick, but actually it's covered with a Katzenbach and Warren brick-type wallpaper, a decorating touch which makes a nice transition from silver grass cloth to John's masculine blue suite.

Besides his sport jackets, John keeps a day-bed, his collection of clowns, camera equipment and a wonderful desk in this room. The desk was designed by George Nelson and it's full of carefully engineered storage. There's a filing drawer, a well for a typewriter and loads of little pigeonholes. John is outspoken in his praise of the desk.

Over the garage is the guest room and bath. The furniture in this suite is far nicer than most guest rooms because it came from the living room of the original little cottage. The best feature of the room, however, is its location. It's off by itself, and insulated against the noise and bustle of the rest of the household. A guest can sleep till noon there. In fact, the word is out that the Hodiaks have the finest spare room in Southern California and the reservations are starting to literally pour in.

One guest Anne and John welcomed a few months ago with love and trepidation was Grandfather Wright. He made a tour of the house grunting and muttering, "This is good," "Not bad," and, "Darned foolishness." His final, overall comment was, "As long as you insisted on remodeling, you've done a good job. This is quite a dramatic house."

To which Anne replied, "But that's our business, Grandfather." And so, of course, it is. THE END

the faith no one could teach me

(*Continued from page 37*) When I reached the Katz Advertising Agency, where I worked, I called my wife, Helen, on the phone.

"Helen," I said, "remember how I had to sit down and rest for 20 minutes after I played baseball last Sunday, and how I could dance only once around the floor on Saturday night and then began to breathe too hard? The same thing happened to me again today on my way to the office."

"You just sit there," Helen said, "and wait for me. I'll drive right down."

Helen was pregnant at the time, but it never occurred to her that she should spare herself. In about half an hour she had reached the office where I worked. Then she drove me to see Dr. James Cunnie, who had been looking after her.

He took my pulse—it was 132, though I had not been exerting myself in any way. Normal pulse would be 74. He looked quite grave as he said, "Well, Dan, you've strained your heart. You'll have to get right to bed, and rest in bed for at least a couple of weeks."

"A couple of weeks?" I asked incredulously. "Why should I need that much rest? There's never been anything wrong with my heart."

"Just the same you've strained it. You've been overworking, haven't you?"

I admitted that in my eagerness to get ahead, I'd gone after advertising with all the energy and vitality I had in me. I had poured everything I had into my work.

It was difficult to go to bed and do nothing, but I had no choice. The doctor told me frankly that if I didn't rest, I would be flirting with death.

So I went to bed and stayed there. Helen waited on me hand and foot. We were living on an upper floor then, so she had to run up and down constantly.

We were both following the doctor's orders literally, yet three days after I went to bed, a terrific pain developed in my left leg. The pain was so sharp and cruel that we called Dr. Cunnie again.

This time his face was even graver.

"Your heart," he said, "is not strong enough to pump blood through your system, so the blood refuses to go all the way through the system. A blood clot has developed. You'll just have to keep resting, and we'll hope that the blood clot doesn't move to a vital spot."

As I learned, blood clots do move. In a short time the sharp shooting pains in my left leg had moved to the right leg. Usually when a blood clot moves around the body that way, it hits the heart somewhere in its circuit—and you're a goner.

Dr. Cunnie knew how great the chances were that I would not come out of this particular experience alive. "It's a miracle,"

he told me, "that the blood clot made this complete circuit of your body passing through your heart without fatal results."

My bout with heart trouble 16 years ago was the beginning of a miracle which completely transformed my life.

Today I have no sign of heart trouble. I can get all the insurance I want. Every six months I pass the required complete physical examination, although for ten years I was blacklisted by all insurance companies.

I regard my bout with a strained heart, and its effect on my life, as nothing short of miraculous. Not a day goes by but I give thanks to God for striking me down with an attack.

However, there was a time when things looked so dark and I was so miserable that I couldn't help wondering, "Why has God permitted all this to happen to Helen and myself? Why is Fate picking on us?"

I had been brought up in a church-going, God-fearing family. Every Sunday my mother sent me to Sunday school, where we watched colored religious slides and listened to stories from the Bible. As the minister told us of how Jesus walked on water and performed the miracles of the loaves and the fishes, healed the lepers and cured the blind, I wondered, "Could these things really have happened?" When I went home and asked my mother, she said, "Yes, they all could have happened, son, exactly as the minister described them."

STILL I continued to wonder. Perhaps, at times, I even wondered whether there was a God or not. It was not that my mind was filled with doubts; it was just that much of what I was taught in Sunday school was beyond the grasp of a child's mind, and filled me with wonderment.

I was never quite sure that there really is a divine power guiding our lives, till I personally went through the experience which taught me complete faith.

In this respect, I think I was like most people. Ask the average man if he believes in God, and he will say "Yes", but that is a different thing than going through an experience in which God's guidance reveals itself almost miraculously.

I have two boys, Pete, 11, and Dick, eight. If I were to tell Pete today that there was a person who walked on water, and that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua, and that the whale swallowed Jonah, and that the Red Sea rolled back at the command of Moses, I wonder if he would believe it?

I'm not comparing what happened to me to any of these major miracles. But so far as my own life is concerned, the whole sequence of tormenting events—eventually turned out to be practically a miracle.

You see, I had always wanted to be an actor. But my father had pointed out quite sensibly that it is very hard to earn a living as an actor. Therefore, he had suggested that if I wanted to get married and raise a family, I'd better go in for something at which I could earn a steady buck.

That's what I had done. That's why I was pounding the pavements selling advertising space.

Then came my heart strain. Instead of lasting a couple of weeks, as the doctor had originally suggested it might, it dragged on for months. Each day of that time Helen climbed those steps for me. Then one midnight, she shook me gently awake. "Dan," she said, "I've got to get to the hospital."

I had been lying in bed for almost three months. All that time Helen had done everything she could for me. I dragged myself out of bed on trembling legs, and drove her to the hospital.

The nurses later told me that when we got to the hospital, they wondered who was the patient—Helen or I. They got her to the delivery room and then I collapsed on a couch outside.

When it was all over, the doctor came into the room where I sat, my face mirroring my anxiety.

"Helen will be all right," he said.

"And the baby?" I asked.

"The baby," he said, "is dead. It was dead when we reached it. In this particular case, there was one chance in a thousand that such a thing might happen. I'm sorry, Dan, that it had to happen to you and Helen."

Rebellious thoughts crowded my mind. It was at this moment that I thought, "Why is God picking on us?"

WHAT hurt most was the thought that possibly Helen's taking care of me during my illness was partly responsible.

It was bad enough that the baby was dead. Why should a kind God have visited one trouble after another on Helen and me?

WAS HIS FACE RED

■ Because Dick Widmark didn't want the competition of western stars in his home, he banned television. But once, curious about Hopalong's popularity, he rented one of his films and waited to show it until his daughter was almost asleep. One day, after he took her to see his latest film, the director asked Ann how she liked her father. "He's all right," Ann said kindly, "but Hopalong's a lot better."—*Kolma Flake.*

You Want a Beauty Soap for a Beauty Bath!

YOUR BATH BECOMES A BEAUTY BATH—when you change to proper cleansing with Palmolive Soap! Doctors have proved that regular cleansing with this beauty soap brings most women lovelier complexions in only 14 days!

So to help soften and smooth your skin *all over*, use Palmolive Bath Size . . . always! Nothing could be finer in your bath to cleanse, refresh, relax you. Palmolive brings you *fragrance*, to safeguard your daintiness—your charm. *Mildness*, to keep your skin smoother, softer-to-the-touch. *Purity*, to give your entire body the gentle beauty care it needs.

Yes, you should use a *beauty soap* for a *beauty bath*. So get Palmolive Bath Size today. It's big. It's thrifty. And so mild, so pure, so right for *all* of you!



Use Only Palmolive To Give Your Skin This Lovely Charm... All Over!

Edna's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol acts 3 ways to end functional menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know," explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. C-41, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Edna's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

Few human beings are wise enough to understand and accept what happens unquestioningly. In this dark moment, I almost lost faith.

The future looked dark, desperate, and uncertain. I had been out of work for almost three months. My wonderful boss had continued to pay my salary, but I couldn't expect him to go on doing that forever.

In ten days Helen was out of the hospital. But we seemed to be faced with an almost insoluble problem. I wasn't sure if I could ever go back to work. The doctor said, "Perhaps, if you go back to work, everything will be all right. But your job is very strenuous. I'll be frank with you. You need more rest, Dan. You should go out to the beach in Florida and lie in the sun most of the day. If you don't take this additional rest now, you may have another heart attack."

I WENT to my boss and told him the story. "That's all right, Dan," he said. "Go to Florida. I'll keep you on at half salary. When you're completely better, you can decide what you want to do."

My boss was George R. Katz—a fine man. Whenever I go East, I look him up. He's part of the miracle of what happened to me, a wonderful guy and a great friend.

My wife and I drove toward Clearwater, Florida. Along the way, people told us that it was no use looking for a place in Clearwater—the rents were sky high. We thought we'd see for ourselves.

A block away from the beach at Clearwater we came to a frame shack. Outside it was a sign which said, "For rent. $25 a month." We had ten dollars left. I knocked at the door, and asked for the owner.

"That's me," said the man who opened the door.

"Well," I said, "we'll take this place if you can let us have it for $20. I'll pay you $10 now, and $10 next week."

Under ordinary circumstances, perhaps he would have turned us down. Even though the place was a broken-down shack with no windows, just screens, he could have gotten $25 for it, if he'd held out for another tenant, but he took the $10.

We stayed at the beach for about six months, and at the end of that time I felt strong and energetic again.

Still, I didn't know for sure whether I could go back to work in the advertising business or not. I tried it for a week, and I knew that if I kept on, I might have to repeat the tortuous experience I'd already been through. When I talked the matter over with Mr. Katz, he said, "You'd better get out of this business."

I talked to my dramatic coach at Cornell University, Alexander M. Drummond. I told him how I'd always wanted to be an actor and how my father had talked me out of it.

"He was right, Dan," Mr. Drummond said. "Don't try to become a professional actor. The chances are all against you."

When I told Helen about all this, she said, "Dan, do whatever you think best. Whatever you decide to do, I'm with you every step of the way."

WE moved to the country outside New York City. I figured that I could go to New York three times a week to look for a job in the theater. If I were lucky enough to land one, it would be for evenings only. Then I could spend all day in the sun.

I tried every way I knew to get a job.

I pounded the pavements almost as hard as when I'd been looking for people to buy advertising space. I wrote dozens of letters. In each letter I asked for an interview.

I tried pull, too. I was not passing up anything. And in the end—let's be honest about it—it was pull that got me my first job in the theater.

I knew Sidney Kingsley, the playwright. I met him one day, and told him I was looking for a job. He had written the play *Dead End,* and he sent me to the manager to ask for a walk-on part.

I was such a babe in the woods about the theater that the moment I knew I had the walk-on part at $40 a week, I signed a year's lease on an apartment in White Plains. If I had been more familiar with the percentage of flop plays that open on Broadway, I wouldn't have dared sign that lease. But *Dead End* ran for 84 weeks.

It was during this amazingly successful run that I began to reflect on the chain of events which had led to *Dead End,* the beginning of a bright new street for me.

It occurred to me then that God had struck me down when I was doing work for which I wasn't intended, in order to make me get into the field in which I should have been all along. He was guiding me through all these experiences.

My wife and I say our prayers on our knees with our two children every night. We thank Him every day of our lives for what He has done for us. My sons go to Sunday school, as I did. Maybe they'll think some of the things they hear about are incredible, but looking back on those things in later life, perhaps they'll find, after their own personal experiences, that they're not really so incredible.

I've gone to church many, many times, yet I don't believe it's necessary to seek God in church. I belong to no special church. Mine is the story of a man who almost lost his faith, and got it back through a personal experience. All the religious sermons a minister could preach would never convince me as much as this personal experience did. But I have gone to churches in every city in which I have lived, seeking ministers whose sermons would be intelligent and inspirational.

We live a quiet life today. Recently we bought a home at Lake Arrowhead. At night I sometimes go out by myself to see if our boats are still moored correctly. Then I stand there and look around at the beauty of the lake and the woods in the moonlight.

The miracles of God are everywhere. The faith I almost lost in my darkest hour now sings a happy blessing in my heart.

THE END

(Dan Duryea can be seen in Columbia's Al Jennings of Oklahoma.)

did you enter the

girls wanted

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■ If you are between 16 and 40 and would like to win a $175-a-week featured role in Wald-Krasna's production of **Girls Wanted,** an original screenplay by Lloyd Shearer, get your entry in before April 15. Previous dramatic experience is not necessary . . . but winners will be selected only from entries by **Modern Screen** readers. Mail a full length photograph of yourself with name and address, and full data on your height, weight, age, bust, waist and hips to: Girls Wanted Contest, 780 North Gower, Hollywood, 38, California.

For full details see the March issue **Modern Screen.**

the bing crosby story

(Continued from page 31) constant activity. Always an introvert, Bing has become even less demonstrative as he has grown older. It has been said that Bing never reveals his total personality to anyone, not even to his closest friends. As a result, some say that music is the dominant influence in his life; others are willing to swear that athletics occupy most of his attention.

To the policeman on the DeMille gate at Paramount, Bing presents a habitually cheerful exterior. Invariably, the radio in his green Cadillac convertible coupe is booming at band-concert volume, and Bing is whistling a brisk accompaniment as he drives onto the lot.

Bing submits to makeup patiently, talking spiritedly to Wally Westmore about last night's baseball game, a TV program, or the recent happenings on his radio show. Bing stopped wearing a complete makeup in 1930. Now Wally applies only enough cake makeup to cover Bing's beard and then brings out the hairpiece, which Bing disparagingly refers to as "my mucket" or "my divot."

Bing does not pay much attention to the selection of his wardrobe, probably due to the fact that he is almost totally colorblind. Some years ago, a wardrobe man handed him a book of cloth samples and asked him to pick out six fabrics to be made up into slacks for his next picture. Bing chose a ghastly array of mustard, salmon, beige, green, and blue. The wardrobe man substituted six less riotous colors, and Bing never knew the difference.

By the time Bing arrives on the set, he knows all of his lines. He has a photographic memory and can learn whole pages of dialogue with two or three hurried readings. This happy faculty also applies when it comes to learning a new song. According to Joe Lilly, who does the arrangements for all Crosby musicals, Bing has the "fastest ear" in show business. "Giving Bing an arrangement is just like playing it to a tape recorder," Joe says. "One time, and it comes back at you exactly the way you put it on there."

Bing's recording sessions usually are his first activity on every picture. He prefers to do his singing as early as possible in the morning, when his voice is rested and powerful. Bing talks right up to the downbeat, which puts the Paramount soundmen into a state of frenzy. Although he has come close, Bing has never missed his cue. Most of the engineers' difficulties occur when Bing is recording a duet with his leading lady in the soundproof vocal booth. If the lady is not accustomed to recording with Crosby, invariably she will still be laughing at one of his jokes when their cue to begin singing is given. During the last *Road* picture, one of the song numbers which included Olga San Juan and Mary Hatcher almost missed being recorded. The orchestra ran through 14 takes before Olga and Mary could get beyond the introduction without giggling. Bing and Bob Hope were tickling them.

When he is recording a solo number, Bing looks on the vocal booth, which he calls the "maison de la pooch" with extreme loathing.

"Get me out there with the rhythm section," he will complain, after singing one number in the booth.

Joe Lilly, who conducts the recording sessions, has worked with Bing since 1940 and is as acquainted with his singing habits as anyone in the music business.

"Bing is the easiest singer in the world to write an arrangement for," Joe says. "He has a normal singing range of nearly an octave and a half, and there isn't a note that he cannot hit within it. I used to tell him that with one more octave, he'd be a piano. And Bing is not restricted to any one singing style. For *Mr. Music*, I wrote a duet finale for Bing to sing with Dorothy Kirsten—in operatic baritone range. Under Bing's part, I simply wrote, 'Belt it!' He almost knocked the soundman off his chair."

It is this ability to handle really difficult passages which has caused many operatic singers, including Dorothy Kirsten, to comment with amazement upon Bing's tremendous power and range as a baritone. It is also the faculty which caused his younger brother Bob to declare, several years ago, that he had been making a living off Bing's middle register for years.

During the past three months, Bing has been occupied with the production of *Here Comes the Groom*, in which he will have Jane Wyman as his leading lady. While rehearsing the elaborate dance number which they do together, Bing suddenly slumped to the floor. "Wait a minute," he wearily commented to Jane, "this dance routine was made for a younger type fellow."

Jane sings a duet with Bing in *Here Comes the Groom*, in which the accompanying action is very complicated and difficult to photograph. Jane and Bing ran through it an exhausting number of times without getting a usable print. As the all-too-familiar music signaled the start of the 31st take, Bing put his hand to his ear and said to Jane, "Listen, darling. They're playing *our* song!"

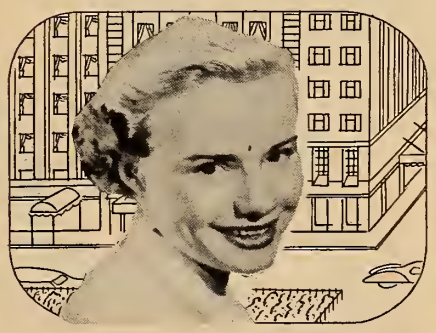
On the set, Bing is never too busy to chat with visitors, particularly when they

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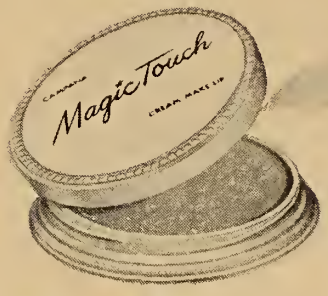
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are representatives from the world of sports. Last year when the Notre Dame football team came west to play U. S. C., Bing invited them all out to the studio for lunch, and spent nearly an hour posing for individual pictures with each player.

Most of the details of Bing's busy life at the studio are efficiently attended to by Leo Linde, who was his stand-in until 1946, when a heart-attack forced Leo into lighter work. A fellow classmate at Gonzaga, Leo has been with Bing since 1934, and will be with him as long as he wants a job. He takes Bing's calls on the set, handles his clothes, and once a day drives out to the Crosby Building on Sunset Boulevard to pick up Bing's mail and to leave his dictaphone records for transcription. Leo has always been impressed by Bing's casual and easy-going manner, which is in sharp contrast to Leo's previous employment as valet to the English actor, Clive Brook, who kept 13 clocks set with the exact time and required Leo to address him as "Sir."

After 18 years, Bing is almost as familiar a figure on the Paramount lot as Cecil B. DeMille, who came with the lease. It is a common sight to see Bing pumping along on his bicycle, which is usually decorated with a sign reading: "Creepalong Crosby, Top Hand, Q Ranch, Wild Horse, Nevada." (Recently there's been a new sign reading "Mr. Music—Who Needs Him?" Bing dictated the words to a sign painter.)

Except when he is tied up with business in his dressing room, Bing has lunch with the cast in the main dining room. He either eats the standard diet luncheon on the menu, or leaves the selection up to Pauline Kessinger, the commissary manager. Bing eats sensibly, stays away from starches, and shows a marked preference for spinach, peas, and green beans.

"In all the years we've been serving Bing," says Mrs. Kessinger, "we've never had an order sent back, nor had a single complaint about the food from him."

At four c'clock each day, Mrs. Kessinger sends a pot of orange pekoe tea and two slices of whole wheat toast over to Bing's dressing room on the set. He used to be an inveterate fruit eater who would munch on several apples and oranges every day, but recently, he discovered from his doctor that the old adage of "an apple a day" does not apply in his case. They give him indigestion.

Bing occasionally presents Mrs. Kessinger with a problem which calls for great imagination and enterprise. One such occasion arose during the war when Bing invited 400 sailors from a ship docked at San Pedro to have lunch with him, and the boys brought their sea-going appetites with them. During the fall months, Bing will frequently receive a shipment of pheasants, grouse, or trout from a friend in Idaho. He asks Mrs. Kessinger how many the spread will feed, and then invites that many from his crew for dinner.

It is common knowledge at Paramount that Bing usually starts a picture shortly before Christmas, so the extras and part-time grips can earn some money before the holidays. He also evidences an admirable devotion to his friends. In 1940, when Bing made *Rhythm on the River,* he prevailed upon Wingy Manone, a New Orleans trumpet player of his acquaintance, to play several jazz numbers in the picture. Wingy, who idolizes Bing, presented a problem when it was discovered that he couldn't read the elaborate orchestration. For two and a half hours, Wingy tried to pick it up by ear, and when it was finally suggested to Bing that maybe another musician should play the part, he replied. "No, he's a real musician. It would break his heart." Finally, lunch time came and, as the last musician filed out, he looked

back and saw Bing behind some scenery working with Wingy. "Now, try this break," Bing was saying, and proceeded to sing it. When the band came back from lunch, Wingy had the number down pat, with a few tricky riffs thrown in.

Authentic jazzmen like Wingy Manone also find a welcome haven on the weekly Bing Crosby radio show, which originates from the CBS studios in Hollywood each Wednesday. Musically, Bing finds himself completely at home in the company of Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Joe Venuti, and other such immortals of jazz music. Somehow Bing's most memorable shows are always built around these people, and Bing himself seems to be sparked by their presence. In the language of Joe Venuti, another admirer of Bing's, the answer is simple.

"Some people think of Bing as a torch singer," he says. "But he is the greatest jazz singer in the world. Sure, there are a lot of other good singers. But let them prove themselves for 20 years before they start standing up alongside of Bing."

Bing's longtime association with the nation's greatest jazz musicians is in large part responsible for the polished mixture of erudition and jive talk that makes up the pattern of his unusual speech.

"Bing talks like a Harvard English professor who has just returned from a slow walk through Harlem," a friend says.

When Bing is not entertaining the elite of jazz music on his show, he sticks close to the lackadaisical, conversational formula which has been his trademark on radio for 18 years.

As a comedian, Bing presents a more difficult script problem than most radio performers. "With Benny's show, for instance, you have all of those characters working for you," says Bill Morrow, his writer. "But Bing is such a definite personality, you can't use a lot of funny stuff because it just doesn't fit Bing's style."

Bing's own style of humor is best understood when compared with that of his old friend and running mate, Bob Hope. The peculiar blend of their talents has brought thousands of laughs to the people of America. Their famous *Road* pictures, of which another is now in preparation, their radio banter, and their running battle on the golf course, have brought repartee back into vogue as a form of humor.

THE combination of Hope and Crosby has the simplest formula of any comedy team in America. They simply stand on opposite sides of the microphone and throw insults at one another. Take, for example, this heated portion of the "Bingsday" broadcast of the Crosby show:

HOPE: Hello, Bing. I mean Mr. Music.

BING: Yep, that's my new moniker. How'd you feel when you heard I changed my name?

HOPE: Like Glenn McCarthy felt when his daughter changed hers. . . . This whole thing burns me up. I've heard of Book-of-the-Month; now they start a new thing—Schnook-of-the-Month.

BING: Just a gimmick to make the public Crosby-conscious.

HOPE: Fine! The public is "Crosby-conscious"—and Crosby is unconscious!

BING: Robert, you're really rolling.

HOPE: Well, why don't you get in the act, Cagey, instead of laying back and getting all the sympathy.

BING: No, this has been such a big day for me I can afford to be generous. . . . It's a pleasure to just stand here while you blow your top.

HOPE: At least I've got a top to blow.

BING: I wish you'd blow some of it my way—on second thought, why don't you just blow.

HOPE: That's a fine way to talk to a guest. . . . I might have known this January Jamboree would go to your *heads*.

BING: It's quite an honor—but after all, they have Be-Kind-to-Animals Week, Prune Week, Doughnut Week—even the apple gets a week.

HOPE: That's what gripes me—an apple only gets a week and the worm gets a whole month.

BING: Bob, why don't you go someplace and have a good cry?

HOPE: Well, I have a right to feel disappointed. Look at all the years I've been entertaining. Don't you think I should get a month?

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One afternoon while I was waiting for a bus, I noticed a shabbily dressed man peddling a bicycle on the sidewalk. He looked as if he needed a handout! At this point, he dashed by me, winked gaily, and grinned. I gasped in astonishment—it was Bing Crosby, taking a minute off from his work on stage out at the studios to jaunt around the block on his bike!

Margaret McGinn
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BING: You should get life.

HOPE: How can you mention *life* on this program.

BING: Don't feel so bad, Bob—maybe your fans will give you a day.

HOPE: I'm young enough for them to give me a *night*. . . . This *twentieth* anniversary of yours kills me . . . only 20 years in the business? How many decades did you chop off? (Etc., etc.)

Some of the brightest portions of Bing's current season's schedule have been the appearances of the Firehouse Five Plus Two, a highly individual jazz band made up of Walt Disney artists and writers who began playing jazz music as a hobby. Bing discovered this group last year, when the boys were invited by brother Larry to play for the Victory dinner at Bing's Pebble Beach Golf Tournament. The Firehouse Five have since appeared on the radio show five times.

Bing's singing with the group has drawn a tremendous flood of fan mail, most of which makes the point that he sounds more youthful with them. According to Ward Kimball, Firechief and trombone player, this is actually the case.

"We play in a higher key than most of Bing's current arrangements," he explains, "so he sings like he used to long ago."

During the twenties and early thirties, it was customary for musical arrangers to ask a singer what his high note was, and then write his arrangement to fit below it. All of Bing's early songs were fashioned around his top note. But in 1936, when John Scott Trotter, who is now the musical director of the Crosby show, first began writing arrangements for Bing, he set out to discover what Bing's low note was. Today, Bing sings in the range which is most comfortable for him, which is roughly from G to C.

The people who are fortunate enough to get seats during Bing's recording sessions at CBS see him as he really is. Invariably, he wears one of the flamboyant sport shirts which have become his trademark. Seldom does he wear "his hair," although he usually hides its absence under a jaunty Tyrolean hat or a sporty golf cap. Except for his own sessions before the mike, he spends most of the show comfortably perched on a high kitchen stool, humming to himself while his guests perform their numbers. As he finishes with each page of script, he lets it float casually to the floor. More often than not, he chews gum, which he rolls under his tongue when he gets up to sing his song. Unless there is business to detain him. Bing is the first

easy money!

They say that the love of money is the root of all evil, but nevertheless we'd love to send you something to start rootin' about. Just read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste, because we're giving away (for free!) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Piper Laurie—Your Hollywood Shopper for April
- ☐ What Happened to Lana's Marriage? (Lana Turner)
- ☐ The Bing Crosby Story
- ☐ Never Last A Father (June Allyson-Dick Powell)
- ☐ It's A Marshmallow Whirl (Vera-Ellen, Rock Hudson, Dick Long, Peggy Dow)
- ☐ The Faith No One Could Teach Me by Dan Duryea
- ☐ Hollywood's Ten Best Citizens
- ☐ Second Heartbreak (Barbara Stanwyck)
- ☐ All About Eden (Anne Baxter-John Hodiak)
- ☐ A Psychologist Looks at Liz Taylor
- ☐ And An Ex-Sweetheart Looks Back (Peter Lawford)
- ☐ They Took Their Love to Las Vegas
- ☐ The Real Victims of Hollywood Love
- ☐ Charting Hollywood Love
- ☐ Hutton Hits Michigan (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It to Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

.....

.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

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.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

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What MALE star do you like least?

.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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Personal

To Women With Nagging Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passages may result from minor bladder irritations due to cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions.

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person out of the studio. He hurries to the parking lot, waves at the autograph seekers at the gate, and drives home.

This year, Bing probably will originate more of his shows from army camps, principally from sprawling Fort Ord, which is 12 miles from Bing's home on the Monterey Peninsula. Bing has always received a great personal lift from entertaining servicemen. During his most recent appearance at Fort Ord, he confidentially told his appreciative Army audience, "It's almost a shame to take Chesterfield's money for doing a show like this."

As the nation's leading recording artist, Bing Crosby is the keystone of the Decca Record Company. Many of Bing's popular numbers have cleared the 1,000,000 mark, including last year's "Sam's Song," which introduced his 17-year-old son, Gary. All of his boys appeared with Bing on "A Christmas Carol," a medley of three Johnny Burke-Jimmy Van Heusen songs, which has already sold nearly 600,000 and probably will get a large sale again next Christmas.

Bing averages between 30 and 40 new recordings each year, of which approximately one third are songs from his motion pictures. The remainder is made up of current hit songs and old tunes which are enjoying a new vogue. Each recording is supervised by Joe Perry, who has worked with Bing since 1931.

"Of all the artists I have worked with in 20 odd years," says Perry, "Bing is the easiest and fastest to make records with."

Bing probably holds the record for the fastest disc session of all time on his famous version of "Please," which was made while Bing was appearing at the RKO Pantages Theater in San Francisco. Bing ran out of the theater into a waiting cab, drove to the Decca offices on Mission Street, rode up three floors to the recording studio, made the record with Eddie Lang and Anson Weeks' orchestra, then hurried back to the theater. Time elapsed: one and a half hours.

"Please" was one of Crosby's most popular records. As with dozens of his songs, Bing's inherent sense of phrasing gave it the unique Crosby stamp, hurry or no hurry.

Bing has the approval of all the songs which he records for Decca, and he will refuse to do any song that he doesn't like. He particularly dislikes love songs which have a mawkish melody or an oversentimental lyric, and that, perhaps more than anything else, is the reason for the great success of Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, who write the majority of Bing's songs for motion pictures.

"When we do a song, people don't say that it's a typical Burke-Van Heusen song," says Johnny Burke, who has been associated with the Old Groaner since 1936. "Instead, they say it's a typical *Crosby* song. We're proud of that."

Few people realize how closely the songs which Bing has sung are patterned after his own, very individual personality.

"When Bing makes love with a song, he wants to do it in the same imaginative, casual way he would talk to his kids, or to a friend," says Burke. "In his songs, he never goes overboard for a girl, or drips with sentiment. In every Crosby picture there is at least one song which presents Bing as a guy without a tie, who is completely at ease, and enjoying himself as most people would like to enjoy themselves. Songs like 'Pennies from Heaven,' 'I Haven't Time to Be a Millionaire,' and 'I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams.' They are songs that instantly make you think of Bing."

Johnny Burke first came out from New

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York to write songs for *Pennies from Heaven* and arrived at Paramount while Bing was making *Rhythm on the Range*. They briefly exchanged greetings and Johnny went to work immediately writing the love song with Arthur Johnston. The number was "And So Do I."

"I'll never forget the day that Arthur and I went out to the set to play the song for Bing. He was wearing a cowboy outfit, and he followed us over to the piano in the corner of the sound stage. Arthur played the piano and I sang, scared half to death. When I finished, there was a moment of awful silence, before Bing said, 'Why, Johnny, that's *poetry*.' Then he turned and walked away. He never did say whether he liked it or not, but those were the sweetest words I'd ever heard."

When Burke and Van Heusen joined forces in 1940, it was the beginning of an ideal marriage of words and music.

"I'll never forget the first time Bing turned down one of my songs," Burke says. "It happened when he was making *If I Had My Way* at Universal. The director felt the score needed another ballad, a typical ballad. I took a ballad named 'Only Forever' over to the studio and played it for Bing, the script writer, the director, the head of the studio, and several others. When I finished, they all looked at Bing. Someone asked him, 'What do you think?' 'I don't know,' he said, looking unhappy. 'We don't really need a song like that.' 'That's what I thought,' said the studio head. 'Let's forget it.' I felt horrible. It was the first time in ten years Bing had turned down a song of ours. Then, on the way out, Bing stopped me and, lowering his voice, said, 'That song's terrific, but they don't need it. Let's save it for the next show.' So it went into *Rhythm on the River* and was a big hit."

Nearly ten years ago, Bing Crosby was accounted one of the wealthiest men in show business. Today that opinion is an established fact. By virtue of his business acumen alone, Bing Crosby is the success story of our entire generation.

For many years, Bing's annual gross income from records, radio, and films, has been estimated at more than $1,000,000. But in addition to this Bing derives a large part of his income from a heavily-producing oil field in Scurry County, Texas. He also is associated with the Union Oil Company and the Doheny family in other Texas oil leases. He owns a

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20,000 acre cattle ranch near Elko, Nevada, and a part interest in another cattle ranch in the Argentine. His real estate holdings in-clude the modern three-story Crosby Build-ing on the Sunset Strip, co-ownership of the Binglin Stables, which currently has 12 horses in training at Santa Anita, and more than 50 more in breeding stock and yearlings. He owns considerable stock in "Minute Maid" frozen orange juice con-centrate. He also owns what he refers to as a "talking interest" in the Los Angeles Rams football team, the Hollywood stars baseball team, and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

In addition, Bing has an interest, with his boys, in Crosby Enterprises, Inc., and the Crosby Research Foundation. The latter was established during the war to encourage the development of products vital to the war effort. The Research Foundation shares in the profits of many items which it helped to place on the mar-ket, including a burn remedy named Hydrosulphosol now in use in Korea; the Breathalator, which effectively minimizes bad breath; the Shavex, a solenoid which converts electric razors from AC to DC current; transparent plastic raincoats; Dentacake, a traveling kit of toothpaste and brush; the Colby pocket lighter; a fire exit lock that precludes fire disasters; a nylon dip which makes it possible to wash nylons and woolens in cold water; and numerous other products.

Since 1933, the majority of Bing's vast business interests have been managed by John O'Melveny.

"Since the beginning of our relationship, Bing has had complete confidence in me," says O'Melveny. "I have a tremendous amount of responsibility entrusted to me in holding his power of attorney. Some weeks I sign more papers than most peo-ple sign in a year. I don't think he even bothers to look at the legal documents I send him."

For a number of years, O'Melveny has been the appointed guardian of the four Crosby boys, whose business accounts he runs under the authority of the Superior Court. At present it is estimated that the boys are worth the following:

Gary, $194,157; Philip, $193,854; Dennis, $193,830; and Lindsay, $198,355. But until they are of age, they will continue to earn their spending money by working during the summer months as cowhands on the ranch at Elko, Nevada.

"BING'S earning power didn't amount to much when he was a romantic lover type," says O'Melveny. "But it will con-tinue to grow from now on in direct pro-portion to the people's love of the charac-teristics that he is now able to reveal on the screen . . . those of an amiable, well-balanced human being . . . in short, those of his own personality."

In recent years, many people have won-dered when Bing would get tired of his busy schedule and call it a day. If he had been unable to record his radio show, Bing undoubtedly would have dropped that confining phase of his activities long ago. Shortly before making *Going My Way*, he told a friend, "When he is past 40, any man in show business should begin to realize that he's through. I don't believe I can do any more pictures that people would believe me in." Since then, how-ever, he has been the top box-office attrac-tion at his studio. As for singing, Bing will never stop. As an old friend of his salad days recently put it.

"Bing quit singing? Why, that man will still have the best beat in the world when he's a hundred years old."

(This penetrating analysis of Bing Cros-by's life will be concluded in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN.*)*

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by VALDA SHERMAN

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it's a marshmallow whirl

(*Continued from page 36*) Naturally, they were both wrong. Ralph's solution was simply to erase the pig. Peggy and Dick then found themselves seated at a very unusual table. A wood slat rose perpendicularly from it. Attached to the slat was a string and to the string an apple.

"The first to take a bite out of the apple wins," Ralph told them.

Barbara brought out blindfolds and football helmets. Peggy and Dick put them on and went after the apple. Being blindfolded, they obviously couldn't tell that Ralph was eating the apple, himself.

"You're next," said Ralph to me.

"Me?" I questioned. "I'm on my way to help Barbara with the coffee cups."

"Okay, bring back a peanut butter sandwich," he said, which seemed simple enough, but worried me for a while.

When I returned he was quizzing Rock and Vera-Ellen. "How many wives does the prayer book allow for each man?"

"One," said Vera-Ellen.

Ralph disagreed. "Sixteen," he told them. "Four richer, four poorer, four better, four worse."

And with that, he reached for the sandwich I was holding. Anyone, he claimed, could sing *Carmen*. However, few folks could warble and eat a peanut butter sandwich at the same time . . . a bite after every line. Vera-Ellen and Rock nearly choked proving it could be done the hard way.

"Contestants?" Ralph said, and Peggy and Dick stepped up. "Who is the only person President Truman must take his hat off to?" he asked.

"A king?" Dick asked, perplexed.

"A lady," Peggy said.

"His barber," Ralph returned. "Leave us try the marshmallow on a string game."

This, as you can see, is where the marshmallow I told you about came in. Ralph ran a string through the marshmallow. One end of the string went to Peggy. The other to Dick. They were supposed to chew their way to the marshmallow. No hands. Tough work—but they did it.

"How about one consequence for all of us?" Vera-Ellen requested.

"Okay," said Ralph. "Answer this: "There are three glasses on a shelf. Two are filled with champagne. One is empty. What king does this remind you of?"

Silence. Ralph finally answered the question true to form. "Phillip Third," he said.

As a consequence, Mr. Rock and Mr. Richard were told to whip up Easter bonnets for their girls. Ralph and Barbara raided the kitchen for materials. They came back with pots, pans, egg beaters, strainers, celery, carrots, and string. Rock and Dick worked and worked and obviously didn't exactly know what they were doing. Peggy sat very still and nibbled on a piece of celery. "That goes on your head," Dick reminded her. As a finishing touch Dick stuck a price tag on her forehead.

Naturally, by this time we'd worked up an appetite, but the Edwards were prepared. Brown Derby chef, Robert Kries, had sent over stacks of food.

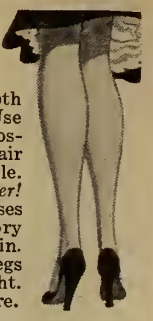
Before we knew it, the clock was striking a very unreasonable hour, and I had a confession to make before I left. "Ralph . . . Barbara . . ." I stammered. "I had a lovely time. And . . . Ralph, I'm sorry I tried to trip you at the broadcast."

"Poor girl," he said sympathetically. "You did want to go to someplace like the Taj Mahal, didn't you?"

"I'll settle for the Edwards' house anytime," I replied. And I meant it.

THE END

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a psychologist looks at liz taylor

(*Continued from page 49*) It was a slow day, so I proceeded to explain. But as I spoke, it became obvious to me that my nurse didn't share my beliefs. She was completely convinced that Elizabeth and Nicky would be man and wife long after I had been buried six feet under.

Last December, however, when Miss Taylor climaxed seven unhappy months of marriage with the announcement that she would seek a divorce from her husband, my nurse brought me the afternoon newspaper. She had marked the story on page one. Grudgingly she conceded, "You were right, doctor."

Believe me, I felt no satisfaction in the accuracy of my prediction. I should have much preferred to be wrong. But the Liz Taylor-Nicky Hilton marriage followed such an old familiar Hollywood pattern that from the start it seemed to fall into the same mould that had shaped the marital mishaps of Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Shirley Temple, Ann Shirley, and a flock of other teen-aged movie brides.

In practically every case, child-star marriages have fizzled out in divorce. Let's look at the record:

Deanna Durbin, whose artistry and wholesome appeal had virtually rescued Universal Pictures from bankruptcy, was a sweet-faced 19 when she married the young Vaughn Paul. Two years later the mating had been dissolved.

Judy Garland was 19 when, with little David Rose at her side, she whizzed to Las Vegas for an elopement. The marriage lasted less than three years.

Shirley Temple was a child of 17 when she said her vows to John Agar in one of Hollywood's swankiest weddings. Two years after the marriage, Shirley knew in her heart it was a tragic mistake. In 1949 she went into court and told a judge that she had reached such a crisis of unhappiness that she had been tempted to commit suicide.

In all these cases, the wives had been child movie stars; each had been earning a minimum of $1,000 a week at the time of their marriage; and each had married a fairly young and handsome husband.

These marriages had failed to last. Now, why would the Taylor-Hilton marriage, contracted under the same set of circumstances and conditions, prove the exception? It didn't. Its seven months set a new mark for the brevity of child-star marriages.

It is my opinion that like most young girls who've been raised on movie lots, Elizabeth Taylor was unprepared for marriage—especially to a boy in his early twenties like Nicky Hilton.

Ask yourself this question: what could Miss Taylor contribute to such a marriage? Wisdom? Prudence? Experience? What characteristics did she have that her husband lacked? How could she complement him? How could she possibly act as a check and balance to his youthful excesses when she herself was in a business which makes a cardinal virtue of exhibitionism?

Don't for a minute imagine that I am attributing the snag in the Taylor-Hilton marriage to Miss Taylor. I'm not at all. I merely raise this point: Does a girl of 18, whose youth has been spent in the motion picture industry, develop the ability to judge adequately the personality and character makeup of the men she dates and the man she marries?

I think not.



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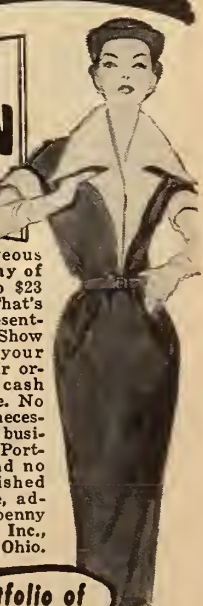
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All young husbands are sensitive. Marriage itself bolsters their ego, provides them with responsibilities, accords them the pride and privilege of being master of the household. In the Taylor-Hilton marriage, in all marriages of this kind, the husband never gets to play his traditional role. He only gets to play second fiddle.

Liz once said, "If my pictures ever start interfering with our marriage, I'll quit pictures in a hurry."

Pictures started interfering with the marriage from the very start. Even Miss Taylor had to admit that, "our honeymoon wasn't very private." Young Hilton didn't particularly like living in the goldfish bowl which Hollywood stars must inhabit. As soon as they returned to California, Elizabeth started making *Father's Little Dividend.* She did not give up her career to live on her husband's salary.

The Hiltons were following the well-worn pattern of a child-star marriage in which it's the wife who's important . . . who continues to enjoy the deference she's always known.

LET us take Shirley Temple or Judy Garland as cases in point. For years they were fawned upon by grown men and women every day in the week. Let Judy remark that one hair on her head was out of place, and a 40-year-old hairdresser would rush to her side and fix it. Let Shirley Temple mutter that she was hungry, and half a dozen adults would vie to bring her a tray from the commissary.

The formative years of Liz Taylor's life were spent largely in the company of adults; adults who got paid for pleasing Liz, for dressing her, directing her, teaching her, working with her.

Such an environment is abnormal for a young girl. She becomes a little too knowing; she grows up too quickly. There is a good deal of love-making in most motion pictures. A young girl on the set day after day becomes aware of sex much more quickly than her counterpart in high school. She dates one or two or three boys—and then—wham, she gets married.

Look at the men in Liz Taylor's date-life: Glenn Davis, Ed Pauley, Vic Damone, and marriage to Nicky Hilton.

There are no ballgames, no proms, no high school flirtations. Most of the normal, happy setup of the typical teen-ager is outside the ken of the child movie star.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, even today, can't understand modern football because as a teen-ager no boys ever took her to a college football game. The same is true with Judy Garland.

The simple truth is that the average 18-year-old girl in the United States has dated more boys than Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple, and Deanna Durbin put together.

She has learned how to take care of herself in a pinch. She has dated boys who suffer from "roaming hands." Possibly she has had to walk home from a too ardent date. She has accompanied boys who could spend no more than two dollars on an evening's entertainment. She has fixed meals for herself and her family. She has learned to sew and can make the best of last year's dress. In short, the average American girl has learned how to cope with life.

The child movie star has not. She's been reared in an abnormal environment. Studio employees old enough to be her parents have catered to her every whim. She's been pampered to such a point that she often has no sense of responsibility or self-discipline. She has sacrificed a normal youth for money and fame. And in many cases this is a bad deal, since neither money nor fame assures its owner of a good supply of common sense.

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As a matter of fact, children who have never known the want of a dollar in their lives rarely develop into stable, realistic, mature adults.

Take Nicky Hilton, for example. Suppose his father did not control the Hilton hotel chain, which last year grossed approximately $40,000,000 worth of business? Suppose Nicky didn't have a trust fund which pays him $12,000 a year? Suppose he had no connections for a job? If, starting from scratch, he managed to make a success of things, aren't the chances greater that he would eventually develop into a better husband?

There is no doubt that the conquering of adversity breeds character. The only adversity most child stars meet is written in motion picture scenarios.

To my way of thinking the remarkable aspect of Elizabeth Taylor's behavior pattern is that she isn't more spoiled.

Here's an 18-year-old girl who earns $1,000 a week, drives around in a Cadillac convertible, is beseeched for dates by the handsomest of men. Is it reasonable to expect such a girl to play a subsidiary role to her husband, to wait on him, to mother him, to defer to his wishes?

Dr. Jack Berman, a child psychiatrist in Beverly Hills who has psychoanalyzed several young actresses, thinks that many of them marry young because, "they've been adults since they were six or seven.

"They can't wait to get away from their parents," Berman says, "because subconsciously they think they will be more independent. Although they believe they're marrying for love, it's really marriage for release, marriage for an expression of their own feelings."

When the Liz Taylor-Nicky Hilton divorce announcement came, Red Skelton said, "And to think that his father gave 'em two hotels—one marked 'His' and the other 'Hers'!"—*Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

This theory that actresses marry young to escape their parents is not a new one, of course, and whether it applies to Elizabeth Taylor is very difficult to say.

Elizabeth's relationship with her parents has been most amicable, although for years the studio paid Elizabeth's mother a handsome salary to watch over her little girl. Whether Elizabeth subconsciously rebelled against this close supervision, only she would know.

It is significant to note, however, that when Liz's marriage went on the rocks, she at first moved in with her stand-in rather than run home to mother.

I once had for a patient a young actress who attributed all her problems to her mother. "It was my mother," this girl explained, "who wanted me to become a star. It was she who dragged me around from one casting office to another. She was unhappy and frustrated, and she tried to live through my success. I would have been much happier if she had never wanted a movie career for me. I've made lots of money, all right, but I've become so used to being the center of everything that I just can't seem to adjust myself to the problems of marriage."

Actually, the mother of this actress isn't to be blamed at all. It's just that the girl is afraid of marrying any man who refuses to accord her the same princess-like treatment she receives at her studio. So she marries an inferior man whom she supports—and then resents his spineless attitude and character.

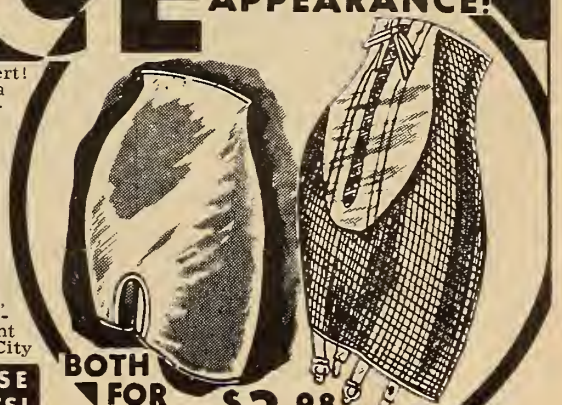
My nurse, who keeps abreast of such things, tells me that after her divorce Liz Taylor probably will renew her friendship with Ed Pauley, Jr., the son of the Florida utilities magnate, to whom she was once engaged.

I don't know about that. But if she contemplates marriage again, my advice to her is to give up her career. Shirley Temple has done it, and I predict that Shirley will never be seen in any divorce court again.

The career of an actress is a very wonderful thing—but it takes a very strong husband to stand it. In the entire history of Hollywood, there have been precious few. No man likes to be called Mr. Elizabeth Taylor. The End

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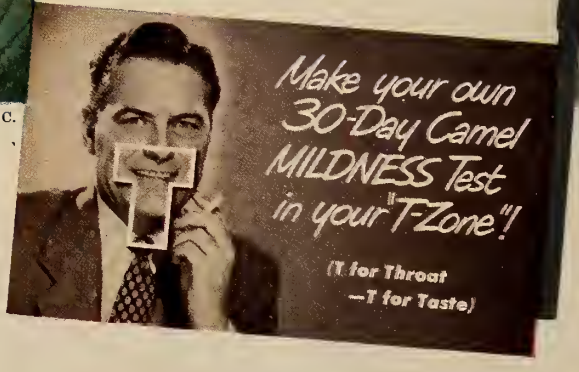
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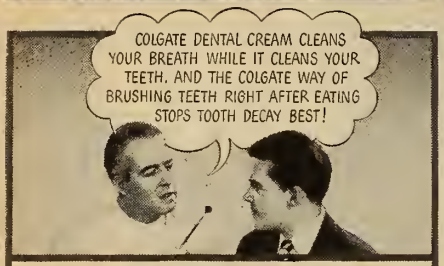
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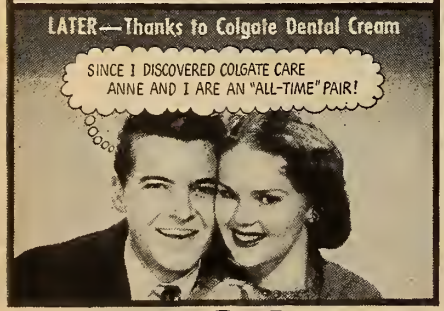


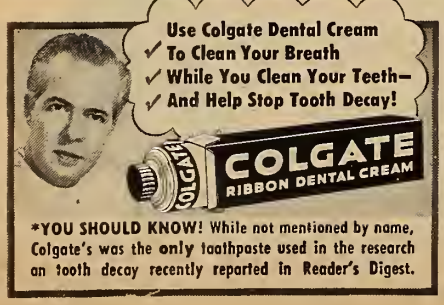
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

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Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

MAY, 1951

modern screen

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JOAN BENNETT
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Screen Play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich • Based on characters created by Edward Streeter • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

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says model Ann Klem...

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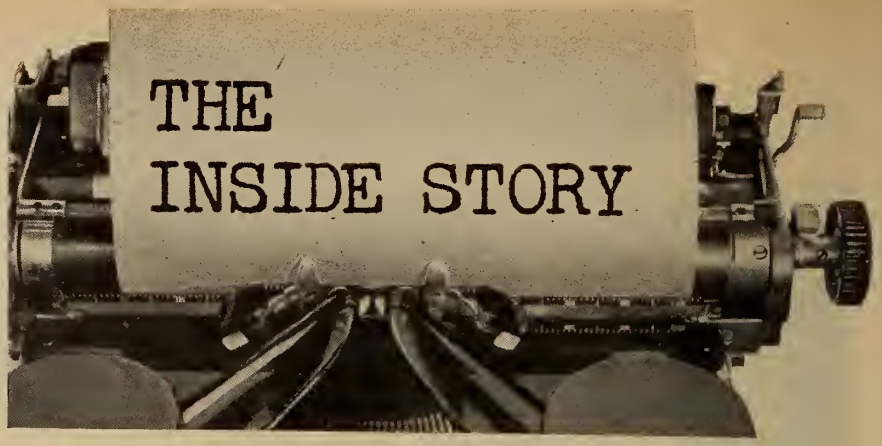
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THE INSIDE STORY

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Jane Wyman is responsible for the breakup of the Ginger Rogers-Greg Bautzer love affair?—T. W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *There's no truth to that at all. Ginger gave up Bautzer for Steve Cochran. Ginger and Steve co-starred in* Storm Warning, *and started dating steadily when they went to Miami for personal appearances. Bautzer thereupon began seeing Jane Wyman.*

Q. I understand that Nancy Sinatra has agreed to give Frankie a divorce if she receives a settlement of $5,000,000. True or false?—C. R., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. *Nancy steadfastly insists that there will be no divorce.*

Q. Is it true that Rita Hayworth is running short of money, and that this is why she plans to make another film in Hollywood? —C. F., WASH., D. C.

A. *That is one reason. The other is that her pictures are no longer being asked for by the movie-goers. Like Greta Garbo, Miss Hayworth has apparently stayed off-screen too long a time.*

Q. Why did Farley Granger fight with his producer Sam Goldwyn and why did he take a suspension?—S. Y., MIDVALE, MO.

A. *Granger, whose pictures have been making a small fortune, felt strongly that at $800 a week, he was being underpaid. One of the biggest box office attractions in the country today, he believed that he should be given an increase if called upon to do exploitation work in connection with his films. Sam Goldwyn has recently torn up their old pact and replaced it with a new five-year contract. Farley is getting a substantial raise. "He thoroughly deserves it," says Goldwyn. "He is a hard worker and has done a fine job." This should make for lasting peace between them.*

Q. Has Hedy Lamarr really retired from the screen?—U. O., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A. *She's scheduled to appear in London opposite Rex Harrison in* His Excellency.

Q. What is the real reason Judy Garland is getting a divorce from Vincente Minnelli? —T. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. *She doesn't love Minnelli any more.* *(Read the story of Judy's new love on page 42.)*

Q. Is it true that Janet Leigh plans to drop Tony Curtis for John Agar? —S. R., ROCKPORT, ME.

A. *At the moment she still refuses all Agar's phone calls and invitations for dates.*

Q. I understand that Liz Taylor's ex-husband, Nicky Hilton, is furious about her going around with Stanley Donen. How come Liz didn't pick up with Vic Damone after her divorce? —V. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. *Nicky Hilton isn't at all furious about Liz and Stanley Donen, both of whom seem very much taken with each other. The reason Liz didn't start dating Damone again is that he currently enjoys playing the entire field.*

Q. Does Betty Hutton plan to marry shortly? If so to whom? —B. U., CHEYENNE, WYO.

A. *Betty's divorce won't be final for another ten months. Right now she is going with a musician, Pete Rugolo.*

Q. What is the first picture June Allyson plans to do when she returns to the screen? —V. A., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. Too Young to Kiss, *with Van Johnson and Barry Sullivan.*

Q. Who is this Duane Powell mentioned in the press in connection with Pat Neal? —C. N., MARION, S. C.

A. *The Duane Powell appearing in the press in connection with Pat Neal is the creation of a press agent. There is no such man in her life. In fact, right now she is not in love at all.*

Q. Is Gary Cooper a Catholic? Is that why he and his wife cannot obtain a divorce? I hear that this marriage is in hot water. Please tell me the truth. —Y. F., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *Cooper is a Protestant. His wife, Rocky, is Catholic. Rumors of their impending separation are, according to Gary, "absolutely ridiculous."*

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LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news



The Mudlark premiere brought out newlyweds Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons, here with press agent Sharman Douglas. Sharman is working on publicity for Jean's new film, *Androcles and the Lion.*



Ann Blyth was one of many celebrities at the spectacular *Mudlark* premiere. Howard Duff came with his mother and Ida Lupino. Also present were the Van Johnsons who are expecting o baby.

WHEN a husband says "I'm sorry, dear"—what more can he say?—and Jeff Chandler is saying that over, and over, and over again to his pretty wife.

By the time you read this, I'm sure their surprising "separation" will be over, for it was a very penitent Jeff that Marjorie found following her return from New York where she had gone after walking out with the two children.

For the two weeks she was away you've seldom seen a more miserable and depressed gent than Jeff. Even his Academy nomination for one of the best supporting actors of the year in *Broken Arrow* wasn't enough to make Jeff smile. He wanted his wife and his children back more than anything else in the world.

It isn't too wise to air the "reason" for their rift, particularly where a wife's pride is concerned, so let's just say that Jeff made a mistake, he knows it—and he's sorry. And he is a big enough person to say so.

Now it's all up to his wife, the former Marjorie Hoshelle, at one time an actress at Warner Brothers. When she married Jeff eight years ago, she gave up her career because she thought his was more important, and when the two children came, she preferred to stay at home.

They were ideally happy until the usual thing happened—big success for Jeff, who is now one of the most popular screen actors. With success came the flattery and attention that always goes with recognition.

Well, young Chandler isn't the first husband who ever made a mistake—and if his wife is as wise, and charming, and balanced as everyone tells me she is—I'm sure she'll take him back, with all past troubles forgiven.

THE howl of the month is the University of Nevada's answer to the Harvard "Lampoon's" lampooning of Elizabeth Taylor.

"What kind of men are they who notice whether luscious Liz is ACTING or not?" officially asks "U" of Nevada.

Speaking of this young lady, Elizabeth is going her own way—dancing and dining every evening with Stanley Donen, her director. Well, she's free and you might say there's no harm in it, and in all probability there isn't.

Only Liz—and it hurts all of us who have known her since she was a little girl—makes herself much too conspicuous. She and Donen neck in public all the time.

Liz has been a well brought up girl, and this is not right.

Apparently her mother, who used to have great influence on her, is no longer a factor



Debra Paget loves her new success and the fans that go with it. She happily gives autographs in Grauman's Theater lobby. Originally a blonde, Debra went brunette for *Broken Arrow, Bird of Paradise*



The premiere was sponsored by St. John's Hospital Guild of which Irene Dunne is chairman. The Guild raised more than $133,000 at the $50-a-seat event. Irene was escorted by her husband Dr. Griffin.



None looked more glamorous than Clark and Sylvia Gable. Clark recently sold a package deal to MGM for $300,000. The deal ended what was to have been his first independent production.



Tom Lewis and Loretta Young are a happy husband and wife team. Loretta just finished starring in *Cause for Alarm* which Tom produced for MGM. She is generally considered one of Hollywood's best-dressed.

in her life. When she became a married woman her money was turned over to her care.

So, now a gay divorcée at the age of 19, she has all the fortune her family saved for her in her own name.

Liz, Liz, Liz—what is going to be the answer?

She has refused to sign a new contract with MGM, and apparently is going to lead her professional life as well as her private life in her own way. (*Turn to page 30* for *"Liz Taylor's New Romance"*—Ed.)

THE Broderick Crawford marriage rift is serious, I'm sorry to say. When Kay first took her troubles to a lawyer, charging Brod with "dissipating their funds and disposing of joint properties," I thought, perhaps, she was trying to scare him.

Liz Taylor and Stan Donen are much too obvious . . . the Brod Crawfords finally split . . . Hollywood husbands enjoy an Adrian fashion show . . . Ava Gardner talks back to her studio . . . Is Bob Taylor on the rebound? . . .

Are you in the know?



When you and your squire attend a wedding, should you—

☐ *Breeze up the aisle together* ☐ *Take the usher's arm* ☐ *Make it a threesome*

Bewitched—and bewildered—by weddings? All that formality needn't panic you. When the usher offers his arm—take it, even if you've an escort. Your beau will follow you up the aisle. And if calendar "trials" menace your poise, you can dismiss them with Kotex. *This* napkin is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that *holds its shape*. Nor need you quail at each casual glance, for as surely as those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines—Kotex can keep you blush-proof.



To cure a "videot" should you try—

☐ *The shack technique*
☐ *The absent treatment*
☐ *Humaring the guy*

The lady's not for burning the midnight oil—with a fella who's in love with the family's T.V. set! So? Consider the shock technique. Black out the video; then meet Dreamboy at the door with a firm "shall we go?" It's worth a try! But it takes no effort, at certain times, to discover all 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex are worth trying. You'll find one so-o-o right for you—Regular, Junior or Super.



If you're collarbone-conscious, what helps?

☐ *Mermaid maneuvers*
☐ *More upholstery*
☐ *A library card*

Got a lean-and-hollow look around the collar? To add "upholstery," eat hearty. Swim like crazy. And do this: Sit "tall" with a book in each hand, shoulder-height. Elbows back, *slowly* boost books toward ceiling, then lower them—20 times daily. Even on "those" days, you can boost your *confidence*, if you let Kotex help. Kotex has a special *safety center;* gives you extra protection.



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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

They have so very much to be happy about. After 11 years of marriage they were expecting their first baby. Their other child, a little boy, is adopted.

When Brod was a Western actor getting little money, they got along fine, but now that he's in the big money things have changed. Unfortunately, this is so often the case in our town.

What's the trouble?

A combination of things as I see it. Winning last year's Academy Award for *All The King's Men* seemed to set Brod off on a perpetual celebration, for one thing. He just couldn't seem to settle down from that big honor.

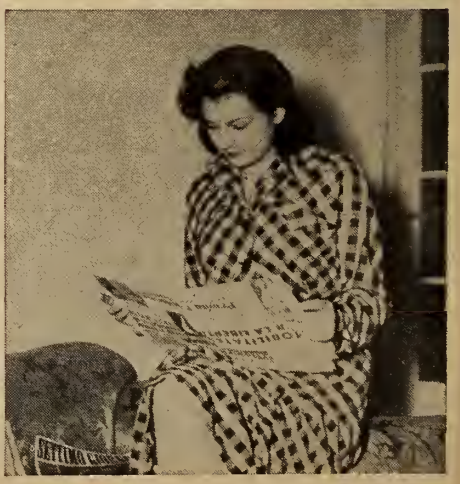
Then, ironically, along came *Born Yesterday*—one of the really big hits of all time for everybody connected with it—except Brod!

I happen to know he is very upset over his personal notices in this comedy. Judy Holliday was nominated for an Oscar—so was the picture, the director and the scriptwriter. This was all pretty hard for Brod to take after winning last year's Oscar.

I'm still keeping my fingers crossed that this marriage will yet work out. Kay has been a wonderful wife, and I can't believe Brod will let her go, because he is really deeply in love with her.

AVA Gardner, whose reputation for cooperation with her studio is double A-plus, for the first time in her young life kicked up her heels. That, perhaps, is pretty strong





Italian actress Lio di Leo cloims thot divorce was the only solution after Bob Toylor met her. Barbaro Stanwyck (*top*) got decree on Feb. 21.

Now WARNER BROS. present

GREGORY PECK

... as Captain Lance who gave Fort Invincible its name!



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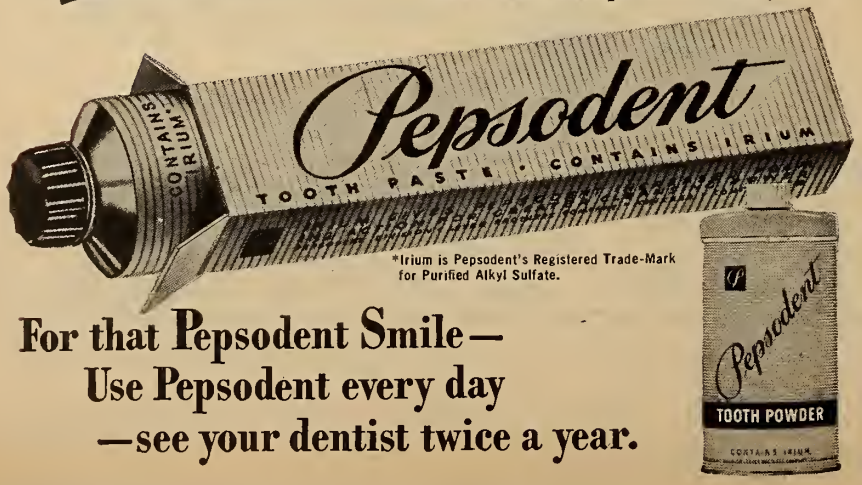
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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

language as Ava—and everyone, the directors, producers and actors with whom she works all agree—is soft-spoken and quiet, and never makes a fuss.

This time, however, she was justified—and surprise, surprise the studio admits she is right! When it came time to read the script of *Scaramouche*, Ava found her part was little more than a bit.

After *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman* and *Show Boat*, in which the Gardner gal has beauty, sex and really shows dramatic ability, this was not what Ava had expected.

Well, I'll say for MGM that they saw things her way, and the script was re-written to her complete satisfaction.

ROBERT Taylor's closest pal tells me that there is absolutely *no* new romance in his life, even though his date with Sybil Merritt at that cute café, The Bantam Cock, had the customers winging with excitement.

"Sybil had a date with another man," Bob's pal says, "and Bob just came along until her friend showed up."

He also reports that we need not get excited when and if Bob starts taking out tennis champ, Nancy Chaffee.

"They know and like each other, and enjoy playing tennis once in awhile," says Bob's pal, "but it's no romance, believe me. Take my word for it—after the smash-up of his 11 year marriage to Barbara Stanwyck, Bob's just not in the mood for love."

Didn't you ever hear of the rebound, fella?

DID you know that Janet Leigh almost gave up *Strictly Dishonorable* with Ezio Pinza because she won't dye her hair? The role calls for the heroine to be very blonde. Janet is a "brownette" and she refuses to dye for her art even to have fascinatin' Pinza make love to her.

The cameraman finally solved the problem. By placing strong lights in a certain way, he can photograph Janet's hair to look like what it ain't—tres blonde.

AT least, Patricia Medina and Richard Greene aren't choosing "rudeness" as the basis of their divorce. (Most movie stars seem to think of nothing stronger than that hubby wasn't nice to their guests!)



Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield are greeted by Charles Farrell at his Racquet Club where the Foreign Press Association hosted a banquet

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Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Pat, herself, told me that Richard thinks she is a terrible housekeeper and doesn't know how to manage a home. To an Englishman his "home is his castle"—so I suppose that did it.

One of their close friends told me that this is all true.

"One night they were giving a dinner party and everybody got there on time—only there wasn't anything to eat. Pat had forgotten to order dinner, or to tell the cook that guests were expected!"

Personally, I'm sorry that Patricia and Richard could not solve their life together. I think they are still in love. Perhaps they should have tried the marriage system originated by Fannie Hurst—stay married, but live under separate roofs.

ELIZABETH Dailey isn't going to wait for Dan to leave Menninger's, as she had previously planned, before getting her divorce. I ran into Liz at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, and she told me she thought the divorce would help rather than hurt him.

"It's been hanging over both our heads like an axe," she explained. "It's better for Dan and for me if we take the final step in our separation."

T'was certainly an evening of misadventures on Linda Darnell's first date with Eddie Norris.

Eddie picked up luscious Linda at her home, and they started out over the new Freeway (speedway) to dinner at a Valley café. Seems Eddie got going too fast and our old friend, The Motorcycle Cop, sirened them to a stop. He asked for Eddie's driver's license.

Mr. Norris patted his breast pockets, then his hip pockets—then an expression of sheer frustration clouded his face. "Oh no," he gasped, "I left my wallet in my other clothes!"

Luckily, Linda had hers—so she slid over behind the wheel.

No wallet—no money. So Linda had to pay for their dinner, too!

When she drove Eddie back to his house at the end of the evening, Linda took over full "escort" honors when she cracked:

"And may I have another date soon? You've been so charming!"

Speaking of "dates"—Arthur Loew, Jr. has a real crush on cute Debbie Reynolds. So he asked MGM's new 19-year-old singing, dancing darling to go stepping with him to the Cocoanut Grove.

"Oooohhhh, I'd love to," enthused Miss Debbie, "but I'm going to Girl Scout Meetings these nights."

THOSE Adrian fashion shows and champagne suppers (husbands invited) become more fun with each annual shindig. The bill-paying husbands are always lured by the promise of the gay champagne suppers after the show—but from the looks of them, I think they enjoy seeing the pretty clothes (and models) as much as their wives—even though the affairs are very formal, calling for black tie or full dress.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Ray Milland writing down his favorite gowns for his attractive wife, Mal, on her program.

Jimmy Stewart didn't mark a program—but when he particularly liked something, he



Mercedes McCombridge chats with two models at a fashion show in the Ambassador Hotel. Leading California designers vied for honors.

would lean over and whisper in Gloria's ear.

Sometimes I thought the gentlemen applauded the prettiest model instead of the gown—but that's doing what comes naturally, as the song says.

Van Johnson sat in the front row with Evie, and his red socks with his dinner clothes attracted much attention.

Among the swank onlookers I spotted the George Murphys, the Alfred Vanderbilts, Jennifer Jones and David Selznick, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, and the Joseph Cottens.

Fashion tips? Well, Adrian's summer evening gowns are adorned with many artificial flowers, which I like. There are lots of ruffles and many short skirts in the cocktail and evening mood. I also like the tunic jackets; when they are removed the dress is sleeveless and very decolleté. The finale brought out beautiful printed chiffons with flowers. I'd say this is a flower year for fashions.

Piper Laurie has never eaten a flower in her life—and this comes straight from this pretty, attractive girl who is really going places at Universal-International. Piper came to see me and told me the "inside" on how the whole story started that she eats flowers!

"It was a press agent's dream-up," she explained, "a tie-in with that Marigold Salad the whole family ate in *Louisa*. Honest, Miss Parsons, I wouldn't know the taste of a dandelion from a geranium!"

She is so pretty no wonder Vic Damone and John Hudson, and other young-men-around-town vie for her dates. Vic really has a crush on her—or did when this was written.

She told me a really funny story about her family and Damone. It was their first date and Vic was coming to dinner. The folks have a tape recording machine—and someone is always turning it on, recording the casual conversation taking place.

Vic, detained at the studio, was very late to dinner. Piper's father cracked, "If that danged kid doesn't get here soon, we're going to eat without him! When I was a young man and invited out to dinner, I got there *on time*." It was recorded—and forgotten for the moment.

You guessed it! After dinner, with everybody so nice to each other, Vic saw the machine, re-wound the reel and got to the crack about him just before poor Papa fled—his face redder than a country barn!

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

"I'm Enthusiastic" says Ann Sheridan



SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . . no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full month's supply, $2.98.



● "Once you've tried Ayds, I think you'll understand why I'm so enthusiastic about them", says Ann Sheridan. "They help you to look and feel better while you're losing weight. Ayds let you reduce the way nature intended you to."

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

HOLLYWOOD in Shorts: Gene Tierney didn't attend the fashion show put on by her husband, Oleg Cassini, at the Beverly Wilshire, but that wasn't because they had weathered a recent tiff. Gene was working and couldn't get away. Oleg has a cute sense of humor and proved it with some of the cracks he made about his own gowns. As one of the models paraded by, Oleg said, "Those wrinkles in the back don't go with the gown. It just isn't pressed!" . . . Frankie Sinatra's new contract with Universal-International is going to make a lot of people who predicted he was "through" in pictures get indigestion eating those words. And there were plenty of them who believed that the parting of the Sinatras and his romance with Ava Gardner had cooked Frankie Boy with movie producers . . . What a wonderful tribute to Ann Blyth that our fighting boys in Korea want her for pin-ups—but no cheesecake, please. They just love to look at Ann's lovely face which they term "dreamy" . . . Peggy Dow is heartbroken because she has to move out of the Studio Club where she lives with studio secretaries, and others trying for a toe-hold in Hollywood. It's a rule of the place that one girl cannot room there for more than three years—and Peggy's three are running out. She doesn't want to live alone in a house or an apartment. How about getting married, Peggy?

The Letter Box: Hey, Janet Leigh! Some of my letter writers (several came from Europe) don't like those plunging necklines you're wearing in private life. After looking at magazine pictures of you at various social affairs in Hollywood the kids seem to think your private-life clothes are too revealing . . . Shirley Temple's fans are hoping against hope that she isn't really retiring from the screen. But I think she means it . . . A girl in Chicago wants to know if Marlon Brando is as "mean" as his interviews make him out. Marlon isn't mean at all—just eccentric . . . Lots of comment from a whole batch of new fans in their 'teens who are just discovering what older fans knew all the time—that Joan Crawford is wonderful about answering her fan mail and is so appreciative of her letters.

That's all this month. See you next issue.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6-7 Walt Davis, 8—T. Wide World, Bot. International News Photo, 10—Bob Beerman, 13—Bert Parry, 16—Associated Press, 19—Universal-International, 23-26—Parry-Beerman, 30—T. International News Photo, Bot. Wide World, 31—Globe Photos, 34—Bert Six, 35—T.R. INS, B.L. Parry-Beerman, 36-41 Bernard of Hollywood, 42—Wide World, 43—Li Sun, 44-47—Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, 49—20th Century-Fox, 50—Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, 51—Bert Parry, 53—Parry-Beerman, 54—T. and Bot. Universal-International, 56—Universal-International, 57—T.L. 20th Century-Fox, T.R. Bob Beerman, 60—Bob Beerman, 61—B.L. and B.C. Joe Heppner, B.R. Richard T. Lewis, 62—Bert Six, 68—MGM, 68—Derujinsky, 69—Pagano, 70-71—Schiavone, 72-73—Reynolds, 74—Beerman.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

AT WAR WITH THE ARMY—*Tonda Wanda Hoy* by Judy Valentine* (MGM).
From a very crazy picture comes a slightly crazy song by a cute singer. Judy's ably assisted by the Quartones vocal group and Sid Ramin's orchestra.

GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE— Selections by Kathryn Grayson* (MGM).
Available on all three speeds, this album of selections from the movie comes, like so many MGM collections, directly from the sound track. Included are selections from *Carmen* as well as some Puccini and Rimsky-Korsakov. On the duet sides Gilbert Russell, Stephen Kemalyan and Richard Atckison offer vocal assistance.

LULLABY OF BROADWAY— title song by Doris Day with Harry James* (Columbia); Tommy Dorsey (Decca); Andrews Sisters (Decca). *I Love The Way You Say Goodnight* by Frankie Carle (Victor).

THE MATING SEASON—*My Lost Melody* by Monica Lewis (MGM).

MR. IMPERIUM—*Let Me Look At You* by Clark Dennis (Capitol).

ROYAL WEDDING—*The Happiest Days Of My Life* by Buddy Morrow* (Victor).
Buddy Morrow is the talented trombonist who's been getting a big build-up from Victor since Tommy Dorsey deserted to Decca. Nice vocal by Tommy Mercer.

POPULAR

TREASURY OF IMMORTAL PERFORMANCES— series of six albums* (Victor).
RCA Victor has just about covered modern musical history, between its Red Seal "Treasury" releases, and these six popular albums, the latter annotated by yours truly. There's a collection of theme songs, including the signature melodies of Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton and Louis Armstrong.
"Dance Band Hits" is a collection of such favorites as Glenn Miller's *Song of the Volga Boatmen* and Tommy Dorsey's *Boogie Woogie.* "Small Combo Hits" includes the Goodman Quartet's *Stompin' At The Savoy* and Artie Shaw's Grammercy 5 in *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.* "Keyboard Kings of Jazz" has Duke Ellington playing *Solitude* and Fats Waller's *Honeysuckle Rose;* "Folk Singers" revives six fomous songs by Vernone Dalhart, Gene Austin and the late Jimmie Rodgers.
You'll probably find the most interesting album to be the one combining three of the all-time greatest crooners: two sides by the late Russ Columbo, two very early Bing Crosbys, and two numbers cut a decade ago by Frank Sinatra right after he left Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. Oddly enough, they all still sound good!
All these sets are available on either 45 rpm or on LP.



RHONDA FLEMING
co-starring in
The Redhead and the Cowboy
A Paramount Picture

Match the radiance of your love with the shining symbol of your happiness . . . a Crescent Diamond Ring. For a Crescent is the larger, more radiant diamond you've always hoped to own . . . at a price so easy to afford.

When you choose Crescent, you're sure of true and lasting value. For the Crescent Certificate of Guarantee and Registration, signed by your jeweler, gives visible assurance of an exquisite diamond.

For you who want the best in value — a larger, lovelier diamond — select a Crescent. Ask your jeweler to show you the beautiful new Crescent collection. The name is in the ring and on the blue Crescent Tag.

Crescents are Larger, Lovelier Diamonds

½ Carat about $350
⅓ Carat about $200
¼ Carat about $150

These Prices Include Complete Ring and Federal Tax

Crescent DIAMOND RINGS

Produced by the Creators of Famous Keepsake Diamond Rings

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120 East Washington St.
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Syracuse 2, New York

Please send me the name of my nearest Crescent Jeweler and your special gift coupon offering the beautiful new Bride's Book.

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Address.....

..... MSC S-51

Bergman today

You've heard lots of stories about Ingrid in Italy. Here's the true one, by MODERN SCREEN'S on-the-spot correspondent.

BY DAVID CHANDLER



Robertino is a year old. Ingrid hasn't seen daughter Pia, for over two years.

■ *Rome:* Viale Bruno Buozzi is a wide, circling street in the residential section of Rome, lined on both sides by tall apartment buildings. Except for the Italian signs over an occasional small shop, it might be an upper-level avenue anywhere in the world. Downstairs in building number 49, a doorman casts a careful eye on all callers, but that, after all, is what he would normally do even if the residents on the fourth floor were not Ingrid Bergman and her husband, Italy's most eminent director, Roberto Rossellini.

In Hollywood there have been many stories about the present state of Ingrid Bergman. For one thing, it was common knowledge that no one ever got in to see Mrs. Rossellini.

"He keeps her," said a friend just returned from Rome, "a virtual prisoner in a villa near the Italian seashore. There is a high wall around the place, and she is never permitted to leave."

"He is jealous of all her old friends," someone else said. "When he learns you are from Hollywood, you'll be lucky if she even gets the message that you called. Rossellini will allow no contact between Ingrid and the outside world."

"Ingrid is bitter at the world after her recent experiences," said another. "She is not seeing anyone. She has been so shattered you can hardly recognize her. She walks around the streets of Rome and no one even knows it's Ingrid Bergman any more."

The present writer, recently in Rome, decided to see for himself. He called Rossellini's manager and said he was in town, mentioned a number of mutual friends, and was told that he would be called back "in an hour."

As in the usual Hollywood fashion, the call, one could be sure, would not come for three or four hours at the least. And then it would consist of (*Continued on page 92*)



First

luxurious complexion treatment

for hands and body...

Revlon's *new Aquamarine Lotion*

A miraculous blend of balms scented with costly imported perfumes... smoothes you silken-soft head to toe...wraps you in delicious fragrance... keeps hands velvet-smooth. It's Revlon's delicate blue Aquamarine with the gentle magic touch. *Never* before a rich, creamy lotion with such a genius for fondling every blessed inch of you!



NOW! Aquamarine Lotion-Soap

Imagine—a *complexion soap* with a *lotion's* loving touch! Now you can actually *lotion* your skin as you beauty-cleanse it... with the only soap *made with Revlon's Aquamarine Lotion*. Same jewel-color, same precious fragrance. Try this luxury soap today. There's *nothing* too good for your face!

GOWN BY FILCOL. SHOES BY JULIANELLI. © 1950 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

you'll make his heart stand still in

"Sunny Dream"

... new golden-skin shade with a peach bloom!





Woodbury Dream Stuff

Like the most flirtatious, feminine hat you ever wore ... Sunny Dream is an outrageously flattering new make-up shade! Pat it on with its puff and in a twinkling it honeys your skin with a delicate sunlit-look! Warms it with a soft peach glow! Gives you that wonderful golden-girl look! Dream Stuff is not drying or greasy, but a sheer satin-textured make-up. So natural, too! No powdery mask to mar the glow! 5 dreamy shades.

..tint, foundation and powder in one ....only **49¢** plus tax

picture of the month



Dog-faces Willie (Tom Ewell) and Joe (David Wayne) are buddies in Italy. They share fox-hole and rations, but they're separated in a bomb burst that wounds Joe. He is hospitalized.



Willie goes to town to sneak Joe back to combat. There he finds Joe involved with the daughter of a black market dealer. When papa is arrested, the GI's go to court for him. He is released.



The MP's discover Joe has a stolen pass, and give chase. After many tangles with the spit-and-polish brass, the boys steal a load of black market supplies and head back to the lines.



The MP's catch up just as they deliver the supplies to their general who needs them desperately. He exonerates them, demotes the stuffy MP major, Willie and Joe return to combat.

movie reviews

by Christopher Kane



UP FRONT

■ Bill Mauldin's battle-weary dog-faces, Willie and Joe, come to hilarious and touching life in this picture. They fight their way through Italy; they put up with fresh-faced replacement officers who've never been near a fox-hole; they escape from Naples with one pass between them, and a whole army of MP's in pursuit. But the plot's not important; what's important is the understanding, affectionate way the Italian people are treated, and the almost painfully authentic comedy of muddy combat men who don't smell good being persecuted by spotless rear echelon soldiers. (When Willie and Joe see a Naples street filled with MP's, one says to the other, "Gee, somebody musta forgot to salute a warrant officer," and later, when they're trapped by an officious little desk-job major, Joe says to Willie, "He's happier than if 'eeda caught Hitler.") It's a swell picture.

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

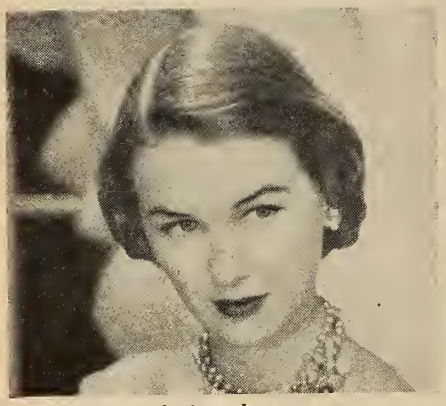
Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color



Blonde hair gleams with bright gold



Brunette hair dances with dark fire



Red hair takes on a burnished glory



Gray, White hair shines with silver

Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super-cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

NEW LANOLIN ENRICHED SHASTA CREAM SHAMPOO gives your natural hair color a dazzling lift. Makes the color look brighter, richer. Makes it *sparkle.*

HERE'S WHY: Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giver that "super" cleans your hair, so the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA "SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY: Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe—it does not steal precious natural oil from your hair. New Shasta Cream Shampoo lathers *out* color-dulling grime, leaves *in* glamour-giving natural oils your hair needs to be *soft, healthy, easy-to-manage.*

MAKE THIS SIMPLE COLOR TEST TODAY

BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a small lock of hair. Put this lock aside. Then shampoo your hair with new Shasta but don't shampoo the small lock.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is thoroughly dry, compare the unwashed lock of hair with your soft and radiant Shasta *color-sparked* hair!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not completely convinced that Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return jar and get money back in full under Procter & Gamble's guarantee.



Save money on the big economy jar 89¢
Also 57¢, 29¢

NEW COLOR-SPARKING *Shasta* ***"SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY***
DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

GOODBYE MY FANCY

The rebirth of an old romance is the plot which brings together Robert Young and Joan Crawford in this movie version of a Broadway hit. Robert's the president of a college, Joan's an expelled ex-student. (Reason she was expelled: she stayed out all night—with *him!* But he's got no courage. Never admitted it. And she has saved his reputation, at the expense of her own. So now she's a congresswoman. For that, who needs morals?) Back at college to accept an honorary degree, Joan tries to show the students an educational film, finds out Robert's still courage-less, and decides she really loves a Life photographer (Frank Lovejoy). Lovejoy is a very superior type cameraman. Where most photographers have to strain a little for their art, he strolls around casually acting as if the camera just got hung on him by chance, and snapping occasional masterpieces in the same offhand manner. That's about it.

Cast: Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Frank Lovejoy, Eve Arden.—Warner Brothers.

ROYAL WEDDING

As a brother and sister act (the biggest hit on Broadway), Fred Astaire and Jane Powell have the chance to take their show to London, and be there for the royal wedding. In London, Fred falls in love with dancer Sarah Churchill, Jane falls in love with titled Peter Lawford (she met him on shipboard) and Keenan Wynn plays two parts, himself and his British twin brother, both theatrical agents. Not much plot, but all in Technicolor. And some of the song-and-dance things are very good, especially a raucous number by Jane and Fred called "How Could You Believe Me When I Said I Loved You When You Know I've Been A Liar All My Life?", and another where Fred dances on the walls and ceiling.

Cast: Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Peter Lawford, Sarah Churchill, Keenan Wynn.—MGM

PAYMENT ON DEMAND

RKO's answer to "Harriet Craig." Harriet wanted fancy houses and fine clothes, while her husband craved simple pals, corned beef and cabbage, etc. Here Bette Davis forces hubby Barry Sullivan to make a fortune, though he could have been happy living with the birds and flowers in a small town. Bette's double-crossed Barry's old law partner, she's got worries about her young daughter being in love with a Polish boy—and then suddenly, Barry asks for a divorce. Bette's got her pride, she gets a divorce, takes all Barry's money, then discovers she's lonely. She wants her husband back. Will she get him? Won't she get him? For a while, even RKO didn't quite know.

Cast: Bette Davis, Barry Sullivan, Jane Cowl, Kent Taylor.—RKO.

M

The Fritz Lang horror movie, *M*, made in Germany, and starring Peter Lorre, has been re-done by Columbia, and features David Wayne as the child murderer. While it's not the masterpiece its predecessor was, *M* is gripping, and impressive, even though curiously uneven. By uneven, I mean that some of the scenes, apparently shot in the streets, with non-actors speaking lines, seem amateurish when thrown into contrast with the rest of the picture Wayne is tremendous as

the horrifying but pitiable maniac who lures little girls away, kills them, saves their shoes. Story deals with how he's finally captured by underworld leaders because they feel there's too much police activity in town, and the heat won't be off until the child killer is caught. Crooks include Glenn Anders, Norman Lloyd, Raymond Burr; cops include Howard Da Silva and Steve Brodie; and Luther Adler has some virtuoso moments as the crooks' drunken lawyer.

Cast: David Wayne, Howard Da Silva, Martin Gabel, Luther Adler.—Columbia.

THE 13TH LETTER

Shot in Canada, *The 13th Letter* is a moody mystery concerning a town which is flooded with poison pen letters full of gossip about a young-ish doctor (Michael Rennie) and the wife (Constance Smith) of an old doctor (Charles Boyer). Before the writer of the letters is uncovered, the town can boast one suicide, and the disclosing of a few minor personal tragedies. It's hard to get used to Boyer as a gray-bearded daddy whose wife can't stand the touch of his senile fingers, but that's life. Time and the make-up man march on. *The 13th Letter* is overhung with an unpleasant atmosphere (even the hero has a past which involves a faithless, suicidal wife) but it's certainly well-acted and engrossing.

Cast: Linda Darnell, Charles Boyer, Michael Rennie, Constance Smith, Francoise Rosay.—20th Century-Fox.

14 HOURS

Originally an article in the New Yorker, *14 Hours* tells the story of a fellow who keeps a whole city in suspense for 14 hours, while he tries to make up his mind about jumping from a high window ledge. Richard Basehart plays the psychologically disturbed jumper—or non-jumper, and Paul Douglas is a sympathetic policeman, the only person Basehart will let come near him out of the whole crew of doctors, detectives, etc. Basehart's the child of a broken home, a mama's boy (though his mama makes him nervous), in love with a girl (Barbara Bel Geddes) though he hasn't felt equal to growing up and marrying. The picture performs a complete psychoanalysis in an hour and a half of your time, and keeps you in suspense besides.

Cast: Richard Basehart, Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes.—20th Century-Fox.

VALENTINO

This picture is based on the movies, and not the life, of idol Rudolph Valentino. Story here concerns Rudy (Tony Dexter) in love with—and loved by—beautiful blonde actress Eleanor Parker. They have a misunderstanding—Rudy doesn't believe in marriage, he wants to be free as the bird that flies. So Eleanor marries director Richard Carlson, but when Rudy and Eleanor are co-starred in *The Sheik*, passion flames again. A newspaperman is going to expose their love, make a big scandal, and Rudy, in order to save Eleanor's good name, marries another (Patricia Medina). Then he dies. No work of art, the picture's pleasantly nostalgic, with views of the clothes people wore then, and the way they danced the tango, all in Technicolor. Also, Anthony Dexter's an absolute ringer for Valentino.

Cast: Eleanor Parker, Anthony Dexter, Richard Carlson, Patricia Medina.—Columbia.

"Your Figure is Your Future..." says

Geraldine Brooks



Outstanding young Hollywood dramatic star praises the famous

Invisible Playtex® Girdles

They're the only girdles in the world that combine such figure-slimming power with complete comfort and freedom of action.

You'll wear your PLAYTEX under everything, slimming the inches away, leaving you free as a bird. And, PLAYTEX GIRDLES *wash faster, dry faster* than any other girdles!

TONI OWEN, Geraldine's favorite designer, says, "I'm for the slender figure—and that means I'm for PLAYTEX, the girdle that makes it a possibility."



Here is the PLAYTEX all-way action-stretch captured by a camera in *millionths* of a second! Made of smooth latex without a seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX fits like a second skin—invisible under your sleekest dress.



starring **ILKA CHASE**
Top afternoon entertainment on CBS-TV Network (*see local paper for time and channel*).

In SLIM, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES
$3.95 to **$4.95**

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES
$4.95 to **$5.95**

In SLIM, golden tubes,
PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES
—Fabric next to your skin— **$5.95** to **$6.95**

(All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries.)
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large; *Extra-large size slightly higher*
At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park ©1951 **Dover Del.**
PLAYTEX LTD. **Montreal, Canada**



Her Charm Has Quit Working

Up until recently, Saturday night was big-date night . . . now it's just Saturday night. One-by-one the boys have quit phoning. Somehow her charm isn't working like it used to . . . and the reason* is one that she would be the last to suspect. It could happen to any girl . . . even to you.

How's your breath today?

Better not take your breath for granted. *Halitosis (unpleasant breath), you know, can be absent one day and present the next . . . without your knowing it. And when it is off-color, people are likely to avoid you.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is an easy, delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis? It's almost a passport to popularity.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but usually for hours.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and the odors it causes.
Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...  **IT'S BREATH-TAKING!**

a special service for Modern Screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ Hollywood stars are most often described as "glamorous," "beautiful," and "smart." The last is a double duty word that means "the last word" in fashion and style; and also means canny, shrewd and wise. The top-flight stars who shop for you on these pages are smart both ways . . . they buy the latest things at the lowest prices.

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned.

dick powell
your hollywood shopper
for may



Shopper Dick thanks his first assistant, June Allyson, who okayed his gift selections.

■ Surprised to have me turn up as a shopping guide? Well, truthfully, I was a little flabbergasted myself, when MODERN SCREEN first said "how about it?"

It seems it was all because of June, our brand new son Richard Keith, and the fact that Mother's Day is approaching.

When I heard that, I became the proud papa and accepted immediately. After all, I have a double stake in it this year.

Don't think I did all the work, though. Naturally I picked out June's special Mother's Day gifts myself, but she shopped right along with me on the other things. We're used to working together on everything . . . movies, our golf shots and bringing up the kids; but this was something different and gave us both a great kick.

We made a game of hunting for bargains and shopped from coast to coast trying to outdo each other in uncovering wonderful buys for you. Some items I found even while on location for *Cry Danger,* my recent picture for RKO.

We found things for kids like Pam and Richard, things for the home, gift items, and most important, presents for Mother.

Just write directly to the store mentioned for anything that pleases you, and enclose the price indicated. MODERN SCREEN guarantees your satisfaction.

Hope that you like our joint shopping efforts and that you'll invite us back for a return engagement.



YOUNG ARTIST'S SMOCK WITH TOOLS. *Pam's developing into a painter at age two-and-a-half so June bought her this wonderful smock. Bright blue cotton, piped in red, it protects children's clothes from smeary paints. A hand-embroidered palette on one of two front pockets that comes filled with a water color set, paint book and rag. Sizes 3 to 6x, $4.20; 7 to 10, $5.20. ($1.00 extra with child's first name.) Preferred Gifts, 125 Park Ave., New York 17.*



JUNE SAYS IT'S FOR SEWING *but to me it looks like a beautiful table, as I'm sure you'll agree. It's a roomy darning basket, shaped like an old-fashioned buttertub, in maple or walnut finish, brass trimmed. Holds quantities of family mending or makes extra storage space. Perfect for any room and top takes knick-knacks. Removable legs; carrying handle. 13" x 21". Name your finish. $8.95, Renard, 545 Fifth Ave., New York, 17.*

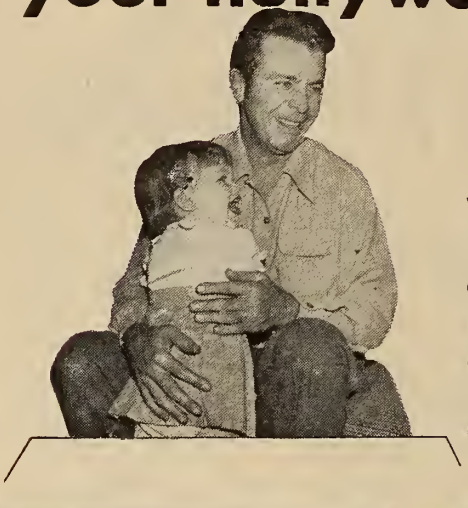


GARLIC PRESS AVOIDS ALL MESS *and gives your recipes that "certain something" for which French cooking is so famous. I know, because June uses it all the time and I take it for seasoning steaks at our cook-outs. A slight pressure on this aluminum tool converts whole garlic cloves into a paste, so that the flavor blends thoroughly. Your hands will stay free of cooking odors. $1.98. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 22 Treat Place, Newark, N. J.*

dick powell

your hollywood shopper

for may



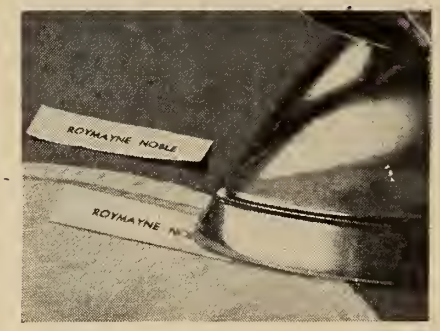
With June and Pam as my shopping guides, buying Mother's Day gifts was easy. In fact, I never paid so little for so much fun!



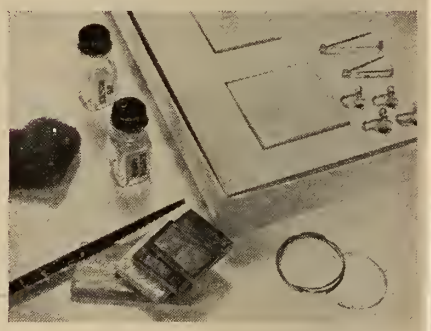
ZIP AND YOUR WATCHBAND'S CLOSED. *No buckles or holes! This new bracelet-like strap unzips to go over any size hand. To close, simply pull the strap until it zips to fit your wrist and locks in place. Mine goes on and off in a jiffy and it's really comfortable! Attaches to your wrist watch easily and the zipper's hidden. In calf or pigskin, $2.50; lizard $4.00; alligator $5.00. Buy it at Abbott Gifts, 22 W. 22nd St., New York 10.*



JUNE WILL HAVE THE TIME *of her life with this dainty, graceful, yet sturdy wrist watch. Sportex Jewel has a skilled Swiss-made jewel movement, electronically time-tested in the U.S. Luminous, with an unbreakable crystal and chromed case, it'll stand lots of wear and tear. Unlimited free service and repair guarantee, excluding parts. I think it's a real buy at $7.98. Thoresen, Dept. 12E-218, 131 W. 33rd St., New York 1.*



JUST PRESS THEM INTO SERVICE. *Personalized name tapes to be ironed onto any garment, or linens, to assure permanent identity. Safeguards laundry from the lost and found department. For marking a serviceman's belongings, or a child's camp wardrobe. Name in red or black color-fast ink on white tape, individually cut. 100 tapes $1.50; 150 for $2.00; 300 for $3.00 (50¢ extra for second line). Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., New York 10.*



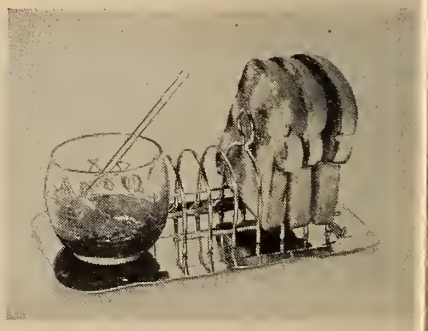
A GEM OF AN IDEA. *June tells me there's no end to the fun she has designing and making her very own jewelry. Use this kit, complete with fascinating imported stones, settings, tools, and "how-to" instructions. It's easy to make earrings, pins, bracelets and even rings, and you'll be as proud of your handiwork as June is of her hand-made jewelry. They look almost professional to me. $2.37. A. Seltzer & Co., 1163 Sixth Ave., New York 19.*



YOU'LL WELCOME THIS BRUSH-OFF. *You'd never suspect that this smart gold-colored case, topped by a funny little fellow, concealed a sturdy, colored nylon clothes brush. Perfect for your purse, it pops up like a lipstick and you'll find it just as useful. Essential to good grooming and takes up practically no room. It's one of the things I've picked for Junie for Mother's Day. $1.50. Goubaud de Paris, 743 Fifth Ave., New York 22.*



THESE POOCHES COULDN'T BE CUTER! *I hate the word "cute", but this pair of handmade ceramic pups are pert as the mischief. Their wistful, whimsical air make them real pets. Pam calls them "bow wows" and chose them as her special Mother's Day gift to Junie, who's nuts about dogs. Made in Italy, they're black and white shaggy haired puppies and are 5" high. $3.50 pair. Agnestrong, 39 W. 8th St., New York 11.*

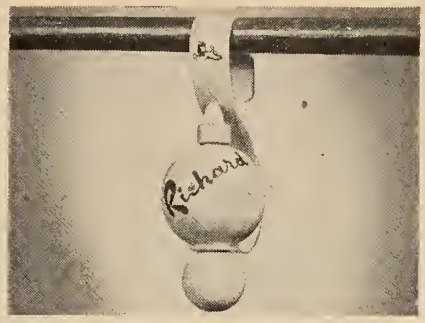


HAVE YOURSELF A JAM SESSION. *According to my good wife, who is really a terrific housekeeper, this chrome tray and toast rack with a fat glass jam pot and plastic spoon are essential for a successful breakfast. It's as useful as it is attractive. The rack takes 6 slices of toast, the jam jar holds all the preserves you can eat, and the tray has room for some extras besides. $3.29. Saybrook Gifts, 305 Broadway, New York 7.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



DON'T BUDGE FROM YOUR ARMCHAIR. *This wonderful clamp-on plastic tray allows you the luxury of eating a snack without plate-juggling or moving from your favorite chair. Perfect for serving at television parties, buffets or teas. Its roomy surface is water and alcohol-proof. Makes a good portable end table, traveling companion, or bathtub tray. In green or ivory. $2.00. Anderson's, 166 W. Market St., York 1, Pennsylvania.*



PERFECT FOR PEEKING AT RICHARD. *Glowykin, a personalized plastic baby's night light, powered by a harmless pen-size battery, hooks onto any crib or bed. Press button for quick light, turn screw top and it stays on. Sheds glare-proof light so we can look in on the baby without disturbing Pam. To Richard it's a fascinating pink, blue and yellow toy, safe even in his hands. Send first name. $1.95. Gift House, 246 Fifth Ave., New York 1.*



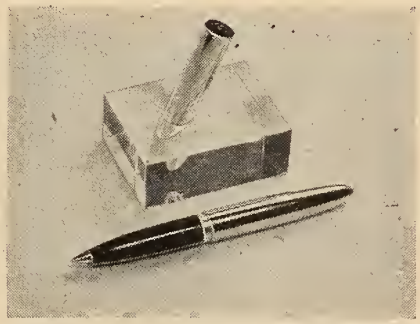
MY GARDEN NEVER GREW FLOWERS LIKE THIS! *The brightest idea since clocks were invented . . . a "Fire Chief" Petunia shaped into a most fetching versatile clock which will go well in the kitchen, child's room, game room, porch or breakfast nook. In "fire chief" red with green stalk and leaves and brown and yellow "peek-a-bee" pendulum, with a guaranteed 30-hour movement, 4" x 6½". $3.75, Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., 620M, Madison Ave., New York 22.*



THESE SNOW MITTS DON'T MELT. *They look like the real thing, but let the temperature rise and you'll see that they're on the job. Of snowy white plastic, coasters are specially insulated to keep drinks cold twice as long. They feel good and look inviting on a sultry summer day. Waterproof and washable. Set of 4 Sno-mitt coasters with 4 Libby 8½-ounce glasses, $2.00. Fred S. Meyer, Box 1176, Beverly Hills, California.*



HERE'S A SCARF TURNED HEADDRESS. *My bride unearthed this piece of feminine flattery to protect her blonde head from sun or rain, or to pep up her costumes. A hidden clasp makes the scarf fit any headsize; a headband keeps it from slipping. You can wear it 12 ways. Many-colored prints, polka dots, paisleys of washable French crepe. Give pattern and color choice. $1.95. Spencer Gifts, 1117 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, New Jersey.*



WHEN TAKING PEN IN HAND *try this neat one whose top fits right into its own smart lucite stand. To jot down that hurried memo just pull out the writing end. It's filled with dry ink and lasts ages. No more searching around the home for your pen . . . it's right on top. We have sets stationed all over the house. Pen of fine gold metal. Easily replaceable cartridges. $2.70. Jaccard's-Clayton, Forsythe Blvd., St. Louis, Missouri.*



JUNE HAS A REAL SCOOP *for you gals. She found this wonderful item which she tells me is a golden powder scoop chained to a perfume funnel. They seem to be two "musts" in a gal's gadgetry wardrobe. The scoop helps transfer powder from box to compact or vice versa. The perfume funnel does a competent job of getting perfume from its bottle into purse flacon. "They're quite a pair," quotes June. $1.00. Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn 20, N. Y.*



HERE IS GENUINE MONKEY BUSINESS. *These slap-happy little monkeys are the proverbial "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" trio all done up as a smart new set of scatter pins. Expertly made in gold tone metal with antiqued finish, June says they're terrific on suits and summer dresses. In fact, she has me convinced that they'd make a dandy Mother's Day gift. I could hardly refuse her, could I? $2.00. Timax, 358 Fifth Ave., New York 16.*



FOR ABSENTMINDED SUNWORSHIPPERS. *June (who's in this category) swears by these plastic sunglass holders. All you do is slip the ends of your sunglasses into the rubber tips of the holders. Once attached, they form a circle and hang lightly around your neck so you're ready for the first sunburst. June got them in several colors to match her outfits. White, red, tan, black. Rubber tips s, m, l. $1.00. Kroll's, 648 Clinton Ave. N., Rochester, N. Y.*

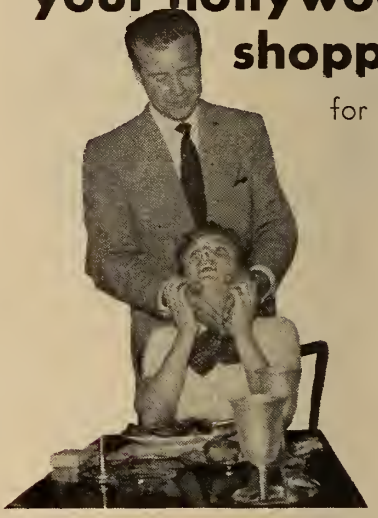
dick powell
your hollywood shopper
for may



FOR GALS WITH PETTICOAT-FEVER! *I picked out this tattersal taffeta petticoat myself, and since June gave me a big hug in return, I know it's a success. The little mad money pocket near the hem is what got me. It's fine as can be. Hem and pocket are edged in handsome black lace to go with black and white check. June's petticoat certainly rustles when she dances. 24 to 32 waist. $4.12. Gimbel Bros., 33rd St. & 6th Ave., New York 1.*



MADE TO BE SEEN THROUGH. *June could tell at a glance that this transparent plastic purse and accessories would make a terrific Mother's Day gift (or gift for yourself). And a glance will tell you what's in it. The purse is roomy and has a metal frame to match the round compact inside. A comb is included, and there's still plenty of room for money and keys. $2.20. Koplin's, The Home of Havana Cigars, 1142 Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach, Florida.*





A CONTRIBUTION TO ANY ROOM. *Your Mom will be proud to have this pretty and practical hanging shelf for her special knickknacks. Made of selected hardwood, it comes in maple, walnut, mahogany or pickled pine finish to go with any period of furniture. 24" high, 15" wide and 6" deep. The lower shelf has a matching wood back. Will give your room a real air of elegance. $9.95. May Mac Co., Dept. M, 660 Locust St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*



THREE TOOLS FOR HAPPY BARTENDING! *Whether you're entertaining the coke crowd or having folks in for beer, you'll find that these handsome bar helpers from Denmark make your hosting a pleasure. Besides doing a swell job, these gadgets are a handsome addition to any bar. Handles are polished horn and the working ends are brass. $2.50 each. Set including opener and cork screw. $4.50. The Shadow Box, 1378 East 8th St., Brooklyn 30, N. Y.*



SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT. *June says the answer will be yes from any gal receiving this beautiful daisy-detailed bed jacket, nightgown set. Treat yourself and give it to Mother, too. Rayon crepe jacket has yoke of lace and sheer organdie daisies, Peter Pan collar, and elbow-length lace-edged sleeves. Ribbon ties. Blue, pink or white; sizes s, m, l. $3.98. Matching gown, sizes 32-38 $5.98. The Ettingers, 360 First Ave., New York 10.*

CUTS 24 PERFECT "FRENCH FRIES"

IN ONE STROKE!

Just insert whole potato, press handle —and you have 24 perfect French Fries! Mrs. Damar's Food Cutter is wonderful for dicing other foods and salads, too. Made exclusively for us in rust-proof plated steel. Easy to clean, safe to use. Sold by mail only. $2.98, plus 25c for postage.





NO MORE TEARS WHEN CHOPPING ONIONS!

Simply place whole peeled onions into Mrs. Damar's Onion Chopper—and weep no more! Onions, or any other vegetables, chop down to any degree of fineness. Aluminum and stainless steel mechanism, 14-oz. glass graded into cup measurements, wooden chopping block in bottom of jar. Only $1.00. Send cash, check, money order—or items shipped C.O.D. at prices indicated plus postage. 10-day money back guarantee.

MRS. DAMAR

Dept. SC-29, 22 Treat Pl., Newark 2, N. J.



SPARKLING

GUARD RINGS

To Enhance Your Every Outfit

Elegant worn singly or in two's, three's or four's on any finger . . . flattering highlights for an engagement or wedding ring. Choose from finely cut simulated rubies, emeralds, sapphires or diamonds—hand-set in sterling silver circlets with a craftsmanship usually found only in precious stones.

$3.50 ea. including tax and postage

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Money Back Within 10 Days if Not Satisfied (Indicate Ring Size)

No C.O.D.'s, Please

Hydes'

ESTABLISHED 1910

DEPT. MS5, 135-37 NORTHERN BLVD., FLUSHING, N.Y.



HAIL TO THE CULINARY KINGS! *These two ceramic chefs are a fine addition to any well-laid table. The blond (for salt) is holding a big black cat in his arms. His dark-haired pal (for pepper) is dangling a fish. Together they're quite a colorful pair of spice shakers. 4½" high. For eating indoors or out, the way we often do, they're always welcome. $1.25 pair. The Winher Co., 248 West 35 St., New York 1.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.



Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead!

Now... **each to your own TRUE RED!**

Clear Red

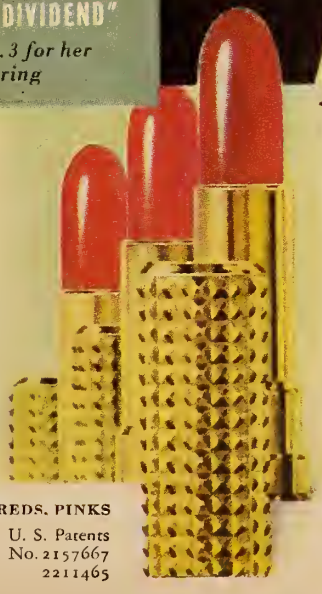
by Max Factor ★ Hollywood

in the lipstick that really stays on

CLEAR RED...bold, singing, daring, dramatic ...in *three distinct true reds...one* with just the right nuance of shading for *your* individual coloring. Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of Color Harmony make-up...planned this alluring lip strategy to spotlight your coloring... to fashion-light your most flattering costumes. You'll love its non-drying, smooth-spun texture that keeps your lips soft and velvety. What's more, *it stays on and on...never smears.* $1.10 plus tax.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR
co-starring in M-G-M's
"FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"
uses Clear Red No. 3 for her brunette coloring



For BLONDE and REDHEAD
Clear Red **No. 1**
gay, light red

For BROWNETTE
Clear Red **No. 2**
bright, medium red

For BRUNETTE
Clear Red **No. 3**
dramatic, deep red

Also in BLUE REDS, ROSE REDS, PINKS

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ACT NOW...
discover the breath-taking beauty of Clear Red *lipstick for yourself*

COMPLEXION	EYES
Fair ☐	Blue ☐
Creamy ☐	Gray ☐
Medium ☐	Green ☐
Ruddy ☐	Hazel ☐
Sallow ☐	Brown ☐
Freckled ☐	Black ☐
Olive ☐	
Deep Olive ☐	LASHES (Color)
SKIN. Normal ☐	☐ ☐ ☐
Dry ☐ Oily ☐	Light Med. Dark

HAIR

BLONDE	BROWNETTE
Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
BRUNETTE	REDHEAD
Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐

GRAY HAIR
Check here ☐ also check former hair coloring above

SEND FOR YOUR TRIAL SIZE TODAY!
JUST FILL IN CHART...CHECK CAREFULLY AND MAIL

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO
Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me trial size CLEAR RED Lipstick for my color type..also, my personal Complexion Analysis, Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 32-page color-illustrated book, "The New Art of Make-Up." I enclose 10c in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____ Age _____
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

651-2L

Now! The fabulous flattery of *candlelight*... captured in a face make-up!



Revlon's 'Touch-and-Glow'

new liquid make-up made with skin-softening Lanolite

You know the lovely *velvet* look your skin takes on by candlelight? The tender glow of color. the all-but-flawless texture? This is the look your skin can have (even in the sunlight!) with Revlon's "Touch-and-Glow."

Never masky! Never greasy! Never drying! Here at last... a *good-for-your-skin* make-up... *ideal* for oily skins... *perfect* for dry skins... thanks to Lanolite, miraculous new ingredient. Choose from 8 scientifically formulated shades, each with harmonizing Revlon Face Powder.



The only make-up that gives your skin the "mat" finish*

*Not *shiny*, not *masky*... so natural, *just right!*

HAT: JOHN-FREDERICS. DRESS: SAM FRIEDLANDER. COLOR-CASTING BY REVLON. ©1951 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP. "TOUCH-AND-GLOW" AND LANOLITE ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS.

memo

from piper laurie and tony curtis
to bring a star to your home
contest winners

Dear Friends:

Congratulations are in order, but we can't decide who ought to be on the receiving end—you, for winning the contest, or us, for being lucky enough to visit four of you at home. Anyway, we want to tell Mrs. Alice Bankert, first prize winner, that a $1,000 government bond is on its way, and that we will shortly follow. In fact, we'll be in Denver on April 23rd, Mrs. Bankert, and we're really looking forward to meeting you and your family. We'd like you to be our guest that night at the Denver Theater, where a special premiere of our Universal-International technicolor movie, *The Prince Who Was A Thief,* will be given. See you soon!

Our next stop will be Charlotte, North Carolina, where we'll visit Miss Clara Hobbs, second prize winner. Watch for us, Miss Hobbs, and meantwhile you can be expecting that $600 bond. It's in the mail right now.

From Charlotte we'll go to Terre Haute, Indiana, to call on third prize winner Mrs. Elizabeth Denehie. A $250 bond is winging its way to you, Mrs. Denehie, along with our best wishes.

Before we return to Hollywood we're going to stop off in Columbus, Ohio, to say hello to Miss Donna Morrison. Miss Morrison, as fourth prize winner, will receive a $100 bond.

We hope you all enjoy our movie. We're grateful that we were chosen to star in it, and we'd like to thank you and the thousands of other movie-goers whose continued interest gave us our big chance. Our thanks, too, to Modern Screen and Pepsi-Cola for letting us be part of this wonderful contest. It's been a lot of fun reading all your letters, and we know it will be even more fun meeting you in person.

Be seeing you!

Piper Laurie Tony Curtis

editor's note: Watch for next month's Modern Screen with the entire list of 177 additional prize winners, including two more $100 bond winners, ten $50 bond winners, and 165 $25 bond winners. And watch for Modern Screen's exclusive picture coverage of Tony and Piper's trip in an early issue.

Most girls are still dreaming of love at 18.
Liz was suffering heartbreak. And, like a hurt child
who runs for comfort, she ran to Stanley Donen.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

LIZ TAYLOR'S NEW



Liz wept on a studio press agent's shoulder as her divorce from Nick Hilton was granted Jan. 29. She denied any romantic attachment with Stanley Donen.



Divorce secured, Liz started steadily dating 26-year-old Stan whose marriage broke up last year. He directed her in MGM's *Love Is Better Than Ever.*

■ A few months ago Elizabeth Taylor took the stand in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County to file for divorce against Nicky Hilton, her husband of eight months.

She was extremely overwrought. When she spoke, her usually clear voice was an inaudible whisper, so low and lost, that the court's shorthand reporter protested, "I can't hear a single word."

Judge Thurmond Clarke leaned over. "Please keep your voice up," he asked. "Just make believe my reporter is a little hard of hearing."

The spectators giggled, but Liz lowered her face into her gloved hands, and when she raised it a moment later, it was covered with tears.

"May I be permitted to ask some leading questions?" her lawyer inquired of the judge.

"It might be a good idea," the judge suggested, "if you put the testimony into the record in your own words and had Miss Taylor confirm them."

So Liz was saved the anguish of giving direct testimony. She merely confirmed her lawyer's contentions.

According to Liz's lawyer, Nicky "spent most of the time away from her when they were in France on their honeymoon. He spent night after night at the Casino and remained away until five or six in the morning and forced her to take a cab back alone. This also was true after they returned to Los Angeles."

Judge Clarke asked Liz if all this were correct, and she mumbled, "Yes, sir, it is."

Attorney Berger then went on to tell how Nicky had been violent, abusive, indifferent, and argumentative towards his wife, and Liz confirmed it all.

After the divorce was granted, Liz, who had not asked for alimony, rushed into the arms of Jules Goldstone, her attorney. He helped escort her into the judge's chambers. She stayed with the judge for an hour while a group of reporters waited outside. When she emerged, she had regained her composure. A reporter rushed up to question her.

"Any truth," he asked, "about you being romantically interested in Stanley Donen?"

Liz fixed the reporter with a look she probably reserves for madmen. "That," she stated flatly, "is absolutely absurd."

Twenty-four hours later, Liz and (*Continued on page 85*)

ROMANCE



There are
some people I've never
forgiven, and others
who've become
my good friends after
our battles royal.
Now I want to
set the long record
straight.



GINGER ROGERS

the truth about my feuds

by Louella Parsons



ORSON WELLES



JAMES MASON



GENE TIERNEY



CORINNE CALVET



REX HARRISON





JOAN CRAWFORD

■ My friend "Chuck" Saxon, Ye Ed of MODERN SCREEN, has asked me to let my short hair down and give with the truth about my feuds—real and otherwise—with certain Hollywood characters.

It's an assignment I suppose I should coyly sidestep and say, "Feuds, suh? Really, I don't know *what* you mean."

But if I am anything, I'm a truthful woman, let the chips fall where they may—so here goes:

In my 25 years *plus* in this town, I have had some hair curling battles that were dillys.

I've yelled and shouted over telephones telling off stars, producers, directors and press agents alike. *But,* in most cases, after the smoke has died down a few days later, I have forgotten the row. It just ain't true that my memory is more relentless than that of an elephant and that I never forget! I not only forget—but forgive, except in a few isolated cases.

In other words, there are what I consider my minor "skirmishes" as against four or five really major battles which have flourished for years.

Conspicuous headliners in the latter group are—Orson Welles and Rex Harrison! Let's take on sexy Rexy first:

When Lilli Palmer and Harrison first came to Hollywood, I, along with many of the film colony, went all out to welcome the talented British actor. Rex can be so charming with the ladies and I confess I found myself as gullible as the rest.

I was in Europe when Carole Landis committed (*Continued on page 99*)



JOHN AGAR ON TRIAL

Is he Hollywood's biggest problem child or is it just a case of headlines? There may be more to Agar's story than meets the eye . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN



John's drunk driving arrests are blamed on his emotional bewilderment.



John has been concentrating solely upon his career. His dates with Gloria De Haven and other newsworthy stars were studio-arranged.

■ Not very long after Shirley Temple marched into court and told of his excessive drinking, John Agar, tall, thin, and turning 30, was booked at the Sheriff's sub-station in West Hollywood on a misdemeanor drunk driving charge.

Agar was beside himself with fury. "I don't know why you're doing this," he cried to the officers. "I haven't done anything. I don't belong in jail. This is going to ruin my career."

"You know you've been drinking," one of the officers said to Agar. "It's not safe to drive when you've had one too many."

"Please," Agar pleaded, "I may have had a drink or two. But I'm all right. Please, let me go home. I have an 80-year-old grandfather. He's home all alone."

He was released on $150 bail, and the news of his escapade was smeared over the front pages of the nation's newspapers.

Sgt. E. L. Hoover of the California Highway Patrol, described the incident: "Two motorists drove up to me and said, 'There's a car behind us that keeps bumping into us. It's been bumping us ever since Sunset (*Continued on page 108*)

The newlywed Rod Camerons soak up atmosphere at Cal-Neva Lodge; Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton toast marshmallows.

Margaret and Rhonda Fleming join the song festivities. Built on the California-Nevada border, the lodge's rooms sprawl across the two states.



I found

Tahoe's the place where the stars relax and let the moon and the mountains cast a spell.

romance in the mountains

by Margaret Sheridan

■ Peering through the lodge window, I watched the moon light the snow and splash it with silver. In the distance, trees formed dark patterns on the endless stretch of white. The skiers, with their husky shouts and vast enthusiasm, had disappeared with the sun. It was quiet now, like another world . . . a world that seemed too proud and aloof to be lonely.

I was the lonely one. I sighed and turned back into the roomful of shadows. Angela and Rod Cameron were holding hands by the huge fire. "Right this minute I envy you two," I told them.

They grinned. "Romantic, isn't it?" Rod said, teasingly.

"What a shame Bill couldn't come," said Angela, as if she'd been reading my thoughts.

I agreed with all my heart. But that's what happens when a girl marries a pilot. Of course, when the pilot's a wonderful husband, what can she do but wait when he's flying to the other side of the globe? For four years I've done the same thing—I've missed him. I miss him 11 out of every 18 days. And the hours fly on the seven days he's home.

Bill was away when I finished my first picture, *The Thing From Another World*. I'd been working hard, and invariably everyone I'd run into would come up with the suggestion, "Why don't you take a real vacation—get some rest?"

"Rest? I feel great," I'd say.

But even the mirror told me I was tired. Figuring I couldn't win, I returned to my usual occupation—waiting for the postman. "Look, Mrs. Pattison," he finally said one day. "If you don't get a letter tomorrow, I, myself, will write you a postcard."

"Tomorrow" the letter came. It was a lovely, sentimental letter. Bill was remembering the trip we took around the world, when I hired on as stewardess for one excursion . . . Tokyo, Hong Kong, Calcutta, Cairo, Athens, Rome . . . I was making the rounds of our memories when I came to the final sentences. "You must be pretty beat after the picture," he wrote. "Why don't you get away for a couple of days?" (*Continued on page 114*)



Stack got snowballed good and proper by Ann Melton, Margaret, and Claudette. Later he whipped them single-handed.



Margaret was thrilled to run into the Bob Mitchums at Tahoe. They were staying with Olive and Stan Janes in their lodge.

more pictures and a story about the mitchums are on the next page

I found romance in the mountains



It was cold outside and those snow sessions left the crowd famished. Margaret had hot chocolate with Dr. Lew Morrill, Rhonda Fleming, Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton.



Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton distracted each other from the business of skiing. They came over from a houseparty at the Stacks' Tahoe home near Squaw Valley.



Rod Cameron and his bride, Angela, were so much in love they kept forgetting to join in on the Cal-Neva Lodge evening party festivities after a day out in the open.



They woke up freezing in their long underwea

...and the Mitchums found snow



but the Mitchums went into a huddle and had a hot time in Tahoe.

by Dorothy Mitchum

■ The last time the urge to take to the great outdoors overpowered my husband, he announced that he thought he'd go fishing. The look I gave him spoke one sentence. Translated, it said, "What about all the work you've been promising to do around the house?"

It was a very effective sentence. I've never seen anyone do a faster job of putting in a garden walk. And then, no less than five minutes afterwards, Fearless Bob Mitchum (as he was dubbed in MODERN SCREEN) and our close friend, Equally Fearless Joe Haworth, set out for the wild, woody yonder to catch all the fish the law would allow. When they returned, after a few days and many adventures, they happily managed to give the impression that they'd invented this sport involving rod and reel.

You may have read about their daring deeds. I'm glad they're on record because the fish seem to grow bigger each time Bob tells the tale.

As for the rest of us Mitchums, we sat at home with the garden walk. "Next time you decide to travel, include me *in*," I told Bob.

(*Continued on page 41*)



Although hunting was out of season, Bob and Chris kibitzed as Jim practiced aiming. Beautiful Lake Tahoe is in the background.

It's great in the great outdoors where men are men; and men like Bob are boys again.



Bob put chains on the station wagon to make mountain driving easier. They arrived Wednesday and the boys, who'd rarely seen snow, waited eagerly until it began falling on Saturday.



Dorothy, who put her family's hopes into words by suggesting the trip, watched skeptically as Bob almost chained himself to the car. She forgot to pack long underwear.

. . . and the mitchums found snow

cont'd

"And me," Jim added.

"Me, too," said Chris.

"Well . . . if you get the chores done," Fearless Mitchum said loftily.

The weeks passed, but before long I got the feeling that there was something in the air and it wasn't quite time for Spring. For several days I noticed that Bob seemed busier than usual. He'd finished *Macao* and deserved a rest. However, he wasn't taking it. He built new shelves for the kitchen cupboard. He mended the torn screen. He gave the lawn a clipping that resembled a close crewcut. I remember thinking how strange it was as I watched him puttering around the yard. It had only been a month since I asked him to cut the grass, and I couldn't have mentioned it more than once.

Suddenly, I realized there wasn't a job left that would require a handyman's knowhow. My husband, I concluded, was about to begin to suffer from an acute case of wanting to take a trip. I settled back and tried to figure just where we'd go, because I could tell that Bob was giving the matter careful, though silent, consideration.

Quite logically, dialogue followed. "Ever see such weather?" Bob exclaimed one morning at breakfast. "Warm, sunny . . . hard to believe it's (*Continued on page 106*)



Lunch was served "come and get it" style and Bob, Chris and Jim didn't bother with formalities. Everyone slept in their clothes as the bedrooms were so icy.

At first Bob hogged the sled, but the boys piled on and Mom snapped them in the act. They left the sled behind for a return visit.



Judy's in love again.
And for a girl who
thinks with her heart, that's all
that matters. Maybe she's
right, but cooler heads are
afraid she's walking into trouble.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

All for Love



Last fall an unhappy Judy wanted only Liza.

■ By the time you read this, Judy Garland may be honeymooning with her third husband. If she isn't, then it's only a question of time and legal procedure before she becomes Mrs. Sidney Luft.

Before Judy left for London, where the Palladium is paying her $70,000 for a few weeks' work, she and Sidney were virtually inseparable. For a while, Judy denied that they were anything more than the usual "good friends," but a few weeks ago she admitted that they were serious about each other. "We have plans," she said. "And I won't date any other man. Sid is a wonderful guy. He has a great sense of humor and I feel so happy when he's around me. I just know we're going to hit it off. Right now I'm interested in only three things—my daughter Liza, my career, and Sid."

Judy is convinced that this trio of interests will give her life direction and meaning. "I've never been any happier or healthier," she said before she left Hollywood. "After London, we're going to tour the Continent, then I'm coming back to Hollywood, and I think I'll probably play opposite Bing Crosby in *Famous*. Honestly, I've hit my stride. Things have been pretty rough these past few years, but I've snapped out of my depression. I'm in fine voice, I've loads of energy—and well, the future looks fine." (*Continued on page 101*)



Judy was constantly seen at night clubs with Sid Luft (Lynn Bari's ex-husband) even before announcing plans to divorce Vincente Minnelli.

For Ricardo, romance begins in the villa where bright colors lend a Latin air and camellias grow beneath a balcony.

Casa montalban

by Maria Peterson



The narrow den with room length windows opens on the garden. Washable fabrics take hard use. Cheerful murals decorate the dining alcove at the other end (*below*).





Lasting beauty is the Montalban by-word. Antiques like the living

■ Their house is milk chocolate brown with a white trim. Flowering magnolia trees and camellias nestle up against it, and a white rail fence surrounds it. On the second floor, under the bedroom windows, there's a romantic looking balcony. And out in back, beyond the patio, is a high garden wall.

On warm evenings when the doors of the living room and den are thrown open you can hear rhumba music, South American style, drifting over the wall. And if you could climb the wall, you'd probably see Ricardo dancing with his wife. Four or five other couples might be dancing, too, or watching, or serving themselves at the buffet tables.

"This is the kind of parties we like." Mrs. Montalban says. "We eat on the patio and then we roll back the living room carpet, pick up the scatter rugs in the foyer and have a

room mantel figures play a large part in decorating their exotic, spacious villa.

ballroom larger than Mocambo's. Ricardo loves to dance, but he prefers to do it at home."

It's easy to see why. Their home was planned for good living and fun. It's large and comfortable, filled with hand-picked furniture.

The person greatly responsible for providing the background to this homelife which is one of the happiest in Hollywood is Ricardo's mother-in-law, Mrs. Gladys Belzer. Mrs. Belzer is also the mother of Loretta Young, Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and a son, Jack. After rearing a family of five and seeing them safely through careers and marriages, she turned her boundless energy to a career of her own. She became a professional interior decorator. It was only natural that when Georgie married Ric, she would (*Continued on next page*)



Rugs roll back to make foyer, living room, den a ballroom.



A working fountain with real water is the focal point of the dining room. The chandelier is an antique pewter urn from Georgiana's collection. Louvered shutters are used throughout the house.



Mrs. Belzer (Georgiana's mother), is a professional decorator, and helped plan the decor. In the pine panelled foyer, she planted a French Lavabo and hung it above a simple, 18th century commode.

be sought out by the newlyweds and asked for a little sound housing advice.

"Only we didn't call on Mama Belzer right away," Ricardo says. "For the first six months of our marriage, Georgiana and I lived in a dream world. We were too much in love to think of anything so practical as buying a home."

It wasn't until Ricardo's contract with MGM was definitely set and baby number one was enroute, that Ric and Georgie started looking for a house. They went to every place that Mrs. Belzer recommended. They visited all the model homes in town. They met quite a few real estate agents. In the end, they decided to buy a ten-room Mediterranean-style house in Westwood Village which Georgiana's mother had owned and rented out for six years.

At the time the Montalbans chose this generous-sized house in a well-established neighborhood, some of their young friends accused them of "going Hollywood."

"What do you need with four bedrooms and two maids' rooms? Think of the taxes. Who's going to do all that housework?" they were asked.

Georgie and Ric smiled and said nothing. They had their reasons. They were also following some of Mama Belzer's advice.

Mrs. Belzer believes that when young people plan to have a family, they should buy the largest and most comfortable house they can afford and then grow into it. In the end they save the expense of changing homes every four or five years, and they never have to live in cramped or make-shift quarters. All their care and money is (*Continued on page 78*)

Georgie's bath is luxury and efficiency combined. Silly symbols define the closets, ordinary coat hooks keep her jewelry in order, wall to wall cotton carpets add glamor.





The pink and white nursery looks delicate, but with high glass paint on everything, it's all washable. The one upholstered chair is of rose velvet.



Draperies and bed-spreads of white linen are pretty and practical. The recessed dressing table and fireplace are painted in a marble effect.

Mother knows Plenty!

Demure, you say! She's about as demure as a harem dancer. Sweet, you say! She's sweet and tempting. Even with a nursery full of kids—Jeanne Crain's no Mother Goose.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ The table near the big picture window was set for two. The lights were out, and only the vast bed of burning jewels that is Hollywood glowed from far below to illumine the faces of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman.

This was the way they liked to dine, with the boys tucked away back in the nursery wing—not out of heart, but out of mind for this moment—their special moment together. Outside, the curving pool shimmered black-blue. The jacaranda tree quivered imperceptibly. Jeanne wore a colorful, low-cut Mexican cotton dress that Paul particularly liked.

She shook her red-gold curls back on her bare shoulders. It was a gesture Paul knew. Something was coming.

"They whistled at me today," said Jeanne.

"Who whistled?"

"Men," said Jeanne, "two hundred extras."

"Lucky girl," nodded Paul, lifting a slice of avocado.

"It wasn't that kind of a whistle," complained Jeanne. "I was a fright—imagine a bathing suit with bloomers, long cotton stockings, and a ruffled cap. That hazing scene, you know, in *Take Care of My Little Girl.* I looked like a fugitive from a Sennett comedy!" He could see her nose tilt alarmingly.

Paul took a sip of wine. He remembered conversational beginnings like this during *Margie,* when his bride wore pigtails and long woolen hose; during *Apartment For Peggy,* when Jeanne's maternity rig made her look like an over-stuffed laundry bag; during *Cheaper By the Dozen,* too, when another 1910 bathing job, complete with parasol, got her started off. He remembered the beginnings—and the endings, too . . .

"Paul," mused Jeanne, "the picture finishes next week."

Mr. Brinkman laid down his fork. "Jeanne, Doll," he said, "this time it's impossible. I've never been so busy. The plant's jumping—defense orders, expansion, headaches. I can't spare a minute. I can't—" But there was that look in her eyes that always made him helpless.

"Paul," said Jeanne, "I sure (*Continued on page 103*)





At four she had to be caught to be taught. But the brat's turned charmer. And now Mitzi Gaynor's showing the world how to dance.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

Hollywood's newest GOLDEN GIRL

■ About 15 years ago there was quite a nasty disturbance in one of the nicer residential districts of Chicago. Not a gang shooting or anything like that, but still an incident of violent character. A small girl of four, pigtails flying free behind her, was racing down a street pursued by a rather gentlemanly looking chap wearing an expression of extreme humiliation. At intervals, the child would bend down, straighten up without losing her stride, and fling a rock or a hunk of mud at the man. Some of the missiles hit him.

A passerby collared the chaser and firmly inquired what the devil was going on. While the child stood at a safe distance and stuck out her tongue, the now very nervous gentleman attempted to explain.

"I was just trying to teach her some ballet," he said.

The passerby set him back on the ground and went about his business muttering, "These new-fangled methods of education are certainly crazy."

As she told the story in Hollywood some 15 years later, racing up and down the carpeted office of a 20th Century-Fox publicity executive with her shoes off, the child, now grown up to be Mitzi Gaynor, acted it out with such ferocity that those present felt real pity for the ballet master. At any rate, he must have caught her, for when she finished, Mitzi stood with her toes pointed out and her heels together—the standard stance of a duck, or, in classic circles, the legitimate pose called the First Position in the ballet.

This was all part of an interview with MODERN SCREEN—in (*Continued on page 109*)



Nineteen-year-old Mitzi combines housework with ballet practice in the modest Hollywood home where she lives with her mother.

The Dereks learned that even in Hollywood when a young couple buys a house it's between them and the piggy-bank.

BY KOLMA FLAKE

KISS TOMORROW HELLO

■ The announcement of the Derek purchase was in the newspapers . . . "It includes the white stucco, tile-roofed Spanish style residence, the swimming pool and other improvements situated on what is considered the highest knoll in Encino, giving them a commanding view of the entire valley and adjacent mountains. They plan later to establish private stables on the unimproved acre . . ."

Many people reading that announcement must have exclaimed, "What a lucky guy he is!" If so, John Derek would have been the first to agree with them.

He and Patti sunk all their savings into the down payment for their home—the home they want to grow old in—and they'll be paying the balance of it for a long time to come. But they think it's worth the financial burden.

"I committed myself to this place before the Korean situation broke out," John says. "Had it happened sooner, I probably would have waited. But then my main concern was using my judgment effectively. It was the first real decision I'd ever made, except the one to marry Patti. I'd always let others decide everything for me. As a kid, I always did what I was told because I didn't want to cause any more trouble."

John didn't have to explain how often a child of divorced parents must learn to walk a fine line. John still walks that line by mentioning little of his own past. There are few young actors who could so definitely be called the strong silent type.

Naturally, he reveals himself in little ways, particularly when he's talking about rearing his son. "I hope I'm as wise in this . . ." he'll say. Or, ". . . . not as wrong in this . . .

"Nine or ten of us kids used to gather in a tree-house club when I was staying with my father," he says. "Once I introduced smoking clothes-line rope. Everyone but me got sick. My father called me several times but I ignored him so he wouldn't catch me smelling of smoke. A couple of hours later I went home, sure I'd be scolded only for being late. I was right. But five or six years later my father, laughingly, told me how strongly I'd smelled of the smoke. He said he'd figured he couldn't add more to the lesson we boys probably had learned, so he hadn't brought it up then. I'm hoping I'll be that wise with my son.

"On the other hand, I used to get terribly scared when my stepmother listened to a favorite gang-buster radio program. I don't know (*Continued on page 75*)





John and baby Russell Andre are American citizens, of course, but Patti, of Russian descent, is still waiting.



In spite of many enemies,
Shelley has staunch Hollywood defenders.
Joel McCrea, who worked
with her on *Frenchie* said, "Shelley's just
been fighting the wrong way
for the right things . . . I like her."

Some say she ought
to be spanked. Others
would give her a medal.
Everybody takes sides
when tempestuous Shelley
starts taking
Hollywood apart.

BY MICKELL NOVAK

...but when she's bad...

■ Shelley Winters isn't too much like the girl in the nursery rhyme. When that little miss was horrid, her mother probably threatened to scalp her. And if she had ever gone to Hollywood to mingle with some real artists in temperament she would probably have seemed like a rose in a valley of cactus.

No one lays a hand on Shelley Winters. When she acts up people run for cover, or stand behind a fence and make faces, or get a big hate on her that expresses itself in unpleasant language. Her enemies like to discuss her fighting ability and they've concluded that when Shelley winds up to pitch a mood she deserves some sort of citation for the sheer sweeping grandeur of it.

Not too long ago, a story circulated about her that shocked even Hollywood, and went like this: Shelley Winters cast a disgusted eye on one of the *Frenchie* sets and announced flatly, "It stinks."

Director Louis King patiently explained that the doorway through which she was to walk was part of a permanent set and could not be torn down or rebuilt, even to agree to the taste of the biggest money-making star on the lot.

Shelley was said to remark that King would be well-advised to rearrange the set-up so that her "good side" could be recorded. Otherwise she might lose her patience and tear the whole set down personally, flat by flat.

As the discussion continued in this light vein, producer Michael Kraike arrived on the scene intent on pacifying his star.

"This is a lousy picture," Shelley is quoted as saying to him. "It is also a lousy script, and the least you can do is to make me look good."

Before Kraike's placating eyes, Shelley is said to have flounced off the set, leaped into her car and headed for the front office of Universal-International obviously intent on (*Continued on page 64*)


THE



In recent months the Chandler marriage has been a bit unsteady; but on location in beautiful Hawaii for *Bird of Paradise* all was going well between Jeff and Marjorie.



Jeff looks as if wild horses couldn't move him, but two-year-old Dana can bring all six-feet-four of him to his knees. Jeff acts both "He-Man" movie parts, and mousy radio characters.

Chandler's a man of steel, all right. But a cute smile from his babies can melt him in a minute.

BY JANE WILKIE

IRON MAN?

■ Jeff Chandler and his wife were sunning on the beach one day last year when they were approached by a breathless teen-ager. She stood for a moment, looking up and down the length of Jeff's tall form.

"You *are* Jeff Chandler, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yep," he said.

"That's wonderful," sighed the girl. "Mr. Chandler, you can settle an argument for me. My friend says you play that mousy Mr. Boynton on the radio. You know—that awful little man who doesn't even know a girl when he sees one."

Jeff smiled. "But I do play Mr. Boynton."

The girl's face crumpled. "Oh, Mr. Chandler!" she wailed. "You couldn't! I've always thought you were so strong—such a tower of strength!"

When she had left them, Jeff looked at his wife and grinned, "Didn't know you were married to a tower of strength, did you?" he asked. "A man of iron?"

Marge laughed. "I'll have to admit it's a good description. But don't forget—you're that mousy Mr. Boynton, too!"

Actually, Jeff is a blend of both. He's a man of iron in a very quiet way. When he's with his baby daughters, the iron in him can easily be mistaken for putty. On screen, though, his strength comes through with such mute force that the women in the audience practically rise from their seats to greet it. Those who've seen him in *Smuggler's Island, Bird of Paradise* or as the Apache chief, Cochise, in *Broken Arrow* have left the theater feeling sure that they have just met a real (*Continued on page 95*)



Reagan never shouts from rooftops . . . he keeps

It comes up love

by Jim Burton



out of the columns . . . but one look at him and Nancy Davis gives the story away.

■ No matter how you look at it, Ronald Reagan, the shy, quiet executive-type actor just *has* to be in love with Nancy Davis. Five will get you 10 anywhere in Hollywood that wedding bells will ring for them before many more months have passed.

Nobody—especially Ronald Reagan—will forget the two year parade of newspaper and magazine stories that had him eating his heart out for Jane Wyman; or the bull dog tenacity with which certain reporters stuck to that line long after Ronnie had passed the crisis and was having himself a time as a reconverted bachelor.

The trouble with most artists of the press is that they don't really know Ronald Reagan—which is probably why they can't picture a copy of his marriage license to Nancy Davis hanging above his fireplace.

A fairly good indication of the pixie and stubborn nature of Ronald Reagan is displayed in an incident that happened almost 10 years ago, shortly after he'd come to Hollywood to be an actor. Reagan had been a sports announcer in the middle west, a real whiz at fast chatter about football. He was generally an (*Continued on page 83*)

THE BING CROSBY



STORY

This is the last of two articles about the man who made a mountain out of showbusiness. In 20 years he earned the title Mr. Music, but success never threw him. He takes it with a casual grin and he uses it well. But even today, he calls it luck; he's still surprised by his great good fortune.

BY TOM CARLILE

■ "The amazing thing about Bing Crosby," one of his long-time friends recently said, "is not that he has sold more phonograph records than anyone else, nor that he has been a top box-office star for years, nor even that he has amassed one of Hollywood's greatest personal fortunes. The really amazing thing is that Bing has done it all in a light-hearted way. His story of success is almost entirely devoid of tense moments."

From the very outset of his career, Bing has accepted his enormous public acclaim with considerable surprise. He has never been heard to say that he was much of a singer, and although he won an Oscar for *Going My Way*, he habitually minimizes his acting ability. In January, 1943, when his Toluca Lake place burned down, and the loss of his enormous record collection was widely publicized, many fans, assuming that it contained all of his old records, immediately sent him replacements from their own collections. Most of them were discs which Bing had never owned before.

The large staff at the Crosby Building on Sunset Boulevard has been unable to keep his press clippings pasted up currently. Yet it is doubtful that Bing, a voluminous reader, would even bother to read a story about himself. To this day, he fails to understand why people are interested in the normal and ordinary details of his personal life, which already have been extensively documented by five biographers, including his brother, Ted. According to brother Larry, Bing has always had a yen to write. "But," says Larry, "if he ever does get around to his autobiography, he will insist that it stand up on its own merits as a job of writing and not go out as just another rehash of his life. Why, we've had dozens of offers for Bing to sign a daily column written by a ghost writer, but he'll have none of it. Someday, he wants to do it himself."

Bing has an almost instinctive hatred of pretense and ostentation and is inclined to be abrupt with people who give him a smoochy buildup. In contrast to his flamboyant (*Continued on page 80*)



Bing loves to fish at his Hayden Lake, Idaho lodge where he gives the boys a vacation after summer ranch chores.



Nevada ranchers are mare apt to want Bing's opinion an cattle-raising than his autograph. His 20,000 acre Elko ranch is a serious business to Bing and the boys.



The Crosby boys are crazy about sports. They have a softball team of their own, take golf lessons, play football like pras.

No. 5 *in a series:*
HOW THE STARS FOUND FAITH



TO EACH HIS OWN

by John Garfield

God exists for me in the people He has created. So I place my faith in people; and pay homage to Him by playing square with them.

■ Sometimes I think that the best part of my life was my childhood. It was a difficult period but a most colorful one. I was wild and full of a certain kind of excitement. My youth had elements of struggle and conflict in it, but out of those conflicts came a certain philosophy.

I was a rebellious child. My father, a cantor, was a very religious man who tried to get me to believe in orthodox religion as much as he did. Though I am sentimental about many of the traditions and songs in my childhood, and though they still evoke many nostalgic memories, I don't believe in all the rituals which meant so much to my father.

Even the event which is supposed to be so outstanding in a small boy's life—the Bar Mitzvah or confirmation—is remembered by me chiefly as the occasion when I needed a white shirt, and had to borrow one from a neighbor. A boy's Bar Mitzvah has religious significance, but I was too young to be impressed by that then.

In time, however, I did grope my way toward a religion in which I myself could believe.

I conceive of God as being a Supreme Force. I think we hear the voice of God in the thunder and the lightning; we see Him in the majesty of the mountains, in the oceans, in the mathematical precision with which the planets move, and in the hearts of men who on the surface seem ordinary. John Hersey wrote of such a man in "The Wall." This man, Berson, seemed to have no specific talent for living or dying, but when put in a particular situation, he faced that situation with great adaptability.

Hersey said in this book that people are only strong when they have faith in themselves as people—and that is part of my philosophy, too.

I place my faith in certain kinds of people whom I admire and respect a great deal. Mostly they're ordinary people —not necessarily either poor or rich—and it makes no difference whether or not they are talented. But whatever their lot, they face the reality of their particular circumstances with courage. They value honesty.

Some of them go to a place of worship regularly. Others never go. But there is a divine spark of (*Continued on page 94*)


"Be Lux Lovely all over!"
says Donna Reed
"My beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant"
"This big bath size Lux Toilet Soap is really *luxurious*," says charming Donna Reed. "It gives such a refreshing beauty bath—leaves my skin feeling so *smooth*, perfumed with a delicate flowerlike fragrance!"
Ask for Hollywood's own beauty soap in the big new bath size. You'll love this satin-smooth white cake. It will make your daily beauty bath a joy! Such rich abundant lather, such exquisite perfume!
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
BATH SIZE
LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP
Donna Reed
IN "SATURDAY'S HERO"
A Sidney Buchman Production
A COLUMBIA PICTURE
your Beauty Bath

Romance begins with the fragrance of Flowers

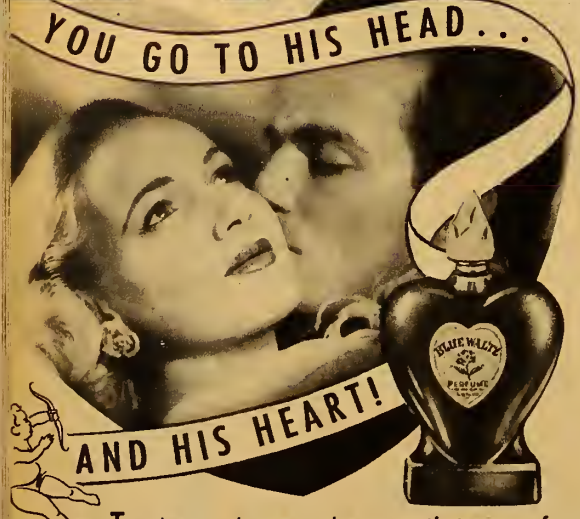


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YOU GO TO HIS HEAD . . .



AND HIS HEART!

Two hearts dance to the romantic tempo of Blue Waltz. This lilting, lingering perfume touches you with magic. Use it lavishly—make it your very own! 25¢

BLUE WALTZ
perfume

but when she's bad . . . !

(*Continued from page 55*) pressing her point.

Kraike is said to have reached for a phone, contacted the studio nurse and ordered her to meet Shelley with a sedative.

There are those who claim to be witnesses to the next scene wherein Shelley denounced all sedatives, and hysterically threatened to harm the woman in white!

Even by Hollywood standards, this was a temperamental wing-ding for the books! The story grew with the telling, until Shelley Winters sounded more like Dracula's daughter than the straightforward person she is.

The *whole* story, of course, never reached the right people. If it had, it's doubtful that the truth would have changed the opinions which had already been formed. But it must be stated here that not only did Shelley offer a plausible explanation of the episode, but her producer and her co-star rushed to her rescue.

Shelley herself did not haul out the whitewash—that isn't her way. She simply stated the facts. "So I had a fight with my director," she said with characteristic bluntness. "Let's put it this way. Someone tried to figure out how they could get the picture on the front page; so they took a little incident and blew it up to such proportions that it *did* hit the front page. The picture is in color, and I wanted to look my best, so we had an argument. I was only absent from the set a half hour!"

Michael Kraike was direct. "Shelley is okay with me," he said, "and I think it is a shame that every little thing she does is magnified."

Her co-star, Joel McCrea, who was not involved, felt impelled to hone the rough corners from the story. His explanation was objective and sound. "Shelley's been fighting the wrong way for the right things," he stated. "Actually, she is the most unusual character I've seen. She really works hard. I like her. The trouble with Shelley is that she has an inarticulate approach. She smells a mouse and knows something is wrong. She just can't put her finger on it. But she's *not* temperamental!"

It has been said that the merest mention of her name in Hollywood is enough to bring forth loud vocal discord, equally divided between cat calls and wolf whistles. Shelley just naturally affects people that way: hot or cold.

While her detractors are quick to circulate stories at her expense, they are not so eager to pass along Shelley's version of these blown-up incidents.

It began as far back as *A Double Life*, when almost from the first, her critics said, Shelley began changing the dialogue to suit her moods. Shortly after the first "re-written" rushes were shown, Shelley received a note from *A Double Life's* scrivener, Garson Kanin. "Shelley, dear," it went, "I know you've written many distinguished plays. But do you mind reading my lines as I wrote them for this one?"

"That cured me," was Shelley's unpublicized comment. "Since then, I've never tried to improve my lines!"

Shelley's critics had a field day during production of *South Sea Sinner*. On this little epic they charged their "favorite" actress with (a) having had a small boy removed from the set because he unnerved her, (b) refusing to emote in front of actress Helena Carter, for temperamental reasons and, (c) provoking violent arguments with director Bruce "Lucky" Humberstone, who balked at her suggestions.

At this point it became apparent that Shelley's patience was wearing a bit thin. Her self-defense of the triple-barrelled charge was almost laboriously detailed. "I'd made three pictures in five months," she stated. "I was nervous and tired. On the first day of the picture my father had a serious operation and I was worried about him. My acting is mostly spontaneous, and I was not used to Bruce Humberstone's close direction in song and dance numbers. I felt the naturalness was going out of my scenes, and told him so. But we came to a complete understanding on that score. On the second day of work I spotted a small boy standing on the set snapping pictures of me while I went through my dance gyrations. I felt self-conscious in front of a kid, and asked the assistant director to move him to a spot where I couldn't see him. Helena Carter and I have never had the slightest difference. But somebody told her to step behind a backdrop while I did a number, lest her presence make me nervous. Maybe it was just a gag, but I had nothing to do with it. I'm anxious *not* to give the impression of being a trouble-maker. I'm only concerned with doing the best job I can."

If a man does something silly, people say "Isn't he silly?" But if a woman does something silly, people say "Aren't women silly?"—*Doris Day quoted by Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post.*

Not long after this savory morsel had been digested (in most cases without benefit of the above qualifications), the newspapers began hinting of trouble on the set of *He Ran All The Way*, the John Garfield starrer for which Shelley had been borrowed from her home lot. It was only a matter of a few days before the columnists lifted the soft pedal on the stories and began talking openly about the "Garfield-Winters feud." "Shelley Winters has done it again," was the tenor of these tales. "Winters' temperament throws monkey wrench into Garfield production," was the secondary theme.

Garfield himself sloughed off the "to-do" with, "All the troubles are ironed out. We finally convinced Shelley that she couldn't produce *this* picture, like she tries to do at Universal-International."

But injustice had been done—again. Everyone assumed that Shelley had been completely at fault. Nobody took the trouble to check her side of the story which, incidentally, was a completely different version from the one which had been common gossip for so many weeks.

Shelley admits she'd been eager to do *He Ran All The Way* from the moment she'd first read the script. "It was a very good script," a close friend of hers said recently, "with a warm, sympathetic role in it for Shelley. The ending offered her the biggest, guttiest scene she'd ever had."

Shelley threw herself into the struggle to lose weight for the part. She had daily workouts at a Beverly Hills gym, and stuck doggedly to a rigid diet in order to pare off the unwanted poundage. The girl who reported to work was a new person; enthusiastic, full of admiration and friendliness for cast and crew. As production got under way, everyone connected with the picture was outspoken in praise of her.

Then, shortly before shooting was scheduled for her "big scene," Shelley was told that the end of the script had been re-written. She was naturally upset, understandably angry, until one of the executives took time to explain, "We suddenly realized that we had to strengthen the story so we re-wrote it overnight!"

Shelley thought this over. Then, being a very direct person, she made tracks for

the sound stage which housed the set for the last scene. She stopped cold when she saw the staircase. It had not been a part of the set as described in the original script. She tested the steps a few times, then shook the guide rail.

"Who are they trying to kid?" she said. That stairway wasn't put up at the last minute, it's much too sturdy for that! Those so-and-so's never intended me to have that big scene!"

THERE are those who wonder if Shelley was referring to the trouble on *He Ran All The Way,* when she made this statement: "You know, it's a funny thing about Hollywood—if you raise the roof and holler like crazy and you are wrong, then everybody tolerates you. They pat you on the head and thank you for your suggestions about how to play a role. But if you scream about something and you are *right* —brother, that's death!"

Well, that was about the last of the wild whispers about the Winters temperament. But Shelley's critics haven't been idle. They've rooted up something else to poke fun at—her alleged decision to chuck sex and become a great dramatic actress.

Shelley is too canny a business woman to drop the sex attraction entirely. Her pictures have made lots of money. If she wants to combine drama and sex in her career, she won't be the first actress in Hollywood to have tried. And she has an incentive in the frank opinion of Charles Laughton, in whose Shakespeare Group she has been a very active participant. Laughton said of her, "Shelley could become one of the finest Shakespearian actresses in pictures."

Shelley puts her aspirations this way: "I'm at sixes and sevens trying to figure out whether I want to be an actress or a great success. Is it possible for a girl to be Betty Grable in one picture, and Sarah Bernhardt in another?"

Even if Shelley were triplets, she couldn't possibly live up to the fiendish reputation her critics have fashioned for her. Any failings she may have, according to those who know her best—the friends who understand her—are directly traceable to her great emotional insecurity.

It began back on Broadway when she needed what any aspiring young actress needs: encouragement, approval, a pat on the back. All Shelley ever received was criticism. She was openly referred to as, "that aggressive little blonde without talent."

Hollywood continued the negative approach. Columbia Studios gave her a transient feeling of confidence by letting her high-kick in the chorus of a few musicals. Then they turned right around and slapped her down again with an off-hand comment: "You should have your teeth braced, your nose bobbed, and your hairline raised."

Twentieth Century-Fox brushed off a test she made for them with, "You're hopeless. Your voice is all wrong and you have three left feet."

At MGM they made her up to look like Lucille Ball and gasped, over her protests, "Well, you don't want to look like *you,* do you?"

Some say Shelley's lost her perspective, but this couldn't possibly happen to a girl who takes time out to kid herself publicly. A few months back the Hollywood Press Photographers held their annual shindig, to which guests were asked to come dressed as their suppressed desires. The girl who is supposed to be "temperamental," "difficult," "arty," and "self-engrossed," walked in wearing the wings and halo of the angel she'd like to be.

Even her critics had to smile and say, "You can't kill a girl for trying!"

THE END

Tonight! Be his dream girl...



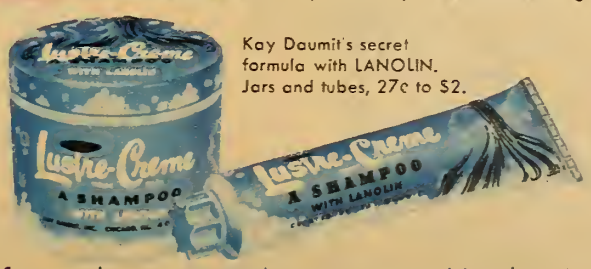
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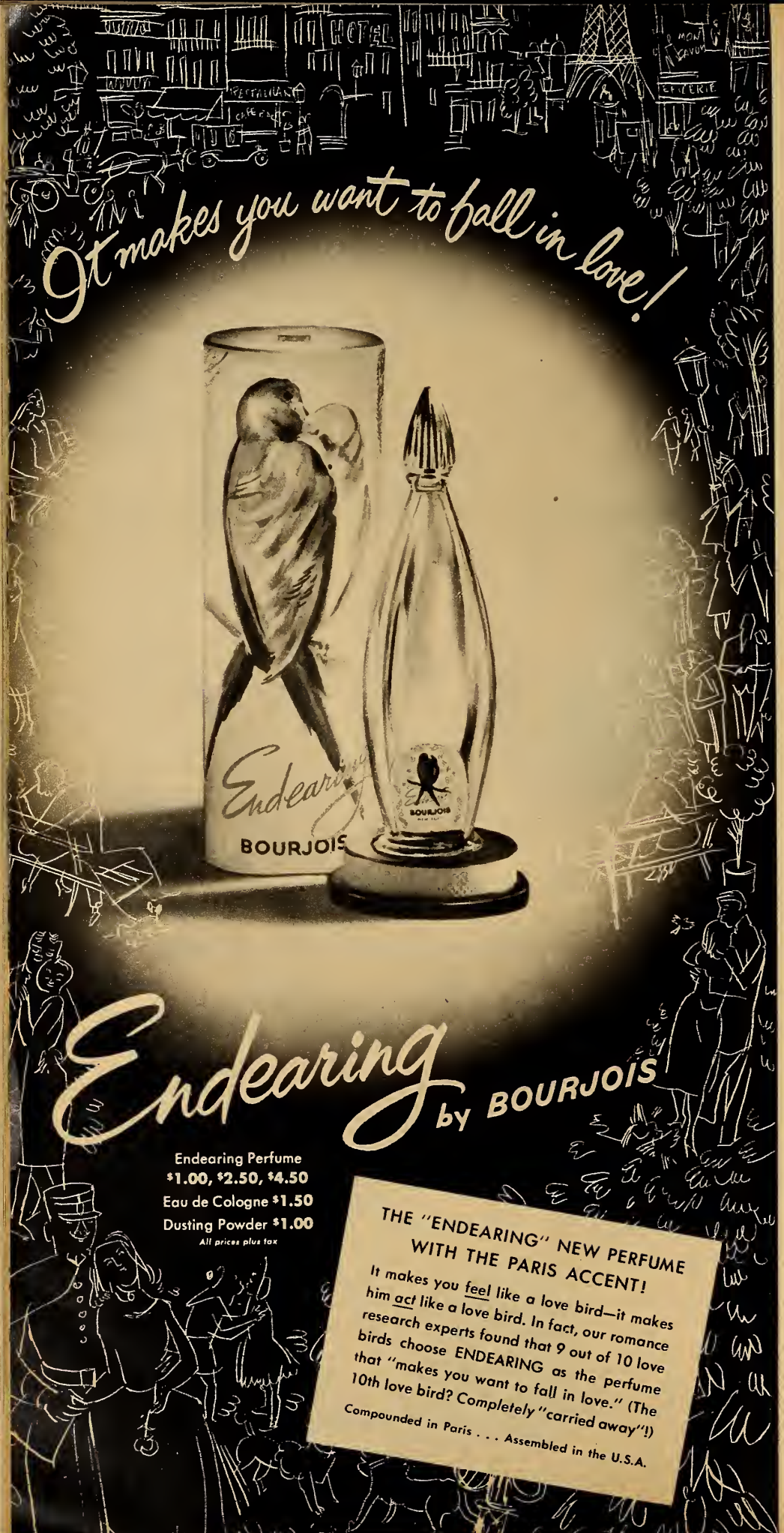
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World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN



be fashion righteous . . . dollar conscious

You can buy such flattering spring and summer clothes—at streamlined prices, too.

phyllis kirk likes gay separates

■ These separates by Gaytogs that "mix" or "match" are practically a spring and summer wardrobe in themselves, for all of them are interchangeable—and the colors are co-ordinated so that you can "mix" or "match" as you choose. Phyllis Kirk, currently to be seen in MGM's *Three Guys Named Mike*, chooses trim pedal pushers (that have one front pocket) and a sleeveless tailored shirt (*first photo on right*). Phyllis next combines a skirt (that has two flap pockets and an inverted front pleat), camisole top, and fly-a-way jacket (*far right*). The colors of these Gaytogs playclothes are vibrant: Video Green, TV Orange, Network Navy, Telecast Gold, Coaxial Copper.. *All guaranteed fast color.* The fabric is washable "Ruffie" preshrunk cotton by Bonafab—it is permanently textured and requires no ironing. It is sturdy and strong as denim, but cooler and softer—it is a beautiful fabric and gives long wear. Sizes 10-18. Gaytogs separates can be purchased as a complete ensemble or singly at the following prices: Pedal Pushers $3.99, Sleeveless Shirt $2.99, Fly-a-way Jacket $2.99, Camisole Top $2.99, Skirt $3.99, Shorts, *styled like the pedal pushers—not shown in the photograph,* $2.99.

THESE GARMENTS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE JOHN SHILLITO CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO. MORE ABOUT THE FASHIONS IN THIS ISSUE—PAGE 75

Suntan Lotion by Tartan

modern screen fashions



MAGIC WARDROBE FOR

Phyllis Kirk, star of the opening fashion page, dresses up in a two piece sun dress by Lenny Frocks that can be worn for street, business or dates with equal confidence. Striking white nailheaded Bonaz embroidery encircles the neckline and pockets of the dress and the lapels of the jacket. Styled of Cohama's all rayon *linen type* "Featherlin" this dress is flatteringly worn with or without the jacket *shown below*. Colors: pink, navy, lilac, aqua. Sizes 12-20. $10.99. Lenny Frocks. Phyllis Kirk was last seen in *Mrs. O'Malley and Mr. Malone*, an MGM production.





Nylon stockings "Bird of Paradise Nude" by Holeproof Hosiery.

THIS SUN DRESS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM DAY TIME DRESS DEPT., JOHN SHILLITO CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

WORK & PLAY



Janice Rule, currently appearing in the Warner Bros. production *Goodbye, My Fancy,* wears two Betty Co-ed frocks that are as dashing as their names. *Above* Janice models Paris Preview—a frock of fine rayon linen with a trim of pure silk organza print. You'll be the pride of the party in this costume which can be selected in aqua, lilac or white with exquisite prints to match. Sizes 10-18 and 9-17. $14.99, postpaid. Betty Co-ed.



Mexican Holiday is the name of this glamorous, gayly colored sun fashion with matching stole that is also modeled by Janice Rule. Of silky sanforized cotton broadcloth, it is styled with a boned bodice and a full gathered skirt. A truly exciting sun fashion that can be worn on summer evening dates as well. Colors: Lime or aqua background with contrasting print. Sizes 10-18 and 9-17. $10.99, postpaid. Betty Co-ed.

THESE DRESSES CAN BE ORDERED BY MAIL, POSTPAID, FROM BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, 6402 HOLLYWOOD BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SURPRISE in SHOES at $3.99





You will step smartly and brightly into the sunny months ahead when you wear these imported linen wedgies. Honeydebs introduces these seven new styles in a galaxy of exciting colors at a price you'll love as much as the shoes.

Polly Bergen, currently appearing in Paramount's *Warpath,* admires one of the Honeydebs wedgies which are just ideal for street as well as for casual and vacation wear—truly "all-purpose" shoes. In Hollywood the stars agree that "linen is the thing" for spring and summer shoes and they wear colored linen shoes to harmonize or match their costumes. At the amazing price of $3.99 you can afford to own several pair of these Honeydebs shoes which offer not only style, exciting colors and imported linen but fine workmanship as well (see color and sizes on opposite page).

Dress by Jonathan Logan

Sandal-foot nylons in the new color "Cheesecake" by Gotham Gold Stripe



2 3 4

1. RONNIE—Sabot strap sling pump streamlined for comfort and flattery.

2. TEDDY—Sling pump with a wide band of milan straw contrast trim on the vamp. Expressly designed to dramatize the foot.

3. PATTY—Cross wrap "sweetheart-throat" sling pump. This shoe features comfort plus style.

4. JILL—Two-strap sabot sling pump—a classic favorite beautifully detailed.

5. JANE—Ankle strap quarter sandal with three strand contrast milan straw trim on vamp—glamorous and colorful.

6. BUTTONS—Wrap-a-around anklet quarter sandal with button ornament—gay and attractive.

7. ELLEN—An "off side" side-swept quarter sandal cleverly designed to enhance your foot appearance.

These Honeydebs shoes all have medium (14/8) Scoop Wedge heels. The linings have been *scientifically* treated so that they are germ, odor and perspiration resistant. Sizes: 5½ to 10 narrow and 4 to 10 medium widths. All are available in: Burnt Orange, Canary Yellow, African Violet, Wildfire Red, Dramatic Navy, Charcoal Black, Spring Green, Lily White, Enchanting Mocha, Natural Wheat, Burnt Toast, Wheat-Toast Combination.

5 6 7



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FLATTERING FASHIONS *in*





Above Janis Carter, now in RKO's *My Forbidden Past,* shows us a glamorous Sea Nymph one piece bathing suit of slipper satin with a zipper front closing *self-locking*—so easy to put on, so chic to wear. The tucked side pockets are news in bathing suits. Black, white, navy, aquamarine, blush, berry, mint, lemon. Sizes 32-38. About $13.

On the right Janis poses in a two piece model of faille. The pointed detail of the belt-top vagabond shorts is repeated in the top of the bra which may be worn with or without the halter strap. Mint, berry, lemon, blush, aquamarine, black, navy. Sizes 32-38; Junior Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15. About $11. By Sea Nymph. Janis is also appearing in RKO's *Flying Leathernecks.*

THESE BATHING SUITS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM ARNOLD CONSTABLE, NEW YORK, N. Y. AND THE JOHN SHILLITO CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Fish and beach ball courtesy Abercrombie and Fitch, N. Y.

SWIM SUITS





Above Debbie Reynolds, who appears in MGM's *Mr. Imperium,* models a bathing costume that features cotton fish net—a gay new note in bathing apparel by Winkies of L. I. The white fish net bathing suit is made over colored rayon jersey with polka dot trim edgings and halter. You can see Debbie's hand through the large pocket on the fish net jacket which also has the polka dot trim.

On the left Debbie shows the bathing suit without the jacket so you can more clearly see the flattering fit, the semi-draped bodice top and the exact detail of the polka dot trim. The suit has a back zipper closing. Colors: White fish net with red, navy, green, maize polka dot trim. Sizes 32-38. Bathing suit $8.99. Jacket $5.99. By Winkies of L. I.

THIS BATHING SUIT AND JACKET CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE JOHN SHILLITO CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"STAR SELECTED" BEACHWEAR



Swimming pool by Paddock Pools

The exotic bathing suit and striking play suit shown on this page are chosen from a large group of Gantner of California beachwear selected by Hollywood stars. These garments are designed to fit and flatter every figure, and they come in a gorgeous selection of colors and fabrics. Peggy Castle (*left*) playing in Universal-International's *Air Cadet,* is ready for a dip in "The Frill Faille" two piece bathing suit that features a front zipper on the shorts, and a bra top that can be worn strapless if you choose. Red, green, pale blue, black. Sizes 32-38. $10.95.

(*On the right*) Joyce Holden, now appearing in Universal-International's *The Iron Man,* models a "Star Selected" three-piece play suit of black denim that is dramatically contrasted with bright color. The snugly fitted waist-length jacket has short sleeves, and the trim shorts have one front pocket. The striped bra top beneath the jacket has a contrast halter strap and top edging (as shown on the shorts). The bra may be worn with or without the halter strap. Colors: Strawberry and black, lime and black, pale blue and black. Sizes 12-18. $8.95. "Star Selected" Beachwear by Gantner of California.



THE SUITS ON THIS PAGE CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM SAKS 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. AND THE HECHT CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

take your fashion tips from hollywood

■ "The Right Look" in clothes that is always so very important to the Hollywood stars is just as important *to you*—for you are a star in your own world—be it home or business. "The Right Look" in clothes goes far toward keeping, or getting, *your man.*

"The Right Look," of course, is more than *the new look* in clothes—for "The Right Look" can never be achieved by just buying new clothes. You must select those new clothes in styles and colors that are *flattering to you*—that is the *Fashion Righteous* rule in Hollywood fashion.

The Hollywood stars model fashions for you (pages 67-74) that were chosen because of their flattering styles and colors as well as for their fine fabric and workmanship. They were chosen, too, because they represent basic clothes from which to select spring and summer wardrobes.

The *All Occasion Dresses* shown in MODERN SCREEN Fashions were chosen because they play such a magical part in every wardrobe—dresses that go on the street, as well as to business; and yet will double for social activities are practically a *must.* Of course, enough cannot be said about casual *separates*—especially when made of a fast color fabric which requires *no ironing.*

Colored shoes of imported linen that match or contrast your frocks are big fashion news.

And of course, take special time to choose your bathing suit for the Summer of 1951—the styles have never been so glamorous.

With all these flattering fashions from which to choose you'll want to start today to dress *yourself* up, in "The Right Look." And—you'll be *Dollar Conscious* of the amazingly low prices of these fine selections. Turn again to pages 67-74. The styles will flatter *you*—the prices your *budget.*

kiss tomorrow hello

(*Continued from page 52*) why it scared me so. But I cried and my father wouldn't let my stepmother turn it off. He said I was just being silly and I'd have to listen to get over it. I went through agonies until I discovered what I could do by taking my bath at that time. By pulling the plug, I could let the water run so hard and constantly that the sound drowned out the radio. The hot water would run out just about the time the program was over. So there I'd sit in the tub, escaping my fear. That kind of attitude was common among parents then I guess, but modern psychology teaches us better now."

THAT'S as close as John will come to speaking of the insecurities of which his upbringing was composed. Recently John's good friend, Russ Harlan, intimated such insecurity when he told MODERN SCREEN readers, "Under Dare's gaiety was a deeper and stronger toughness than I'd ever encountered before—a good, solid kind. And I thought to myself, 'Why not? He's contributed new life to the world. He's part of a real family at last.'"

Some children of divorced parents mature into adulthood and find in their mate's attitudes the leveling off of those inner conflicts. Patti, a child of White Russians, may also have had an insecure childhood, although she rarely mentions the past. If so, the answer to why a home is all important to both of them becomes quite understandable

"We both want a real home," Patti says eagerly. "I guess I do in particular. Everything was temporary with me when I was growing up. I was born several years after my parents had to flee their Georgian home when the Communists took over. Everything then, of course, was gone. My parents always lived temporarily, waiting for the day they were sure would come when we'd be able to go back and regain all that had been lost. Wherever we went, mother lugged along a trunk filled with things she valued, things she would take back with her when we regained our rightful status. The trunk really was just full of junk, good only for memories. My father wasn't like that exactly, but he'd lived so much he didn't have the desire to build again. Here in America when a man loses everything he has, he just goes to work to *build* again, to *replace* his loss. But back there, men just *hoped to get back* what had been taken from them. The Paris I knew was full of such people."

So John and Patti are two people who knew that the best thing luck and hard work could bring them would be a wonderful home. And luck had come. Amazing luck for John Derek.

It's not so surprising then that they've sunk every dime of their past, their present, and much of their future into a wonderful home. A home they wouldn't put off buying until times were more certain.

That's why John's building the fences and doing the new brick work at the place himself. He's making the lamps, too—interesting ones. He and Patti found an old nickel-plated milk can in a junk shop for $6.00. A bit of surreptitious sandpapering on the bottom revealed their suspicions were right—solid copper underneath. They bought it and peeled off the nickel. Then John, with one of those electric hand rotary tools with all kind of attachments, went to work and made a replica of a milk-stool on which the can will sit to form a charming chair-side lamp. Odd pitchers are put to the same use. Everything of this sort must be something they can restore to its former beauty or enhance with their own hard work.

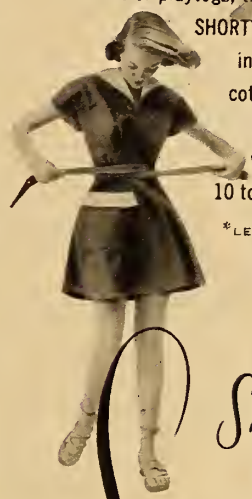
Patti outdid almost everyone in bargain-



walk into it...
button once...
wrap and tie

It's gay, it's new — it's the plus-magic to summer scenes. Perfect over dress, skirt or playtogs, the SHORTY SWIRL is cast in wonder waffle-weave cotton*. Lovely sun-ripened colors, white pique trim. 10 to 18. About $8.

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For playing, for looking... or for just looking pretty. Sunback in Sanforized two-tone broadcloth print. Sunset pink with blue, coral with grey, lilac with chartreuse. Sizes 10 to 20. About $6



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hunting. She bought muslin sheets at the January sales, and two 100% wool blankets for $15.

"They had some wonderful buys on percale sheets," she said, "but I had to watch the pennies. I'll get those later on.

"I bought one copper-bottomed pan," Patti added. "I had to pay a little over $6.00 for it and it still hurts! The rest are just the cheapest I could find. And I saw a sale on imported glasses for 29¢ apiece. The ad warned there were flaws in some. Well, I spent five hours digging out the ones without a single flaw. The clerks thought I was crazy!

"One store where I went, my purchases totaled more than I had anticipated and I didn't have enough money with me. Nor did I have a checkbook or any identification. I was wearing an old trench coat, a blue cap of the sort boys wear for baseball, a clashing scarf and—well, I was dressed for rain because when I left the house it looked as though it might. The clerk looked even more skeptical when I said I was Mrs. John Derek. Finally, I told him to hold the stuff until the check had cleared, then to send it out. Not until I left did I realize I had carried in with me a new movie magazine with John's and my pictures in it which should have been fine identification. But anyway, by the time I arrived home I'd earned those bargains."

Just then someone came running up to the front door. It was Bob Scott, the Dereks' business manager, with papers that Patti had to sign that day. They were for the latest registration required of aliens in the United States. "I'm still a lady without a country." Patti said. "An alien. My husband is an American. My son is an American. But I'm not. Isn't it ridiculous? But soon I'll be an American, too."

When Bob Scott asked the questions which must be answered, such as her serial number, Patti went out of the room and returned with a plain old cardboard box. From it she dragged out valuable personal papers. Birth certificates. Immigration papers for herself. A paper from the French Sureté testifying she had never been arrested or lodged in jail in France. Papers which contained the proof of the answers she must give to the questions for this new registration.

She wasn't joking when she said she was a lady without a country. For original nationality the answer was, "Stateless—of Georgian origin." The words of another person of similar original nationality came to mind. "Why on earth don't you keep your valuable papers in a safety deposit box instead of an old shoe-box?" he was asked.

He had answered with a sardonic half-smile, "Some of us have learned the hard way that when the enemy approaches your home you don't have time to get to a safety deposit box. You just grab what you can that's close at hand and run. And if you hope to have any identity in your new surroundings, you'd better have papers to prove you're you."

It was this same person, not Patti, who had revealed that if Patti's parents had been able to regain what they'd lost, she'd be a Georgian princess today.

But wife of John Derek she is, and she's as American as they come despite her current lack of American citizenship, and her charming but understandable accent.

As Patti and John talked, Russell Andre sat solemnly in his Taylor-Tot playing with some plastic toys. Often he'd look up at his mother with a happy little grin or reach out to pat Hero, the dog.

On the coffee table was the menu for dinner with ground steak and pork chops scheduled for the entree. "John has an open mind about everything but food," Patti said. "I've tried every way I know to change that but I haven't succeeded." So all of Patti's flair for continental cooking is lost on her husband.

When asked when they would move to their new home, Patti said:

"Not until we get a telephone out there." Southern California's phenomenal growth has outstripped the telephone company's ability to provide telephones. For some that's an irritation, and for others it creates a serious problem. The Dereks fall into the latter class. As everyone knows, Russell Andre had a very precarious entrance into the world. A very delicate operation gave him his chance to survive, but he's not completely out of danger yet. Three times Christmas Day he had milder, but nonetheless frightening, attacks of the old trouble. Three times the telephone went into immediate action to summon the doctor. What if there hadn't been a phone? The Dereks aren't moving out of range of one.

Less urgent was the fact the interior of the new home needed painting. John was snatching every moment he could to get it done before working on Columbia's *The Secret.* Just as long as he got Russell Andre's room painted—"Fresh paint discourages germs, you know," Patti said—everything will be all right.

Furniture? "Well, we had to buy everything, you know, but we have to take it easy anyway. Simple, early American for the living room and dining room. Bare essentials for the rest of the rooms. We have plenty of time to get the rest," Patti said, her tone daring anyone to stop them.

more than ever now the

RED CROSS

needs your help

But if fathers are told their country needs their services again? Well, then John Derek will go too, of course. Patti will comfort herself with the thought that he's a strong fellow capable of taking care of himself if he has a decent chance. He proved that as a paratrooper in the last war, participating in the re-taking of the Philippines and the occupation of Japan.

Both of them hope that if that time comes, Patti's talents will have been appreciated so that she can continue payments on that long-wanted home.

Neither, in taking their important step, have borrowed trouble, a practice which frightens so many into temporary living. They're walking firmly and unafraid into the future they want; not blindly, but fully aware that serious trouble may come and if it does they'll face it then, not its ghost now.

"That's the real American way," says John Derek's wife. Then restates, "Here people build. Here if a man loses everything, why he just goes to work building to replace what he's lost. He doesn't just sit around hoping to get it back."

And the Dereks don't sit around either. They're going right after their happiness.

THE END

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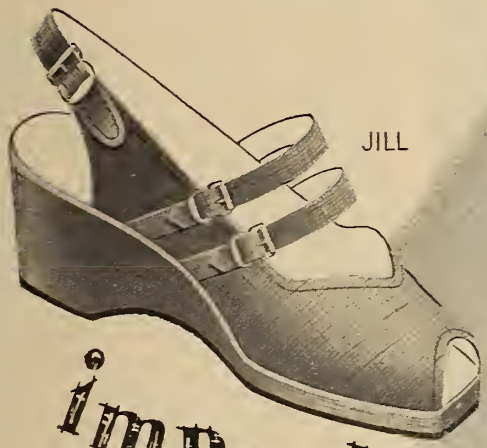
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- GERM RESISTANCE
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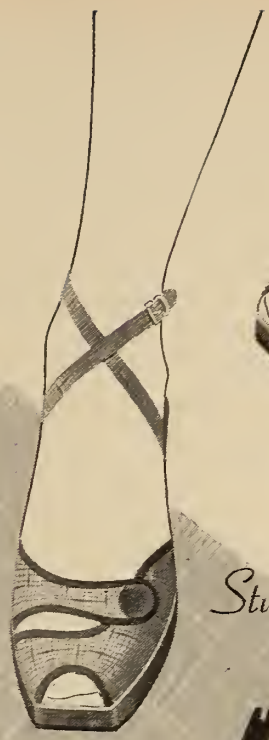
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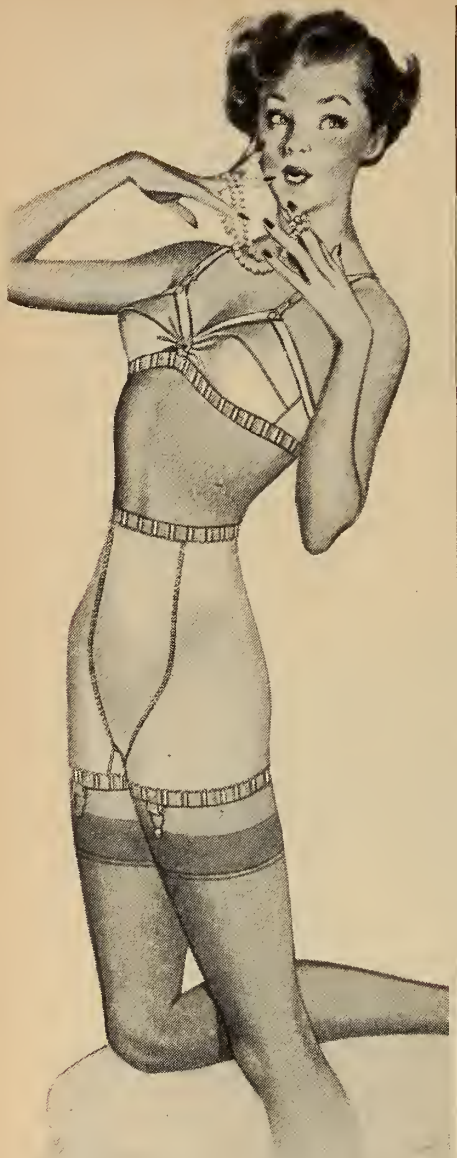


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casa montalban

(*Continued from page 46*) lavished on this first good house.

"RICARDO saw the place only once," his wife recalls. "Then he left for Mexico. Three weeks later, I met him at the airport and drove him home. I had the house full of flowers, there was champagne on ice, and all the rooms were ablaze with light. When he walked in the front door, the expression on his face was like a little boy's. He was wide-eyed and speechless."

He is still wide-eyed, and so happy in his house that he almost never goes away for a vacation. They like to pack picnic lunches and take Laura and Mark, the two oldest children, to the beach. They play tennis every morning and have parties whenever they please.

"Whenever I think of the money we save by not going out, I treat myself to a new dress," says Georgiana. "And the wonderful part of it is that Ric never complains about my occasional extravagances, but he loves to tease me when the bills come due. Only last week he picked up a statement from Saks Fifth Avenue. 'What's this?—A mink bath towel?' he said, pretending to read from the bill. For a minute I almost fainted at the thought of being charged for some little mink item. His laughter gave the joke away, but for a second he really had me worried."

The Montalbans' house was built by Alan Siple, one of the best architects in Southern California. He designed it for privacy and an economical use of every foot of floor space. Then for the fun of it, he added some romantic touches like the balcony and a real playing fountain in the dining room.

The living room is an island of privacy. It is two steps lower than the remainder of the house, and a pair of cypress panelled doors may be closed to shut this room off from the rest of the household traffic. Upstairs there are three large bedrooms, each with a private bath, while the master suite has two complete baths.

Right now, the Montalbans and their three children need every available bedroom and bath in the house. When baby Anita was born, almost two years ago, Georgiana decided to furnish a linen room next to the nursery as sleeping quarters for Mark. Thus each child and the nurse has a separate room.

WHEN it comes to furnishings, Georgiana likes to quote her mother once more. "Mama believes in buying one or two really good wooden pieces. She supplements these with less expensive upholstered furniture that can be replaced later on. She says that good cabinet-work is like good breeding—it shines through in the long run."

Among the really fine items in the Montalban living room are a Mother Superior desk that's a masterpiece of secret drawers and hidden compartments, two Italian antique commodes, a pair of French mirrors and the opera figures on the mantel.

The room is also full of typical Belzer decorating touches. The walls, for example, are covered with Chinese grass cloth instead of wall paper. This particular wall covering has remained untouched for 12 years, and it now looks more mellow and more beautiful than it did when new. Instead of using draperies at the windows, Georgiana's mother favors shutters. Long before these small-style louvres became as popular as they are today, she bought them at auctions of old estates and used them in all her decorating jobs. She likes to work a window seat into her homes, too, even if it means pushing out a wall or two.

"They serve as extra seating space without taking up precious floor room and are a godsend at parties," says Mrs. Belzer.

a modern screen quiz

Bert Parks, young M.C. of television's Break The Bank quiz show (NBC-TV) thought up these questions about Bing Crosby in honor of Bing's 20th anniversary. You'll find the answers on page 94.

1. Almost everyone knows Bing's theme song starts "Where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day someone waits for me", but can you give the second line of this old favorite?

2. Can you give two of Bing's other nicknames and also his real name?

3. When asked where he grew up, Bing says, "Near Gonzaga." Where and what is Gonzaga?

4. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have traveled many a road together. Can you name three?

5. For two generations, the Crosbys have had sets of four famous brothers. Name Bing's three well-known brothers, and his four sons.

Break The Bank is presented by Bristol-Myers.



break the bank

by bert parks

"You can also store bulky objects in them. And to please Ricardo, I had record storage cabinets built into the window recess. He has a large collection of Pan American music."

The home furnishing hint from his mother-in-law that Ricardo Montalban appreciates most, however, is the trick of taking antiques which are works of art and putting them to practical use. He and Georgiana collect old pewter objects, but they don't store them in a treasure chest. They use them for ash trays, lamp bases and vases. Even the chandelier in the dining room is an antique pewter urn. Last month the Montalbans found an elaborately-carved door in a second-hand store. They snapped it up at a bargain, and then took it to a cabinet-maker. Right now he's building a large cabinet to house the Philco radio-television set and the sound wire-recorder that Georgiana gave Ric for Christmas. Thus, this beautiful old door will camouflage the mechanics of their home entertainment.

THE room most lived in at the Montalbans' is the long narrow den. At one end is the alcove where the family eats breakfast on a glass-topped, wrought-iron table. The rest of the intimate little room is perfect for Ric when he wants to practice diction by talking into his wire recorder. Georgie likes to bring her mending in here, because the four glass doors opening onto the patio let in so much light, and she can also keep an eye on the children playing outdoors. The three young Montalbans like it because no matter how grimy their hands, or how much they romp on the yellow koroseal couch, none of the adults ever object. This wonderful leathery stuff is tough and washable.

Upstairs in the pink and white nursery, the furnishings look deceptively delicate, too. But all the chests and tables are painted with a high-gloss enamel that can and does get washed as regularly as the dishes. The rose-colored velvet chair in which Ric sits every night to read a bedtime story to Laura and Mark is not as impractical as it might seem at first glance. With the emphasis Mrs. Belzer places on quality, it's covered in the heaviest upholstery velvet she could find. The three active children see to it that the nursery takes quite a beating, and yet it shows relatively little wear and tear.

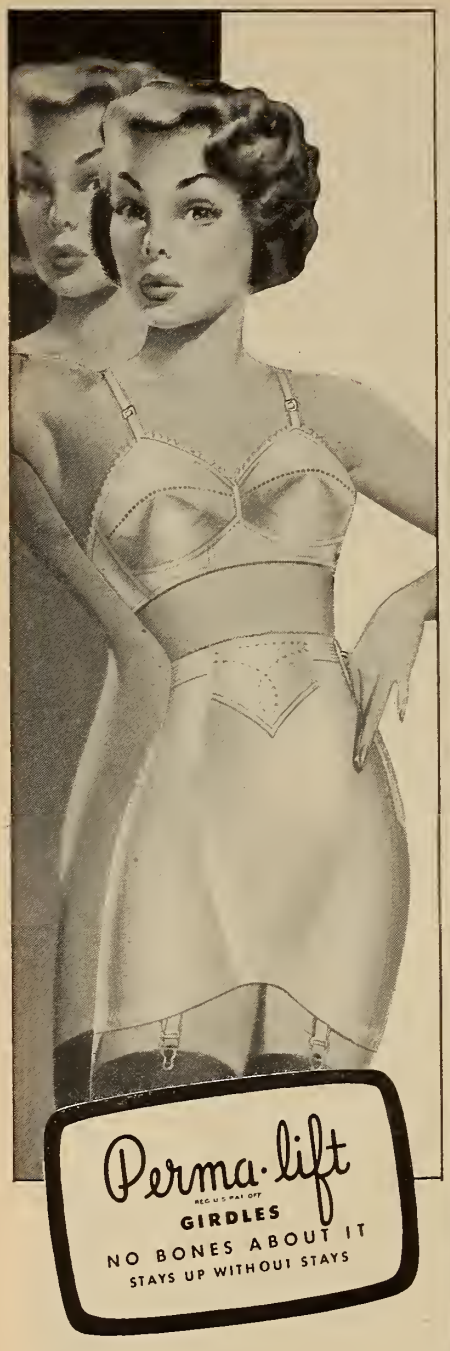
At the other end of the house, away from the nursery, the Montalbans have a spacious master bedroom. Its color scheme is predominantly white and green with an occasional touch of cyclamen. Mrs. Belzer had the draperies and bedspreads made of washable white linen. On the wall she made effective use of a green-white trellis wallpaper, and around the fireplace and over Georgiana's built-in vanity table, she had one of her talented craftsmen paint a green and white marbleized surface. The overall effect is as cool and fresh as a bed of mint.

In Georgiana's dressing-room bath next to the bedroom, another clever artist painted humorous and identifying murals on the wardrobe doors. But the smartest features of the dressing room are cotton shag carpeting to insure barefoot comfort, and the series of ordinary door hooks for storing Georgiana's costume jewelry in an orderly fashion.

Whenever Georgiana and Ricardo decide to make a few changes or add a new piece of furniture to their home, they first ask themselves, "Does it have a lasting quality and is it beautiful?" Then to make sure, they check with Mama Belzer—because in their opinion, Mama really does know best. THE END

(You can see Ricardo Montalban in MGM's Across The Wide Missouri—*Ed.)*





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Look For The Magic Inset

the bing crosby story

(*Continued from page 61*) and easy-going youth, Bing appears to have made a more exact appraisal of what his time is worth. He has probably never sat down and figured it out on paper, but he evidently feels that when he is not working, he should be doing something he enjoys. Some years ago, Bob Crosby was trying out his band for a job at the fashionable Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston, when Bing arrived in town after a visit to the nearby racetrack. Sensing a valuable publicity break, the manager of the hotel asked Bob if he could get Bing to pose for pictures with him, and Bob, without thinking, said, "Of course." That afternoon, Bob asked Bing to come up to the Roof for the band's tryout, but neglected to tell him about the photographers who would be there. When the elevator arrived at the Roof, and Bing saw the battery of cameramen waiting in the ballroom, he turned to the elevator operator and quietly said, "Down."

"Every floor that elevator went down I could see that job flying farther away," says Bob. "I was sort of hurt at the time, but now I realize how wrong it was for me to have put Bing in a spot like that without asking him first. In spite of all the nonsense he's had to put up with, Bing's been a wonderful brother to me."

Since he has been able to control the scheduling of his radio shows for Chesterfield, Bing has systematically planned his life. When he is involved with work in Hollywood, he spends every available moment at his home in Holmby Hills, or on the Bel Air golf course. On weekends, Bing drives to his home-away-from-home, the beautiful modern house at Pebble Beach, where he can live as a private citizen. "Pebble Beach gives Bing a peaceful haven, I suppose, from the flood of attention he gets in Hollywood," a Monterey newspaperman reported. "Up here, people don't give movie stars a second glance."

Bing spends his summers in other peaceful surroundings at his 20,000-acre ranch 60 miles from Elko, Nevada. No one bothers Bing for his autograph in Elko, but ranchers frequently stop him to ask how his cattle are enduring the summer heat, or how the trout are biting.

Last year, Bing purchased a vacation lodge at Hayden Lake, Idaho, where each fall he gives his boys a wonderful month of fishing and hunting as a payoff for their hard summer's work as cowhands.

On the surface, Bing's way of life would seem to have simplified his relations with people. But in effect, it has resulted in widening the vistas of his already complex personality. The people who met him during the years that he owned an interest in the Del Mar race track would swear that horse-racing is his principal interest. Musicians claim that singing is the love of his life. Professional golfers like Jimmy Demaret or Cary Middlecoff will tell you that Bing lives for the moments he can spend on the golf course. Bing is continually surprising people with his knowledge, all seemingly acquired without effort. Some years ago, for instance, he came back from a brief trip to South America and surprised all of his friends by demonstrating a fluent command of the Spanish language.

"I always thought it remarkable that Bing could have picked up a completely new language in such a short time," says Johnny Burke. "Then just by accident, when I took my own vacation to South America last summer, I discovered how hard Bing had to study to learn Spanish. On our boat was the same language teacher who 12 years ago had tutored Bing two hours each day. By the time he arrived in Buenos Aires, Bing spoke Spanish like a native."

Because of his inbred dislike of pretension in others, Bing has always hidden his own intellectual accomplishments behind a glib facade of jive talk and sporting news. Actually, however, he is one of the best informed men in Hollywood.

"He has so much information and technique stored up inside of him," an admirer recently remarked, "it's a wonder he doesn't explode."

Although he is not surrounded by an entourage of yeah-sayers and glad-handers, Bing is very close to many of his business associates. Wally Westmore, his makeup man, is a close friend, as is John O'Melveny, his attorney. Bill Morrow, who writes and produces his radio show, was a fishing buddy long before he went to work for Bing. Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, who write his songs, are always welcome guests at the Crosby manor. Barney Dean, whose gags have sparked many of the Crosby-Hope comedies, often travels with Bing to golf tournaments and army camp shows. There is apparently no standard by which Bing chooses his friends. Either he likes a person or he doesn't; he rarely changes his mind about anyone.

Bing has many bachelor friends, but there is not one among them who does not envy his rewarding family life. Only once or twice during his 21 years of marriage to Dixie has any serious trouble arisen. Last summer when Bing took a holiday in Europe without Dixie, a rumor hit the front pages that they were separating. But like other rumors of dissension in the Crosby household, it evaporated faster than the printer's ink. This spring, Bing and Dixie have never been happier.

Someone asked Leonard Goldstein of Universal-International (one of Hollywood's busiest producers) if he dreamed of winning an Academy Award. The stocky, affable Goldstein said, "No, it would change my whole life. I'd have to buy a tuxedo—and go around with people who own tuxedos."—*Gladwin Hall in The New York Times.*

Not long ago, the Crosbys held a wonderfully informal western party at their Holmby Hills home, a real hoe-down affair where everyone came dressed in levis and plaid shirts.

"I haven't seen Bing enjoy himself so much for years," one of his guests reported the next morning. "He and the band he'd asked over rambled through every jazz hit since 1900, and although he had an early call at Paramount the next morning, Bing just couldn't stop singing."

Dixie and Bing enjoy occasions of this sort. But since their children were born, neither have enjoyed party-giving nor party-going on a large scale. For more than 15 years, their life has centered around their four boys.

"Dixie and Bing have done a wonderful job of raising their boys," says Bing's brother Everett. "They stood a pretty good chance of being spoiled, but they've been brought up to understand the value of money, hard work, and earning their own rights to a place in the sun. Bing has never pampered any of them, and now that they are getting old enough to do their own thinking, they'll think right."

Bing has been Hollywood's most celebrated father for many years, even before the National Father's Day Committee, in 1945, designated him as "The Screen Father of the Year," an honor he has received several times since. Although Bing has never denied his boys

anything, he always has managed to find plenty of work for them to do, even when they were little.

"You aren't going to get anywhere by ducking your chores," he used to tell them. "I've got spies."

"Yeah, I know," Gary used to say. "Mom."

Friends of Bing often recoil at the whip-like quality of his sons' humor. It isn't smarty and wise-cracking; rather, it is pertinent and adult, and full of the originality that flavors Bing's own speech. Even when they were infants, Bing did not talk down to his Irishers, as he calls his boys.

"I remember one night in 1938, when my wife and I were visiting the Crosbys at their ranch in Del Mar," says Johnny Burke. "It was Bing's turn to tell the boys their bedtime story. When they were all ready for bed, he started the story of Old King Cole. In his version, Cole was a guy who had been raised in New Orleans around hot music, and he was having a tough time trying to lead the life of a king. He really didn't go for that chamber music, but nonetheless he still had to call for his fiddlers three. When Gary asked him, 'Why, pop?' Bing said, 'Noblesse oblige, son. He had to go along with the court crowd.'"

According to Johnny, all of the popular nursery tales were given an original and imaginative twist by Bing. Little Red Riding Hood, in his version, turned up as a vaudeville performer who broke up with her partner, a quick change artist, after a bum date in Kansas City. When she went home to live with her grandmother, she met a woodsman who gave her a big play, and she liked him, too. Then one day, her partner showed up dressed as a wolf and tried to break up their romance. But the woodsman was brave and chased the wolf away. Of course, Little Red Riding Hood knew all the time the wolf was her old partner—his makeup job was lousy. Bing used to summarize the tale with a moral: "The woodsman was certainly brave, kids, standing up to the wolf like that. But you have to give Little Red Riding Hood credit, too . . . she was a smart little cookie not to let on that the wolf wasn't really a wolf."

THE Crosbys' Pebble Beach home is not far from Bellarmine Prep, where Bing's three oldest boys are now enrolled. Sometimes they all spend an entire weekend playing golf at Pebble Beach, where the boys have been getting instructions for three years from venerable Peter Hay, the dean of California pros. Bing's home is built on the 13th fairway, and golfers often catch sight of the boys, sitting like a tree full of owls in the branches of the spreading oak that overlooks the green.

Bing has played backyard baseball with the kids since they were big enough to hold a bat. Athletics always interested them. Today, Gary is a hard-driving fullback on the varsity team, and his younger brothers, Dennis and Philip, are regulars on the B team at Bellarmine. Lindsay, who attends the Good Shepherd School in Beverly Hills, is merely waiting until he puts on enough weight to play.

"You ought to see those kids kick and throw a football around," says Lin Howard. "Every one of them looks like a pro."

Next fall, when Linny moves up to Bellarmine Prep, Bing's family will probably spend more time than ever at Pebble Beach. Although Gary starts in college next fall, he will either enroll at Santa Clara or Stanford, both within easy driving distance of the Monterey Peninsula. Both Bing and Dixie like their home there, and would like to be able to spend more time in it. When all of their boys are going to northern California schools, they

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In any event, Bing and the boys will be hard at work on the ranch again after the school term ends in June. Soon after they arrive at the ranch, each of the boys will be assigned to a crew, and will work, eat, and sleep with the men who run the place the year around. They will get up at daylight, spend the day pitching hay, herding cattle, or mending fences, and be in bed by 8:30 P.M. On Sundays, after Mass, they will go fishing or perhaps take a ride into town to see a movie.

"Someday the boys are going to own the ranch," Bing has said, "and I want them to know what the men working for them have to do."

"That life doesn't hurt Bing any, either," a friend commented. "He can keep himself in top shape just by following the schedule he sets for the boys."

Now that the boys have begun to make a splash in the entertainment world, Bing will undoubtedly work harder than ever to keep them in balance. Just recently, the Superior Court approved a contract with Decca Records which gives the boys a royalty of two-and-a-half cents on each of their records. This money will be added to the already considerable fortunes which are being held in trust for them by John O'Melveny, their father's lawyer.

Although Bing has had no qualms about allowing the boys to display their talents. neither he nor Dixie will let this unduly influence their future. "No son of mine is turning crooner until he finishes his schooling," Dixie says. "We don't mind the boys making a record now and then during summer vacation, just as long as it doesn't interfere with their school work. Gary sings well—all the boys do—but he is going to finish college before he tries to make a profession of it."

SINCE his father's death last fall, Bing has brought his mother closer into his daily life. She now usually spends weekends at his Holmby Hills home, even though her own home is just minutes away. According to brother Larry, Bing has never been at any major crossroads in his life that he did not write or call his mother before making his decision. Her advice and her prayers have obviously been quite beneficial.

"Where Mother might have fallen apart after Dad's death," says Bob Crosby, "she has too much to worry about with all of her children and their families. Believe me, she's still the guiding genius of this family. We all depend on her for advice."

Kate Crosby still worries about Bing. She worries about the rough and tough way he works his sons; she would treat them gentler, and probably spoil them. But she is rightfully and inordinately proud of her famous son, and is becoming reconciled, as her grandsons grow older, to the fact that Bing's way worked out pretty well.

Larry, Everett, and Bob, the three Crosby brothers who live in Hollywood, are also a vital part of Bing's life. Although demonstrativeness is not a characteristic of the Crosby makeup, there exists a deep-seated loyalty in the family. All of Bing's brothers are caricatured on his radio show. Larry, in real life a quiet, unhurried man with a penetrating dry humor, is pictured as a chronic worrier. Brother Bob's fatal fascination for the horses is the cause for numerous funny remarks. But brother Everett and his grasping interest in the dollar comes in for the worst pasting of all. Last fall, when Everett left for a tour of Europe with his wife, Bing mentioned on his show that Everett has started a new business over there—greasing channel swimmers. "You know my brother Everett," Bing continued confidentially "He's the greatest people-greaser in the world."

Everett's attitude about remarks like that is typical of all of Bing's brothers: "Why should I mind? I don't care if they make me sound like a jerk as long as it helps the show—and I get my ten per cent."

It would be easy to underestimate the significance of Everett's and Larry's contributions to Bing's success. In 1931, Everett, a garrulous truck salesman, quit his job in Los Angeles to gamble on Bing's future as a singer in New York. Today he handles the Crosby enterprises, and makes it possible for Bing to concentrate exclusively on his career as an entertainer. Larry, who came down to Los Angeles from a Seattle newspaper job in 1933, is responsible for establishing Bing's far-reaching fan club organization which is composed of more than 400 clubs in America, 80 in Canada, and another 300 in other nations of the world. For 18 years, Larry has directed Bing's efficient fan mail service, which each month sends replies to each of the 10,000 to 25,000 people who write Bing personal letters. Five secretries and three IBM electric typewriters are kept busy eight hours daily, classifying, sorting, and answering Bing's mail; and even they will be unable to process all the mail which will come during Bing's 20th anniversary. Larry also manages the Crosby Research Foundation, and handles Bing's vast donations to charity.

The list of his donations last year filled three typewritten pages and included orphanages, child-care centers, medical research, scholarships, and innumerable religious projects. For many years all of the royalties from his recording of "Silent Night," which to date has sold more than 5,000,000 copies, were given to 15 charitable organizations. During his entire career, Bing has never been known to refuse help to any priest with a worthy cause.

But Bing's favorite charity for the past ten years is the annual Crosby Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament at Pebble Beach, which has already provided the funds for four community youth centers on the Monterey Peninsula. Bing pays all the bills, including the $10,000 prize money. This year, the tournament, attended by 20,000 people, raised more than $40,000, after federal taxes, which will go directly into a program to build and improve recreational facilities for boys and girls of all denominations. Bing takes a great personal interest in the tournament and in the athletic programs of the centers. Last fall, when Joe Lilly, Bing's arranger at Paramount, flew up to Pebble Beach to play the tunes for *Mr. Music*, he was astonished when Bing met him at the airport with his car loaded down with cases of soda pop

"You aren't going to drink all that stuff?" he asked Bing.

"No, I have to drop it off for the boys over in Carmel," Bing replied.

Bing stopped by the Carmel center and unloaded the pop himself.

BING'S participation in worthy causes is not restricted to cash donations. He has been one of the principal supporters of Father Peyton's Family Hour program on Mutual. Father Patrick Peyton, whose theme is: "The Family Who Prays Together, Stays Together," first met Bing over the phone when he asked him to appear on his initial broadcast on VE day. Bing, who was then working in *Bells of St. Mary's*, agreed at once.

"Only two other players in Hollywood, Ann Blyth and Loretta Young, have appeared on our programs more often than Bing," says Father Peyton. "Every time he has been asked, he has done everything he could for the cause of family prayer."

Bing has always been a devoted churchgoer. He and the boys frequently sing together at early Mass. As a result of his appearances as a priest in *Going My Way* and *Bells of St. Mary's*, Bing was responsible for giving the public an entirely new insight into the activities of a priest in modern society. Today, he is America's best known lay Catholic, whose public identification with his religion is clearly indicated by the many letters he receives yearly asking him to say a special prayer for people in need.

Bing Crosby is, indeed, a many-sided man. But the image which most people hold of him will undoubtedly continue to be that of an easy-going, friendly singer whose own responses to life are incredibly normal and like those of his fellow Americans. At 48 Bing somehow manages, although he is balding and spreading at the waist, to present an exterior of almost indestructible youthfulness.

Twenty years ago, when he was just beginning his career as America's greatest singer, Bing felt sure his days were numbered. Shortly after he had finished his first sensational appearance at the Paramount Theater in New York, he called in his brother Everett and asked how things were going.

"Just great, Bing," Everett told him. "I have all sorts of things booked for you."

"Line up everything you can," Bing replied. "This can't possibly last."

There is no one in America more surprised than Bing Crosby that it did.

THE END

(Bing is currently at work in Paramount's Here Comes the Groom, *co-starring Jane Wyman.—Ed.)*

it comes up love

(Continued from page 59) enthusiastic fellow and didn't consider his contributions to the players' weary efforts at all out of the ordinary. A Warner Brothers movie scout did, though, and Ronnie suddenly found himself giving everything he had to drawing room chatter before a camera.

Ronnie was working in a Bette Davis picture when the production office sent him a note one day advising him to show up the next morning in white tie and tails. Naturally, Ronnie dropped into wardrobe and asked for a fitting. He was informed that, being a stellar performer of sorts, he was obliged to provide his own evening clothes. Ronnie admitted very frankly that he didn't own a suit of tails—and that quite possibly he never would, as they didn't go over too big in Nebraska.

The wardrobe man gave him the card of a good tailor, and washed his hands of the whole affair.

Ronnie sat quietly in a pal's office and mulled over the matter. On his salary, he couldn't afford tails—and he might never need them again in a picture. So he did the only sensible thing. He went down to a pawn shop, bought a suit of 1890 tails for $12.00, and blandly showed up on the set the next morning dressed almost as ordered.

The director, Edmund Goulding, almost had apoplexy. He roared and thundered that a man made up like Harold Lloyd couldn't make love to Bette Davis. He finally dragged Ronnie up to the front office so that the bosses could see for themselves. The result was that the studio invested a couple of thousand dollars in a Reagan wardrobe. It was not only a splendid victory for Ronnie, but just about as classy a gag as he has been able to get away with since.

THERE is no question about it; the years have mellowed Ronald Reagan considerably. They have also given him a sense of responsibility toward the community and the nation. His off-screen activities attest to this. But in the man whom many call stuffy, there is still a lot of the boy who loved to call football games.

There was a real period of melancholy following his separation from Jane Wyman, because Reagan is normally straight-laced and doesn't take such things lightly. But it didn't last nearly as long as they say it did. One of the reasons for the lonely-boy legend may have been that Ronnie doesn't smile easily on command. Consequently, when photographed at nightclubs he usually had a long face. If the photographer had waited until somebody told a funny story, he'd probably have made a swell shot of Ronnie rolling on the floor in enjoyment.

Another contributing factor to the legend is undoubtedly the character of his free time occupation. Ronnie is a tireless, sometimes fanatic, worker in the interests of the Screen Actors' Guild and certain political organizations. These are very serious matters and, as a spokesman for his interests, Reagan's most quoted statements have had to do with weighty problems. This cannot get a man a reputation for being a Katzenjammer or a great wit. Actually, Reagan is something of both.

An incident indicating Ronald Reagan's humor and understanding of the boisterous life took place during the war when Ronnie, a captain, was temporarily stationed in Hollywood.

Anyone who has ever worn the ill-fitting brown of a private's suit knows that every enlisted man in the army at one time or another has vowed to track down and trounce at least one officer. But no man in his right mind ever dared do it.

A couple of G.I.'s were spending their furlough money at Ciro's one night, when they playfully decided to take the place apart. There was what was mildly reported as a scuffle, the M.P.'s were called, and the merrymaking dog-faces were dragged outside to the parking lot where they began reducing the Provost Marshal's staff by two good men. At this point, an army car pulled into the lot, and Captain Ronald Reagan got out, sped to the scene and shouted a command for everyone to hold fire. One of the soldiers had a good one left in him, and landed it smack on Captain Reagan's nose.

Quiet fell on Sunset Strip. Even the civilians paled. The M.P.'s trembled in terror for their late antagonists.

"Take them away," said Captain Reagan.

"Yes, sir," said the M.P. still able to talk. "And what is the name of the officer we will charge them with striking, sir?"

"Take them to their hotel," said Captain Reagan, "and keep your mouth shut about anybody hitting anybody."

The four soldiers got into a jeep and drove away, marvelling at the wonder of having found an officer with a real, beating heart. Captain Reagan dabbed the crimson from his nose and went into Ciro's.

"How about that!" he is reported to have remarked to a bartender. "He had to get drunk—but one of them finally got up the nerve to do it. And a captain, too!"

IT IS an odd thing that whenever a movie star shows the slightest tendency toward serious thought on any subject, the word gets around that he is a stuffed shirt. And if he indulges in vital activities

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he is stamped as a funless, loveless, tragic shell of a man, who enjoys nothing more than suffering and toting the burdens of others.

Fortunately, for some of Hollywood's serious causes, this is not a fact. And it is not a fact that Ronald Reagan is a stuffed shirt in even the slightest degree. True, he feels called upon at times to speak his piece on such matters as the irresponsible press, but he speaks mainly on behalf of his fellows. If he is noted as a chap who would chill his own dear mother if he should pass her on the street, it is only because he is so near-sighted that he can't tell a watermelon from a corn cob unless it's balanced on the end of his nose. He doesn't like to wear his glasses.

Ronald Reagan is an enthusiastic animal in his every waking moment. He loves to laugh; he loves to play. He loves to whistle at chorus girls, drive fast cars, roll on the grass with kids, swim in the ocean and gallop on a fast horse off into the horizon. In other words, he likes to live.

You can lay the fact that he is known as a solitary gentleman with an aching heart directly at the door of the crusade that has been conducted for him by other people. And, for an assist, add the rather human quality of fear, for he has been afraid to open his mouth because he thought he might be misunderstood, misquoted, or held up to ridicule. He hasn't talked—and he's taking the consequences.

In the case of Nancy Davis, though, even the diehards have begun to admit that maybe he does have a spark of love for her in his tired old heart. And his intimates know that the spark is deep and real and no doubt long-lasting.

It would be hard to find a girl more suited to Ronnie Reagan's somewhat split nature than Nancy Davis. She, too, has been tagged the serious type—mainly because of the roles she has so ably played in her MGM pictures. She comes from one of Chicago's first families. Her father is one of the world's most noted brain surgeons, and her mother is a society leader. She has been educated in the finest schools and, actually, is not entirely in her native element in the theatrical profession.

However, she is just about all the things Reagan is, except that she never whistles at chorus girls.

They met in a rather official, although informal, manner. There was a vacancy on the board of directors of the Screen Actors' Guild and, according to its policy of trying to get prominent players in office, it was decided to ask Nancy to accept the post.

Reagan, as president, was to make the formal call to Nancy. So he called and suggested that, since they didn't know each other, they meet across a plate of spaghetti or something. They've been looking at one another across something on a plate almost every night since.

Because of a fanatic desire to keep his name out of the papers as a lover, Ronald Reagan has been a bit sneaky in his courting of Nancy Davis. And, because she is the type of girl who never goes to carnivals, Nancy has helped all she can in this endeavor. They lean toward quiet, out-of-the-way dining places, or if they dine in Hollywood itself, it is generally at Chasens, a restaurant prohibiting photographers.

Most of their dates are spent at the homes of friends, like the Bill Holdens or the Glenn Fords. The fun is fast and furious, and the hand-holding, if there is any, safe from prying eyes. Because they are both active in the SAG, they spend long evenings after the weekly meetings talking about contracts, demands, concessions—and maybe love.

Ronald Reagan's greatest passion is horses. When he is not working on *The Last Outpost* or "presidenting", he can be found out at his horse ranch in the San Fernando Valley sitting on a rail fence checking up on his stock—and Nancy is generally sitting on the next rail. A lot of the time, Ronnie will have his kids along, Maureen, ten, and Michael, six. The four of them get along just fine.

Ronnie expects the horse business to pay off and anticipates that he will be a full-time breeder when the last camera crank has turned for him. His obvious desire to show Nancy all there is to be seen about the care and breeding of horses is a pretty good indication that he expects her to be around the farm when that day comes.

Ronnie is no sudden hot flash in the life of Nancy Davis. She is not the hot flash type of girl. When she first arrived in Hollywood, she dated only old friends of the family. She met Bob Walker, and it appeared that they had found something resembling romance. Actually, this wasn't so. Their relationship was almost purely professional. Nancy admired him as an actor, they both worked at the same studio, and he was showing her the ropes.

She met and dated Robert Sterling, but when a photographer wanted to take their picture one night when Reagan was away in the East, Nancy only consented when it was understood that no romantic innuendo would be written into the caption. Beyond those two boys, there were none until Ronnie.

Friends who recently came from London will make affidavits that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., put it this way: "I can arrange a party for you with all the top British cinema stars—but, of course, if you want to meet royalty you'll have to give me two days' notice."—*Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

In a wonderfully ordinary way, Nancy Davis has a great gift for home-making, a real attribute as far as a man of Reagan's tastes is concerned. Some time after she got her contract at MGM, she moved to an apartment in Westwood. That community has a group of sales developers which visits newcomers to the city and presents gifts from the local merchants, along with an invitation that the new resident drop in and say hello. It is purely a commercial proposition designed to build good will, and attract new customers.

But Nancy Davis was so touched by the gesture that she was almost overcome with appreciation. She was probably the only person to ever do it, but she took the list of about 20 or 30 merchants, drove around to each one, thanked him for the gift and swore undying fidelity to his enterprise. She doesn't take even the simplest gesture of friendship lightly.

Speculating on the outcome of Hollywood romance is a risky business in any case. Love has often bloomed, burst into flame, and died rapidly from a kick in the shins. What looks like mad passion today might look like a plate of cold mashed potatoes tomorrow, no matter who the stars are. But in the case of Ronnie and Nancy, there is one difference. Neither of them is casual romantically, nor are they too old for romance, or too unresponsive to do without it. It can be safely deduced, then, that if they spend all their free time together and are lonely when they are apart, it has to be love.

One of these days there will be a formal announcement—probably of an engagement. For no matter how you figure it out, if you take the personalities, past histories, and current activities of Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis into serious account, it comes up love. The End

liz taylor's new romance

(*Continued from page 30*) Donen, her 26-year-old director—were dining out at Mocambo. Two tall lemonades were poised in front of them, but they went unnoticed. Stanley was gazing at Liz, and if she wasn't dazzled by his ardent expression, she was giving a great performance.

The following night they were eating together at La Rue's, with the same rapt expression in their eyes.

That week-end Liz drove down to Palm Springs with Barbara Thompson—her trial witness and Marshall Thompson's wife. When asked if Stanley Donen would drive with them or whether she planned on meeting him at the winter resort, Liz's answer was a quick, "Of course not."

That weekend he and Liz were holding hands at the Doll House, a Palm Springs restaurant. Since then, they've been seen together everywhere. They were practically inseparable during the month of February. You could find them together at night clubs, restaurants, movies, on the set, and there seemed to be an excitement about them that only romance can create.

Stanley says, "I've known Liz for years—ever since she was a kid on the lot. I think she's swell, a lot of fun, but all this talk about our being serious is a lot of bunk.

"Reporters say we fell in love while I directed her in *Love Is Better Than Ever*. That's not true. Why do we spend a lot of time together?

"Well, we enjoy each other. Liz is good company and we have a lot in common. Her whole life's been spent in show business and so has much of mine.

"I can't talk about the future because I don't know anything about it. Liz won't be free until January, 1952. An awful lot can happen in a year. Besides, I'm still married, at least technically.

"Why reporters keep trying to make a big romance out of us I don't know. Right now, we're seeing a lot of each other, sure. But that's probably because we've both just been through a couple of unhappy marriages."

INTEREST in Donen has risen since he's been dating Liz, and people are naturally curious about his background. He is a protegé of Gene Kelly. He was born in Columbia, South Carolina, April 13, 1925, and was raised there, attending Columbia High School and spending a few months at the State University.

Deciding that college wasn't for him, he headed for New York and with great luck, landed a job in the dancing chorus of *Pal Joey*.

Gene Kelly was the star of that show, and he took a liking to this tall, thin Southern boy with the dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. "You've got a lot of talent, kid," he told Stanley one day. "Stick with this business and you'll be a fine dancer."

Stanley stuck. He got a job in *Best Foot Forward*, a Broadway show in which June Allyson had a bit part.

When *Best Foot* moved to Hollywood via an MGM purchase, Stanley came along. "I danced in the chorus," he recalls, "and then stayed on, acting as an assistant dance director to Chuck Walters, Jack Donohue, and Don Loper. I used to see Liz Taylor around the lot—she was only 11 at the time. I was only 20 or so, and we used to say 'Hello,' which is about all you can say to an 11-year-old girl."

Fortunately for Stanley Donen, Gene Kelly was employed by MGM, too, so that in Gene he had his number-one booster. Gene kept going around the lot day after day telling producers to give Stanley a chance as a director.

"Give him a chance yourself," an executive told Kelly one day. "I'm too tired."

When Columbia borrowed Kelly to stage the dances for *Cover Girl*, he brought Stanley Donen with him. Stanley was so good an assistant that Columbia held onto him for two years, and MGM brought him back to collaborate with Gene as dance director on *Anchors Aweigh*.

Stanley then served as a dance director on ten more Metro pictures, while Liz Taylor was growing up and dating Glenn Davis, Bill Pawley, and several others.

DONEN's love life seemed limited to work until he met Jean Coyne, a young dancer who'd first taken dancing lessons from Gene Kelly in his cellar studio in Pittsburgh. Jean had come to Hollywood and was working with Stanley as a dancer. "The next thing you know," Donen says, "we got married.

"It was in April of '48, and the marriage lasted a year. Jean and I've been separated almost a year now."

In fact, Stanley Donen and his wife decided to take separate paths just a few weeks before Liz Taylor married Nicky Hilton at the Church of the Good Shepherd.

While Stanley's domestic affairs were falling apart, his career was blooming. He and Gene were handed the directorial reins of *On The Town*, and when that picture made a fortune, Donen was given the full directorship of *Royal Wedding*.

Fred Astaire, who starred in that with Jane Powell, praised him highly and MGM assigned him to *Love Is Better Than Ever*.

When Liz Taylor reported to Stanley for work on this film, she knew that her marriage to Hilton had been a failure. Stanley Donen knew the same thing about his marriage to Jean Coyne—so that at the outset these two had something in common.

It may seem strange, but this particular mutuality—the end of a marriage—has served as the basis of more second marriages than any other one factor in Hollywood.

This is not to say that Liz Taylor will become Mrs. Stanley Donen when her divorce becomes final. But it does mean that Stanley understands her problems, her situation, her frame of mind at this moment better than anyone else.

ALL during the making of the movie, Liz was upset. She'd left Hilton, she'd moved out of her mother's house, she was living in her stand-in's apartment, and yet Donen got her to act as if she were sublimely ecstatic.

Love Is Better Than Ever was finished on January 12th. Liz Taylor obtained her divorce on January 29th. The very next day Liz and Stan started going out together publicly.

A week later, Stan's wife, Jean Coyne, decided to leave New York where she's been living, come to Hollywood and discuss divorce with him.

By the time you read this, the chances are that Stanley Donen may be free to marry again.

Liz Taylor says that *her* thoughts these days are concentrated exclusively on her career, that marriage and men are farthest from her mind.

That may be true during the daytime, but in the evening it's a different story.

Liz, if anything, has always been the kind of girl who's been in love with love. Everytime she's dated a boy, he's become her steady. A manless life for her, for any period of time, no matter how short, would not be of her choosing.

She may say, "There's absolutely nothing between Stanley Donen and me. We're just colleagues who work together." But the truth is that with a little luck Stanley Donen may come to occupy a very large part of her heart. THE END

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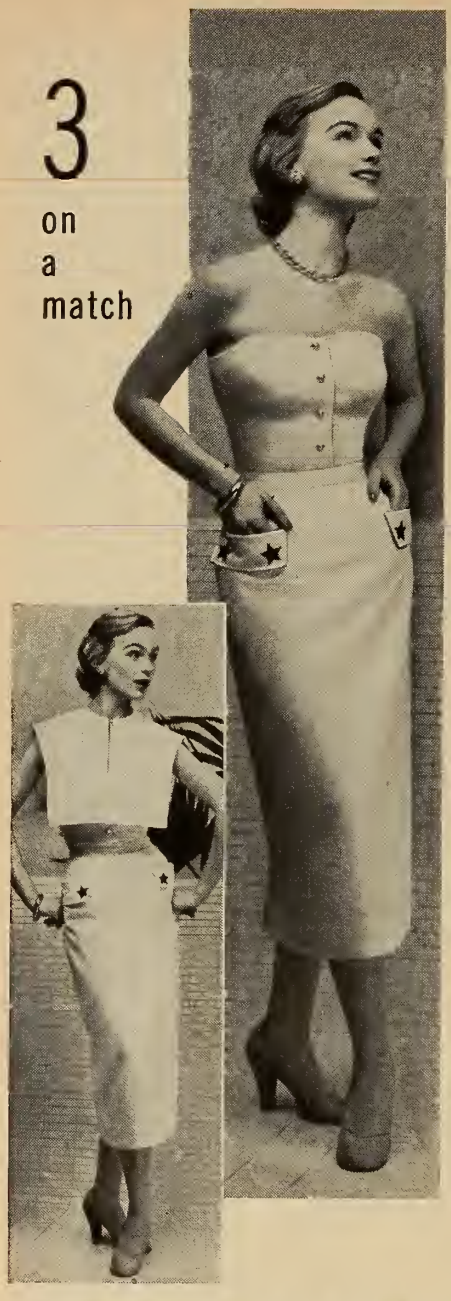
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Lawyer Jules Goldstone helps Liz and her witness, Barbara Thompson face reporters.

liz taylor's ordeal

Following is a transcript of the testimony given by Elizabeth Taylor and Barbara Thompson on January 29th, 1951, when Liz received her divorce from Nick Hilton.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT
OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
IN AND FOR
THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

Department No. 7
Hon. Thurmond Clarke, Judge

ELIZABETH HILTON, Plaintiff,
vs
CONRAD N. HILTON, JR., Defendant.
No. D 409065

REPORTER'S TRANSCRIPT

APPEARANCES:
For Plaintiff: JULES C. GOLDSTONE, Esq.
and
WILLIAM BERGER, Esq.

RYAN & BRUINGTON, by
G. BENTLEY RYAN, Esq.

C. W. LYMAN, Official Reporter

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY 29, 1951.

ELIZABETH HILTON,
plaintiff herein, called as a witness on her own behalf, being first duly sworn, testified as follows:

DIRECT EXAMINATION

BY MR. BERGER:

Q: Your name is Elizabeth Hilton?

A: Yes.

THE COURT: Mr. Ryan, you are appearing for the defendant?

MR. RYAN: That is correct.

THE COURT: The matter will go through as an uncontested matter, unless something develops?

MR. RYAN: That is correct.

Q: (By Mr. Berger) You are the plaintiff in this suit, Hilton vs. Hilton?

A: Yes.

Q: Have you been a resident of the County of Los Angeles and State of California for more than one year prior to your filing this action?

A: Yes.

Q: When and where were you married?

A: March 1st, 1950, at Beverly Hills.

Q: When were you separated?

A: Dec. 1, 1950.

Q: You have no children?

A: No.

Q: Mrs. Hilton, you allege in your complaint that during your married life with your husband, he acted towards you in a cruel manner. Will you tell the Court briefly what your husband's conduct was?

A: He was indifferent to me and used abusive language to me (Witness' voice dies away).

THE REPORTER: I can't hear her.

MR. BERGER: I will have to ask leading questions.

THE COURT: Yes. If you will repeat that, for the record, I think we have sufficient testimony.

Q: Mrs. Hilton, starting almost from the beginning of the marriage, your husband was indifferent to you, and he was very argumentative, and seemed to pick arguments with you for no apparent reason; then would become very violent, and use abusive language towards you. That occurred repeatedly during your married life. In addition, he spent most of the time away from you. When they were in France, on their honeymoon, he spent night after night at the Casino and remained away until five or six in the morning, and forced her to take a cab alone. This continued after she returned to Los Angeles.

THE COURT: Mrs. Hilton, is that all true and correct?

A: Yes.

THE COURT: It is a little bit unusual.

MR. RYAN: I understand it, the reporter could not hear, and I see no objection to it.

Q: Mrs. Hilton, do you remember when you returned from your honeymoon, you were in your hotel room with your mother and Mrs. Barbara Thompson?

A: Yes.

Q: Tell the Court what happened there?

A: We had just gotten home, and I had unpacked my clothes, and my mother was there, and Barbara Thompson. He came in and said, "What in the hell is going on here?" I tried to keep him from going on; it was embarrassing.

Q: Was this an example of the type of arguments and rudeness he exhibited towards you from time to time during your marriage?

A: Yes.

Q: During the following months back in Los Angeles, when you were out at public affairs, was he indifferent to you?

A: Yes, he was.

Q: Did he remain away from public affairs and make it conspicuous that he was indifferent to you?

A: Yes, he did.
Q: In other words, most of the times you would talk to him, it would end up in some kind of an argument?
A: Yes.
THE COURT: This all upset you and made you nervous and ill?
A: Yes.
Q: And caused you to lose a great deal of weight?
A: Yes.
Q: You have a substantial income from your work as a motion picture actress, and I understand you wish to waive any alimony?
A: Yes.
Q: And you wish the return of your maiden name?
A: Yes.

BARBARA THOMPSON,
called as a witness on behalf of the plaintiff, being first duly sworn, testified as follows:

THE CLERK: Your name is Barbara Thompson?
THE WITNESS: Yes.

DIRECT EXAMINATION
BY MR. BERGER:
Q: You are acquainted with the plaintiff in this action?
A: Yes.
Q: How long have you known her?
A: About four or five years.
Q: Do you know that she has been a resident of the County of Los Angeles and State of California for more than one year prior to the time she filed this action?
A: Yes.
Q: Do you recall, Mrs. Thompson, the occasion when you were present in her hotel room with Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Hilton, when her husband came in?
A: Yes.
Q: State what happened then.
A: The day Elizabeth came home from her honeymoon, I came over to have lunch, and had been there a short time when Mrs. Hilton and her mother arrived. She had lost a tremendous amount of weight. He came in and said, "What the hell is going on here?" He was very rude to Mrs. Taylor. I asked Elizabeth to take me home. She had several bags, and she asked Mr. Hilton to take them out to the car, and he said, "Get the bell boy to take them out." Afterward he took them out.
Q: Mrs. Thompson, did you have occasion to see Mr. and Mrs. Hilton at social affairs and other functions?
A: Yes.
Q: Was this attitude typical of his attitude towards her when you talked to them in later months?
A: Yes.
Q: Have you had occasion to observe the effect of his conduct upon her health?
A: Yes.
Q: Tell what it was.
A: When she was on her honeymoon, she was very gay, but when she returned she was very moody and very tired.
MR. RYAN: Mrs. Hilton, I understand you are waiving further alimony and are satisfied. (*To judge*) She is the recipient of substantial income from her work.
THE COURT: Yes; she understands that.
MR. BERGER: Yes, she does.
THE COURT: The divorce will be granted.

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☐ *Use luminous paint*

Save stumbling, fumbling! Outline door edges, switch plates with luminous paint. Likewise, why not sparkle your "specs" with new Kleenex eyeglass tissues? Big enough, strong enough, lint-free—and they serve *one at a time.*



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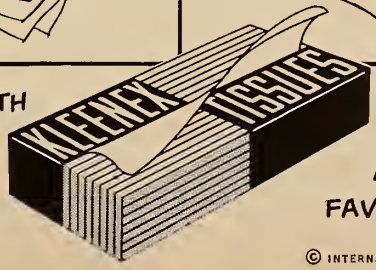
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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Has "he" lost interest? Then swallow your pride, and take a good look at your attitude.

I'M very happy, because so many girls wrote to tell me that my column about how to catch the boy you want has been helpful.

A follow-up on that column seems indicated since half the letters this month were from girls whose boy friends suddenly lost interest in them. The girls asked, "How can I get him back?" and "What did I do wrong?"

Since I was puzzled I put all the letters aside and then re-read them. Then the letters themselves gave me the answers. A girl from Troy, N. Y., wrote, "He told me he was crazy about me. Then I started to take him for granted. I guess I bossed him around. And now he doesn't like me any more. How can I get him back?"

Another girl—she lives in New Orleans—said, "I went around with Bill for seven months. Then I met a boy I thought I liked better. Now I realize my mistake. How can I get Bill back?"

After I had read hundreds of letters like that I realized what the trouble was. You lose your boy, 90 per cent of the time, because of something you have done. You get too sure of yourself. And of him. Or you make too many demands on him. Or you start looking around. So nine times out of ten when you lose your fellow it's your own fault.

I know that this is an "after the fact" deduction. But if mistakes couldn't be rectified then the world would be in a bigger mess than it is now. So first of all you face the fact that you've lost him because of something you have done. And when you know this, the business of saying, "I'm sorry" gets a lot easier.

I know all about pride. I've got it myself. But pride is dangerous stuff when you've lost something important. So the girl from Troy should be as honest with the boy as she was telling me about it. She should ask him if she could meet him after school, or if he would come to her house for half an hour. Then she should say, "I'm sorry. I was wrong. I was too bossy. I took you too much for granted. But I'd like to prove to myself and to you that I can change."

IT'S difficult—sure. It's hard to swallow your pride and admit you're wrong. But what is more difficult—suffering because you've lost the boy you're crazy about or just saying honestly that you're wrong?

And the New Orleans girl should say something like this, "I made a big mistake. I thought I was crazy about So-and-So but I found out I wasn't. If you can forgive me for being fickle I wish we could be good friends again."

I remember once I had to apologize to my parents for something I had done. I hated to do it. I put it off for a long time. Finally I did apologize and my mother said, "Joan, this is the biggest step you have taken toward becoming an adult. When you have the courage to admit you're wrong, you stop being a child and go into another bracket." I've never forgotten that and, oddly enough, I felt so much better myself when I said—and meant it—"I was wrong, and I'm sorry."

If the boy honestly likes you, you'll get him back—if he's worth having back. However, if he's found another girl that he likes better, then there's not much you can do; which is why if you've made a mistake you should apologize fast.

Although frequently the girl loses her fellow because of something she has done, there are exceptions. I had a letter from a girl who said that she was suddenly dropped by her steady for no apparent reason. Again the straightforward method is best. She should just go to him and

ask him what happened. This isn't easy, either. But it depends on how important the fellow is to her. I can't stand not knowing the truth. And if a boy suddenly becomes cold, there must be a reason. Asking the reason certainly can't do any harm. And it may do a lot of good. I always believe that there's no problem that can't be solved if the people involved sit down quietly and sanely, and talk it out.

I had a lot of letters from girls who said they lost their boy friends because other friends talked behind their backs. It's all very well to say, "If he believes gossip about me then I don't want him," but the false friend can be very insidious and very convincing. There are mean people who can tell lies and make them seem like the truth. And you can't always blame the poor fellow for being fooled. So there again, you don't play games. You just speak right up and ask, "What's wrong? What has So-and-So told you about me?" This is the only way you can defend yourself. And the whole truth is always the best defense.

But there's one thing you have to remember. If none of these things work, and if he doesn't want *you* back—then let him go. If he's fickle himself, if he's easily bored, he isn't the kind of boy you want to date. You're not being proud, you're being independent and sensible. Try to forget him and become interested in someone else, for at our age there is no such thing as the 'til-death-do-us-part kind of love.

Now here are some other problems. "Dear Joan: I went to a party with a boy. I think he likes me, but I'm not sure. How can I find out?

—D. C., Detroit, Mich."

A lot of kids have asked this same kind of question. I should think you can tell by a boy's actions whether he likes you or not. For example, how do you know whether or not a girl friend likes you? If she enjoys talking to you, if you have fun together—then she likes you. So if a boy likes to talk to you, and if you have fun together you can assume he likes you. Besides, isn't there a kind of sixth sense that tells a girl whether or not a boy is crazy about her?

"Dear Joan: How can I politely let a boy know that I don't want to date him? I'm 17, and a junior in high school. Even though I don't want to go out with him, I wouldn't want him to dislike me.

—J. A. F., San Francisco, Calif."

In the first place why don't you want to date this boy? If you're going steady with someone else, you just tell him so. If you're not and he's a nice boy, what's wrong with giving him a date? If you want him for a friend—as your letter indicates—then why shouldn't you go to the movies or a dance with him?

"Dear Joan: I'm a 19-year-old boy. I have been married and divorced and I go with a girl whose mother does not approve of me. I have tried my best to appease her. I am baffled and don't know what to do. Please give



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me your advice.

—J. T., Salisbury, N. C."

Well, first of all—don't appease her. Trying "to get on the good side" of a person is obvious and kind of false. You know how I feel—that there's nothing that can't be cured by honesty. If I were you, I'd go to this mother and ask her why she doesn't approve. If it's because you have been divorced, then just explain the circumstances to her. If it's for another reason then you can clear that up, too. She should certainly give you the chance to be heard. But don't have this talk with her when your girl friend is around. And don't try to do it casually. Make the meeting with her as important as it is. It is important.

Her gown fitted her as though it appreciated the opportunity—Joan Evans quoted by Walter Winchell in The Sunday Mirror.

"Dear Joan: I have a pug nose and everybody makes fun of it. Can you please tell me what I should do.

—B. C., Brooklyn, N. Y."

You know what? Gloria Swanson, one of the most glamorous women who ever lived, has a pug nose. And I'll bet when she was a kid people made fun of it. Well, just look at her today—and there's the best answer I can give you.

"Dear Miss Evans: I met a boy two years older than I am. My parents do not like him, but they are judging him by his relatives and they have never met him. I'm sure my parents would like him if they met him. Your advice would be very much appreciated.

—J. D., Kingston, Ontario, Canada."

Why can't you ask your parents to meet him and judge for themselves? This seems to me the only sensible thing to do, and I'm sure that if you explain to them how important it is to you they will at least meet him. Anyhow, I always think it's a good idea for parents to know the boys a girl goes out with.

"Dear Joan: I had infantile paralysis when I was four years old. Now I am 14 and my question is: 'Does it make any difference to a boy if you're a cripple?'

—Louise, Springfield, Mo."

When you think about the great people who have been physically handicapped, you'll find that the answer is, "No, it doesn't make any difference." But there's something you have to do. You must face the fact that you have a handicap. You must try not to be sensitive or defensive about it and, tough as it is to realize, you must be a little bit nicer, a little bit more amusing than other girls. If you compensate with sweetness and brightness for your physical handicap, your own handicap will be insignificant as compared to your charm.

"Dear Joan: Do you suppose a girl of 13 could be in love? My parents know and like him. We have loads of fun and we take each other seriously. We have lots to talk about and enjoy one another's company. Please tell me if this could be real love or

is it just a silly infatuation I'll get over?
—E. J., St. Louis, Mo."

What difference does it make? Why do you have to know whether it's real love or infatuation? The wisest person in the world—and that's certainly not me—can't answer a question about love and infatuation. And I don't think it matters. If you like this boy and he likes you, and your parents like him why bother about the old love-infatuation problem?

"Dear Miss Evans: My problem is that whenever anyone tells me anything for my own good, I always give back with some wise crack that makes me extremely sorry I said it later.
—P. L., Washington, D. C."

Oh, honey, you've sure come to the right girl. That's my problem, too. And you know what? I think it's kind of a universal problem. Nobody likes to be criticized. The first thing you want to say is, "Why, I don't do that" or, "That isn't like me." Learning to "take it" is real hard, but you've made the first step, just as I have.

You know you're wrong to give back with the wise crack. When you know you have a fault that's the beginning of learning how to correct it. It's only the people who go along blindly thinking they're perfect who have the real problems. But let me tell you what I did about taking criticism. Luckily for me, when I'm making a picture, I have to take criticism and not answer back. If I did I'd get into all kinds of trouble with the director. So I had to learn how to take it. It's not easy and it's not fun but if you have to, you have to. Now when I'm told something for my own good I try to analyse it. If I honestly think the criticism is fair I say, "Thank you. I'll try to correct this fault." If I feel sure it isn't fair, I say the same thing. For a wise crack never gets you anywhere, girl. Good luck. I know what you have to fight, but you can win if you try hard enough.

"Dear Joan: I'm 18 and I want to know if it is a shame to like cowboy heroes. Some older girls think so. I have three special favorites and belong to fan clubs of two of them. Do you think this is wrong and that I am too old for such things?
—B. W., Winchester, Ill."

I certainly don't see anything wrong in that. What about the important men in the business world who read detective stories? Is that wrong? What about me? I'm not big and important, but I love the Oz books. They're supposed to be for children only but I read them over and over again. And I like western movies, too. Don't be defensive about liking your cowboy heroes. If they interest you what difference does it make if you're eight or 80? Western movies are made to be entertaining. So enjoy yourself, and be happy you can.

EDITOR'S NOTE: DO YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGER PROBLEM? IF SO, TELL IT TO JOAN. SHE CAN'T ANSWER ALL YOUR LETTERS BUT SHE WILL PICK OUT THE MOST INTERESTING ONES. WRITE JOAN EVANS, CARE OF BOX 93, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

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AND ABOVE ALL remember this: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as* ZONITE.

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The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and a scientist. It's the *first* in the world to be so *powerfully effective* yet *absolutely safe*—safe—SAFE—to tissues. Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche and no other type was *so powerful* yet *safe* as ZONITE. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest injury.

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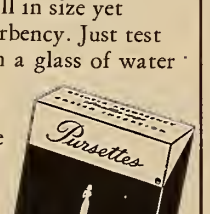
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SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, MD.

bergman today

(*Continued from page 16*) a second-hand apology. "Miss Bergman is terribly sorry, but—" or, "It just happens that this week, they—" All of which would only serve to lend a vague confirmation-by-hearsay to the worst of the gossip in America.

But the phone did ring in 55 minutes, which is amazing when you recall that in Italy an hour is a loose expression at best. And the voice said, "Do come to see us at seven."

It can now be said authoritatively, that this is the way it always happens. The Rossellinis run a house with what used to be called a salon. Their apartment is always full of callers; the talk is in three languages. It is quite possible that half the people in the living room at any one moment have not met the other half, or find, on being introduced, that they do not share a common knowledge of Spanish, Italian, French or English. The apartment itself is huge, and informal. Visitors are left to manage for themselves with an agreeable minimum of attention from servants. And sooner or later, everybody of consequence in Rome shows up for an evening of talk at the Rossellinis.

It has gotten so that people who fail to make it begin to feel they have somehow also failed socially. This is rather well illustrated by Robert Taylor's experience when he was here to make *Quo Vadis*. Taylor had heard the usual stories about Ingrid Bergman in Hollywood, and being a man who has learned the value of his own privacy, he made no overtures toward meeting her in Rome.

But wherever Taylor went he heard stories about Ingrid-this and Ingrid-that. It seemed to him that everybody in Rome was running into the girl at one time or another—except himself.

He turned to a newspaperwoman friend and remarked with some petulance:

"Look, everybody in Rome gets to see Ingrid Bergman but me, and I met her in Sweden before she even came to Hollywood. Do you think it might be managed for me to get to see her again?"

"Why, Bob," the newspaper woman said, "all you have to do is telephone. *Everybody* does."

"But how do I get the number?" Taylor asked.

"But everyone knows it in Rome, Bob," he was told. And it is the truth. The present writer, who left his little address book in his hotel and had to call the Rossellinis, asked the barman of the Excelsior. A moment later he came back with the correct number.

So much, then, for the myth of Bergman's inaccessibility. The next universal surprise is that far from being a ghastly caricature of her former self, her beauty wasted away and her spirit hopelessly crushed, Ingrid today is actually a more strikingly handsome woman than she ever was, which is saying a good deal. She has lost some weight, which she could afford to do, but her face is unmarked, as eager as ever, and as natural.

This seems to surprise everyone. Ingrid herself has commented on it. When Jack Benny came to call last summer, she said, he spoke to her in almost conspiratorial tones over the telephone. He walked into the room, regarded her closely and saw her as she is, which is to say happy and bright. Then he fell into a chair in the relieved manner of a man who had steeled himself for a shock which didn't come. "I see now how wrong I was," Jack said. "You're all right. You're absolutely happy."

Now this is not to say that the past year has left Ingrid untouched. It is only lately that she has begun to feel really well again. There are problems still, and the solution of most of these is inevitably in the hands of time. But Bergman is willing to look ahead today, something that was not equally true a year ago.

"It is like an illness you've gone through," Ingrid has said. "As time goes on, it recedes more and more into the past and you find you forget lots of things."

Perhaps the main reason Ingrid is able to forget, is that she is willing and anxious to get back to work. There was a time in her life when she said, and apparently meant it, that she was going to quit pictures for good. Although she now says she never meant to give up acting, it was so taken at the time. A constant flood of mail from all over the world has persuaded her that this is impossible.

And the decision to get back to work has further strengthened Ingrid. She has always been active, full of a variety of interests. The enforced solitude of her life after she became the hottest piece of front page copy in every paper in the world, left her with nothing to do but hide.

"I don't know what Ingrid was thinking of at that time of her life," a friend of hers has said. "Surely she didn't think that this was something the newspapers would not be interested in. I'd heard she was always pretty understanding about the work of newspapermen. Then she acted as though they had invaded her privacy, without right."

Ingrid does not want to look back today. Interestingly enough, her best friends continue to be writers and journalists. She talks freely with them about everything, except her motives in attempting to keep herself from the public gaze during a period when she obviously was bound to be big news.

Every so often one of these friends will disappoint Ingrid by filing a story that Roberto is a playboy because he has three cars, one a sharp Ferrari racer, and because he used to squire Marilyn Buferd, the former Miss America (who is making a nice career in Rome of having been just that) or Anna Magnani, the great Italian actress, around town. That a top director should have a hobby collecting cars seems no more strange than that he should have a couple of race-horses; and that he should not have been exactly starving for female companionship before he got married ought to be taken for granted. But it's all in the way it's presented, of course. And even though the past year has seen at least two friends of the Rossellinis make a good deal of this, Ingrid still refuses to be angry or bitter about it.

"I guess there are some people you just have to learn about the hard way."

Was she ever bitter, however, or was there anything that hurt her during all the days when she regarded American public opinion as dead-set against her? "Yes, one thing," Ingrid has said. "Talk that I abandoned Pia." When she even says the word *abandoned* you can feel the quotation marks around it.

"It wasn't true of course. I talked to Pia on the telephone all the time. I wrote to her. She wrote to me. Even when the court business was settled and I got half-custody, I thought at once of more than just seeing Pia. I thought of what would be best for her, to help her make the adjustment to a new kind of life. Far from being abandoned, Pia was in my thoughts all the time, every minute. Pia knows that."

The one thing that still troubles Ingrid is her separation from Pia. They were a deeply devoted mother and daughter and what happened did so in a way that no 12-year-old can understand. There is,

inevitably, a feeling of guilt attached to leaving a child to whom one has been so close, despite the frequency of letters or telephone calls. One does not have to talk long to Ingrid to realize she still possesses this normal fear that her daughter may think she "let her down."

Ingrid is looking forward to the coming summer when she may spend the first months she's been able to with Pia since she left California almost two years ago to make *Stromboli*. At the moment of this writing, it is clear that Ingrid isn't absolutely sure that she will be allowed to see Pia. She will move heaven and earth to spend time with her. But she doesn't want to make her daughter a pawn in a game between two people who have differences quite apart from the child.

"Don't say anything to hurt Pia or Peter," she will urge a writer. "They have suffered enough."

A mutual friend of Ingrid and her ex-husband tells of when Ingrid received no message from Pia. Ingrid, of course, had dispatched the usual number of Christmas gifts to her daughter, mailed well enough in advance to reach her in time. But, says the friend, Ingrid never received an acknowledgment that the packages had arrived, and she began to fret. She did not want her daughter to think that her mother had forgotten her on this, their first Christmas apart.

When Ingrid telephoned Pia, the friend says, there was difficulty getting through. This further distressed Ingrid. Were they simply refusing to talk to her? Wouldn't they even come to the telephone? Were they deliberately attempting to keep her from Pia, somehow to poison the child's mind against her?

What actually happened was that Pia and Dr. Lindstrom had gone out of town. But at the six or seven-thousand mile remove that Rome is from California, this is one of the things you never imagine. Finally, in the rush of Christmas mail, messages came from Pia—and Ingrid knew her fears had been groundless.

Italian film fan magazines charge for all publicity. A cover on one of the mags costs the star $65 (40,000 lire). The only star who gets free space is Ingrid Bergman.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

That rush of Christmas mail also proved something else to Ingrid. Before last Christmas she wasn't very sure how well she stood with her American public. She read nothing but the newspapers and, inevitably, conceived the notion that everybody hated her. Why else should they "hound" her at this time of her life?

But last Christmas' mail forced her to change her mind. The Italian post office had to put on special men to handle the mountain of cards and letters she received from people in America who sent encouraging and reassuring messages.

No American producer of any consequence who passes through Rome fails to make a proposal that Ingrid do a picture for him.

"I guess I'm not quite as washed up as I feared I was," she has said ruefully.

She and Rossellini, by the time this appears, should have begun work on a picture called *Europe, 1951*, in France. The new picture appears to be of a style quite new for Rossellini, a "problem" picture as Hollywood calls them, with a fairly involved plot. In it Ingrid plays the mother of a young son who, troubled by the plight of the modern world, appears to think he has no alternative but suicide. Her relationship to her son, to a man to whom her son has turned, and to her husband make up the core of the story. But where *Stromboli*, the American version of which, incidentally, Rossellini regards as a horror—was shot "off the cuff," largely without a real script, the new picture will probably get a real script. Talking about the picture, it becomes pretty clear that Ingrid is anxious to start acting again.

She is not only obviously in love with Roberto Rossellini, but regards him as the most creative film-maker with whom she has ever worked. She has a tremendous respect for Alfred Hitchcock, and the late Victor Fleming, but to her, neither possessed Rossellini's creative flair.

Ingrid and her husband have minor differences, as actress and producer. He likes to "ad lib" his stories and his scenes. She is a careful actress who knows her part long before she faces the camera. They appear to have hit on a compromise for *Europe, 1951*. This picture should prove even more interesting than the original version of *Stromboli* because it will be a kind of collaboration.

But the most important reason for Ingrid's present happiness is a blue-eyed, blond-haired, one-year-old lad named Robertino. He is a quick, alert child who gazes, smiling, at strangers until he decides he does not like what he sees, and then starts to bawl. On being picked up by his mother, the tears turn to smiles.

Watching Ingrid Bergman hold that child in her arms, you can be absolutely certain that she is happy—so happy that she has no time for regrets about what she has done. Bergman, today, is anxious to go back to work on a full-time basis, pleased in the knowledge that the public still wants her. THE END



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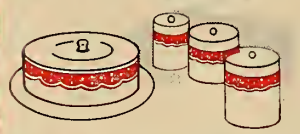
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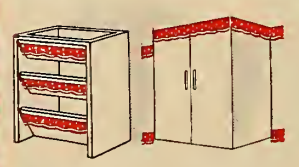


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to each his own

(*Continued from page 62*) courage in them all. None of them ever tries to escape from reality.

Incidentally, I believe that a man can be deeply religious without ever attending a church or synagogue. I admire and respect those who go to church regularly, if in their daily lives they try to practice the things they accept spiritually when they attend church. But I have no respect at all for anyone who attends a place of worship every week, and then on weekdays violates every tenet of the religion in which he pretends to believe.

If, when they're old enough to think about it, my son, David, who is seven, or my daughter, Julie, who is five, were ever to ask me, "Daddy, what's God?" I would say, "Many people have different ideas about Him. But I think God is essentially a way of living—a philosophy of life. In the final analysis, God is within yourself."

When I attend a synagogue, I do so mostly because of the beauty of the music and because, in a sense, religion does have something to do with traditions. I collect records of the great cantorial songs for sentimental reasons. The cornerstone of my philosophy is a belief in the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Sometimes, because I have tried to follow this rule quite literally, I have been considered peculiar.

For instance, a friend of mine, a playwright, asked me to come backstage to see him the night of the opening of one of his plays. When I came back with a mutual friend, the playwright asked me what I thought of his play. It was not good, and I told him so. Our mutual friend kept kicking me in the legs while I explained why the play didn't appeal to me.

When we got outside, he said, "Didn't you realize you hurt his feelings?"

"What was I supposed to do—lie to him to make him feel better?" I countered.

I had literally followed the Golden Rule. In a similar situation, I would expect honesty from my friends. Sometimes the truth hurts, but in the end it is less brutal than an untruth; for if you have been fed a lot of pleasant lies, the truth, when you learn it, hurts all the more.

I REMEMBER that in 1940 I appeared in a play called *Heavenly Express*. I was greatly infatuated with it, and thought I gave a pretty exciting performance. Backstage after the opening, Robbie, my wife, told me the truth. "Julie," she said, "your acting smelled up the place."

I was hurt momentarily, but out of that experience I learned that my wife would always level with me. Obviously she followed the Golden Rule, for she wants similar honesty from me.

The philosophy of the Golden Rule is true, regardless of whether there is an after-life or not. It would be presumptuous on my part to say whether or not there is such a thing as immortality. Who knows? I find it hard to believe in heaven or hell as definite, specific places to which we will go after death. I do believe, however, that the spirits of all good people do survive, among those who knew and loved them.

I think that prayer is helpful to some people, especially in a crisis. Most people are apt to pray when the going gets rough.

I remember during the war when I was going overseas with another entertainer. We had to fly low, and there was danger of submarines hitting at us. This fellow was a Catholic, and he took out his rosary to pray. "Throw a prayer in for me, too, kid," I said half-jestingly. He did.

One of the engines conked out in the middle of the Atlantic. Turning to one of the soldiers in the plane, I asked, "What happens if the plane conks out completely?"

"You don't have to worry," he said. "If that happens, we'll drown in a minute and a half."

I began to sweat. The Catholic entertainer with me began to pray.

When the whole experience was over, I thought, "Maybe this guy's prayers really brought us through."

In Naples when they were bombing us, he took out his rosary and prayed. Again he prayed for me, too. Death came very close to both of us that day. And I have often thought, "Perhaps I'm here today, because while I was merely fearful, he prayed."

I SHALL not try to force my religion upon my children. When other children are going to Sunday school and they want to go, I'll send them to whatever school they choose that will give them a reasonable interpretation of God. I hope that they will discover some form of religious belief which helps them. I believe that the religion which one finds for oneself is far deeper-rooted than any which is thrust upon one.

I would no more try to force my son to follow my religious beliefs than I would try to force him to become an actor because I'm one. In fact, at Christmas time, I took him to a small church in New York to see the Christmas High Mass. To him it was a beautiful spectacle. When he asked me questions about it, I said, "Well, that's the way one group of people believe. That's the way they pray. That's why this country is interesting and great—because everybody can pray in his own way. There are other people in other groups who go to other kinds of churches and to synagogues to pray in their way. No one stops them. If ever the time comes when someone tries to stop people from praying in the way they want to in this country, then we'll really be in trouble."

I'm not sure if David understood everything I was saying, but these are the things I'll keep telling him as he grows up. And I believe he will be one of many Americans who grows up knowing that it is all right for him to believe whatever he does believe, and to pray and worship as he sees fit. I hope, too, that if David ever has to face a great crisis, he will find enough faith in himself as a person to meet it; and enough faith in his heritage as an American to fight for his right to freedom of worship, if anyone ever tries to take it from him. THE END

(*John Garfield can be seen in* He Ran All The Way, *co-starring Shelley Winters.*)

---

answers to bert parks' quiz on page 78

1. "and the gold of her hair crowns the blue of her eyes with a halo tenderly"
2. The Groaner
   Mr. Music
   Der Bingle and
   Harry Lillis Crosby
3. Gonzaga is the university Bing attended in Spokane, Washington.
4. *The Road to Zanzibar*
   The Road to Rio
   The Road to Singapore
   The Road to Utopia
   The Road to Morocco
5. Everett, Larry, Bing, and Bob
   Gary, Philip, Dennis (twins), and Lindsay

the iron man?

(*Continued from page 57*) leader of men.

Jeff has a sort of noble presence, an invulnerable dignity which imparts power to his performances. His unusual height—six-feet-four inches—helps give that impression, but is only a minor factor. Strangely enough, he claims that his height has given him an inferiority complex, because people always expect so much from big men.

As an only child, and the victim of divorced parents, Jeff was coddled by his mother. Rigorous sports were denied him because she was afraid he would injure himself. By the time he was 15, he already felt embarrassed by the demands made on his behavior because of his height. But this was the year when he was given the first and *last* beating of his life.

As president of a school club he was conducting a meeting when it was interrupted by half a dozen hoodlums. Jeff knew it was his place to quell the riot. He stepped up to the noisy kids and told them to leave.

"Yeah?" sneered their leader. "Give us a reason!"

"Because you're a bunch of jerks," said Jeff, with a bravado he hardly felt.

"Say that again, big boy," demanded the other kid.

Jeff said it again. Perhaps if he'd been a little guy, the others would have given him some help. But he was the tallest boy in the school, and his classmates expected him to take command. All six of the gang hit him at once, and when, at last, he got to his feet he was a sorry sight.

He telephoned his father the next day. "I need your help, Dad," he said. "I want you to teach me how to use my fists."

His father only laughed at him. To this day Jeff doesn't know why, but he supposes his father, too, expected him to be everything a man should be simply because he was big. In the following years Jeff had to work things out for himself. He found that if he made up his mind about something and then stuck to his guns, people seemed satisfied that he was living up to his size.

The only trouble was that Jeff often went down the wrong alley when making his decisions; and many times his plan has backfired.

This singleness of purpose made itself evident when he was still a younster, even before he was beaten by the intruders at school. Susan Hayward attended that same school in Flatbush, and because she was as pretty then as she is now, it was only natural that the ten-year-old Jeff decided that Susan was his dish. Any other boy would probably have managed a seat near her in the classroom, and been satisfied with that, but Jeff chose a more devious path. Susan was even then determined to be a movie star and was playing leads in school dramatics, so Jeff decided he would be an actor. For two years he hovered in the background of the stage, and then one day got his big opportunity. He was to play opposite Susan in a musical, and no kid ever quivered as much as Jeff did the day he went to school for his tryout. Susan was to be a daisy in this production and Jeff was going to be a tree; and he dreamed hopefully that perhaps there would be something in the script about the tree putting its branches around the daisy. But that was the day his voice decided to change, and when one half of the song came out in tenor and the other half in bass, Miss Rappaport looked at him sadly. Although Miss Rappaport was his second love, she knew of his adoration for Susan, for he had taken her into his confidence.



For the skin that feels "uncomfortable" in a **heavy** foundation...

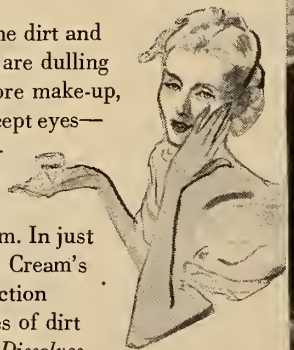


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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS Princess Murat

"A powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream meets my needs perfectly," says this serenely beautiful princess. "It never looks 'obvious,' and best of all, my powder stays on so much longer when I use this lovely, sheer base."

"I'm afraid," she said, "that we'll have to give the part to another boy. Somebody whose voice is still topside."

Jeff managed, however, to finally gain the notice of Susan. He was given the job of stage manager for the production, and during the performance learned that Susan had a headache. He ran three blocks to the nearest drugstore and spent his weekly twenty-five cent allowance for a box of aspirin. After Susan graciously accepted an aspirin from him between the second act and final curtain, he went home and wrote a very bad poem about the limpid green of her eyes.

His worship for Susan subsided with the years, and so did the days at ivy covered P. S. 181. When Jeff graduated from high school his father gave him a chance at further schooling. Because his son had shown talent in both art and dramatics, he gave him his choice of career.

"How much are the different courses?" Jeff asked.

"Two hundred for the art school, and five hundred for the dramatic school," said his father. "But don't let the cost influence you. I want you to choose the one you really want."

Jeff really wanted dramatics, but he decided to go easy on his father's wallet. If he went to art school, he reasoned, he could make a lot of money after graduation, and then could afford to send himself through dramatic school. It was the wrong alley again, but Jeff stuck to it. After finishing his art course he landed a job at Montgomery Ward making advertising layouts, and learned almost immediately that commercial art wouldn't net him a quick fortune. His salary was rock bottom.

"I'm going to quit," he announced to his co-workers.

"But look, kid," they said. "You're fresh out of school, and naturally you don't make as much as we do. You haven't the experience."

But he'd said he'd quit, and he did. Not long after joining the ranks of the unemployed, he visited Faegin's Dramatic School, walked right up to one of the big shots, and requested a scholarship. The procedure was unheard of—students work for years before they are granted scholarships—but Jeff figured he was big and he'd act like people expected him to. His pluck paid off, perhaps passing for determination, for he finally did get a scholarship. From there he joined the Millpond Players on Long Island. He was launched on his career as an actor.

At Millpond he met Bill Bryan, the closest thing he ever had to a brother, and soon the two men had formed a stock company of their own.

"Tell you what," Jeff said one day. "I'm going out to Hollywood and be a movie star."

"Hold on!" said Bill. "You don't do it just like *that*, you know."

But that was in 1940, and although Pearl Harbor hadn't yet been attacked, everyone could tell something was about to pop. Bill and Jeff decided to get into the service early so that they'd have a chance to choose assignments.

Jeff's father took a dim view of his son's chances in the service, and soon after war had been declared wrote him a cheering letter. "Dear son," it read. "Don't worry about the war. With you in the army it will soon be over. You never did hold a job very long."

This was one time that Jeff was right. The war lasted a long time, and he was in it for five years. He started out in the cavalry, for no particular reason, except that Bill was an excellent horseman.

"Cavalry all right with you?" Bill had asked him.

"Sure, sure," said Jeff, agreeably.

When they arrived at Fort Riley Bill couldn't wait to see the horses. Jeff trudged along with him to the stables. A horse stuck its head over the fence and Bill went into a long conversation with it.

"Is it all right if I touch him?" said Jeff.

Bill looked at him in amazement. "Of course you can touch him. What the devil's wrong with you?"

"This is the nearest I've ever been to a horse in my life," said Jeff.

When Bill had recovered, he asked Jeff why he had agreed, under the circumstances, to join the cavalry.

Jeff shrugged. "You wanted to—so I wanted to. And as long as I didn't tell anybody about it, nobody could tell me I was crazy."

It was a slow and painful process, but Jeff learned to ride. He never learned to love horses the way Bill did, but anyone seeing him in a saddle wouldn't have known it.

ONCE UPON A TIME!

Boris Karloff was a farmhand in Vancouver, B. C.—probably doubling as a scarecrow . . . Greta Garbo was a "lather girl" in a Swedish barber shop . . . Bing Crosby once ushered at boxing matches and served as janitor at a men's club . . . Lou Costello was a stunt man . . . Burt Lancaster was a lingerie salesman (no wonder he quit to join a circus) . . . Errol Flynn was a bottle tester in a soft-drink plant . . . Cary Grant was an advertising stilt walker . . . Barbara Stanwyck was a bundle wrapper and later a bathing-suit model.

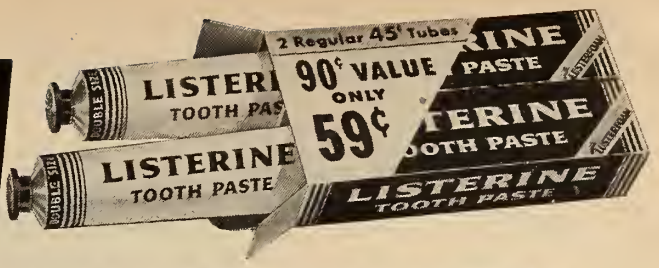
Hy Gardner's "Early Bird On Broadway" in The New York Herald Tribune

Jeff was eventually sent to the Pacific. In 1945, he was back in California, at Fort Ord, awaiting his discharge, and it was during this period that he decided he would tackle Hollywood. He figured it would be quite simple; he'd merely tell them about his dramatic experience and they would give him a job. He hoped it would be a good one, because he'd fallen in love with Marjorie Hoshelle, and he thought a movie star's salary would be a likely sum with which to start married life. He made an appointment with a Hollywood agent, and decided to hitchhike because thumb waving was faster than the devious railroad service. In the early hours of the morning he was given a ride by some benign soul who shortly afterwards steered into a head-on collision. Jeff woke up sitting on a fender, and his head felt as though it had been inside a cement mixer. They took him back to Santa Barbara where they shaved his head and did quite a bit of embroidery on his skull. In Hollywood, weeks later, Jeff saw the agent in a restaurant and the man passed him by as though he had the bubonic plague.

By the time Jeff's hair had reappeared his last dollar had grown wings. He thought perhaps he should start an apprenticeship in the plumbing trade, or paint thumbtacks—anything to earn a living. But he couldn't give up the idea of acting.

When he finally landed a couple of small jobs in radio, he and Marge went to a Justice of the Peace, and from there to a little apartment, sparsely furnished with orange crates. Jeff went on with his struggle to get somewhere in Hollywood. Radio jobs kept coming in, due in part to one producer's secretary, a girl who was six feet tall. Envisioning a possible future dancing partner, she went to bat for Jeff on every possible occasion, and soon the

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orange crates were replaced by softer items of furniture. His first movie work came with an important part in *Sword in the Desert.* After that he made an appointment with Jules Blaustein and Delmer Daves, the men who were going to make *Broken Arrow.* They were looking for a man to play Cochise, the Apache chief, and Jeff realized that if he could land this part, it would be his big break. He figured that his attitude during the interview should be nonchalant, that he should repress all signs of anxiety.

When he was ushered into the plush office and seated in the middle of the room he found it difficult to be nonchalant. Blaustein and Daves stared at him silently a full five minutes, the former squinting, and the latter cocking his head from side to side.

"Would you mind if I crawled up the wall?" Jeff said.

They laughed and apologized, explaining that they were trying to decide if Jeff looked too typically American to portray an Indian.

"If you ask me," said Jeff, "nobody could look more typically American than an Indian."

They didn't laugh at that one, and Jeff decided to let the wheels grind in silence.

He got the part, of course, and he worried a great deal about it. How did an Indian chief carry himself? How did he speak? Was his voice at all guttural? Director Daves settled the whole problem with one simple instruction.

"Just be natural," he told Jeff. "You have a good body and a good voice, and if you'll just be yourself you'll have the necessary dignity."

Jeff gave the impression not only of dignity, but also of a man who knew what he wanted and went after it in no uncertain terms. When the fan mail began pouring in, it came from as many men as women, from people in all walks of life. It proved that Jeff Chandler has the universal appeal of a strong man.

His wife says that the quality, whatever it is, can pass politely as determination. If Jeff decides that a thing must be done a certain way, fire, high water, or other people's advice won't stop him. But if a subject is new to him he will swallow advice like a lamb, and then strive for perfection. This is currently being demonstrated in his new picture, *The Iron Man,* where he plays a boxer. For this role Jeff learned, scientifically, the art of self-defense.

There is one character, however, who could push Jeff Chandler over a cliff if she felt so inclined. This is Jamie, his four-year-old daughter, and running a close second is his younger daughter Dana, who at the age of two doesn't yet know her own strength. Jamie does. She spends her days artfully winding her father around her little finger. One night he was reading her "The Three Little Pigs" as a bedtime story, and happened to omit a line of dialogue. Jamie looked at him in disgust.

"That's not right, Daddy," she said. "That's where the wolf comes and says he'll blow the house down."

Jeff raised an eyebrow. "Who's reading this story?" he said.

"You, Daddy, but you left out something."

"You're mistaken," said Mr. Chandler, who at 32 feels he knows "The Three Little Pigs" backwards and forwards. And then his eye fell on the neglected line of print, and his face betrayed him.

"There!" said Jamie triumphantly. "You look as though you've found it."

"Well—" said Jeff lamely, and then cleared his throat. "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down."

Now there, indeed, is a man of iron!

THE END

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the truth about my feuds

(*Continued from page 33*) suicide. That Rex had been her good friend we all knew. I had talked with Carole shortly before I left for Europe, and she had told me of her great friendship for Harrison. I had known Carole a long time and was very fond of her.

I cabled my syndicate stories about Carole, but was always very careful not to mention Rex in any unpleasant way. He was also helped through this difficult time by Darryl Zanuck's entire 20th Century-Fox publicity department.

So what does Mr. Harrison do? First, he goes to Canada and makes a speech in which he excoriates me and all other Hollywood columnists. The very people who had protected him, he called "the most evil influence" in Hollywood.

And this did not end Mr. Harrison's tirade. Oh, no—he wasn't content to let it die. Several years later, he wrote a series of articles for a London magazine in which he harpooned Hollywood with silly assertions like "butlers there arrive for work in Cadillacs." He also stated that he could never get five minutes alone with head man Darryl Zanuck, and was forced to make pictures he didn't like. These may not be his exact words—but it's the gist of it—this and unflattering things about Hollywood and its people.

BUT the *most* untruthful story he recounted was his distorted version of an incident long since forgotten between Gene Tierney and myself. As Harrison told it, we were all guests at a dinner party and our host, kindly Gary Cooper, asked Gene to leave his home because she had annoyed me!

Rex said it made him sick to his stomach, all the bowing and scraping and "fear" of me at the Coopers. No, he didn't actually mention names, but he didn't need to.

What actually happened was this: I was in truth annoyed with Gene for good reason. I thought she had done a very unethical thing (unethical in newspaper circles) and I'm a girl who speaks her mind about such matters. As we met face to face, I promptly told her off!

My quarrel with glamorous Gene was based on a "news" story. I had had the inside tip that although she and Oleg Cassini had separated, and she had obtained her interlocutory divorce decree, they had secretly reconciled and were expecting a baby. That's a good dramatic story with a lot of reader appeal, and as I *knew* it was all true, I could have broadcast and printed the news without calling Gene. But, as always, I checked my facts to make doubly sure.

I called Gene and told her what I knew. She very simply said, "It's all true." I thanked her, and asked her to keep it exclusive for me. It's an unwritten law in the newspaper game that "the story" belongs to the fellow who gets it.

That night, at Rocky and Gary Cooper's dinner dance, I walked over to the table where Gene was sitting and told her how glad I was that she and Oleg had refound their happiness; and I also thanked her for being so honest with me.

Gene looked at me with those great big beautiful eyes and said, "Oh, as soon as *you* telephoned and I knew you had the story, I gave it to another reporter on a rival syndicate. I can't afford to antagonize anyone, you know."

Oh, *no!* Well, she had antagonized *me*—and how! I swear, for a moment, I saw red. I was so mad I couldn't see straight, and la Tierney knew exactly how blazing mad I was. When I'm mad (particularly when I feel I'm justified) I do not simmer or boil. I explode!

I might add that Gene has a temper almost as good as mine. If I had started the fracas, Miss Tierney most certainly finished it when we met in the hallway as we were departing. She told me off, doing as thorough a job as I had done earlier. But, as far as Gary's asking her to leave—that's applesauce!

It was a beautiful battle which Gene and I have both forgotten long since. Fortunately for Gene (and me) the reporter she had tipped to my story was too inexperienced to telephone the news to her paper immediately, and after a short dash to my telephone, the "scoop" was all mine after all.

All was well that ended well, and as far as Miss T. and Miss P. were concerned the incident was closed. But not to Rex Harrison who insinuated that I had *demanded* that Gene be ordered to leave the party; a request (he said) the host was "too spineless" to ignore. After that, Harrison piously concluded, he did not want ever to attend any parties where columnists were present. So with that, he took on the *entire* Hollywood press!

And that's that for Rex Harrison and Gene Tierney.

THE amusing thing about my "feud" with James Mason is that we never exchanged a harsh word when we formerly met at Hollywood parties.

We don't meet any more. Mr. Mason fixed that. When one of my closest friends, Joan Bennett, gave a farewell dinner party for Mason and his wife just before they



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left for England last fall, he requested that my name be omitted from the guest list.

Joan, thoroughly surprised, asked, "Why?"

Mason said it was because of uncomplimentary things I had printed about him.

I have also printed some very nice things about him—but I suppose that doesn't count. I had taken him and Pamela to a party in New York, and had supper with them at the Stork. In fact, I had always admired him as an actor in English pictures, and would probably have continued to do so until Mason (who had never been to Hollywood) chose to write an article about Hollywood, blasting my home town in a national magazine.

I thought it was utterly ridiculous for a man who had never set foot inside the Los Angeles city limits to make such an attack—and I said so. I still think so, even though Mr. Mason and his wife Pamela, and their assorted cats have since settled here and are crazy about the life.

My point is, why didn't he find out about us before he made harmful attacks on the world capital of the movies?

But that's yesterday's squabble. So let's forget it.

I HAVE saved Orson Welles for the last of my "major" dislikes because he is the one with whom I never expect to smoke the pipe of peace. On one horrible occasion since the beginning of my vendetta, I was forced to sit next to Welles at a dinner party given by Evelyn Walsh McLean when she was living in Beverly Hills.

Orson was then married to Rita Hayworth; and Rita's agonized look when she saw what the hostess had done in the seating arrangements would have moved a heart of stone!

I adore Rita and I couldn't bear that stricken look on her face. So Welles and I sat side by side, munching our food and exchanging the necessary amenities during that entire embarrassing meal. Oh, well—if it wasn't so peppy socially, I suppose it aided digestion.

My anger at Welles stems from a deliberate lie he told me. If there's one thing I hate, it's for a person to be dishonest with me.

Many years back, I had heard that Welles was making a picture about someone I love very much. I telephoned to ask him if this were true. He said (and I shall remember his words always), "It couldn't be farther from the truth. It has nothing to do with that person, and it's about an entirely different character."

Then he called three other well known film critics and showed them the picture, which was so shocking to one of them, a friend of mine, that he called and said, "Do you know what this picture is?"

I demanded to see the film. Flanked by two lawyers, I went to the studio to find out if my worst suspicions were true.

What I had to say to Orson Welles after I saw that picture was plenty—a barrage directed straight from my heart. I could not have been more shocked or unhappy. Welles tried to brazen it out by sending flowers and writing me notes—which were promptly sent back.

And from that day to this I have never forgiven him. I can take darts directed at me. I have felt the sting of many of them. But I cannot bear to see anyone I love hurt.

AND SO—there are the "major" feuds in my life. As for the lesser ones—well, many of them have been exaggerated out of all proportion, and some of them are completely untrue.

For instance, one of the most thoroughly publicized feuds never happened! I was supposed to be carrying an undying "mad" on Joan Crawford (who is one of my closest friends) because at the time the story of her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks Jr. broke, Joan had given it to a close friend for a magazine article, instead of to me for my newspaper syndicate.

What really happened was: Joan *had* promised the story of the break up of her marriage to Doug to Katherine Albert, her close friend, for a magazine article. (Katherine is the mother of Joan Evans who was named for Crawford.) I did not know this. But I had heard that the young Fairbanks were having trouble. I didn't believe it—but still I did not want to ignore the scoop.

So I called Joan and told her I was going to do a sympathetic story telling how the rumors about her and Doug were not true and that they were still very happy.

"Please don't do that," pleaded Joan. "Please don't print anything about how *happy* we are."

That was enough for Parsons. I got on my horse and went directly to Joan's house.

She admitted to me the truth—that she and Douglas were parting. Then, in a panic, she called the MGM studio to tell them what she had done. Where was Parsons? In another room, my friends, calling the "beat" in to my newspaper. We beat the world by two editions, and Katherine Albert's magazine yarn by several weeks.

How the story ever got around that I would never "forgive" Joan I shall never know. If ever there was a "feud" which did not exist, it is my "supposed" fracas with Miss Crawford, whom I happen to like very much.

Equally silly is the old one about Ginger Rogers and me. Oh, brother, were Ginger and I supposed to hate each other! We were said to be bitter enemies. There was so much printed about us, I almost began to believe there was some truth to it. But I could never get anyone to explain what Ginger and I were supposed to be hassling about. This nonsensical state of affairs went on for several very tedious years.

Finally, Ginger and I sat down and decided we were going to end this business once and for all. The funny part is—we had absolutely nothing to get off our chests!

So we had a good laugh about it, ending with my inviting Ginger to appear on my radio show. And later I did an interview with her in the paper, officially burying our non-existent hatchet.

THERE was more body to the misunderstanding that lasted a year or so between Corinne Calvet, the little French actress, and her "worst enemy"—as she looked on me. When Corinne was brought to this country by Paramount, she was given a big chance for which many girls would have slaved.

But instead of trying to learn English and improve herself, the pretty mademoiselle neglected her studies and dramatic lessons and was the belle of the nightclub circuit.

When Paramount let her go (highly impatient with her) I thought she was the most foolish girl in the world, and said so in my column. What a waste for a girl to throw away such a golden opportunity.

But being ignored by the studios and falling really in love were two developments which completely changed Corinne. John Bromfield, himself a fine actor, did much to bring about this change, for Corinne is madly in love with her handsome husband.

After she married him and got another movie chance with Hal Wallis, she became "Miss Diligence" herself. She also sent word that she would like to meet me.

I couldn't help being touched—she

seemed so childlike when she said, "I am glad you scolded me. I deserved it. But now I am different and I wish we could be friends."

"Then it isn't true," I laughed, "that you once said you'd like to put poison in my soup?"

"Ohhhhhh," she squealed, embarrassed. "Oh, no, that is not true *anymore!*"

Corinne was a darling when she appeared on my radio show and she made many friends—including me!

In closing, I want to say one thing about these Hollywood feuds—mine, or any others. In this town, as has often been pointed out, every little action is magnified. A simple little misunderstanding or a few words spoken in good old-fashioned temper are made to sound like a battle royal.

As I grow older, I realize you only hurt yourself by holding grudges and enmity against others.

Hollywood has so many vicious attacks from the outside, I think all of us in the industry should stick together as much as possible, and try to understand the other fellow's "side" of any problem.

This I shall try to do—until somebody does me "dirt" again! THE END

all for love

(*Continued from page 42*) Everyone in Hollywood wishes Judy happiness. She, more than any other person, deserves a break in her personal life. Yet, somehow, the feeling circulates that if and when she becomes Sid Luft's wife, she will be embarking on a marriage that cannot possibly last. A marriage, whose eventual dissolution may prove too much for Judy to bear.

Hollywood is jammed with jaded characters who specialize in cynicism and disillusionment, but in matters of love, these characters are usually hopeful. They've seen improbable marriages last, and they don't particularly like to prophesy gloom; but where Judy and Sid are concerned they are almost unanimously fearful of failure.

Sid Luft, better known to nightclubbers as "One-Punch Luft" because he's handy with his fists, is one of those personable young men who's been around Hollywood for years. He's 34, comes originally from New York, and served as a flying officer in the Canadian Air Force during World War II. Recently he was divorced from actress Lynn Bari, who says he is connected with a horse-racing business of sorts.

Charming, witty, and a great pilot, he has no special entertainment talent. Judy's former husbands, Dave Rose and Vincente Minnelli, possessed tremendous creative ability, but Sid Luft is essentially a businessman. He is probably a very shrewd and successful one, but the chances are that his income will not match Judy's.

Judy earns $5,000 a broadcast, $250,000 a picture, $20,000 a week for personal appearances. It is doubtful that Luft will top that.

A close friend of Judy says, "One of the reasons she was happy with Vincente Minnelli for a while was that she respected him not only as a man but as a director. When he directed her in *Meet Me in St. Louis* she was so taken by his sensitivity and understanding that she fell in love with him. Last year when *Summer Stock* and *Father of the Bride* were released, Judy went around town saying, 'Two of Metro's biggest grossers were turned out by the Minnellis.' She was very proud of that.

"I'm not saying that Sid Luft won't do something to make Judy proud of him. But certainly his past accomplishments don't indicate that his creative contributions will equal either Vincente's or Dave Rose's."

IT is rather difficult to track down Luft's past accomplishments. On August 3, 1941, when he signed up with the Canadian Air Force, a few Los Angeles newspapers ran his photograph and under it these words: "Pilot Officer Sidney Michael Luft, 24, of 856 Devon Avenue, has owned his own plane and chalked up 400 hours while working for a garage in Beverly Hills."

Two years later, Luft married Lynn Bari at the home of producer Bill Perlberg. It was a wartime marriage. Lynn was under contract to 20th Century-Fox at a good salary, and the marriage was reasonably happy.

Not long after, Lynn became pregnant, but three weeks before it was due, her child died.

Both Lynn and Sid were distraught, but their doctor told them that Mrs. Luft was still capable of bearing other children and advised them not to be discouraged.

The Lufts, however, weren't getting along any too well by then, and on May 27, 1947, Lynn Bari sued for divorce. She agreed to a reconciliation, however, and soon she was pregnant again.

After the birth of her son, John, she went back to work. Like most actresses she earned a good deal more money than her husband. Lynn toured the country in several stage attractions, and from time to time, Luft joined her on the road.

But when Lynn Bari returned to Hollywood last year, she decided to divorce Sid. She told the judge that he was not interested in maintaining a home, that he preferred to spend much of his time in night clubs.

"If I didn't want to go out in the evenings," she testified, "he'd say he was going out to get the morning papers and he'd remain away all night. He'd get home at 6:00 A.M. and when I asked where he'd been, he'd say 'I was out with the boys.'"

Lynn's petition for divorce from Luft also stated that he had used separate funds belonging to her to develop business interests "of which he now refuses to account to her."

Lynn also said that she had advanced her husband $16,000 in cash for an investment in a motion picture, and had later given him "her $13,000 equity in Coldwater Canyon property for the same purpose." She then charged that Luft had threatened to sell or mortgage the properties "in order to deprive her and their child of a share in the proceeds."

Lynn's complaint further asserted that Luft was currently associated with a horse-race enterprise and that his income was more than $2,500 a month.

The judge decided that Luft would have to pay $500 a month for one year for the support of his two-year-old son John; and $300 a month and 10% of his income thereafter.

At the time Sid started going out with Judy Garland, Lynn Bari said that he was behind on his support payments.

That is briefly Sid Luft's background in Hollywood.

Judy's is too well-known to bear repetition. Her chronic unhappiness, her childish attempt at suicide, her inferiority complex—all of these have been rehashed countless times, and there is no



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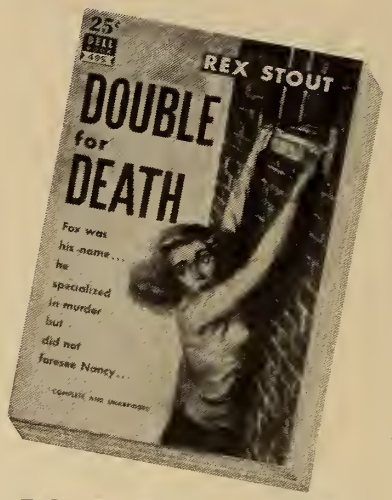
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With the sultry West Indies, witchcraft and Calypso as a background, Maysie Greig has fashioned an exciting mystery-romance. Young Francine Jeans leaves New York to become the housekeeper of handsome Jamaican Douglas Holbein. Gradually Francine falls in love with Douglas, until she hears that he is still suspected of his wife's death. Fear and doubt take the place of her love for Douglas. Then a turn of events reveals a new murder suspect, Dora, passionate and frustrated admirer of Holbein. Now police begin unwinding a tangled mass of evidence to find the one clue that will convict either Douglas or his cousin Dora of murder.

The killer stalked his prey but the prey was another man's. . . .



DOUBLE for DEATH

by Rex Stout

Ridley Thorpe was murdered, or so police think, until he appears alive and healthy the day after his murder. But then who is the man who was killed in Thorpe's house? Could it have been his twin? Detectives begin hunting for a killer, not quite sure themselves whether the killer is still gunning for the real Ridley Thorpe. Then Thorpe is killed and the gun that killed the first victim is found in Thorpe's safe. Clues are such that a case may be built against many people, including one of the crack detectives working on the case.

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need to re-examine them here.

That Judy was unable to continue her marriage to Vincente Minnelli may be attributed to many factors, but the deciding one was that she no longer loved him.

Minnelli was a model husband, tolerant, understanding, hard-working — but the attraction he had for Judy simply faded.

Judy separated from Minnelli several times in the past few years, and on each occasion there was a reconciliation. But they could never recapture what they felt for each other in the days when he was directing her in *The Clock*.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While visiting at Cape Cod, I took my little girls to see a train come into Falmouth Station. Because they were the only children in the vicinity, I knew the remark was made about my youngest when I heard someone say, "Look at that little girl's pretty curls." I was surprised to see it was Judy Garland—and with her was Sylvia Sidney!

Mrs. Ellsworth R. Wells
Hyde Park, Mass.

When Judy went to New York last year, she didn't go with Minnelli. She went with Myrtle Tully, her secretary. Vincente remained at work in California. Judy did the town with several attractive escorts, and everyone was quick to point out that Minnelli was the most broad-minded husband in the land. Actually, each had stopped caring for the other, and it didn't matter with whom they were being seen.

Judy told everyone that she would escort Vincente to Paris where he was scheduled to direct *An American in Paris*, but Minnelli never went, and Judy never escorted him. Instead, she entrained back to Hollywood, signed a new contract with the William Morris Agency, and began making guest appearances on the Bing Crosby radio show.

She also started being seen in public with Sid Luft. When reporters questioned her, she quickly denied any fondness for him and kept referring them to her marital status. Finally, she was seen so much with Luft that she was compelled to move out of the Minnellis' hillside house to the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Then it was out in the open. Judy was going to divorce Vincente Minnelli.

ORDINARILY, a girl is somewhat saddened when she makes that announcement, but the opposite was true of Judy. She was obviously in love with Luft, and she didn't care who knew it. People kept telling her that she was gaining too much weight, something she formerly worried about—but this time, she merely smiled. "Some people are born to be heavier than others," she said.

Today, Judy's in a better frame of mind than she has been in years. She knows she's desirable to Luft, and that she's desirable to the public. To be thus wanted has been the need of her life.

Whether she and Sid Luft will be permanently happy together, or whether their love will flicker out—no one can really say. Although too many observers anticipate the latter situation, it is in Judy's favor that observers were equally distressed when Bing married Dixie, Spencer Tracy married Louise Treadwell, and Alan Ladd married Sue Carol. THE END

mother knows plenty!

(*Continued from page 48*) do need a trip to New York."

Before another week had passed, Jeanne was curled up happily in a drawing room on the Chief, rattling East, and so—against his better judgment—was the man she loved. And if Paul was hopping off at Pasadena, Albuquerque, Kansas City, Chicago and points en route to send frantic business wires, Mrs. Brinkman nursed no such cares in her pretty head. She had visions of glamor gowns, theaters, smart cafés and dancing until dawn. This was a reaction; Jeanne was off on a glamor whirl. Paul knew it was important medicine for her.

Every now and then, and especially after some temporarily restraining hiatus in her life—whether it's an unattractive movie getup, or the antiseptic business of having a baby—Jeanne Crain spins off on the wings of an irresistible urge for excitement. For a week or more she can be Jeanne Crain, which is to say, an Irish redhead, a dramatic, exciting gal, and a lady, by the way, understood by too few people.

Last year for instance, Jeanne was barely home from the hospital with Timothy Peter when she ripped open her bid to Hollywood's annual Press Photographers' Ball, a star-spangled shilly where almost anything goes.

"Look—it says the theme's 'Your Secret Desire'!" she told Paul excitedly. "Well, *you're* my secret desire—and you know how I've always pictured you—secretly? As a sheik!"

Paul is dark, handsome, and dashing, of course, but at that point he was also the brand new father of his third son and he felt his responsibility and—well—dignity. He wasn't particularly in the mood to wear white sheets and a turban.

"Tell me—how will a sheik match up with a madonna?" he wanted to know.

"Don't be out of date," said Jeanne. "I'm not wearing my halo any more. I'll be your harem slave, Great One." She'd worked hard enough, Allah knew, getting her figure back with all those exercises and, well, she sort of wanted to show it off.

So, with Timothy only six weeks old, Jeanne glided into the ball with beaded bra, bare midriff, and daring diaphanous trousers that invited a view of two of the trimmest supports in Hollywood. When they saw who she was, the flash bulb boys gasped, and Hollywood's envious females were properly shocked. Jeanne had the time of her life.

Nobody expects things like that from Jeanne Crain, and when they happen right out in public no one seems to believe it. Only recently Jeanne took the breath away from as breezy a gal as Hedda Hopper, at a party which Director Jean Negulesco tossed after winding up *Take Care of My Little Girl*. Nobody needed to take care of Jeanne that night; she took care of herself. She swept in, wearing a deep-dipping black blouse and a shocking pink circus skirt, around which she'd sewn glittering clown faces—only they weren't really clown faces. They were daring caricatures which she'd cut out herself, cartoons of the guests present, including Hedda.

THE legendary girl you sometimes feel like pasting on a lace Valentine—the ingenuous Jeanne Crain, who at 25 and thrice a mother can still play a teen-ager more than convincingly, is only an actress—period. She's a good one, a mighty lucky and satisfied one, but no resemblance exists between the screen Jeanne and the real Jeanne. The warm flesh-and-blood Jeannie is smooth, smart, sexy, sophisticated, and sometimes shock-

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ingly unconventional in her behavior.

On her last trip to New York, Jeanne arrived lugging a Hawaiian guitar case, because at that time she was taking lessons from her Island friend, Sam Koki, and she didn't want to lose her touch. In Grand Central Station the reporters and news cameramen spotted it pronto. "What's the act?" they demanded. "You can't play that thing, can you?"

"I sure can," fired back Jeanne. "Want to hear?" So while the crowds gathered and gawked, she plopped down on her suitcase and whanged out "The Blue-Tailed Fly"—right in the Grand Concourse. Then she hustled out to a cab, and with Paul grinning and shaking his head, zoomed off to her hotel. But, of course, Paul Brinkman knows by now he can expect practically anything from his beautifully unpredictable bride. After all, their romance wasn't exactly out of Emily Post.

What other star ever found her true loving husband by letting him chase her through city traffic for her license number so he could call up, make a date, and marry her? What other Hollywood star—and a new one at that—would dare keep her marriage a deep, dark secret from her own publicity department, even though she worked up until an hour before she went for the license? Who in the nice Niagara Falls set would choose bleak Death Valley for a honeymoon? And what other brand new mama would dare feel the compelling urge to bring home a half-grown lioness cub from a circus party—just because he licked her hand—and keep it prowling around the place until the neighbors called the cops?

Jeanne Crain lives as she darned pleases. And she lives in the most dramatic setting of any star in Hollywood. Jeanne and Paul, with the assistance of architects, planned it together. "We saw eye to eye," they both say, "we knew what we wanted—and we got it." They certainly did. The result is what said architects call "interesting," but "thrilling" is an even better word.

No photograph yet developed can catch the dramatic feel of that eyrie, or how it fits the glamor pair who live there. Snuggling into the beige hillside, it's white topped, strikingly modern, planted on seven acres of precipitous mountain with a framed view of everything. Maybe you're hep to the stunning color accents of gray-greens, bright reds, golds and chartreuses that Jeanne has splashed here and there to delight the unconventional eye. Perhaps you've heard of the rows upon rows of romantic travel books and exciting biographies (she's a heavy reader) that line the shelves, the big tropical plant that spears up out of nowhere, the huge field-stone fireplace, and the rough-hewn ceiling of pink, lavender and green.

But if you haven't stood by the glass at sunset and seen the big jacaranda tree shower a purple carpet of blossoms right up to the pool, and watched the city lights burn up the valley, then you'll never know what a breathtaking, disturbing place it is—and yet peaceful and perfect for a girl who always wanted to paint, and a guy who likes to build. And when Paul, Jr. races in tagged by Mike Anthony, and Jeanne brings in Timmy and lets them all scoot wherever they please, that's something too—but that's also another thing.

Jeanne is a mother, all right, and a good one. Five years, three baby boys. ("Lucky me—with all the men around!" she cracks.) She loves them, takes care of them, wants more of them. But she's no lace draped picture of Whistler's Mother.

Jeanne is a modern mother—and you can sing no sad lullabies for her. She's enjoyed every baby, before birth and after. She's enjoyed herself too, and she has never let being pregnant slow her down—either as a woman or as a film star.

Jeanne plunged right into *Pinky* less than six weeks after Michael was born. Ethel Barrymore called her "the most vibrant young actress I've met." While she was carrying Michael the Brinkmans' annual, super-sentimental New Year's Eve anniversary party rolled up. Paul looked dubiously at her outsized figure; Mike was due in exactly one month. "Maybe we'd better skip it, Doll—" he began. "We'd better *not*," vetoed Jeanne. She not only made the party, but a purple satin maternity gown to wear there.

The evening before Paul Frederick was born Jeanne stepped out to dinner, a show, and a hot fudge orgy afterwards, just making last-minute hospital connections with the stork. After Timmy came Paul asked Jeanne, "What do you want for the baby, Doll?"

"An ermine coat," said Jeanne. "But not for the baby doll—for *this* doll!" She got one—full length—which she broke out at the premiere of *All About Eve*, and a party afterwards.

One of the funniest sights Paul remembers was arriving home late one night, and spying Jeanne sitting in a bed of scented honeysuckle outside the lanai in the full California moon. She was ten days overdue with Timmy and chanting, "Come on, moon, bring the baby!" That's as close as she ever came to any old wives' tale about any blessed event. "But even then she was glamorous," remembers Paul. "And you know, with every baby she gets more beautiful."

Paul Brinkman could be prejudiced, of course, but there's more truth than sentiment in what he says. Mortenson, the famous feminine photographer, says Jeanne has "the most beautiful face and the most beautiful figure in one body that I've ever seen"—and he shot over 5,000 pictures of her to back up that opinion.

Otto Preminger, who has directed his share of the world's beauties, gazed at Jeanne through a camera finder once. "Perfect," he purred, "but please—take off your rouge and those false eyelashes!" Which, of course, Jeanne couldn't do, because they were her own. And Jean Negulesco, an artist as well as movie director, painted her portrait secretly while Jeanne acted for him in *Take Care of My Little Girl*. At the end, he gave it to her, but when Jeanne thanked him, he apologized. "I shouldn't have done this without asking you," he said, "but I couldn't resist. No artist could."

But there's more to Jeanne Crain's allure than her rose-tinted complexion, eternally teen-age chassis, and the smouldering glints of her copper-gold hair. That extra something was acquired through living and learning to accent her natural gifts. "After all," she says, "if you look, think, or act like the same person at 25 that you were at 17, there's something vacant upstairs."

Jeanne still wears her tumbling tresses shoulder length because Paul likes them that way. But peasant blouses and dirndl skirts got swept off the hangers long ago to make way for the *haut couture* of Paris and Manhattan designers. Long ago Jeanne started telling misguided salesgirls who whipped out something demure every time she walked inside a salon, "Never mind the pinks, please—bring out the wicked ones—black beads and lace!" Now Jeanne Crain is a stunning fashion plate in private life indeed, and poses for high fashion magazines whenever she's in Manhattan.

Paul trotted along with Jeanne a few weeks ago to Ceil Chapman's, because Jeanne said she wanted him to help her pick out a formal for the Academy Awards this year. "This one dress," promised

Jeanne, "is all I really need." They went in for a quick hour—and they stayed all day.

"I made my big mistake," confessed Brinkman, "when she put on a sexy number and I said 'Sensational!' I said it 17 times—and Jeanne left with 17 dresses!" The Academy Award gown was typical: a sea blue, tight-bodiced eye-catcher with a bell skirt full enough to accommodate six lace petticoats, with ruffled puffs.

JEANNE can get by with the most dramatic and striking clothes because she is a dramatic and striking beauty. When she trips out in her holy white slippers with crimson roses on the toes, or the black ones with the ruby red jeweled heels, they seem exactly right. When she breaks out in the bare top, silver-beaded cocktail dress with the super short skirt—it may be ahead of the styles, but on her it's perfect. Even when she parks a Floradora hat on her curls, complete with purple ostrich feathers—as she did at New York's Bowery Follies, she gets cheers. Anything goes with Jeanne that's daring, colorful, gay. In fact, the only fiasco that spoils her record was a homemade job she whipped up one time when she was caught with "just nothing to wear." Jeanne dug up a white crepe dinner gown with a white lace top. She had it on when Paul charged into the bedroom, late and fumbling with his shirt studs. He took a horrified look. "Good gosh—hurry up and get dressed!" he barked.

"I am," said Jeanne.

"Oh, I thought that was a nightgown," blurted Paul. She finally got by with a big, red rose at her bosom.

What most people don't know is that Jeanne is an incurable romantic, a true artist, and even a bohemian, at heart. Everything she does in her own life must have a flair, or Jeanne considers it a flop.

Four years after their house was built, Jeanne and Paul finally got around to a housewarming party. For Jeanne it couldn't be just a party, it had to be something that was especially her—her house, her creation. She had a deep tropical tan at the time, she was taking Hawaiian guitar lessons from Sam Koki and Napu, his wife, was teaching her the hula. The weather was warm and the nights caressing. They still talk about the Hawaiian party at the Brinkmans'—all 265 lucky guests who came.

A mammoth green tent projected their porch almost to the garden rim where the mountain drops off. Special isinglass sides let in the whole dazzling view of the valley's bright splendor. Flood lights in the pool turned it to turquoise. Camellias and gardenias floated on the water. A Hawaiian orchestra throbbed. There was a floor show of Polynesian dancers. And the guests never knew that an extra electric oven which Jeanne had rushed in to handle the food blew out all the fuses so that the whole party was by candlelight. "Luck was just with me," sighed Jeanne. "I should have thought of the candles." She'd thought about everything else.

Jeanne and Paul's summertime barbecues are almost as spectacular—with red-checked tablecloths dotting the fieldstone terrace, both barbecue pits—in the house and out—blazing away, and Jeanne usually the very first to plunge into the moonlit pool at midnight. They have flocks of friends who fit into no narrow pattern—artists, architects, writers, musicians, socialites, actors, business men, politicians. To Jeanne, everyone who does something she doesn't know about is, at once, the most interesting character on earth.

NOBODY could call Jeanne Crain an introvert today—if she ever was. On the contrary, she packs a healthy hunger for action and freedom. But wherever she goes, there goes her screen image to slow her down. Luckily, Jeanne can laugh impishly at the ardent mash notes that still pour in from high school boys; or at something that happened not so long ago, when a Carmelite nun called up Jeanne's mother from an orphanage.

She thanked her for supplying a print of Jeanne Crain's nice picture *Margie*, to delight her charges the next day, "And couldn't you arrange to have *your* little girl, Jeanne, be with us," she begged. "The children would love to play with her."

"I'm afraid I can't arrange that," said Mrs. Crain. "My little girl's pregnant."

Mrs. Crain's little girl Jeanne is still expecting—maybe more babies one of these days—but a lot of other wonderful things as well. Being Jeanne Crain, she's expecting a full life of excitement, rich interests, fun and romance. She's expecting to live it always with the man she loves. And these great expectations seem dead certain to come true.

On their anniversary last December 31st, as the final sun of 1950 dipped down to paint their housetop pink with its fading glow, and the lights sparked up in the great city before them, Paul Brinkman slipped a thin gold chain over the likewise golden hair of his lovely wife.

At the end hung a gold medallion of Our Lady of Guadalupe, with five diamonds on one side—for the five beautiful years—and three rubies on the other—for the three beautiful boys. On the back was engraved:

"Jeanne, Doll—Not for five years but forever. We love you. Paul—plus 3."

And as he hugged her close and kissed her, she had all the proof she'll ever need that Jeanne Crain is a beautiful, fascinating, glamorous woman. — THE END

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. . . and the mitchums found snow

(*Continued from page 41*) snowing in the mountains."

Jim and Chris glanced up from their cereal. "Yep," said Jim hopefully, "must be lots of snow up there."

Chris just looked wistful. Being married to a husband who's an actor, I know a cue when I hear one. "We can always take the Joneses up on their invitation to Tahoe," I suggested.

From the reaction the statement got, you'd have thought it was the greatest idea ever to hit the Mitchum household. And from the three bear hugs I received, I was nearly convinced that the idea was mine.

Ever since we've known them, Stan and Olive Jones (he wrote the hit song, "Ghost Riders") have been singing the praises of Tahoe. Especially famous as a summer resort, it's now coming into its own during the winter season. We were probably the only folks in Hollywood who hadn't made the trek to investigate its claim to fame.

We were on our way through the small town of Bishop when Bob stopped the station wagon. "I think we've forgotten something," he said with a shiver. "Follow me."

And with that, he led us into a nearby department store . . . to the department of long woolen underwear. When we reached Tahoe I realized the value of our purchases. It was cold. Bitterly cold. However, to our boys' disappointment, there was no snow. "Must be snow around here someplace," said Jim. "Can't we just keep on riding till we find some?"

"It'll come. We'll wait for it," Bob promised.

Stan and Olive have a huge lodge on the lake. Usually they only open the rooms downstairs. But our brood rated the run of the house. It was late, so Jim and Chris went upstairs to bed. When we stopped in to say goodnight, we found them buried under a pile of blankets. I looked around for their clothes. They were nowhere in sight . . . nor in the closet. Two pairs of shoes were at the foot of the bed. A couple of small heads raised up from their pillows. The faces were grinning sheepishly. The boys had turned in fully dressed—even to heavy socks and stocking caps. "We're freeeezing, Mom," said Chris by way of explanation.

easy money!

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louello Porsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kone's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Dick Powell—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ Bergmon Todoy (Ingrid Bergmon)
- ☐ Liz Toylor's New Romonce
- ☐ The Truth About My Feuds by Louello Porsons
- ☐ John Agor On Triol
- ☐ I Found Romonce in the Mountains
- ☐ And The Mitchums Found Snow (Bob Mitchum)
- ☐ All For Love (Judy Gorlond)
- ☐ Coso Montolbon (Ricordo Montolbon)
- ☐ Mother Knows Plenty! (Jeonne Croin)
- ☐ Hollywood's Newest Golden Girl (Mitzi Goynor)
- ☐ Kiss Tomorrow Hello (John Derek)
- ☐ . . . But When She's Bod . . . (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ The Iron Mon? (Jeff Chondler)
- ☐ It Comes Up Love (Ronold Reogan-Noncy Dovis)
- ☐ The Bing Crosby Story (Port II)
- ☐ To Each His Own (John Garfield)
- ☐ Liz Taylor's Ordeal
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joon (Joon Evons)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issue? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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As it turned out, our youngsters had hit upon a fine solution to the problem of the below zero room temperature. Bob and I were the first to admit it. We took off our shoes and went to bed.

"I'm the rugged type," I kept telling myself when morning came and I knew the temperature had gone down even lower during the night.

I made a dash for the fire downstairs, to find there was no fire downstairs. Right away I was sure I'd done the wrong thing. On the other hand, I noted that Fearless Bob Mitchum didn't stir from bed until he heard Stan throwing logs into the fireplace.

There was still no snow. The weather wizards predicted it, but another day passed with Jim and Chris sitting by the barometer watching and waiting. They *had* seen snow once—several years ago in Hollywood when the weather had double-crossed the Chamber of Commerce and the white stuff blanketed our back yard. However, I had to agree that it wasn't quite the same.

The following morning, I heard the boys' shouts and knew what was happening even before I looked out of the window. Chris and Jim were hysterical. Jim got out the sled that had been in our closet for four years. Then we headed for the closest hill. "Here now, let me show you how to handle it," said Bob as if the sled were a complicated machine.

Some 15 minutes later, he had climbed the hill and whizzed down again for the umpteenth time. "Think I've got the hang of it," he finally announced. "Pile on."

THIS went on all morning. And when the kids turned to making snowmen, Bob and the sled were still going strong. We fell into bed early that evening, as we had a big day ahead. That was the day I changed my mind about my husband. For the past few months, I'd been thinking that surely I was married to another Isaac Walton. However, I discovered that my husband had discarded this characterization in favor of Zebulon Pike, no less, when we set out to scale Lookout Mountain. In my estimation, Pike's Peak could have nothing on Lookout Mountain. Statistics will have you believe that it's a mile straight up. By the time we reached the top, my feet would have been willing to swear that the distance was at least five thousand miles.

Chris carried his bow and arrows. Jim took along his .22. Bob and Stan, occasionally pausing casually to lean against a tree long enough to get used to the altitude, were loaded down with picnic lunch. I brought up the rear with my camera. As I said, we *did* reach the top . . . slightly more exhausted than victorious. And the general feeling when we got back to the lodge was one of surprise!

Never let it be said that we weren't game for all the sports! Novices—but nevertheless enthusiastic ones. Since Squaw Valley is a skier's paradise, eventually we got around to skiing. That is, Bob got around to skiing. The ski tow there is the world's longest (about 8,400 feet). Chris, Jim, and I watched Bob get off at some incredible altitude, wave goodbye and continue the trip sitting down.

When our feet touched the ground again we heard a familiar voice shout, "Hello." It was Margaret Sheridan, who like Bob, is under contract to RKO. She was debating whether to try her skill on the steeper slopes. As she had had only one lesson, I convinced her that she should come back to the lodge with us. Cups of hot coffee later, she had no regrets. There's nothing like coffee and conversation around a roaring big fire.

The day before we headed back for Hollywood, the menfolk planned a hunting trip. Jim and Chris had talked of nothing else for 24 hours. Bob and Stan made elaborate preparations for the snipe hunt they'd promised the boys. I was in on the secret. "Think they'll ever forgive you?" I asked Bob.

"They'll have a fine time," he said.

Some distance from the lodge, oldtimers Mitchum and Jones explained the technique of snipe hunting. "You just stand here and hold the bags open and we'll scare up the snipe. When they come out of hiding, we'll chase them into the sacks."

Jim and Chris agreed. They stood quietly while Bob and Stan disappeared to beat the snipe out of the snowy bushes. The boys waited patiently. No snipe. No Bob or Stan, for that matter. At last they caught on to the gag. They had been left holding the bags. A few hours later, they wandered in. Jim was pretty sore. Chris thought it was very funny. However, they both thought the game had possibilities.

It seemed no time at all before our excursion was over. We packed the station wagon, said our goodbyes and started for Hollywood. Halfway there I chanced to remark that I hoped we hadn't forgotten anything. "I left my sled," said Jim in a small voice.

"You what?" bellowed Bob.

"I thought maybe we could go back and get it sometime soon," replied Jim.

"You have a point there," Bob told him. "You know, I think every growing boy should have a chance to romp in the snow and take advantage of winter sports."

"I think so, too," I said and grinned at my three growing boys. THE END

(Robert Mitchum can be seen in RKO's His Kind of Woman.—ED.)



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john agar on trial

(*Continued from page 35*) Boulevard. The driver must be loaded.' They pointed out the car to me, and the fellow behind the wheel turned out to be Agar. The kid didn't seem to be drunk, but I called over a couple of other officers, and they decided to book him."

As was later proven in court, John Agar wasn't drunk the night he was arrested on that charge.

THE public, however wasn't particularly interested in the truth. The newspapers said that Agar had been arrested for drunken driving and that seemed proof enough. It's the news that counts, the accusation that makes the front page. Denials are always saved for later. And what does it matter if a young man's life is ruined, his reputation soiled, his peace of mind shattered? The public wants its news hot, and that's the way it's dished out, especially where Hollywood actors are concerned.

When Jack Agar returned to court on that drunken driving charge, he pleaded guilty to reckless driving. However, Judge Henry H. Draeger weighed all the evidence, everything Agar had to say and everything the California Highway Patrol offered as proof, and he announced, "I am going to dismiss the drunken driving charge against the defendant on the grounds that the evidence at hand is insufficient. The defendant is sentenced to 30 days in the county jail. Sentence suspended for a year providing there are no further reckless or drunken driving violations."

Agar paid his fine, kept his mouth shut, went out to Warners where he began studying his role for *Breakthrough*. He made it a point to stay out of the limelight, to frequent no night clubs, and when he dated actresses like Ruth Roman or Gloria De Haven, it was only for publicity or preview purposes. The requests had come from the studio's front office.

AGAR tried to stay out of trouble, but on January 14th of this year, that old bugaboo, drunken driving, caught up with him again.

Two motorcycle officers, M. M. Schwab and R. R. Stein, arrested Jack "after we saw him cross the double line on Wilshire Boulevard near Manning Ave. We wanted to give him a sobriety test, but he refused to complete one."

Agar insisted that he was innocent, and demanded a trial by jury. He knew that if convicted he would be subject to a 30-day county jail sentence.

The results of his trial should be old news by the time you read this—unless, of course—the trial keeps being postponed.

Regardless of its result—John Agar will remain on trial with the American public, with thousands of movie fans who love to see his movies but can't figure out what makes him tick in private life.

John Agar is actually a very bewildered man. So much has happened to him in Hollywood since his marriage to Shirley Temple that he has yet to regain his sense of balance.

He suffers from a deep almost unconquerable inferiority complex. Whether sub-consciously he is ashamed of being an actor, no one but a psychiatrist would know—although it's apparent that he doesn't find acting easy. Basically an introvert, exhibitionism is foreign to his make-up. When a director asks him to portray a particular emotion, beads of sweat break out on his forehead.

One of the reasons Shirley Temple co-starred with him in his first movie, *Fort*

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Apache, was to put him at ease. John Ford, one of the great directors of all time, outdid himself to get a natural performance from Agar.

Jack is much more at ease now, but he is still the most difficult man in Hollywood to interview. "I used to think Gary Cooper was pretty tight-lipped," one veteran reporter recently pointed out, "but that Agar! You might as well be interviewing a museum collection. This guy's as noisy as a mummy about his private life."

There is little doubt that John Agar is a bitter and disillusioned young man these days. He has been, more or less, since Shirley divorced him—and certainly with good reason. He feels that in the public's eyes he stands convicted for the unhappiness of their marital life. Once in Buffalo, for example, when he was on a personal appearance tour, he was pointed out by one bobby-soxer to another. "There," said the little girl, "is the fellow who ruined Shirley's life."

This is, of course, untrue, but it's the kind of slander that Jack's been confronted with for the past year or so. On several occasions, he's been advised to stand up and speak his piece and clear the air for once and all, but he simply can't.

At the time of the divorce, he said, "As usual, there are two sides to the controversy. There is much I might have said and much I might say now. As I see it, however, no constructive purpose could be served by recriminations.

"This is the course I've followed since the divorce, and I still want to follow it despite possible wrongful implications. Right now I'm interested in only two things, my daughter and my career. I like Hollywood, and I want to stay an actor so long as the public wants me. I'm pretty young in show business which is why I don't have many opinions about parts and players and things like that. I just do what they tell me to."

Agar realizes that many people regard him as a poor little rich boy who got all the breaks, first by being born into money, and second by marrying Shirley Temple.

He knows he can do absolutely nothing about such opinions except to let time, and pictures like *The Magic Carpet* prove that he has ability and talent of his own.

It is possible that he could be barred from further picture-making on the "moral turpitude" clause in his contract—every motion picture contract has a clause which says that bad behavior in public by an actor serves as an immediate grounds for dismissal—but this is hardly likely.

Hollywood and the public are both too tolerant to deprive a man of his livelihood merely because he's been in two innocuous driving accidents.

If anything, they both hold out a welcome hand and an open heart when they feel an actor's had a tough break. Bob Mitchum is a case in point. He is currently more popular than ever. Mitchum, however, has the appeal of a man who came from the wrong side of the tracks, who never had the advantages Agar has had. Everyone thought he was a little silly to endanger his $3,200 a week salary, his family life, and his future by getting in with some pretty shoddy characters, but everyone has forgiven him.

Will the public forgive John Agar?

A day after his second arrest for reckless driving, a girl who's dated him occasionally, came up with this analysis: "Jack's in the process of growing up. He's 30, and he should've grown up long before this, but he's been insulated from life. His father died when he was a kid, and his mother probably worried too much about him. When he married Shirley Temple, he found that from nothing he'd suddenly become a national figure. When Shirley dropped him, her fans regarded him as a national enemy. Nobody's ever judged John on his own merits."

An actor who starred with Jack in *Iwo Jima*, says, "The kid may be a little spoiled, but he's a nice kid. He wouldn't do a mean or spiteful thing if it cost him his life. Other fellows out here break into the business, and the first thing you know, they're trying to upstage you. They learn a few tricks, cut you out of the camera, even sit up nights figuring out ways to make you look bad. They want to use your body as a stepping stone. Agar's not like that at all. He's a gentleman, he's well-bred, and he's got a good heart. Maybe he can't hold his liquor so well—but he'll learn. These two traffic messes were all he needed.

"I don't know—the kid's arrested for reckless driving, and every paper in the world carries the story. I don't blame him for suffering from a persecution complex. But eventually, he'll snap out of it.

"When he does, you just mark my words. He'll be one of the biggest stars this town has ever known."

Whether the public feels as friendly about John Agar as do the colleagues who work with him—the next few months will tell.

Right now, he stands on trial before the court of public opinion. THE END

hollywood's newest golden girl

(*Continued from page 51*) which Mitzi Gaynor told how she got to be, in a very short time, one of 20th Century-Fox's most promising young stars, a somewhat frightening prospect for the future of the studio, when you know that there hasn't been as volatile a creature hereabouts since the early Betty Hutton.

Mitzi Gaynor's father, a Hungarian named Henry Gerber, was a vagabond artist, a symphony and operatic conductor who toured this country and Latin America. He, too, was an explosive man with an extremely domineering attitude toward almost everything, including love. Tiring of travel, he established a conservatory in Chicago and shortly after fell in love with a Viennese ballroom dancer named Pauline Fisher. When Henry Gerber finally came to the conclusion that it *was* love, and not just some subtle Hungarian mood, he telephoned Pauline, ordered her to halt whatever she was doing and present herself before him immediately. By way of a proposal, he told her he was going to install a dancing class in his school, and needed her in his business. Such was his magnetism that she came—and married him.

By the time Mitzi was three years old her mother wanted her to become a dancer, so she called her sister into conference. Her sister, a ballet dancer known as Madame Francine, suggested that she go right to work on tiny Mitzi's positions and prepare her for a career as a ballerina.

Almost from the start, it was an unequal proposition. As far as Mitzi was concerned (she was precocious beyond her 'going on four') the whole business was a plot to destroy the enjoyment of her childhood, and the lessons were deliberate attempts to deform her. The traditional warm-up before a ballet lesson gave way to a new preliminary known as "kid catching," and she entered into this phase of the enterprise with whole-hearted vigor.

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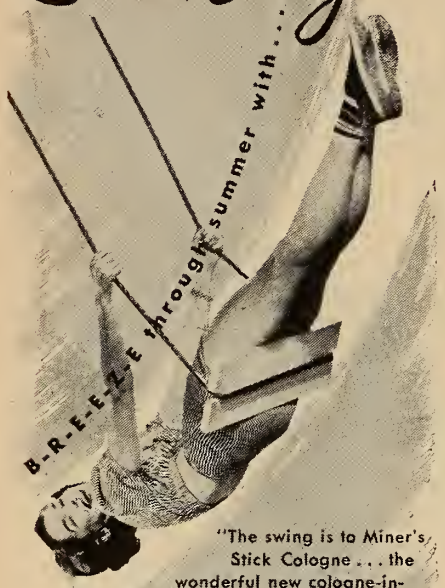
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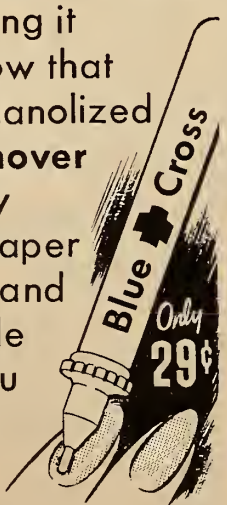
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However, the tuition was continued grimly for four years, at which time Henry Gerber, saddened by the effect the depression was having on his music school venture, claimed to have other definite talents and moved his family to Detroit where he engaged in such diverse occupations as 'cello soloist at musicales, and chef in fairly good restaurants. The family didn't prosper by this move, but at least everyone ate.

Each week a famous ballet troupe made an appearance at the Masonic Temple in Detroit. Madame Francine, still cracking the whip over the now eight-year-old back of Mitzi, decided to try another tack. Mitzi was out of the mud pie stage and beginning to be conscious of beauty. So Madame started taking her to the Masonic Hall for the Saturday matinees.

"It was then," Mitzi admits now quite soulfully, "that *I* first decided I was going to be a dancer. All of the great stars appeared in Detroit—and they were all so beautiful. I wanted to be like them."

To dance, and to perform for people, then became Mitzi's life. The relatively minor greatness of Madame Francine was dimmed in the blaze of Mitzi's new ambition. The family, eager to fan this unexpected conflagration, enrolled her in a class being conducted by a pair of ladies named Madame Armand and Madame Katherine Etienne, both prominent internationally in ballet circles. She became, almost immediately, their star pupil—and remains so to this day.

During Mitzi's really formative years, the vagrant nature of Henry Gerber took the family to other cities, and in each one Mitzi eagerly studied under the best available ballet master. She learned from Mia Slavenska, Roselle Frey, Paul Petroff and many others. But eventually the road led back to Detroit and Madame Etienne. Although art was uppermost in Mitzi's heart, an instinctive knowledge of the value of a buck rested there too—and she had a definite desire to make dancing pay off.

"The first money I ever earned," she said, "came from dancing. I played a benefit in Detroit and got $2.50. I was nine years old."

How she managed to make a penny out of a benefit is something she didn't completely explain, but the feat is a demonstration of rare business acumen.

At the age of 11, Mitzi had grown to sturdy proportions. She was already quite a celebrated mimic, a really accomplished dancer, and a "hamola" of the first water. Madame Etienne decided it was high time she became celebrated, and announced that they would all go to Hollywood to get Mitzi into the movies. Papa Gerber, parodoxically, elected to remain behind until he knew for sure what was going to come of the migration, so Mitzi, her mother, Madame Etienne and Aunt Francine headed West.

The magic of movietown dazzled Mitzi immediately. The casting offices were not too elated that Mitzi Gaynor was available, but it didn't faze her a whit. She heard that a local dance impresario, Ada Broadbent, was to put on an entertainment at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium for the current Rose Queen festival. Mitzi promptly decided to join up.

An obvious 12, Mitzi slipped into a girdle she had no use for, togged herself out in a grown-up suit belonging to an adult member of the family, stepped into a pair of shoes with four-inch heels, and staggered down to Miss Broadbent's office. The first and most obvious question Miss Broadbent asked was her age.

Mitzi, dizzy from the unaccustomed altitude, steadied herself on the edge of the desk and blandly said, "Sixteen."



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The impresario suggested that she come back when she was a little older—and Mitzi left in a blind rage.

But she got a chance to dance, anyway. The war was on and the USO gobbled up any entertainer who could walk on a stage. Mitzi had thousands of G.I.'s rolling in the aisle with her imitations of Carmen Miranda and a "soffering" Russian ballet star. It was good experience. To keep in trim, and to remain able to get up on her toes, she continued to study with Madame Etienne, and she played supernumerary engagements with the Ballet Russe when it appeared in Los Angeles. These, it must be admitted, were rather tragic occasions for the managers of the company.

Whenever the Ballet Russe plays "Coppelia," the entire troupe will shudder in memory of the night that ballerina Mitzi Gaynor, high in the air on a well camouflaged scaffold with the rest of the corps-de-ballet, became so engrossed in her interpretation that she thought she was on a cloud and stepped off into space. She landed on the floor below with a crash that shook the entire theater. Mitzi damaged nothing but her dignity and her likelihood of ever working for the producer again.

On another occasion, she appointed herself sort of captain of the other ballerinas and, during a performance of "Scheherazade," loudly called the beat as the girls kicked and banged tambourines. It was a splendid spirit, except that Mitzi was the only one *off* the beat, and she made quite a spectacle as she kicked when the others didn't, and banged her tambourine in a jangling solo when the score called for the twitter of a flute.

These setbacks had little effect on Mitzi Gaynor, however. At periodic intervals, she would doll up, get up on the high heels again and stagger down to Ada Broadbent's office, where she would loudly claim to be 16. Finally it bore fruit. Miss Broadbent, now fully aware that the kid had talent, got her a part in the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Company's production *Roberta*.

Edwin Lester, producer for the light opera company, took an immediate liking to the girl who always seemed to be 16 and signed her to a personal contract. She appeared with his company each season and became one of Los Angeles' and San Francisco's favorite performers. Everyone admired her talent and loved her energetic clowning. Even on-stage she was good for an occasional belly laugh, like the time she was dancing a waltz with Walter Slezak in *The Great Waltz* and something came unhooked in the back of her costume. It was a dress that required many undergarments—and as there was no time to investigate the thing that had come undone, Mitzi just kept on dancing, leaving in her wake a shower of petticoats that threatened to cover the entire stage.

THE casting offices of the movie studios still showed a definite lack of interest in Mitzi Gaynor, but the executive offices didn't. One night an assistant to George Jessel caught Mitzi in a show and gave a glowing report to Jessel the next day. George, now a producer at 20th Century-Fox, went to see her and sent a note asking her to come for an interview and test.

Mitzi admits she was very frightened. She also admits that for the first time in her career she thought 18 might sound too old, and mulled the advisability of telling the producer she was much younger. At any rate, she went to the studio, made a good impression during the interview, and was scheduled for an elaborate color test.

A first test is a terrifying experience


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for any actor, and Mitzi was no exception. She showed up in the make-up department on schedule and got ready to smear her face with some of the goo the theater required. A quiet man asked her to leave her face alone—he would take care of it. She began to comb her hair, and an equally quiet young woman asked her the polite equivalent of "Where's your union card?" Mitzi sat silently while the makeup man worked on her face and the lady on her hair. When they were finished, she was positive she had fallen into the hands of unknown enemies. It seemed as though nothing had been done. By a wearing down process, she finally got her hair brushed back from in front of her face, but the goo on the face was out. Then came a costumer, with what Mitzi vowed was atrocious taste, and Mitzi stumbled before the camera almost livid with rage.

The late John Stahl was the director. In a few minutes, Mitzi was sure he didn't have the faintest idea what he was doing, and he made her go over and over scenes that she knew perfectly well were excellent, maybe sensational, the first time. She dragged herself home at the end of the test positive she was the worst performer ever photographed—and amazed that *anyone* ever got into pictures with that kind of people fouling things up.

When she saw the test some days later she was stunned. Everything was just perfect. And she almost wept with remorse when she remembered the awful things she had thought about the people who made it for her. To this day she has the utmost respect for the quiet artists who work so competently behind the scenes in moving pictures.

It would be nice to say now that as soon as the executives at 20th Century-Fox saw Mitzi Gaynor's test they dispatched a vice-president to her home in the middle of the night to get her name on a contract. They didn't. Everybody raved about her. But there was just talk, talk, talk—nothing but talk. By this time, Mitzi had signed with an agent, Mitch Hammelberg, an extremely Hollywood-wise gentleman who has started some of the biggest stars in Hollywood on the road to fame. He advised her to just sit tight; that this was usual in situations of this kind.

Mitzi sat tight just as long as she could, then she opened negotiations with Cole Porter to go to Broadway to play in *Out of This World.* It had been two months since the test, and it looked as though there was no interest anymore.

The family bags were packed and the tickets bought when Hammelberg called and said that Henry Koster and Sol Siegel wanted to interview Mitzi for a part in *My Blue Heaven.* He advised her against getting excited about it, though, because it was just an interview—not an offer for her services. Mitzi went, had the talk, was asked to sit in an outer office for a few minutes—and then was taken back into the office and told she had the part.

You saw *My Blue Heaven,* and the impish Mitzi Gaynor walk away with her share of it. So did the rest of the people at the studio, and she was promptly signed to a long term contract. In her second picture, *Take Care of My Little Girl,* she neither sings nor dances—just acts—and the studio thinks she is one of the most promising young comediennes in the business. In her third film, now in production, *The Friendly Island,* she turns sultry, wearing sarongs, and the studio predicts she will be one of the most promising sexy stars in the business.

In her off-screen personality, Mitzi Gaynor is a complete hoyden—bouncy, busy, full of fun and energy. Wherever

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by VALDA SHERMAN

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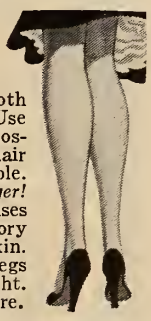
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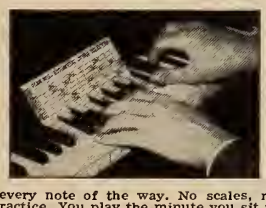
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she goes there is a slight tornado. She admits now to 19 and practical adulthood. And she still loves the ballet.

Romantically, Mitzi Gaynor is in rather an odd position. She is engaged to be engaged, in deference to her mother's wishes. But, nobody in the history of the world, has been more in love. The lucky young man is an attorney, and they have been going steady for three years, ever since Mitzi actually was 16. His name is Richard Coyle.

They met in something of a reverse of the Romeo and Juliet manner. Dick was visiting an older fraternity brother, Edward Everett Horton, backstage at the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium where Mitzi was working. Horton's dressing room was on an upper level, and Dick had stepped out onto a balcony to see a number on-stage. Mitzi, whose dressing room was directly underneath, also stepped out of her cubicle, heard a noise from above and looked up.

"It felt like I'd been struck by lightning," she said. "The guy up there was the handsomest creature I had ever seen in my life—or in the movies. He was tall, young and had premature grey at the temples. It took me five minutes to bend my head down again."

WAS MY FACE RED

■ Betty Garrett and Larry Parks were making personal appearances at an Ohio theater. Betty, taking great pride in Larry, knew that the fans around them thought she was pretty lucky to have Larry as a husband. Then she heard someone sigh loudly, "You're the luckiest girl in the world." Betty heartily nodded. The fan, even more emotional, added, "Just think, you kissed Frank Sinatra in your last picture."—*Kolma Flake.*

For three weeks, Dick Coyle attended every performance of the show—quite obviously to see Mitzi—but no opportunity for an introduction presented itself. Horton, perversely, refused to perform that simple chore. One day, Mitzi took the bull by the horns when she saw Dick passing a dressing room in which she was chattering with a bunch of the chorus girls. Snatching a mint from the dressing table, she dashed to the door and, holding the candy in front of her, stuttered:

"Have a mint?"

Dick reached for it and she saw that it was not only covered with grease paint, but had a bite taken out of it. Horrified, she stammered, "Just a minute, I'll get you a clean one." She ran back and got one, but the spell was broken. Dick took the candy, muttered a thanks, and departed. The show closed that night and Mitzi left the theater positive she would never see the lovely man again.

The next day he called her on the phone and said he was Dick Coyle. Mitzi didn't get it for a moment, then she said, "Are you that handsome, beautiful, tall, wonderful fellow who has been coming to the theater?" That was a pretty hard question to answer, but Dick identified himself. They talked for two hours, made a date for that night, and have been together every night since then.

Time will tell what the movies have in store for Mitzi in the way of fame and a career. But the people who know her well now, all predict that her star will rise rapidly, and will shine brightly for a long time. And they say something else about her, too.

"That Mitzi," they say, "what a doll! What a wonderful girl. She's going to be big—and it couldn't happen to a nicer madwoman."

THE END

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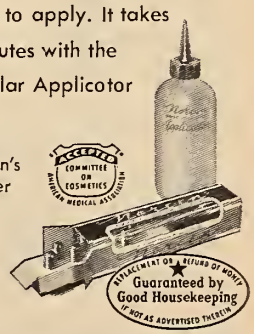
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I found romance in the mountains

(*Continued from page 36*) So, it was more or less by popular demand that I packed a weekend bag with White Stagg's finest and another beautiful Chan-gold ski suit, and caught a plane for Reno en route to Tahoe. I was determined to look the part of a ski enthusiast, though I'd most likely spend my time sitting in the snow.

I was in Reno long enough to send Bill a wire. "Don't worry, darling," it said. "I'm only here for a few hours." The ride to the Cal-Neva Lodge was slow and tedious I'd been told. I was too enchanted by my first glimpse of so much snow to notice. I couldn't say a word—just kept looking out of the window, and exclaiming to Ann Melton, a model on her way to Tahoe for a fashion layout.

We arrived at the lodge in time to get unpacked and dressed for dinner. That was when I first ran into Rod and Angela. "Come sit by the fire," they invited.

We compared career and matrimonial notes, and Rod jokingly told his version of how he and his new bride happened to be at Cal-Neva. According to Mr. Cameron it was because of a telephone. Once the light of his bachelor life, the instrument had become a fullfledged nuisance. Since his marriage the phone had never stopped ringing . . . and he always got the same dialogue. "Hello, Rod, old pal."

"Hello," he'd reply.

"Congratulations, chum."

"Thanks."

"Give the bride my best."

"Sure."

"By the way—guess you won't be needing that little black book anymore. You know, the one with the telephone numbers. Old pal."

"I burned it," Rod would retort. "And spread the word around, will you? I'm tired of answering the phone."

The word went slowly, and the Camerons decided to get away from it all, Rod told me solemnly.

Far from telephones, we spent the rest of the evening in a kind of warm, dreamy silence, periodically broken when the musicians came by to serenade us.

Next morning, I was at breakfast when Ann Melton came tapping on the windowpane. The weather was fine. "If we're going to ski, we'd better get started," I said.

"Why don't we just look around," Ann suggested, and we set out to explore the countryside . . . alternately on foot and by bus.

We'd just arrived at Squaw Valley when a snowball landed on my head. "Hi," yelled Bob Stack.

Claudette Thornton was with him, packing another snowball for more ammunition in case we retaliated. Two against two was slightly uneven as snowfights go—especially when one member of the opposing side is Bob Stack. Claudette deserted and came over to our team. For a time it looked as if Bob was going to be snowed under. Then he got his second wind, and our trio called for a truce. The good winner invited us into a nearby eating place for lunch.

We slipped into chairs beside Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill, and it was like old home week. Rhonda had come up to see snow, and Lew had come to see Rhonda.

"Isn't it fine?" I whispered to Ann.

"Isn't what fine?" she asked.

"All these couples," I said, being Cupid's best audience. "What a marvelous place



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to come to with your favorite beau."

I glanced at Bob and Claudette, deep in conversation. They were at Tahoe on a houseparty and had slipped away from the rest of the guests to try some of the more difficult ski runs.

I'd just finished my coffee when Bob spoke up. "Another fight anybody?" he challenged.

Ann started to get up. I nudged her, which meant they probably wanted to be alone, so she sat down again. "Some other time," I said.

"You're an incurable romantic," Ann laughed as Bob and Claudette went out into the snow. "Let's go back to the lodge with Rhonda and Lew—do you think they'd mind our company?"

"Love it," Rhonda volunteered.

"Thanks just the same, but I'm going to see how I do on skis," I told them.

An hour later I was sitting in the snow of Squaw Valley, wondering about the logic of standing up again, when a kind gentleman on his way down the mountain stopped to ask if I needed help.

"It would take years to help me," I admitted. "This is my first time on skis."

He was very encouraging. Before long I was standing and able to stay that way. "Well, now," I said, "will you show me how to get to the ski tow?"

We got there, but when I saw the lift my confidence was shattered. It's the largest ski tow in the world. Glancing up I saw three familiar faces coming down toward me. . . . Dorothy, Jim, and Chris Mitchum. Dorothy said that Bob would be down eventually—in one piece, she hoped. He was coming on skis. When he reached the bottom (in one piece), we adjourned to the Jones' lodge where the Mitchums were visiting. Stan and Olive Jones had a roaring fire going, and borrowing an outfit from Dorothy, I hung my ski clothes up to dry. "Great place, huh?" Bob asked.

I nearly ran out of adjectives.

MGM's 18-year-old comer Debbie Reynolds, enthused about *Singing In The Rain* script: "I just love it," she says. "It's a period picture—1928."—*Herb Stein in The Hollywood Reporter.*

THAT evening back at the lodge, I joined the Camerons for dinner, in California. After the meal, we went from the dining room over to the game room in Nevada (hence the name Cal-Neva) . . . a strange feeling crossing the state line by simply going from one room to another.

I've never been one for taking chances, so I found a place at the table to watch roulette. When the lights went out, I got the idea I couldn't be lucky even as a spectator. However, candles were brought in and activity continued by candlelight. As my eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, I noticed that we had quite a gathering. Bob and Dorothy had stopped in. They were standing at the table, Bob's arm around Dorothy, and a stranger might have taken them for honeymooners. Bob Stack and Claudette were watching the players. I turned around and blinked. Rhonda and Lew were coming into the room, hand in hand.

It was late enough to say goodnight and if I wrote Bill right away, the letter would reach him in Honolulu. On the way to my room, I glanced toward the fireplace. "Goodnight," said the Camerons from their place on the hearth.

"Dear Bill," I wrote. "I seem to have found romance in the mountains. Lots of romance, but it all belonged to other people. I'm making return reservations for us when you get home. Then you can see what I mean."

THE END

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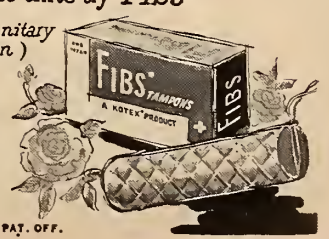
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EASY CONTEST RULES

1. Send in a nickname for little Stanley pictured here in M-G-M's production, "Father's Little Dividend."
2. Print the suggested name along with your own name and address on the entry blank on this page, or the entry blanks you can get at your grocer's.
3. Send as many entries as you wish to Baby Nickname Contest, Box 7155, Chicago 77, Ill.
4. With each entry, enclose three (3) labels from any of Libby's Baby Foods or Junior Foods. Use a separate entry blank (or sheet of paper) for each name.
5. Entries will be judged on originality, suitability and aptness. The judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.
6. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, July 15, 1951.
7. All entries become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby. No entries will be returned or acknowledged.
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he inside story on WHY SHIRLEY TEMPLE QUIT

modern screen

JUNE

15c



What Happens to Hollywood Romances–

Doris Day
Jane Powell
Ruth Roman
Ann Blyth

Jane Wyman

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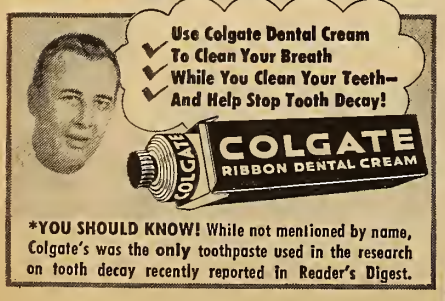
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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

JUNE, 1951

modern screen

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Other Picture Credits on page 91

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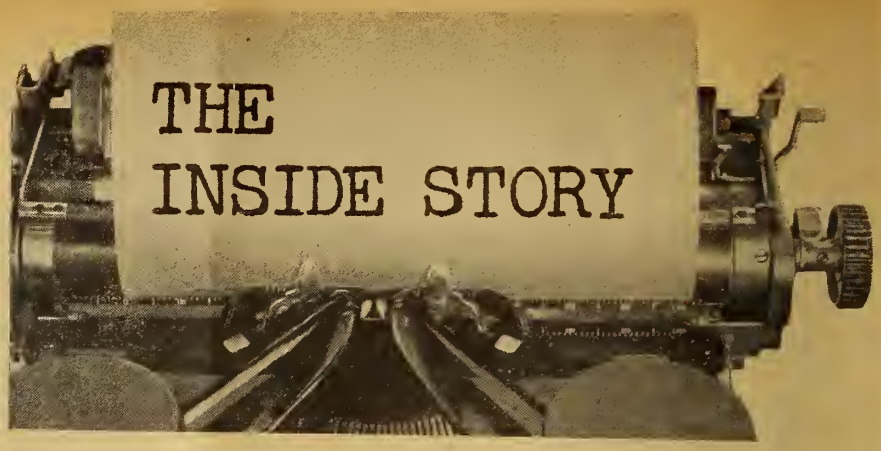
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A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Charles Black refused to marry Shirley Temple until she quit the movies? —R. E., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *False. (For the reasons behind Shirley's decision to stop acting turn to "The Inside Story on Why Shirley Quit," page 27.—Ed.)*

Q. What is the lowdown on Ruth Roman? How many times has she been married? Is it true she proposed to her husband?—V. T., STAMFORD, CONN.

A. *Ruth Roman was married at 16 to a boy named Jack Flaxman. The marriage lasted six months. Ruth's present husband is Mortimer Hall who proposed to her.*

Q. Is it true that Dan Dailey suffered a complete nervous breakdown and had to be sent to the Menninger Clinic? —R. T., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A. *No. Several months ago, Dan felt "all mixed up," and took himself to the Menninger Clinic for some sensible psychiatric treatment. By the time you read this, he should be back in Hollywood. (Read "The Courage of Dan Dailey" on page 54.—Ed.)*

Q. Is it possible to buy dresses worn by a star from the studio wardrobe department? —T. Y., ALBANY, N. Y.

A. *Studio wardrobe departments are not permitted to sell costumes to the public.*

Q. Is it true that Farley Granger has gotten too big for his boots? Is that why he moved out of his parents' house? —G. G., LAKELAND, FLA.

A. *Farley hasn't gone high-hat. Independent and self-reliant, he feels he'd like to live on his own, away from home. He sees his folks every day.*

Q. Is Ben Gage, Esther Williams' husband, popular in Hollywood? What does he do? —T. R., N. Y.

A. *He's popular. He manages a Los Angeles restaurant called The Trails. He and Esther own it.*

Q. Is Jeff Chandler really Ira Grossel? How is he doing in Hollywood? —T. R., TORONTO, CANADA

A. *Chandler is Grossel. He is doing beautifully in his career. He is having some difficulty, however, in his private life.*

Q. Does Jeanne Crain make more money than her husband, Paul Brinkman? What does he do, anyway?—D. E., DILLON, S. C.

A. *Paul Brinkman is a furniture manufacturer. After taxes, his income is larger than his wife's.*

Q. If Janet Leigh is really in love with Tony Curtis, why don't they get married? Is it true that Barry Nelson and Arthur Loew, Jr., both refused to marry Janet?—R. R., TULSA, OKLA.

A. *Tony doesn't feel he's ready for marriage. It was Janet who turned down proposals by Nelson and Loew, Jr.*

Q. Is it true that Lex Barker, currently playing Tarzan, comes from a very social family? —R. R., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. *Lex Barker comes from Port Chester, New York. His is a typical American family, not socially prominent.*

Q. What's happened to Guy Madison? I haven't seen him in pictures. —F. C., ELKHART, IND.

A. *Guy is making pictures for television.*

Q. Who has custody of Kirk Douglas' two boys? Will Kirk marry Irene Wrightsman? —C. Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Diana Dill, Kirk's first wife, has custody of the boys. Kirk may be married to Irene Wrightsman as of now.*

Q. Is it true that John Agar is a crooner in a band? Does he see his little daughter.—C. Y., CLEVELAND, O.

A. *Agar has recorded several tunes with Frank De Vol's band under an assumed name. He pays visits to Linda Susan.*

Q. Does Van Heflin wear a hairpiece, and why has Charles Boyer given up wearing his? —G. U., AMES, IOWA

A. *Van wears one, and Boyer has stopped because he says, "For character parts, a toupee is not necessary."*



Mono Freemon's best lipstick became warpaint for little Mona at the porty. The Ladds are strong on western lore, had authentic costumes.

Judy and Vincente forgot their differences to give Liza a happy birthday party . . . will the Jeff Chandlers be able to patch up their marriage? All Hollywood gives thanks with Dorothy Lamour for a miracle . . .

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—she's cutting her hair shorter and shorter and looks younger and younger—came in with famed Broadway producer, Gilbert Miller and his wife.

Judy Garland was with Sid Luft—who else? I won't go so far as to say that Judy is thin again—but she has lost a lot of the poundage that made her look like a butterball a few months ago.

Both Gene Tierney and Marion Davies wore those new coat dresses—and all I gotta say is that you have to be as thin as both these beauties to wear that style. It ain't for me.

Pert Monica Lewis had Metropolitan opera star, Robert Merrill, in tow but they insist they are not in love. If not—they sure do a lot of hand holding. Merrill is out here to make two pictures for Paramount—sort of Paramount's answer to Mario Lanza. If anybody can be—Bob's the boy to do it. He's young, romantic looking—and oh,—how he can sing!

Ezio Pinza and his pretty Doris were over in a corner absolutely bent double over

For the skin that doesn't like a heavy make-up...



This greaseless base Sheer...cool...natural!

Always soft and delicate, even in the harsh glare of summer sun—that is *your* complexion in this *sheerer* foundation! Before powder, smooth on a misty veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream. *It's completely greaseless!* Never streaks . . . never discolors. This satiny Cream gives a transparent, protective finish that flatters any skin tone! Keeps your complexion fresh, flawless for *hours*—makes you look your sweetest, most natural self!





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Summer weather can mercilessly "leather" your skin, make it look *older*. "Re-style" your complexion—*now*. Cover face—except eyes—in a deep, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens dry, flaky skin particles. *Dissolves them off!* Leave the Mask on 1 minute—then tissue off. Now—*see* the results! "No beauty treatment gives my skin a so much clearer, softer look so quickly!" says Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor

"I always feel so *right* in a powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream," Mrs. Astor says. "It suits my skin perfectly—looks so natural and stays smooth much longer than other foundations I've used."



Keep dainty all day with a single spray!



JUST SPRAY IT ON! Etiquet Spray-On is *safe* and *sure* . . . really ends perspiration odor, checks perspiration moisture! Easy to use—your fingers never even touch it! Glamorous women *depend* on Etiquet for day-long daintiness!

EXCLUSIVE FORMULA! Etiquet contains a special formula to curb the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. Antiseptic, Etiquet does not irritate normal skin—independent scientific tests prove it does not weaken fabrics or damage clothing.

AMAZINGLY ECONOMICAL! Months supply in a smart, unbreakable blue plastic bottle. 33¢ and 59¢, plus tax.

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FLUFFY-LIGHT ETIQUET DEODORANT CREAM



If you prefer a cream deodorant, you'll love Etiquet in the luxury vanishing cream base! Gives long-lasting protection . . . goes on easily, disappears in a jiffy. No gritty particles, Etiquet won't dry out in the jar, won't harm fine fabrics. 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax. Also in handy tube.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



The Roy Rogers' new buckaroo, Robin Elizabeth, is a big girl now. She'll be nine months old May 26th; has two sisters and a brother.

Reggie Gardiner's imitation of Ezio! There's never a dull moment when that Reggie's around and you can't say Pinza isn't a good sport to take all that kidding.

The party invitations read from "six to nine"—but when I called Cobina next day to say what a nice time I had had—she told me she went to bed at 2 A.M.—and it was still going strong after she'd retired.

I SWORE I was going to write a department this month without mentioning Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton. But guess I might as well give up—or *in!*

Yep—after all them harsh words—these two met either by accident or pre-arrangement in Palm Springs, danced together, laughed together, and had a fine time.

Next day, Liz said there would be no reconciliation. Nick said, "Who knows?"

Anyway, Elizabeth has taken a bachelor apartment in Beverly Hills, and is shopping for a house of her own. Apparently she has no intention of returning to the home of her parents.

A MIRACLE happened in Hollywood this month. Dorothy Lamour's little boy, five-year-old Ridgely, lay in a coma at Children's Hospital, victim of encephalitis which is usually fatal when it follows measles. He could neither walk nor talk—just lay there knowing no one, not even Dorothy or his father, Bill Howard.

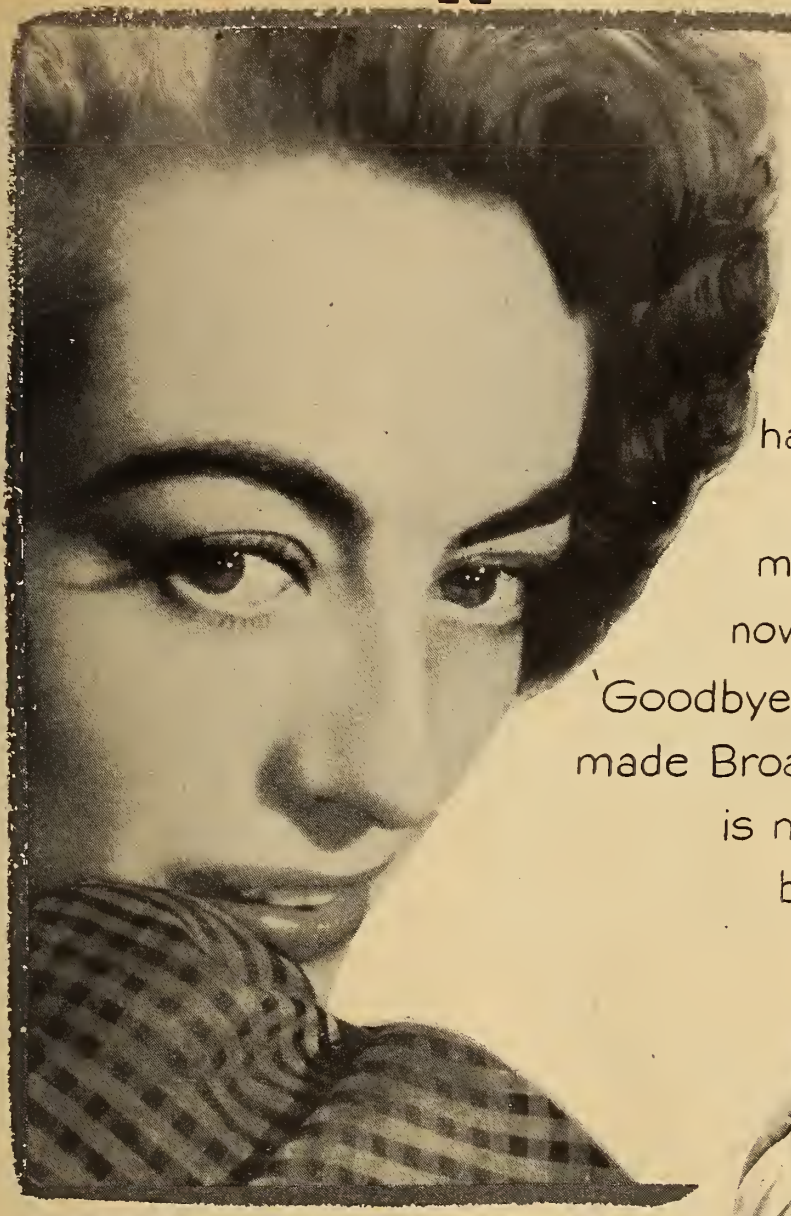
No one will ever know the agony Dorothy and Bill went through. The doctors had told them the truth. Only one child in 5,000 contracts this rare disease—and the chances of recovery were just about the same.

But Dorothy wouldn't — couldn't — believe that. She just kept on believing and praying and asking her friends to pray, too.

And the miracle happened—to the amazement of the battery of doctors in attendance. One morning little Ridge awoke—still weak, still a very sick little boy—but he spoke and walked again!

You think Hollywood is a hardboiled town? I want to tell you that there was more rejoicing through the studios from the gateman to the bosses over this wonderful news about the little boy, than I have known in 25 years

THERE'S A NEW LIGHT IN JOAN'S EYES!



When 'Mildred Pierce' brought Joan Crawford her greatest public acclaim, it brought with it something else... the hard job of finding another role that would be its match. That challenge has now been triumphantly met. 'Goodbye, My Fancy,' 'the play that made Broadway brighter' (WARD MOREHOUSE, N.Y. WORLD TELE-SUN) is now on the screen--and by far the most exciting picture Joan Crawford has ever appeared in!



No one could look more like an Angel-- and love like a Devil!

"Best Drama of the Month" —says LOUELLA PARSONS in Cosmopolitan magazine

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

JOAN CRAWFORD
ROBERT YOUNG
FRANK LOVEJOY

(the lovable Sergeant of 'Breakthrough')

"GOODBYE, MY FANCY"

WITH **EVE ARDEN** · DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN · PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

Screen Play by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts • Based on the Play by Fay Kanin
From the Stage Production by Michael Kanin • In association with Aldrich and Myers

ON THE WAY!

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

and!

"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"



You, too, could be more **charming attractive popular**

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- **Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.***
- **Odo-Ro-No is *the* deodorant that *stays* creamy longer—never gets gritty, even in open jar.**
- **No other cream deodorant is so harmless for fabrics.**
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**Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.*



New

ODO·RO·DO CREAM

GUARANTEED *Full 24 Hour Protection*

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

of covering newsworthy events in this business.

Let me tell you what Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd did:

While little Ridge was still desperately ill, Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Carmen Castleberry, ran into Hoppy on the street and told him of the child's serious condition. "Could you send him a card—or a message?" she asked.

"Send him a card!" exclaimed Bill. "I'm going with you to the hospital now!"

And he did—taking along a full Hopalong costume. "Ridge," he said to the child, "you've got to get out of those pajamas and into your new Hoppy suit."

All the other children—dozens of them who were able to be up and around—crowded around their idol whose visit did them more good than all the medicine in the world.

I hope all those who scoff at Hollywood as a heartless and wicked place—read this. The prayers came from Catholics, Jews and Protestants alike.

SHORT Shots: Ava Gardner, who hasn't been feeling up to par for some time (that's why she turned down two movies at MGM) wisely decided to go into the hospital for a complete check-up. Frankie Sinatra sent so many flowers they had to remind him—please, it wasn't a garden. . . . Wait until you see Ava and Kathryn Grayson in *Show Boat!* Ava sings "torchy", Kathryn sings like an angel—and it's the best and most thrilling screen romance since *Gone With The Wind.* . . . It really looks cold between Peter Lawford and charmin' Sharman Douglas, now turned glamor press agent on *Androcles And The Lion.* Pete's car drove up beside Sharman's at a Sunset Boulevard stop signal. They rolled down the windows and waved to one another, cordially—but that ain't a hot romance in my book! . . . Seems everybody, just everybody, has been hit by the old Devil Flu—but one of the most serious cases was Ruth Roman who felt so awful she started the first lap of her honeymoon to Honolulu alone. She wanted to rest and get the sun on a boat trip. Her ever lovin' bridegroom, Mortimer Hall flew over to join her. . . . Virginia Mayo cost Warner Brothers about a full day's work breaking up completely as she did every time she looked at cute little old S. Z. Sakall dressed up fit to kill as a cowboy in *Golddiggers In Las Vegas.* With his ten gallon hat, chaps and gun-holsters, he was the sight of the week. Virginia calls him "Zopalong" Cassidy—for the Z in his name.

WANDA Hendrix is completely over the heartache she carried for Audie Murphy—but it took her a year to put out the torch.

As it is the fate of many women to go through unhappy marriages and love affairs, I asked Wanda if she had any advice for other torch-toters.

"Only one thing will do it," said this very young girl with the wise eyes, "and I mean —time! The days go by—and somehow with the passing of each 24 hours, the ache lessens a little bit.

"It's silly to try to find a new love immediately. It just can't be done. But I do suggest going out with other men whom you like for their companionship.

"And, then—one bright morning you wake up and think to yourself, 'I'm over it—or at least the worst of it'."

Sounds like a disease—but I guess that's just what love-sickness is.

You oughtta see Jeanne Crain since Joe (*All About Eve*) Mankiewicz got hold of her and changed her from an ingenue into a stunner for *Doctor's Diary*.

Jeanne, the most even-tempered girl in the world, went to bat for genius-Mankiewicz when Anne Baxter was forced out because of the Stork.

But she hadn't quite counted on Joe's complete "reconstruction" job. Jeanne has always kept her hair long. He made her cut it shorter than short.

And he didn't like the pretty-pretty way she dresses, I mean, the ruffles and peasant blouses and skirts Jeanne has always favored in her private wardrobe.

He turned her over to a high stylist with instructions, "Make her look like the *next* cover on Harper's Bazaar."

Know who is the most delighted of all in Jeanne's new "looks"? Paul Brinkman, who thinks his wife looks wonderful. "I'm married —and the mother of three children," says our new glamor girl. "It's time I started looking like a chic woman."

The Letter Box: Mrs. Walter Daisey, of Salisbury, Maryland, suggests this department run a "memorial" photograph of Al Jolson in each October issue of MODERN SCREEN—the anniversary of Al's passing. How about it, Chuck Saxon? (*Dear Louella, I think it's a fine idea. Will do.—C. S.*)

A surprising amount of mail from Europe this month: Gilberte Verlinden writes from Hasselt, Limburg, Belgium (and in very good English): "I read you in MODERN SCREEN, my favorite magazine. But you never write about any actors from Belgium." Darned if I can think of any. She goes on, "Alan Ladd is my favorite American star and the favorite of all my friends." In Belgium, too?

Louise Hershey (and she's a Mrs., too) wants somebody to talk Shirley Temple into coming back to the screen. "She's as much a part of motion pictures as the cameras."

Helen Andersen, Tahaya, Washington, thinks Janet Leigh has made an improvement in her private wardrobe—but her evening gowns are *still* too decollete for a nice girl.

That's all for now. See you next month.



Hedy Lomorr, o volunteer in the Cerebrol Polsy drive for $5,000,000, hugs Helen Brooks who is one of the notion's holf-million born polsied.

PEPSODENT gets your teeth BRIGHTER BY FAR!



YES, BRIGHTER THAN THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING TOOTH PASTES COMBINED!

Make this 1-Minute Test, today! Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? Now brush with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? Your mirror will show you how much brighter they look! Only PEPSODENT with IRIUM* has this film-removing formula. Remember: ***Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth —and less susceptible to decay!***



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(*a Gayla exclusive!*)
Grooms Hair-dos—Saves Waves
Invisible—Tru-Color Hair Shades

more women use
Gayla®
HOLD-BOB®
bobby pins than
all other brands
combined.



set curls easier
hold hair-dos better

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movie reviews



by Christopher Kane

FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND

■ Spencer Tracy, who had enough trouble getting his daughter married, now has to suffer through her first blessed event. This sequel to *Father of the Bride* hos Liz and hubby fighting, moking up, becoming parents; but once again the film belongs to Tracy. Whether's he's snorling at his son-in-law (son-in-law: "She can't go home to you every time she's mad—" Tracy: "What do you wont me to do, move?") or refusing to look at the boby (every time the boby sees him, it screeches) and insisting, "That child's an individual, and he doesn't like me"—he's warm and humon ond fun.

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett, Elizabeth Toylor, Billie Burke. MGM

picture of the month



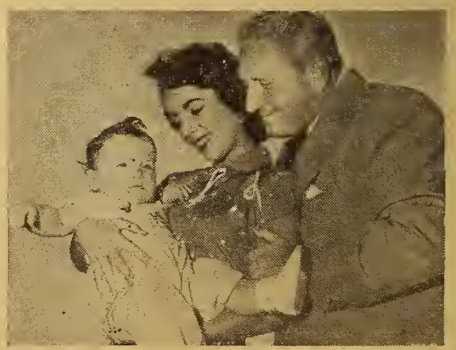
Both sets of parents plan homes for Koy (Liz Taylor) and Buckley (Don Taylor), unaware that the youngsters have already bought one.



Father (Tracy) feels his age ot becoming o grandfather. But finds Kay still needs him. She runs to him after a quarrel. He sends her home.



The baby, a boy, finally arrives! The next crisis is what to name him. Each family has opposing suggestions. Kay and Buckley are secretive.



Father adores the baby but the admirotion isn't mutual. They're pals, though, by the time the boby is christened with Father's name, Stanley.



Pandora And The Flying Dutchman: The legendary tale of the sailor who could not die receives A-1 treatment from Mason and Gardner.

PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Here's one of those pictures so pretentiously bad it's enjoyable. It must have cost as much as *Gone With The Wind*, since an expensive cast cavorts along the coast of Spain in Technicolor. The coast of Spain is superb, but you can't say as much for the unfortunate actors. They have impossible pseudo-philosophical speeches to make (with quotations from Omar and a little paraphrased Shakespeare thrown in) and they make them like a high school drama club. Story is mystic. James Mason isn't able to die like a regular human being. Hundreds of years ago, he killed his lovely young wife, and was condemned by heaven to roam the seas till he could find a lady willing to sacrifice her own life for him. Lady turns out to be Ava, to whom a life more or less signifies very little. She's a femme fatale. Marius Goring has committed suicide over her; Nigel Patrick has hurtled his racing car off a cliff for her; and a bullfighter, Mario Cabre, has murdered for her with zest and conviction. Ava's fatalistic about all these things, but that's enough from me. You go see it. It's a true spectacle.

Cast: James Mason, Ava Gardner, Nigel Patrick, Sheila Sim.—MGM.

THE FIRST LEGION

Charles Boyer must be determined to stop giving us girls thrills. Instead of his old romantic self in *The 13th Letter* he acted an elderly crackpot, and now in *The First Legion*, he's a kindly priest. As kindly as he can be, considering the stress of events at the seminary with which he's connected. Doctor Lyle Bettger, who used to be a Catholic, has perpetrated a hoax which causes old priest H. B. Warner to walk. (H.B.'s been paralyzed for three years, but without physical reason, so Doc Bettger injects him with a stimulant, and presto!) This "miracle" causes a rush of pilgrims to Bettger's hospital, just as he planned it would, and pilgrims and priests are dying like flies from exertion, heart trouble, etc., when a lovely young girl (Barbara Rush) who's hopelessly crippled, shows up. Bettger's hard heart grows soft. He admits all to her, but she has enough faith so she throws away her wheel chair and walks anyway. Bettger returns to the fold, and that's that. It's no Song of Bernadette, it hasn't got Barry Fitzgerald, but it's full of aging character actors including Leo G. Carroll and Walter Hampden.

Cast: Charles Boyer, William Demarest, Lyle Bettger, Barbara Rush.—United Artists.

(Continued on page 16)

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color



Blonde hair gleams with bright gold

Brunette hair dances with dark fire

Red hair takes on a burnished glory

Gray, White hair shines with silver

Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

NEW LANOLIN ENRICHED SHASTA CREAM SHAMPOO gives your natural hair color a dazzling lift. Makes the color look brighter, richer. Makes it *sparkle*.

HERE'S WHY: Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giver that "super" cleans your hair, so the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA "SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY: Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe—it does not steal precious natural oil from your hair. New Shasta Cream Shampoo lathers *out* color-dulling grime, leaves *in* glamour-giving natural oils your hair needs to be *soft, healthy, easy-to-manage*.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE COLOR TEST TODAY

BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a small lock of hair. Put this lock aside. Then shampoo your hair with new Shasta but don't shampoo the small lock.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is thoroughly dry, compare the unwashed lock of hair with your soft and radiant Shasta *color-sparked* hair!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not completely convinced that Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return jar and get money back in full under Procter & Gamble's guarantee.



Save money on the big economy jar 89¢
Also 57¢, 29¢

NEW COLOR-SPARKING *Shasta* "SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY
DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

The Chandlers are learning what so many others have found: a place in the Hollywood sun too often casts a shadow over a happy home.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

storm clouds for jeff



Married six years, Jeff and Marjorie have two daughters.

■ There are some actors whose domestic happiness all Hollywood usually takes for granted. Alan Ladd is one. Dick Powell is another. Jeff Chandler was a third until a few weeks ago. Then these lines appeared in a gossip column: "Jeff Chandler, currently the hottest young actor in town, is seeing a lot of Ann Sheridan."

"Is it true," asked another columnist, "that Jeff Chandler is living in a portable dressing room on the Universal lot? Doesn't he have a place to go home to, or is something radically wrong?"

A studio spokesman, when asked to verify the rumors, expressed amazement at them. But Chandler's agent, Meyer Mishkin, said, "Chandler's wife, you know, is an actress. Her name's Marjorie Hoshelle. She played in *The Next Voice You Hear* and *I Can Get It For You Wholesale.* Whenever you have two careers in one family, especially two acting careers, there's bound to be a little friction. But I think they'll work things out."

While things supposedly were being worked out, Mrs. Jeff Chandler was sitting in the Beverly Hills office of her attorney. "I think," she said, "I'd like to get a divorce. My husband and I seem to be incompatible."

Marjorie and Jeff were married on October 13, 1946, in a candlelight ceremony at the Beverly Hills home of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Slottow.

At the time, Jeff was about as well-known as Mickey Mouse's third cousin. Just discharged from the Army, the six-foot-four-inch actor had been given a screen test by Universal. The card, bearing the result of his screen test, carries this information: "Ira Grossel, 27; 6′ 4″; brown eyes; brown hair; 210 lbs.; mug type combination Bogart-Cagney-Gable; okay for tough bits."

Actually, Jeff was testing for a role in Mark Hellinger's picture, *The Killers.* He didn't get it. In fact, he didn't get anything. No one would give him an acting job of any sort. He tried radio, and got bounced around from one audition to another. In (*Continued on page 58*)

The finest silverplate... the loveliest patterns...



...only $8.06 for a six piece place setting!

Choose new May Queen—the enchanting new design that sparkles with gaiety and charm... classic *Danish Princess*, with its cool, Nordic beauty... romantic *Spring Garden*, for its refreshing floral note... or delicate *Lovely Lady* with hint of yesteryear.

Start your service now! Six-piece place setting only $8.06 each—includes knife, fork, salad fork, soup spoon and two teaspoons. For a small down payment, you may take home complete services. 8 place settings, plus 4 serving pieces and chest, only $69.95.

Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. The most used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver where they rest on the table. Thus, should wear occur, there is sterling underneath.

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Sterling Inlaid Silverplate

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I dreamed I was Cinderella in my

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Who needs a glass slipper... or a fairy godmother! Maidenform is more than magic for me! I'm straight out of a fairy tale... a picture-book figure to fall in love with. No wonder I'll wear Maidenform happily ever after!*

Shown: Maidenform's New Maidenette Strapless re-designed for fabulous comfort—in white satin with nylon marquisette insert; also available in black. Other versions in white broadcloth or satin with lace inserts... from 1.75. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N. Y. 16.*

There is a maidenform for every type of figure.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1951, Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc.
Costume: Cacciola-Broillet Shoes: Julianelli*



(Continued from page 13)



Bird Of Paradise: Louis Jourdon and Debra Paget are as romantic as the south seas themselves in this saga of pagan love and sacrifice.

BIRD OF PARADISE

According to the 20th Century-Fox production notes, Delmer Daves, who had the task of bringing that ancient epic, *Bird of Paradise*, up to date, found the folk-tale he was dealing with, "So laden with beauty and pathos that, he admits, he was moved to tears in its writing." At the risk of appearing inartistic, I can only say I thought it was a riot. Jeff Chandler, a Polynesian chief's son, finds he can't abide civilization (he's been away at school) and so comes back to his island, bringing school pal Louis Jourdan for a short visit. Jourdan casts his eyes on the chief's daughter (Debra Paget) and vice versa. They get married. ("If you don't have children, bring your wife back here and your presents will be returned," the chief tells him.) Debra, who'll do anything for anybody, walks on coals of fire to prove to a certain holy man that her marriage is smiled upon by the gods, and eventually leaps into a volcano to save her village from annihilation. This is pretty hard on Jourdan, who has some funny French notions. The Technicolor is lovely, and so is the scenery (shot in Hawaii). I thought the molten lava was melted cheese, but I found out later an actual volcano was kind enough to oblige the studio by erupting.
Cast: Louis Jourdan, Debra Paget, Jeff Chandler, Everett Sloane.—20th Century-Fox.

SOLDIERS THREE

MGM, which is having itself a romance with Rudyard Kipling, follows *Kim* with *Soldiers Three*, based on a series of R.K. stories. Cyril Cusack, Robert Newton and Stewart Granger are cast as the three privates in His Majesty's service out in India or one of those pukka sahib places. These boys are wine and women fanciers, and you can keep the song. You can even keep the women. They practically ruin the lives of their officers, Colonel Walter Pidgeon and Captain David Niven, but later on they save the Empire in a way too long to describe here, and at one point they wear ladies' underthings; and Greta Gynt may be briefly glimpsed as a languorous blonde mysteriously called Crenshaw. Some really funny stuff in this.
Cast: Stewart Granger, Walter Pidgeon, David Niven.—MGM.

HE RAN ALL THE WAY

Escaping after a payroll robbery, John Garfield kills a policeman, gallops to a public swimming pool where he picks up Shelley Winters, and invites himself home with her.



He Ran All The Way: Tough little Shelley has met her match in John Garfield, who's a lot tougher and not nearly so pretty as Ia Winters.

When they get there, the cupboard, far from being bare, reveals a mother, a father, a small brother. John needs a place to hide out. He announces to the family that he's staying with them until he can make a getaway, and he punctuates his thoughts by waving a revolver. After that, he can't understand why nobody likes him. (Except Shelley, who loves him, though she hates herself for it.) "All I asked from you people," John says at one point, "is a place for a couple of days. You'd give as much to an alley cat." This would be a sympathetic speech, were it not for the fact that very few alley cats hit old men in the stomach, and shoot bullets across the dinner table, two pastimes John is addicted to. He doesn't make a good end, let me add.

Cast: John Garfield, Shelley Winters, Wallace Ford, Selena Royle.—United Artists.

APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER

Postal inspector Alan Ladd is sent to Gary, Indiana, to investigate the murder of a fellow inspector. Disposal of the murdered inspector's body was witnessed by nun Phyllis Calvert, and Alan, who uses the Sister to help him track down some of the villains involved, begins to worry over her safety. Alan, I might as well point out, is described in the picture as a hard-boiled skeptic. Everybody keeps saying things like, "Well, you wouldn't know; you're not human." How they came to this conclusion escapes me since he seemed in all things thorough, polite, and perfectly normal. But I won't quibble. This is a good exciting picture—the murder is all mixed up with a million-dollar postal robbery plan, crooks include Paul Stewart, Jack Webb, and Henry Morgan (who does a masterful job with a bit part), and Jan Sterling has some nice moments as a moll who's tired of molling.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Phyllis Calvert, Paul Stewart, Jan Sterling.—Paramount.

THE LEMON DROP KID

Loosely resembling the Damon Runyon short story from which it was taken, *The Lemon Drop Kid* stars Bob Hope as a racetrack tout who nearly touts himself out of business. He gives the girlfriend of a gangster called Moose a tip. She bets it. The horse the gangster told her to bet wins. The horse Hope suggested she bet does not. Moose then figures Hope owes him ten thousand dollas, and gives him a month to raise it. Bob gets himself a city license (he's organizing a legal charity) and goes out ostensibly to collect money for an Old Dolls' (old ladies')

Last thing at night . . . first thing in the morning . . .

To Keep that Breathless Charm



THERE'S something so freshening and so cleansing, so delightfully exhilarating about Listerine Antiseptic that countless fastidious women make it a daily "must". They consider it a first-aid to charm.

And, of course, before any date these sensitive persons wouldn't think of omitting it. Listerine Antiseptic sends you forth with a welcome feeling of greater assurance that your breath is beyond suspicion . . . that you are indeed at your best. It freshens and sweetens, not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but usually for hours.

Undoubtedly, you are a Listerine Antiseptic user and know how wonderfully it contributes to your sense of well-being. If you are not, now is the time to begin. You will never regret it.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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amazing deodorant bargain!.. save $1.00

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FREE!
Exact copy of boudoir pin boxes in gold and silver finish that cost $2 and more. Handsamely decorated.



Handsome Boudoir Pin Box ($1.00 Value)

Plus 59c Jar of 5-day Deodorant Pads—both only 59c!



It's the way you apply dainty 5-day Deodorant Pads that makes them keep under-arms dry and odorless so much longer than any other deodorant tested.

Each delightfully fragrant pad is saturated with mild yet very effective deodorant. You wipe it under arms—and throw it away. The cool, refreshing, close-up wiping action assures complete penetration. Gives far more reserve protection. Dries in seconds.

Nothing to smear on clothes or fingers! No drizzle to spray hit or miss! No drippy liquid! No clammy sticky feeling!

Far cleaner, faster, more effective, more economical. The greatest improvement in deodorants in years!

DAB A PAD! 8 times more effective in destraying adar-farming bacteria than aver-age af oll leading brands tested.



THEN THROW IT AWAY! With it thraw away hun-dreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria. The anly deodorant tested thot does not leave them under your arms.



harmless to skin and clothes

5-day DEODORANT PADS

25c • 59c • $1



The Lemon Drop Kid: Once more Bob wears a Damon Runyon story like a glove. A lodies' man, this time he starts o Home for Old Dolls. Home. Naturally he does not intend to give this money to any old dolls, he intends to save his own skin. Meantime another racketeer, Oxford Charlie (Lloyd Nolan) is on his trail. And so it goes. Picture has Marilyn Maxwell as showgirl Brainy Baxter, Jane Darwell as Nellie Thursday, and other characters called Sam the Surgeon, Gloomy Willie, Straight Flush, Singing Solly, Little Louie. Not Hope at his very best, but pretty funny.
Cast: Bob Hope, Marilyn Maxwell, Lloyd Nolan, Jane Darwell.—Paramount.

ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE

This seemed like a very superior Western to me, with a sort of John Ford flavor. Tells about U.S. Marshal Kirk Douglas stopping a lynching party, only to find he's stuck with it. Old Walter Brennan's been accused of murdering a rancher's son, and the rancher's determined to hang him. Kirk wants to take Brennan into Santa Loma for a fair trial. Brennan doesn't care for either side of the argument. He didn't murder the boy, but he figures he'll hang for it, trial or no trial, so he wants Kirk to let him run for the border. Especially since Kirk likes his daughter (Virginia Mayo). But Kirk's a hard man. Discovering that the rancher and pals intend to ambush him on the way to Santa Loma, Kirk decides that he'll take Brennan over a different route, across the desert. Along on this cheerful trip are Brennan's daughter, two deputy marshals, and the remaining son of the vengeful rancher, as a hostage. This is a mean cuss, very inferior to his murdered brother. The party's water bags give out, the water hole they plan on reaching has turned bad when they get there, everyone except the marshal grows trigger-happy, and it's engrossing, right up to the last minute.
Cast: Kirk Douglas, Virginia Mayo, John Agar, Walter Brennan.—Warner Brothers.

FOLLOW THE SUN

A golfer's lot is not a happy one, despite the fact he goes to nice warm places, children. In this inspirational story of Ben Hogan, who was, and is, a brave man and a fine golf player, Fox doesn't miss a trick. Starts with the little Ben and little Valerie (his future wife), has 'em grow up, marry, tour the country trying to make a place in the golfing world. Gallery (spectators) bother Ben, but he finally carves himself a niche. Then his near-fatal accident, the long painful recovery, the letters from well-wishers which



Follow The Sun: Glenn Ford, as Ben Hogon, tells the dramatic story of the life of o professionol golfer. Anne Baxter plays Hogan's wife.

make Ben see the "gallery" is rooting for him. So back to the courses on sick legs, determined to repay everybody's belief. There are real golfers in this one (Glenn Ford plays Hogan, but Sam Snead, James Demaret and Cary Middlecoff appear as themselves) and Dennis O'Keefe is seen as a happy-go-lucky champ and ex-champ who marries an heiress and drinks too much.
Cast: Glenn Ford, Anne Baxter, Dennis O'Keefe, June Havoc.—20th Century-Fox.

LULLABY OF BROADWAY

Love is stronger than the bottle, or waltz me around again Gene Nelson, is Doris Day's motto. She's been living in England for some years, and now she arrives in New York to pay a surprise visit to her mama (Gladys George). Mama used to be a musical comedy star, but she's presently a large scale drunk. Doris, who never reads the papers, believes her mother is still the hottest thing on the New York stage, and is passionate to see her. She goes to the fancy address where mama's supposed to live, is treated kindly by Billy De Wolfe and Ann Triola, a vaudeville team, working as servants in the house—and is sugar-daddied by S. Z. Sakall. Can you see the handwriting on the wall? Did you know S.Z. was going to back a Broadway musical? In Technicolor? There are old songs by Gershwin, Cole Porter.
Cast: Doris Day, Gene Nelson, S. Z. Sakall, Billy De Wolfe.—Warner Brothers.

GO FOR BROKE

A tribute to Japanese-American war heroes who fought in World War II is tendered by MGM. Story follows bigoted Lieutenant Van Johnson, and the Japanese soldiers under him through basic training, and thence to France and Italy, where gradually Van learns to be a nice unprejudiced boy, and stops longing for transfer to the Texas outfit where all his old pals are. Picture deals with the problems that confronted Japanese-American soldiers, many of them bitter because their families were in relocation centers, all of them anxious to prove their own loyalty by fighting. It's full of G.I. humor, too, and I think the soldiers participating are all actual vets. If that's true, their acting's astonishing. They're better than pros. Some good but belated points are made here. This is a vote of thanks the Japanese-Americans have had coming to them for a long time.
Cast: Van Johnson, Lane Nakano, George Miki, Akira Fukunaga.—MGM.

First NEW KIND of Girdle in 11 Years!



NOW ENJOY NEW SLENDERNESS, new comfort, new freedom! The Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle has a cloud-soft fabric lining *fused* to the smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone. It *caresses* you to new slimness!

New Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC NEXT TO YOUR SKIN

"No other girdle slims so wonderfully, so comfortably!" say top fashion designers like CEIL CHAPMAN



CEIL CHAPMAN says: "A Playtex silhouette does so much for my clothes. No other girdle gives such a lithe, supple figure. My models *love* it!"



SEE HOW the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle slims you, fits invisibly under newest clothes. It gives you all the Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom plus fabric next to your skin. And it washes in seconds, dries in a flash!



Top afternoon entertainment on CBS-TV Network (see local papers for time and channel)

In SLIM, golden tubes,
PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES . **$5.95** to **$6.95**
In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . **$4.95** to **$5.95**
In SLIM, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES . . **$3.95** to **$4.95**
(All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries.)
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large sizes slightly higher
At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere
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INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N., Playtex Park, Dover Del., PLAYTEX LTD., Montreal, Can.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

a special service for modern screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ The Hollywood stars who shop for you are as wise as the three famous little monkeys—but don't follow their rules. Our shoppers *See* the best of everything from coast to coast. They *Hear* everything about the newest styles and tricky ideas; and they *Speak* everything, telling their friends and you about their value finds for fun and family.

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned.

shelley winters
your hollywood shopper
for june

Photos of Shelley Winters made at Lydia Kessler, Ltd., New York



Ever see a kid outside a condy store? Thot's the woy Shelley Winters looked window shopping.

■ Hi. I'm Shelley Winters and I've been shopping. Look!

In the movies I'm usually fancied up with a bustle, a la *Frenchie*. They're fun to switch around in, but when it comes to spending my tax-peeled salary, I'm ultra-modern. MODERN SCREEN appreciates the plight of us bachelor girls, and asked me to share my shopping savvy with all of you. And, like any woman, there's nothing I'd rather do than give advice—so lend an ear.

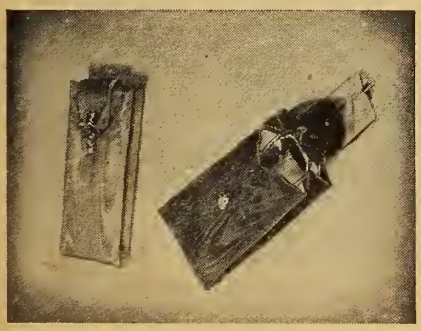
All of us have a man or two on our minds, so of course I've looked out for them. Some things are for that 'older man' we all adore—namely Dad—who has his day in June. Others will let that special guy know how much you like him.

Being a firm believer in the saying about 'bread cast upon the waters', I picked up a lot of bridal and shower gifts. (It's the time of year when anything can happen, you know.) Bread nothing! These are so good they're cake.

And they come from all over the U. S. After all, like the columnists say, I'm a gal who gets around.

And when you gals get around to ordering these things, just write directly to the stores mentioned under each picture. That's all there is to it.

So that's it, kids. I've had my say, and lots of fun. See you.



EYEGLASS CASE ON DOUBLE-DUTY. *Twin compartments in this smart moiré silk taffeta case offer safe storage for both reading and sun glasses. Nothing gets me in more of a frenzy than hunting for misplaced sun specs so this case is a real find. It fits into a purse, pocket or your hand. Comes in wine, navy or green with contrasting lining, and sports a small gold clasp. $1.95. Schaffer Gift House, 246 Morris Ave., Springfield, New Jersey.*



FOR GIRLS WHO LOVE PEARLS, *I've found a lovely set at a special buy. This alabaster-base simulated pearl choker with your choice of 2, 3 or 4 beautiful strands, will enhance any costume. It's also made with graduated pearls. Has an adjustable rhinestone clasp (give neck size). $3.50. Chic dangle earrings made to match, each with 3 pearls in a triangle. $1.50 pr. Handsome when worn together. Freeport, Ltd., 526 Seventh Ave., New York 18.*



MAKE IT AN INDIAN SUMMER *with gay cowhide moccasins. Fringed, hand-beaded and hand-laced, they add zip to any outfit. Airfoam inner soles make them so comfy you'll hate to take them off. John Garfield fell for the pair I kept on the set of* He Ran All The Way, *so I got him the men's version (without beads or fringe). In Palomino Gold, Green, White, Red, Black. Men's, women's sizes. $5.95. Miller's Curio Co., 256 E. Congress St., Tucson, Arizona.*

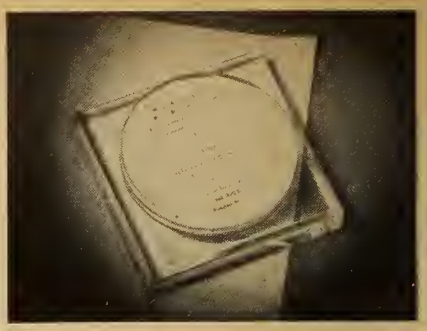
shelley winters

your hollywood shopper

for june



Romance runs rampant in June so I decided to invite Cupid along for his special shopping advice.



WEIGHTED DOWN WITH GLAD TIDINGS. *Wedding memories are preserved for posterity in this attractive and useful lucite paper weight. Send in your invitation or announcement to be reproduced in miniature and mounted in a 3"x3¾" base. June graduates can have diplomas copied for a permanent record of their scholastic achievements. The data you send is returned intact. $3.00. Keepsake Shops, 112 48th St., Union City 8, New Jersey.*



ANYONE YOU KNOW GETTING MARRIED? *Here's an adorable wedding present I've chosen for friends who are being married June 6. It's a Vermont maple bowl, 9" wide, personalized with the guy's and gal's name, wedding date, or any special inscription. The bride and groom are colorfully done on a white or natural background. A grand memento and useful too. $3.20. Stratton Snow, P. O. Box 152 M No. Swinton Ave., Delray Beach, Florida.*



IT'S FINE TO BE "FRAMED", *only if it means you'll be able to take a peek in this charming rococo mirror. Mine sits atop my dressing table, so I know. French-gold or off-white pressed wood frame with plate glass mirror, it has an easel back for standing, or it can be hung on the wall. Also attractive over a chest of drawers or hung in pairs. 15"x11½", $5.50; 21"x13½", $8.95. Henry Rosenzweig, 723 Lexington Ave., New York 22.*



STAND WAIST HIGH IN COMPLIMENTS *in this handsome, hand-stitched belt of natural bridle leather. Original design, and made to measure, this smart waist-cincher is accented by a heavy solid brass horseshoe fob. It's a wonderful accessory for suits or slacks. Actually, my pet way of wearing it during the summer is with shorts, but I'll use it all-year round. Send waist size. $7.50. Metz Originals, Red Lion Road, Philadelphia 14, Pennsylvania.*

BE MORE LOVELY



Create your own curly locks with *Cemi-Curl*, the first pin curl home permanent. In only 45 minutes it gives you loose curls with the right body to look natural and lovely. No curlers; no resetting. Just pin up hair with special Cemi-Curl bobby pins, apply lotion neutralizer and dry. Mild solution, prepared and tested by beauty experts, it's safe for blended or tinted hair; even children's. Complete kit $2.80. (Refill $1.80.)

FROSTY CREME PRODUCTS

4555 DELMAR BLVD., ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

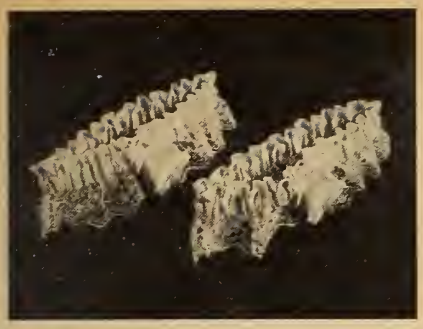


AWARD FOR YOUR MRS. DEGREE. *Any of these smart wedding bands would do a wife proud. 14-K. white or yellow gold band centered with five genuine zircons in fishtail mounting, $12.50. Or how about a wide silver band, hand carved in floral pattern, mounted with rhinestones, $7.50. Also smart is a gold-filled band, bordering a ring of simulated rubies, diamonds, sapphires or emeralds, $7.50. Give ring size. Sanlys, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



PICTURE CARD FOR A "NATURAL" CANASTA. *I had these double canasta decks made up with my picture on them to give Mom and Pop for their next anniversary. It's a swell gift for your very special people too. They're standard canasta decks of 108 cards, with your choice of photo on each. Send in your snapshot and allow about two weeks for delivery. Single canasta deck, $5.85. Double deck, $10.95. Photo Playing Cards, Room 310, 752 Fulton St., Fresno, California.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



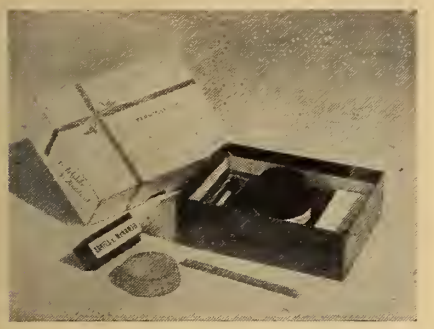
"SOMETHING BLUE" THAT RINGS TRUE. *A June bride can no more get married without bridal garters than she can without the groom. This pair she'll find absolutely irresistible, I'm sure. They're almost giving me ideas. A dainty satin wedding bell with "pearl" clapper bedecks the satin garter edged in real chantilly lace. Blue with white bell, or vice versa. They make a sweet shower gift too. $3.50. Hortense B. Hewitt, 37 W. 39 St., New York 18.*



MUSICAL BARRELS OF FUN. *Tiny tunesters atop wooden barrels form a quaint orchestra that lovers of miniatures will find irresistible. Colorful musicians, about 2" high, play an accordion, banjo, sax and various string instructments. Dressed in gay costumes, they're a bright start for your collection. I was thrilled to add them to the group on my mantel. 39¢ each; set of six, $1.89. Get them at Terry Roberts, 116 E. 53 St., New York 22.*



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SHOULDER BAGS *made in romantic Guatemala bring you a lifetime of beauty and service. Of natural-colored Palomino cowhide, hand-tooled in charming designs with that smart Latin styling. Unlined and perfect for sportswear, with full length adjustable straps. I've sent a set as a gift and, of course, got one myself. Large bag 8"x10", $11.58. Small one, $5.70. Set $16.80. Bropar, Box 999, Dept. 635, San Antonio 6, Texas.*



NAME IT, AND IT'S YOURS! *Use your own name stamp on your belongings, or initial them with a lettering stylus to show they're yours. Perfect for a bride, camper, bachelor or serviceman, this personalized Name Kit marks laundry or travel accessories quickly, indelibly. Kit includes a plastic stamper, lettering stylus, marking block, and bottle of indelible ink. Print name desired. $2.00. Gemma, Dept. MS, 509 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



BABY BIRTH TILE GOES DUTCH. *Memento of an historic event in any family, the arrival of a new-born. Holland tile-makers design, fire and glaze plaques of a quaint cradle with baby's name, place, date and clock giving hour of birth. White tile with delft-blue pattern, or white with gay popular color. 6"x6". Print all data for lettering on tile. Please allow four weeks delivery. $5.85. R. Mendels, Inc., Dept. MS, 41 E. 42 St., New York 17.*



HOW TO REALLY SOFT SOAP A GUY! *Here's a farewell gift for a serviceman that'll make him remember you fondly . . . French-milled cold cream soap cakes imprinted with his insignia, name and rank. For hard or soft water. Makes it easy for him to keep tabs on his soap, and what a luxury! Give insignia, name, rank. Gift box that holds 4 cakes costs $1.50; 6 cakes, $2.25. Tucker Personalized Soap Co., 5 Larson Bldg., Clifton, New Jersey.*



CLOTHES BRUSH WITH HIDDEN ASSETS. *A guy who likes to travel light will welcome this utility brush case whether he's off on his own or with Uncle Sam. Perfect for Pop. Brush with tan cowhide top zips open to reveal a set of toilet articles . . . razor, 2 blades, brushless shave cream, nylon bristle toothbrush, tooth paste, comb and nail file. It's really a handy dandy. $6.00. Leed's Luggage Shop, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



MINIATURE MANICURING SET FOR TRAVEL. *All the tools for well-gromed nails go into this tiny portable leather-covered case. Lipstick-shaped, it's fitted with tweezers, orange stick, nail file, and emery board. Ideal for any gal who's on the go 'cause it slips easily into a handbag, pocket or suitcase, takes up little space. Mine is always with me, both on the set and when I'm off on a junket. In assorted colors, $1.95. Greenhall, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.*



DO YOU KNOW A YOYO *when you see one? It's a childhood game that's worth resurrecting. I love showing it to my friends' kids 'cause it gives me a chance to play it myself. It's a spool of thread made so that when you hold the cord and jerk your wrist the "Yoyo" rides up and down, winding and unwinding the spool. It's lots easier than it sounds and more fun. Golden disk and nylon cord. $1.00. Jimmy Berger, 1620 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.*

Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

shelley winters
your hollywood shopper
for june





THE LIGHT OF YOUR LIFE *permanently fixed on a smart Evans automatic cigarette lighter. A copy of your favorite photo of yourself, hubby, offspring or best beau can now be specially processed on this dependable lighter. A transparent plastic coating protects the photo once it's on. Makes a wonderful Father's or Mother's Day gift. Send photo, which will be returned. $5.00. My-Art Co., 4128 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 36, California.*



A CUTE PLASTIC "CUT-UP." *The young mothers I know say here's a wonderful pair of scissors for the small fry. He's a red and white toy giraffe, whose long neck opens like a scissors' blades, easily, harmlessly. His diet is paper, and he is absolutely non-destructive. His edges are nice and blunt. He comes in his own paper zoo with 11 of his colorful cut-out cronies, including Elsie the Elephant. 50¢. B. C. Moses, 4313 Austin St., Houston 4, Texas.*



PERFECT TO THE LAST POLKA-DOT. *The South American poncho inspired the top of these comfy seersucker pajamas. Sleeveless and open-neck, they're cool and airy as can be. Drawstring ties on the side, avoids the usual bumpy buttons. Roomy trousers have an adjustable waistband. Crisp, they wash in a jiffy, need no ironing. Red or blue coin polka-dots on white top; bottom in reverse print. Sizes 12-18. $6.11. Jonas Shops, 62 W. 14 St., New York 11.*



CERAMIC SNUFFERS THAT SPOUT SMOKE. *The first time I used these fascinating fellows, I could hardly believe my eyes. As my candles went out, the snuffers seemed to exhale smoke. One, a chartreuse devil, blew it out of his mouth, the other, a red gargoyle, breathed it through his nostrils like a miniature fire-breathing dragon. Practical and decorative pieces for any mantel. $2.00 each. Finlandia House, 1027 N.E. Albertha, Portland, Oregon.*



BARE-ARMED BLOUSE WITH CHIC. *Styled to perfection, this crisp piqué blouse will take you faithfully through the season. Its sleeveless nature is "suited" to May and takes to slacks, shorts, or cotton skirts over the summer. Round-neck, simple, yet sophisticated, and accented with buttons and tucks in just the right places. It comes in navy, grey, natural. Sizes 10-18. $5.98. Margaret's, 121 N. B'way, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*



IT GIVES ITSELF A CHILL. *A special pocket inside this handblown green glass pitcher holds several ice cubes to cool your favorite drink, without diluting it. Imported from Italy, it holds two quarts of tea, coffee, fruit juice, milk, or even something more potent, iced to perfection. A raffia plug seals the ice compartment. Wonderful for entertaining the gang sweltering summer evenings. $3.95. Charm Creations, 2 East 23rd St., New York 10.*



PUT THEM IN THEIR PLACE, *graciously, smoothly, with these charming silver ink on white place cards, hand-engraved in designs to match sterling silver flatware. Designs are available for most every active sterling silver pattern. Just send us yours. They're sure to have your guest buzzing with compliments and will give your table special elegance. 12 for $1.50. 24 for $2.75. 48 for $4.80. Taylor's, 818 17th St. W., Denver, Colorado.*



GOOD LUCK WILL COME KNOCKING *on any door that displays these handsome twin horse shoes in solid brass. Shoes are well joined by hinges at each end, insuring many years of neighborly knocks on your front door. Comes highly polished so it's easy to keep clean and sparkling and it's a cinch to put up. Sis and I can't wait to put ours on the door of* our *"home sweet home." $4.50. The Kems Co., 536 Oakwood, Webster Groves 19, Missouri.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

An "Orange Blossom" Skin

Your complexion is smoother—clearer, too—with your First Cake of Camay!



MRS. JACK STANTON,
the former Marian Richards of California, is a recent—and lovely—Camay Bride

Doesn't Marian Stanton look like a story-book princess? Her hair is the color of spun gold—her eyes are azure. Yes, and Marian has a complexion soft and lovely as any heroine of fiction. Her *first cake* of Camay brought romantic new beauty to her skin!

Say "Camay" and Marian's eyes sparkle. "Camay smooths and freshens your complexion so quickly," she confides to friends. "Why, when I changed to regular care and mild, gentle Camay—my very *first cake* brought a clearer, softer look to my skin!"

You'll be lovelier, too—when you change to regular care—use Camay alone. Camay's lather is rich and creamy—just the kind you need to wake the sleeping beauty of your skin. Use Camay—and a softer, clearer complexion will be your reward!



Mild and gentle Camay—there's nothing finer!

Camay's gentle, creamy lather is sheer delight to use—it's soft as satin to your skin. And remember this—the larger cake, the thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size, is Camay at its finest. Use it for more lather—more luxury—more of everything you like about Camay!



New beauty for all your skin!

Bathe with gentle, rich-lathering Camay, too—give all your skin a luxurious beauty treatment! The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and back and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance!

Camay

The Soap of Beautiful Women

"Spring-Morning" Freshness and Fragrance!



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

Keeps you cool, smooth, dainty—with the fragrance men love!



Recipe for warm weather comfort and daintiness: Out of bed . . . into your bath . . . then Cashmere Bouquet Talc *all over!* See how it absorbs every bit of moisture left on your skin after towelling. You'll love the silky-smooth "sheath of protection" it gives to those chafeable spots. And the *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet is the romantic fragrance men love, that lingers for hours and hours. Yes, every morning . . . and before every date . . . sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Hand Lotion
Face Powder
Lipstick
All-Purpose Cream

Only 29¢ and 43¢



This picture, taken just after her marriage to Black, is probably her last publicity photo.

the inside story of why shirley quit

by Jim Burton

MODERN SCREEN's reporter tells the simple, honest story of Shirley's simple, honest decision.

■ In Hollywood there is a firm and widespread belief that movie stars never quit—they simply fade away and die.

In the case of Shirley Temple, that belief was knocked for a loop.

Six months ago, Shirley Temple travelled to a secluded estate in Monterey, California, and stood beside a young man named Charles Black. In the presence of her parents and his immediate family, she vowed that she would love, honor, and cherish him, and that forever after she would remain plain Mrs. Black.

When she walked out of that house, she closed a door which she vows will never be reopened. With her husband, she returned to Brentwood, California, her home for many years, and drew down a curtain between herself and the public which she says will never be lifted. She announced to the eager press that she would never again submit to an interview or pose for their photographs. She said she would never appear in a picture again, speak on a radio program, or act on the stage. She quit with a finality that left no doubt about her sincerity, and, without (*Continued on page 93*)

PHOTOS BY BOB BEERMAN AND BEPT PARRY



Clark still lives in the Encina ranch hause he shared with Carale Lambard. Sylvia has had the place redecarated with Clark's help—he gave a masculine touch ta the decar.



Although Gable refuses ta let the inside af the hause be phatagraphed, he considers himself public property. He says when fans stap asking for autagraphs, he'll warry; meanwhile he signs hundreds as he did an lacatian for *Across the Wide Missouri.*

no guy like Gable



Though Hollywood is full of young Prince Charmings,

■ Ronald Colman ran his finger along his nose and peered questioningly at the ceiling.

"Clark Gable," he mused. "Clark Gable. Isn't he the new actor I've heard about?"

We were sitting in Ronnie's cottage at the Del Monte Hotel. It was about 18 years ago.

"He'd like to meet you, Ronnie," I said.

"Good enough," Ronnie answered. "I'd like to meet him, too."

When I offered to bring Gable over sometime, Colman answered, "Bring him over, nothing. He's a new guest here.



Sylvia brought new gaiety into Clark's life. Friends thought he would rebel at formal social affairs, but Gable seems to enjoy them now.

not one has shaken "King" Gable from his throne, and an old friend tells why • BY BOB FENDER

Why not really make him feel welcome by dropping in on *him.*"

So celebrity-weary Ronald Colman trailed along behind me as I found Gable's cottage and knocked on the door.

The meeting between the suave Colman and the eager lumberjack-turned-actor was something to see.

Big, bluff, handsome Clark, wearing a white turtle-neck sweater and grey slacks flung open the door.

He stood for a moment in amazement, then, when I introduced him to Colman, Gable grasped his hand firmly and said, "You know, Mr. Colman, I guess I'm your Number One admirer and I never expected to see you walk in my door—it was quite a shock."

Ronnie thanked him and settled down for a talk.

Colman wanted to hear the full story: how Clark got his break in pictures and what, in general, he thought of the whole business. Flattered, Clark didn't leave out a detail.

He'd just finished *Hell Divers,* one sequence of which showed him parachuting through space and landing kerplunk on the ground.

"D'ya know, Mr. Colman," he (*Continued on page 59*)

RING AROUND

Proposing is simple: Down on one knee, then pop the question. Hollywood men do it hundreds of times in the movies. But for real—with the girl they love—anything can happen—and does.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ It was really most irregular, huffed the elegant salesman at Cartier's. However, a sale was a sale and—er, Mr. Topping was Mr. Topping—but at the Stork Club! What was the world coming to? He reached for his jewel case and jammed on his derby.

At the Stork, Bob Topping sipped a drink reflectively and then headed for the phone again. He felt particularly good.

And in her hotel room, Lana Turner felt particularly good and mad. It was late, she was all dressed and ready to go, and her toes tapped the rug furiously as she heard Bob drawl, "Honey, I'm held up at the Stork—be over soon as I can make it."

"Don't hurry!" snapped Lana. "Don't ever hurry for me!" and the receiver whacked down.

The diamonds that the salesman brought over were lovely—three marquises and a couple of emerald-cuts. Bob held them up to the light, tried them on his little finger, chuckled, and took his time. Kibitzers craned their necks, wondered and guessed. "This one will do," said Bob. "Charge it." Then he slipped it in his pocket, strolled out and flagged a taxi.

He was over an hour late for his date with Lana, and only the night before he'd said for the thousandth time that he loved her more than any girl in the world. When she opened the door sparks of disbelief were flying, and it just wasn't the time for explanations. But when they settled back in another cab he reached inside his pocket.

"Picked up a little souvenir at the Stork," he said.

"How interesting," snapped Lana. "What was she—blonde or brunette?"

"Thought you might like to see it," Bob answered calmly, "and maybe wear it, and learn to like it. Can you see what I mean?"

Lana saw what he meant by the lights of New York. She's worn that marquise diamond ring ever since, and the memory of that night, the angry tears, laughter, and the thrill stick with her. She thinks they always will. That was the night four years ago when she became engaged to be married.

There's never a ring in any girl's life like an engagement ring.

At one thrilling tick of time it is a magic ring, bringing unforgettable moments of romance—and some of those moments you could lift out of a fairy tale, or steal straight from the comics. Some could be ripped right from a movie script itself—like the moment when a copper-haired girl from Milwaukee turned into a grand duchess in her guy's eyes because of a ring.

One night last December this girl walked out of *South Pacific* humming "Younger Than Springtime" holding the hand of the man she loved. Later, when they went dancing at the St. Regis Roof, that was the first piece the orchestra played.

It was Arlene Dahl's birthday, and she was spending it with Lex Barker and his parents. Lex held her close as they danced to their special song, and then in the middle of the floor he stopped. His hand closed gently around her wrist and lifted it up. (*Continued on page 90*)



ROMANCE



June Allyson said "Yes" in a hurry. Dick proposed in the middle of traffic.



A DANCING MOTHER IS TOPS WITH HER SON and Terry cauldn't be happier aver Daris, marrying Marty Melcher; after all, he arranged the match by playing Cupid.

Gradually the talk turned from movie contracts to home furnishings, and Doris and Marty discovered that love had its foot in the door of their hearts.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

LOVE SNEAKED IN



Marty and Doris never got engaged; the change in their relatianship tram business manager and star to a couple in love was as subtle as a song withaut words.



The zestful star of *On Moonlight Bay* gives Beany and Smudge a tussle. The poodles will come along to the Melchers' new house.

■ Once upon a time—oh, maybe more than a year ago—a boy and girl were window shopping on an early spring evening. They strolled and stopped, and strolled and stopped and, every once in a while, they saw something that was worthy of particular attention. There was, for instance, a pickled pine early American breakfront with many drawers, and shelves and intricately designed glass doors. It was a splendid antique, mellow and rich looking.

The boy and girl stared at the breakfront for a long time in silence. And he thought: "It ought to be between the windows in the dining room, of course. Spode china on the shelves and four small ceramic ducks, Mallards, maybe, on the counter. The right hand drawer would be just right for a few tools. A man has to have tools about to fix things."

And the girl thought: "It would just fit between the dining room windows. Crystal on the shelves and a long, old fashioned lace runner on the counter. Maybe there'd be someplace in it for some of his tools. Men never use them, but they're idiots for tools."

After a while the boy and girl walked on. Window shopping, that's all, but they were engaged. Neither one said anything about love, or engagement, or marriage. But no boy and girl were ever more engaged. Often it happens that way. Even if the girl is Doris Day, a movie star, and the boy is Marty Melcher, a famous Hollywood agent. Together, they look into a store window and begin furnishing a home in which they know they will live together.

Just a month or so ago, Marty (*Continued on page 73*)



IT TAKES COURAGE AND COMMON SENSE TO MAKE A MARRIAGE WORK. IT TAKES TWO PEOPLE IN LOVE.

madly in Love

by Ruth Cummings Rowland

FOR HER FIRST BABY—A SURPRISE SHOWER WITH JANE'S WHOLE GANG ON HAND FOR THE FESTIVITIES.



Ready to "ooh" and "ahh", Ann Blyth and Piper Laurie help Jane with the unwrapping of her shower presents. Betty Lynn gave the party which was held at Thistle Inn.



Betty Lynn beams at Jane who's delighted with these baby booties. Jane's and Betty's mothers are good friends; Geary likes to take them both out. "I hope you marry someone like him," Betty's mother tells her.

■ This is the love story of Jane Powell and Geary Steffen who never needed a magic wand to make their dreams come true. They only needed each other. They were married 18 months ago, but they've already celebrated enough anniversaries to last them a lifetime.

The day they met. . . . the day they fell in love . . . the day he bought the ring—these are the times they relive. The day they moved into their first apartment . . . the day they got their house in Brentwood—all this is part of their story which is so unlike a Hollywood tale that all Hollywood talks about it.

In a town where love comes up like thunder and rides out on the rainbow, where fame distorts values as grotesquely as a carnival mirror, these two have found real happiness. More important than all the goods in the world to Jane are her husband, their home and the baby they are so breathlessly awaiting.

Why is it that the future seems so bright for the Steffens when for others it is only a question of time (*Continued on page 102*)



Pregnant during *Royal Wedding*, Jane wouldn't quit even when ill. Her spunk won her new friends. Popular Jane had many old pals at her shower, including Polly Bergen, Joan Evans, Amanda Blake, Joan Leslie.


report on a
BRIDE



Ruth wed Morty Hall on December 17th.

Brides get engaged first—but not Ruth. Newlyweds honeymoon —but not the Halls. She's flying alone to Honolulu, but they'll come back together.

BY FRANCES CLARK

When I told Ruth Roman that the editors of MODERN SCREEN had asked me to get a report on her honeymoon, she looked at me and exclaimed, "Report on a honeymoon! Don't make me laugh. Morty and I left straight for the studio that Saturday night after I'd finished the day's work on *Strangers On A Train*. We arrived in Las Vegas at four Sunday morning, December 17th, and were marred at five. We returned to Hollywood that afternoon to his house, and I was at work the next morning. Right after that picture finished, I went into *Tomorrow Is Another Day*. I'm hoping to get away to Honolulu as soon as this picture's over for a few weeks at least. *Maybe* Morty can fly over to join me for *one week*. He's a busy man, you know. He's business manager of Station KLAC. *Maybe* he can't join me there at all. And *maybe* I won't even be able to get there myself. What we're really counting on as our honeymoon is a couple of weeks in New York this fall—back where we met. I'll tell you something about our first meeting I haven't told anyone else. We had an argument the first thing. Morty is very much like me. Very independent, quick-tempered and all that."

"What did you fight about then?" I pried.

"Oh, probably television and motion pictures. Something like that," her eyes twinkled and she dismissed the subject by saying, "I forget what it was about."

"And did you really invite him then to be your date to a show that evening, even providing the tickets yourself?"

"Sure. To *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Here I was, a Hollywood movie star without a date. So I just *asked* him. It wasn't love at first sight, but I was certainly attracted. I had no idea of marrying him when I left New York to return here. But I was regretful that I couldn't stay there longer to see what *might* develop. Then, of course, he came out here to take over at KLAC and things had a chance to develop." (*Continued on page 86*)



Housemother Marie Cote of "The House of the Seven Garbos" arranged a surprise bridal shower for Ruth, a former tenant. Morty helped plan it.



The "Garbos" are all young actresses working for movie breaks. Ruth moved to the house when she first came to Hollywood as a $75-a-week starlet.



Honeymoon House

Jean and Stewart Grangers' new eight-room house sprawls high above Las Angeles. Built on the cliffs, the interiar covers three levels.

Jean was 15 when Stewart first smiled at her across a crowded roam. That was in England seven years ago. Last December a grown up Jean married her handsome 40-year-old Englishman.



■ "Darling," whispered the lean, handsome, 40-year-old bridegroom, "remind me to spend all my future honeymoons at home."

"I'll remind you," promised the sweet, 22-year-old bride, "because that's where I'll be spending mine."

The time was New Year's Eve, 1951; Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger were sitting in front of the fireplace of their new home munching hot dogs and sipping cokes. Eleven days before they had been married in the First Methodist Church of Tucson, Arizona, and now they were welcoming in the New Year and their new love. After three years of courtship and separation, this was a quiet climax to an international romance, a romance which began in England seven years ago when Jean was 15, and Stewart was a movie star who had waved across a theater to her.

Their wedding ceremony had been quiet, too. The only attendant had been Stewart's close friend, Michael Wilding.



Wrought-iran, glass-topped tables deck out the many flagstone terraces for the romantic, infarmal dining Jean and Stewart love. The white stucca and red tile house is of Spanish design, and snuggles into the Bel Air hillside.



English Jean admits they're "simply dotty over having a pool in aur backyard." It's free form, lit fram inside, and can be heated. They center most of their parties araund it, and adore moonlight dips.

Mr. Granger asked Mrs. Granger, "Where to for our honeymoon?" She smiled and said what he wanted to hear, "Home, James."

BY MARVA PETERSON

He had given the bride away and had doubled as best man. Instead of flying to Hawaii or Niagara Falls after the brief service, the radiantly happy pair had boarded a plane for California and had moved into their newly purchased home ($65,000) in the swanky Bel Air section of Los Angeles.

"Our kind of honeymoon may not seem romantic to others," Jean Simmons explains, "but for us it's perfect. Jimmie and I (Granger's real name is James Stewart) have a theory that by beginning our marriage in the ordinary, everyday way it must be lived, our honeymoon will never end. At least, that's our theory."

Practical or theoretical, the Grangers' new home is a beautiful setting in which to start any marriage. The big, sprawling eight-room house is solidly built of white stucco, red tile, and has several flagstone terraces. It spreads over four levels of a hillside lot and has (*Continued on page 62*)



Some furniture, like the tortoise-scale coffee table, came with the house. But Stewart sent to England for his precious period pieces, paintings, and objets d'art. The dining room (*below*) is very formal.





Ann Blyth and Dick Contino agree on a lot of things. They agree most of all that love is wonderful—and not to be trifled with.

BY STEVE CRONIN

THE OLD

■ It was a beautiful sight no matter who you were, and even if you didn't know who they were.

It was at the Los Angeles International Airport. A number of planes were getting ready to take off, and the station room was buzzing with activity. Red Caps were bouncing baggage onto hand trucks and ticket agents were scribbling away on long forms at the head of long lines of impatient travelers. A boy and a girl walked in. They stood in the center of the room for a moment, then walked through a doorway to the wire fence that separated them from the airfield.

They stood in front of the wire fence and looked at one another. He was tall, dark, wavy-haired and pretty young. She was almost tiny, green-eyed, lovely and pretty young, too. The wind whipped at them, and he took the lapels of her fur coat and moved them the better to cover her. Then his hand slipped to hers and they looked for all the world like a couple of people shaking hands.

But if you got very close, you could see that they weren't. All you had to see was their eyes—and the way they looked at each other—to know they were holding hands. Not demonstratively, but still holding hands, as though they meant something to one another.

"Ann Blyth," a voice on a loud speaker said. "Will Miss



Ann lives with her Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat. Her father died when she was a child, her mother soon after she came to Hollywood. Ann feels that a single girl is happiest with the guidance and protection of loved ones.



Ann met handsome, accordion player Dick Contino at a friend's house. However both were shy, and it was eight months before they had a date.

FASHIONED WAY

Ann Blyth please report to the TWA ticket office immediately."

The girl looked unhappy. Time was passing too fast.

The speaker clicked on again, and another voice broke in.

"Dick Contino," it said. "Will Mr. Dick Contino please report to American Airlines ticket window."

The boy looked scared and held on tighter to the girl's hand. They stood that way for a long time, neither speaking, both taking a long, deep drink of the other's face, so they would remember all of the details. Yes, it was a gorgeous sight. Ann Blyth, truly Hollywood's favorite daughter, seemed to be in love. It was something Hollywood had waited to see a long, long time.

There was no kiss. Dick dropped Ann's hand and took a step back.

"So long," he said. "See you when you get back." Or something like that.

And, although her answer was drowned out by the roar of a huge motor right then, she probably said, "You sure will. Have a good trip."

Then they both turned, and walked away in opposite directions. He climbed aboard an airliner to Chicago—and she walked up the gangplank of another that was to eventually drop her in London, England—for four long months.

Is Dick Contino in love with Ann Blyth? Well, he doesn't run around the streets yelling he is, but he doesn't deny it, and any fool who knows the anatomy of romance would bet a week's pay check that he's head over heels in love with her. Is Ann Blyth in love with Dick Contino? Well, that is a much more difficult question. But the few people who know her really well say that if she isn't, she is closer to being in love with him than she ever has been with anyone else—and, they add, if she isn't, she's balmy.

There are a lot of folks in Hollywood, columnists, press agents, directors, fellow actors and studio workers who will tell you that Ann Blyth is an enigma. They say that she is a misfit, doesn't belong in pictures. Ought to be in a nunnery or on a farm, or wherever atmosphere is celebrated for its wholesomeness. And there is a clique of observers who hold that she is a shrewd, prudish, narrow young woman without a heart, and entirely lacking in gaiety. Well, for the record, all of them are wrong.

Ann Blyth, at 22, is about as normal a young lady as you will find in America. She is no more of an enigma than the mother you left back on the farm. As a matter of fact, she is a younger version. Her talent, demonstrated a dozen times in roles that go down in the books of (*Continued on page 64*)


RINGLING BROS
AND
BARNUM
&
BAILEY
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
AFTERNOON AND NIGHT
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
33
WED. NIGHT
4
Jimmy Stewort will look like this throughout the movie. Study the mokeup well if you wont to recognize him.

PHOTOS BY IKE VERN



Cornel Wilde is solely concerned with high-flying in the movie circus. He plays Sebastion, in love with Betty Hutton. Off camera Cornel is always around the borebock riders' quarters, procticing how to stunt ride.



Betty Hutton pestered DeMille to let her ploy the Tropeze Girl. Not content to porode in fine feathers, she troined for months to leorn her doring tricks from fomed Antoinette Concello.

Charles Saxon
Editor
Modern Screen
New York City

Dear Chuck,

You're crazy if you think this is going to be the long, detailed report you asked for. Too much is going on here that I don't want to miss, so I'm going to let you have it fast and furious. Hold on.

I've been coming down here to the Ringling Brothers circus for eleven years now, and I've developed corns on both ears from listening to superlatives. But this year everyone agrees that nothing like this ever happened to the circus. Reason? Cecil B. DeMille is here completing his two-year stint (and stunt) of producing a film titled, logically enough, *The Greatest Show on Earth.*

This morning, when I got to the lot, instead of finding the circus busily rehearsing its own show, I found a fantastic set-up of lights and cameras and extras and technicians—and right in the middle of it, the great DeMille himself, surrounded by some of Hollywood's brightest (*Continued on page 44*)

Sarasota, Florida:

Pre-e-e-senting the Gorgeous,

Glittering, Gargantuan

Gran'daddy of Show

Business, Hollywood's own

Technicolor circus.

BY IKE VERN

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH



Charlton Heston (*left*) plays the circus manoger. Here Cecil B. DeMille directs o scene wherein Heston stops aerialists Wilde ond Hutton from doing their act becouse of o froyed rope.



DeMille exploins a particular bit of villainy to Lyle Bettger, o jealous elephont trainer in the film. (*Below*) Dottie Lomour, o great teose, gove the boys in Clown Alley reol competition.



continued from preceding poge



BETTY HUTTON'S INCREDIBLE NERVE AND SKILL THRILLED EVEN THE

The Greatest Show on Earth: Hollywood stars literally risk their lives to film this great circus movie. These pages tell only part of the story of the courage and realism behind every breath-taking scene.

stars. As a matter of fact, just as I walked in, Betty Hutton was finishing her "Free-hand Balance" trick—an innocuous description for swinging on a trapeze bar, 50 feet up, and just standing there, without holding on to anything! There must've been hundreds of people breaking into spontaneous applause when Betty came down. DeMille walked over to her, kissed her, and gave her a silver coin (more about that later). Then he turned around, signalled to an assistant director, and the cameras started rolling into position for the next shots.

I took a quick look around. Off to one side, Cornel Wilde was in earnest conversation with Captain Hyer, the famous circus horseman. Cornel plays the part of an aerialist in the picture, but I hear he's been taking plenty of instruction in trick riding, all on his own, and generally puts in an hour at it before breakfast. I mention this because it's one indication of what has been happening here since the Californians invaded Florida—the steadily growing friendship and respect between the film people and the circus performers. There's more talent and guts on exhibition here every day than on any 10 lots on earth, and everyone here is well aware of it.

Take Dottie Lamour, hanging from a rope by her teeth, doing a fast spin 35 feet above the circus sawdust . . . or Gloria Grahame, winding up an intricate routine with elephants by doing the "Foot-and-Face" trick, just to mention two. All Dottie had to do was have a special bit designed for her teeth, then spend six or seven weeks strengthening her neck muscles. (*Continued on page 89*)



PROFESSIONAL RINGLING TRAPEZE ARTISTS AS THEY WATCHED HER DO AIR LEAPS AND TURNS FROM FLYING SWINGS HIGH IN THE BIG TOP.



The sound boom swings out, the cameras turn, and the big Elephant Scene is underway. Epic-maker DeMille has conquered overwhelming technical difficulties in problems of lighting and production. Circus-owner North appears in the picture, as do hundreds of Big Top regulars.



Dorothy Lamour, the "Iron Jaw" girl, hangs by her teeth, spins in the air 35 feet up. She practiced weeks strengthening her neck muscles.



To make this an authentic record of circus life, technicians made shots and recorded grandstand crowds attending actual performances.



Bob Stack dated Irene Wrightsman for over three years, after her divorce from Fred McEvoy, but they never wed.



Kirk was being sued for divorce when he met Irene over a year ago. She has a daughter; Kirk has two sons.



Kirk and his first wife, Diana Dill, were divorced in January after six years of marriage. "Kirk was a perfectionist . . . I was happy-go-lucky," Diana said.

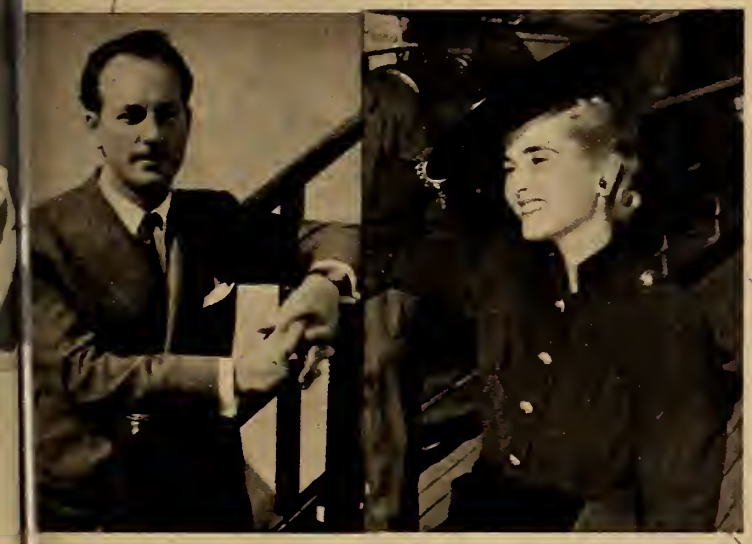


Irene was only 19 when she married Australian playboy, Freddie McEvoy, in 1943. Irene's father threatened to disown her.

For over a year Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman have been almost inseparable . . . will marriage finally unravel the tangled threads of their past lives?

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

Background for Marriage



Prince Igor Troubetzkoy was introduced to Woolworth heiress, Barbara Hutton, by Irene's ex—Freddie. Now Babs wants to shed Igor.

■ On January sixth of this year Kirk Douglas obtained his final divorce decree from Diana Dill.

In the weeks that followed all Hollywood expected Kirk to marry lovely, baby-faced Irene Wrightsman, daughter of the twenty-fourth richest man in the United States.

As of this writing, Hollywood is still waiting for a wedding announcement.

The possibility exists, of course, that Kirk and Irene may dash across the border into Mexico at any moment. In fact, they may do so even before this article is printed, but the probability isn't very great. It now seems that there is some doubt as to the eventual success of their expected marriage.

In all the months that Kirk has gone with Irene—10 to be exact—he has never once said, "I plan to marry Irene Wrightsman just as soon as my divorce becomes final."

A reporter who ran into Kirk and Irene sunning together at Palm Springs, asked Kirk if they were planning to be married. "If you don't mind," Kirk said politely, "I'd rather not discuss that."

Apparently, Kirk hasn't made up his mind. But Hollywood wonders, "What's stopping him?" Has the love affair between Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman resolved itself into a friendship? Or has it grown into an intense passion that will lead to marriage? (*Continued on page 99*)



ELIZABETH TAYLOR brushes her thick hair vigorously to enhance its natural curl.



LANA TURNER changes her hair style often. She won't set it herself, but likes to do the combing-out.



ANN BLYTH'S curl and color is natural. She brushes her hair 100 strokes before bedtime.



MAUREEN O'HARA takes weekly oil treatments to combat the harsh rays of the sun.



JANE WYMAN is one of the few women who looks completely feminine and lovely in a short, short hair cut.



BETTE DAVIS' perfectly shaped head and manageable hair lends itself to many varied styles.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

Nine outstanding hair stylists form MODERN SCREEN'S board of experts in choosing the crowning glories in Hollywood— beauty capital of the world.

■ Nine top Hollywood hair stylists were invited by MODERN SCREEN to select those stars who have the most beautiful hair in the world. The experts had a hard time deciding. Beautiful hair is common in Hollywood—it's almost a necessity. However, 19 finalists were chosen and the winners were picked from among them. The winners are June Allyson, Ann Blyth, Bette Davis, Rhonda Fleming, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Virginia Mayo, Maureen O'Hara, Ginger Rogers, Ruth Roman, Elizabeth Taylor, Lana Turner and Jane Wyman.

The editors of MODERN SCREEN decided to investigate the subject of beautiful hair because they felt that too much emphasis has been given to surveys of legs, figures and possible candidates for romantic desert islands. Men notice different things about women at first meeting: voice, eyes, walk, posture. But sooner or later, and usually sooner, men notice the hair. They can't ignore it, for hair is, literally, a woman's crowning glory. Certainly the stars spend more time caring for it than for any of their other enviable possessions. They are



JUNE ALLYSON treats her extra-fine hair to a daily shampoo; she seldom changes the style.



DEBORAH KERR takes soft permanent waves to help give her baby-fine, well-highlighted hair more body.



VIRGINIA MAYO knows that the secret of lovely hair is in its perfect cleanliness.



AVA GARDNER rarely sets her curly hair after washing; she simply brushes it until it's dry.



RUTH ROMAN thinks that a new hairdo gives her a new personality. Off-screen she wears it soft and natural.



RHONDA FLEMING says coiffures should emphasize the face and act as a frame.

HAIR IN THE WORLD

constantly experimenting with color, cut and comb. They keep their heads out of the sun and in the rain. They don't rest until they find the perfect coiffure and then they cling to it as if it were in danger of disappearing. Many beauty experts make the flat statement that, "Hair is the key to an attractive woman." If the hair is beautiful, and more important—beautifully groomed, the woman beneath it seems beautiful, too.

It is not mere coincidence that Hollywood is the beauty capital of the world. Eventually, the most beautiful women everywhere find their way to Hollywood where beauty pays off in gold as well as in admiration. Screen actresses represent all that is glamorous and desirable. They realize that it is their obligation to remain outstanding beauty leaders.

Movie producers and technicians are even more aware of the necessity for perfection under the relentless glare of floodlights and close-up cameras. Every trick, every treatment, every style is tested and often originated in the workshops of the world-renowned hair-stylists whose headquarters are in Hollywood. The actresses are their models. In a way, the actresses are their works of art.

These are the judges who chose the top 12 pictured above: Nellie Manley of Paramount, Sidney Guileroff of MGM, Jean Burt of Warners, Larry Germain of RKO, Joan St. Oegger of Universal-International, Irene Brooks of 20th Century-Fox, Helen Hunt of Columbia, Perc Westmore, Independent and Helen Young, Independent.





FLIGHT FROM YESTERDAY

He was the perfect gentleman, half of the perfect marriage, the man who had everything. Now Bob Taylor is turning his back on his reputation.

BY LESLIE SNYDER

■ Robert Taylor is a changed man. The change was sudden and startling. It happened when he went to Europe to make *Quo Vadis*. Sometime during that period of hard work and loneliness, Taylor asked himself the question, "Where am *I* going?" and he didn't like the answer.

On the surface he had everything—money, fame, a beautiful wife. He was moving along in a pattern that anyone would envy; for the past 12 years he'd been moving impeccably along as the perfect husband, the perfect gentleman, the man without a scandal, and perhaps he should have been satisfied. But he wasn't.

He couldn't have been, because at night when he'd return to his hotel suite he was unhappy. When he started to figure out why, his whole past must have come back to him in a flood of remembrance. And searching through his actions and thoughts of those years, he must have made this one penetrating and troubling conclusion: he had never been himself. He had behaved the way people had expected him to; he was always in the right place at the right time in the right tie and tails. He was a gentleman, a model of propriety.

Apparently, this was not a true expression of himself. For today, Robert Taylor has turned his back on the past and on the man he was in it. Today you find him in the gossip columns, in jive hangouts, in hamburger joints with cute blonde dates or languid dark dates. Today he's catching up on all the things men usually leave behind when they reach the age of reason.

His first step was to ask Barbara Stanwyck for a divorce, a step which amazed the world, and Barbara, too.

"I was shocked and grieved when Mr. Taylor asked for a divorce," she said when questioned by reporters. This was after Judge Clark of Los Angeles had granted her her freedom. "In fact," Barbara added, "I still can't believe it."

However, Miss Stanwyck could not express disbelief about the rumored romance between Taylor and Lia di Leo, an Italian actress. Her attorney even remarked, "Whoever (*Continued on page 84*)

LOVE COMES LAST

by Sally Burns

■ A few weeks ago, George Sanders threw a party for British producer Gabriel Pascal. Jane Wyman was there with Greg Bautzer. To the curious present, it seemed as if they were dazzling each other.

"Isn't it a shame about Jane and Greg?" said one sweet guest to another.

"What about Jane and Greg?"

The first woman shook her head. "Look at them," she said. "They're obviously in love. What a pity he won't marry her!"

"How do you know they won't get married?" asked her friend.

"Come now!" exclaimed the first woman. "You've been around. Does Greg Bautzer marry any of them? Did he marry Dorothy Lamour? Did he marry Lana Turner? Did he marry Joan Crawford or Ginger Rogers? I admit he's been married twice before, but that was when he was young."

"Maybe it's Jane who doesn't want to get married," said her friend. "After all these years, I've come to the conclusion that with Jane, a career comes first."

The latter remark probably expresses the tenor of Hollywood thinking about Jane Wyman. The mystery of her dual personality is no longer a mystery, for now it is generally believed that she is a career-driven woman to whom success as a gifted actress is the most vital thing in life.

How accurate this belief is, no one knows—perhaps not even Jane herself. She is one of the most psychologically complex actresses Hollywood has ever watched in action.

When she first hit Hollywood 15 years ago, Jane Wyman was considered a torchy rah-rah babe who sparkled with wit, sex, and vivacity. She worked in chorus lines, converted her top from brown hair to red hair to black hair, wore dresses which left very little to the imagination.

People were convinced that Jane Wyman was identical with the characters she played on-screen.

Actually, all this glitter was supposedly compensation for a sad and lonely childhood spent in St. Jo, Missouri. Friends who had gone to school with Jane—she was then Sarah Jane Fulks—insisted that she was sensitive as a little girl; that she had little in common with her strict parents who (*Continued on page 87*)

First husband: Myran Futterman.



Eight years Mrs. Ronald Reagan.



Lew Ayres is a staunch friend.



Manny Sachs an occasional date.



Present companion: Greg Bautzer.



Many men have sought a lasting place in Jane Wyman's life, but none have meant as much to her as *Johnny Belinda.* If she must choose once more, will she trade love for more success without hesitation?



This is the inspiring story of a man who was not afraid to face himself or the world: it is the story of Dan Dailey's victorious fight against a crack-up.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS



The Menninger Clinic in Topeko has none of the forbidding oppeorance one would expect of o mental hospitol. Once o lorge form, the offices are frome buildings.



Dan married Liz Hofert, Los Angeles society girl, while he was in the Army. Difference of interest and background separated them. Many feel this break-up had a disastrous effect on Dan's health.



Betty Grable was greatly responsible for Dan's career. He first starred with her in *Mother Wore Tights*. Gossips tried to turn their musical teamwork into a love match.

The Courage of Dan Dailey

■ When a Hollywood star cracks up mentally, the usual procedure is to send him to a private sanitarium for treatment. His studio then announces that he is traveling abroad or sunning himself on the beaches of Honolulu.

Behind this deception lies the fear that the American public regards mental illness of any sort as a disgrace.

One actor who refused to traffic with such old-fashioned nonsense, who refused to underestimate the intelligence of his fans, is Dan Dailey.

Six months ago, after he'd finished *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, Dan Dailey began to get depressed. People came up with plenty of explanations: he had made a failure of his marriage, he had no home to go to, he was overworked, he was secretly in love with Betty Grable, he was tired of starring in musicals, he felt unrequited and unfulfilled, he had no close friends, he was unwanted, he was drinking too much, he was very ashamed of being a Hollywood actor.

Everyone had something to say except Dan Dailey himself. He said nothing.

He knew there was something wrong with him, because he was unhappy. He was doing things his judgment told him not to do. Basically intelligent, he realized that he didn't understand himself, or why he was behaving as he was.

There is nothing extraordinary in this realization. Most people have periods when they don't understand themselves. Most people have "off days," when they feel low and mad at the world; when they meet others and dislike them at once without knowing why; when they do things they shouldn't; when they keep on repeating the same error again and again. But such days are infrequent.

In Dailey's case they were becoming more and more the order of things. He found going to the studio a big problem, working an even bigger one, trying to reconcile with his wife hopeless. The whole process of human behavior suddenly became so tremendously complicated to him that he was staggered.

"I knew I was heading for trouble," he declared, "so in order to avoid it, I decided to go to Menninger's."

The Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, is a healing community for the mentally sick. When Robert Walker cracked up two years ago, Dore Schary got him admitted to Menninger's. It was here that Bob conquered his alcoholism and his neurotic behavior (*Continued on page 96*)

Backstage baby

Chorines were her baby sitters; she fell asleep to the Lullaby of Broadway. How could Debra miss having her name in lights?

BY KOLMA FLAKE



Debra's family is a closely-knit group. Here Teala, Meg, Frank Jr., Debra, and Lezli get the benefit of Mama's advice on a script.

Sisters Teala and Lezli and Mama josh brother Frank and Debra as they practice serious emoting. Frank is hoping for a movie career.



■ Debra Paget looks gorgeous in South Sea Island trappings, but it's only for the movies. Balmy breezes and moonlit romance may call other less beautiful maidens, but Debra's strictly a home girl.

Anybody would like to have her around the house, of course—but Debra means *her* home. And home to her includes the whole family: Mr. and Mrs. Griffin (Debra's real name), sisters Teala, Lezli and baby Meg, and brother Frank. Miss Paget is a girl who believes that blood is thicker than anything, and proves it every day.

Getting a story about her is more like getting a panel discussion than a personal interview. The whole family chimes in with facts. And when Debra herself gives with a few items, they're generally about the rest of the family. Everybody gets into the act.

The fellows who call Debra for dates find that out. They may have an intimate evening for two in mind. But before they know it, they're smack in the middle of One Girl's Family, and having the time of their lives.

Mr. Griffin, as slimly proportioned as his wife is amply built, comes home from his work as a painter—"and not a painter of murals, either," they say—at Santa Fe Hospital about four-thirty in the afternoon. If the girls are all home, dinner gets under way immediately.

"Five women in the kitchen!" Debra chuckles. "It's nothing to get hit in the head by a pot or a pan. But we like to do things together. Mother's the General, and she cooks the meat, too. Teala usually makes the salad, Lezli fixes the potatoes, and I make up five gallons of some cold drink. Meg is not quite three yet, but she's there too. Usually she just sticks something into the (*Continued on page 77*)



PHOTO BY 20TH CENTURY-F

storm clouds for jeff

(*Continued from page 14*) desperation, he took a job as a counterman behind a hamburger stand. Before he could report with his white apron, however, he was called to do a radio show. He still plays Mr. Boynton on radio's "Our Miss Brooks" program.

THAT was his position in life when Marjorie Hoshelle married him. One or two of her friends suggested that she was making a big mistake. Just as the wise-guys once predicted to Dixie Lee Crosby, "If you marry Bing, you'll have to support him for the rest of your life,"—so they spoke about Chandler. But Marjorie had faith in her choice, and the faith paid off—at least where his professional career was concerned.

In five years, Jeff rose from obscurity to stardom in *Sword in the Desert, Broken Arrow, Two Flags West, Bird of Paradise.* He signed contracts with Universal and 20th Century-Fox, and was demanded for loanouts by every studio in town. He received fan mail in droves, as well as mash notes, proposals and innumerable requests for interviews. The whole incredible paraphernalia of fame was his.

What happened to his marriage while he was making a success of his career?

To understand that, you have to go back to the time Jeff first met Marjorie Hoshelle. This is a portion of his life, incidentally, which never before has been told in any magazine story.

"When I met Jeff," Mrs. Chandler recalls, "he was going with my best friend, a girl named Jean Sincere. They were both in the same summer stock company in Marengo, Illinois. That was 10 years ago.

"Naturally, I was curious to see what he looked like, since Jean had spoken about him. At that time, I was an actress with the Lake Zurich Stock Company. One night I went over to visit Jean and she introduced me to Jeff. I didn't see him again for five or six years.

"He joined the Army, and I went to Hollywood where I worked in pictures for Warners. A few years later, I was in New York on vacation, visiting Jean Sincere, when Jeff called up. He said he'd just come back from the Aleutians and that he was on furlough. Jean told him that I was in town, too, and he suggested that we all get together and do the town.

"Well, we did. He took me to see *Anna Lucasta,* and the three of us went to a lot of parties together before his furlough was up. He went back to Georgia or Texas or wherever he was stationed, and I returned to Hollywood. He wrote letters occasionally, because he was lonely. Eventually, he was transferred to Ft. Ord, California. It turned out that I was the only person he knew in the whole state of California.

"Weekends, he would bum down to Hollywood, and I would see him. On one such trip, he was in a nasty auto accident between Ventura and Santa Barbara. He cut his scalp open, and was lucky he wasn't killed.

"Jeff got out of the Army in February, and we were married in October."

JEFF didn't have much money, but he was working in radio. One night, friends told him that Ira Grossel was a terrible name for an actor. Jeff agreed with them. When he saw Van Johnson play the role of Bill Chandler in *Easy to Wed,* he took the name Chandler. Out of thin air, he added Jeff to it—but that's how most Hollywood stars get their names.

When the Chandlers' first little girl, Jamie, was born four years ago, Jeff still couldn't get a break in pictures. Dick Powell got him a bit in *Johnny O'Clock,* and Universal used him occasionally, but it wasn't until *Sword in the Desert* that the fans began to notice him.

After that, he was on easy street. 20th Century borrowed him for *Broken Arrow,* and when Darryl Zanuck saw the rushes, he quickly signed Jeff for one picture a year for seven years. Twentieth has already completed four pictures starring Chandler.

While Jeff's acting career was ascending, his wife's seemed to be stationary. She played a few bit roles but her two pregnancies (their youngest daughter Dana is going on two) kept her away from the cameras.

There are those who claim that in many marriages the wife unconsciously resents her husband's success, especially if she was originally far more successful than he.

This is a definite possibility, since Hollywood fame always breeds outside adoration. Single actresses see a new star on the screen, and in many instances, they set their caps for him. They invite him to cocktail parties, send him scripts, request producers to get him for their next picture. A wife who knew her husband when he was of little or no prominence might resent such action. Some wives accept the new state of affairs in a worldly manner. They let their husbands sow a few wild oats, and let him revel in his new-found importance. Confident in the maturity of his emotions, they feel that eventually he will return to normal.

In many cases an actor doesn't return. Success changes him. He takes on a new set of values, a new outlook, a new environment and consequently a new character.

HOWEVER, this doesn't seem to be true of Chandler. Basically, he's the same rough-hewn guy that bummed down from Ft. Ord in 1946. Modest, plain-spoken, he puts on no airs, stays out of chi-chi restaurants, lives simply and in quiet dignity. One of his first radio jobs in Hollywood was on the Lux Radio Theater, and whenever that program wants him, he'll drop everything and come running.

When you ask him about his impending divorce, he says, "I'm willing to do anything to make Marge happy. If she insists on a divorce, okay. I guess there's no sense in quarreling all the time. Sometimes, people just get on one another's nerves. There's nothing anyone can do about it. She's a very fine person and a very fine actress, and I'm sorry it had to end this way."

Since Jeff has stopped living at home, and the divorce announcement has been made, he's been seen on and off with Ann Sheridan. Both he and Sheridan insist that there's "nothing serious between us." Chandler's name will probably be coupled with many other women by the time this article is published.

In all marital breakups, the possibility of a reconciliation should never be ruled out. There is always a chance, no matter how small, that Jeff and Marge will sit down some evening and find a solution better than divorce. It's entirely possible that the common bond of their past will make a future together seem more promising and even capable of happy fulfillment.

There is no reason why success in Jeff Chandler's career should breed failure in Jeff Chandler's marriage. Especially when success hasn't gone to his head.

THE END

play

CHARADES

with

maggi mcnellis

Do you like to play charades? Then Maggi McNellis, femcee of NBC-TV's celebrity charade session, "Say It With Acting," wants to know if you can guess the movie title she is acting out in these pictures. It is a film about the U. S. Cavalry with a three-word title:

1 Maggi says, "This one's easy!"

2 Be careful, and be sure to make this word plural.

3 Maggi holds her ear to indicate that the action she is showing rhymes with the actual word.

Answer on page 101.



1

2

3

(*Continued from page 29*) explained, "I actually didn't fall more than a couple of feet. They dropped me out of a harness and I simply fell into a bunch of pads right on the stage. Isn't it wonderful the way they make movies?"

That's how new he was to the business, and that's how marvelous it all seemed to this unaffected guy from Cadiz, Ohio.

Clark Gable has never lost that early enthusiasm.

Barbara Stanwyck said it: "They'll never come any greater than Clark, because he has the same joy of living, and the ability to bring joy to others today that he had when he arrived here. No matter what his age, he'll never be old."

It was with Barbara that Clark made his first hit, in *Night Nurse*. His name wasn't billed very high when they were making the picture. But within 30 days of its release, Gable's name topped all the others in the cast. Theater managers simply found it good business to put it there.

Gable slapped Barbara in that picture—a slap, as it turned out, that was heard around the world.

He slapped her again, some 20 years later, in *To Please a Lady*.

"He hasn't lost any of that old punch," Barbara says of him. "Nor," she adds, "any of that old charm."

"The tough thing about describing Clark Gable," says Mervyn LeRoy, the director, "is that there's nothing bad to say."

Even Hollywood's most careless gossip writers have let him alone. "He isn't a guy we like to monkey with," one of them said recently. There's something in Gable's eyes that discourages Hollywood's average character assassins.

AMONG his many friends are grips, electricians, mechanics, and janitors.

King (that's his nickname) grins, waves a hand as he walks down a studio street, says. "Hi'ya, Bernie" (or Ed, or Joe, or Bill). For each he has a personal quip. "Still foolin' 'em, huh?" he'll ask a producer. Or, to a cameraman, "Get that brownie in focus. You're going to shoot my unholy map this afternoon."

But when it's a girl he meets, there are no smart cracks. Call him old-fashioned, if you will, but Clark is loaded with the brand of chivalry you don't find these days. He ignores the passes girls make at him, and makes none himself.

He hates a smutty story. And if conversation turns to gossip, he simply walks away. I've never heard him say an unkind thing about anyone. And I've seen a couple of guys intent on destroying a girl's reputation suddenly freeze up when they get a look at his eyes.

You leave the street and swing onto a stage with the six-foot-two, 200-pound package called Gable. He walks straight and he walks quickly, leaning forward slightly, the way a good fighter will do in the ring.

Inside his dressing room he relaxes. There's a phone there and he grabs it to make a call.

"How are things at home, mama?" he asks. "Mama" is Mrs. Gable, or "Mrs. G.," his other name for her. "Anything I should bring home?"

They liked to say that Clark Gable wouldn't be able to take the kind of life his wife enjoyed. They said he was a somber man, even a sour-puss, a victim of deep purple moods. They said that parties and other activities which amused Sylvia would leave him cold, even morose. They were wrong.

Not only has he approved of the way she's decorated his San Fernando Valley ranch, he even pitched in and helped. (He says that's the only way he could be sure of at least a little masculinity in the overall decor.)

And if he hasn't actually loved the brilliant dinner parties Sylvia's given there, at least he's survived them in handsome style.

Few men have ever filled out a dinner jacket the way Clark does. Once, when he was vacationing in San Francisco, a group of sweet, elderly ladies were entranced by the figure he cut.

It was Clark's habit, during that trip, to come into the hotel wearing slacks and a jacket after a day's sightseeing, then to change to dinner clothes each night for a series of civic social affairs.

Every night the ladies, dressed in their finest, drew up their chairs in a sort of semi-circle to watch him cross the lobby.

This went on for a few nights until Clark, aware of his timid, quiet and adoring audience, did a typically Gable trick.

As he passed the chair of the eldest lady, he stopped, handed her a rose, and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

The effect in that lobby was approximately what it would have been if the Golden Gate bridge had suddenly toppled into the bay and sunk quietly out of sight.

Give-



UNITED
CEREBRAL
PALSY

YOU'RE riding down Culver City's Washington Boulevard with him in that Jaguar he loves so much, when you come to a traffic light. A cop heaves up alongside to wait for the green.

"Hi'ya, Clark," he says.

"Hello hot-shot," Gable grins. "Wanta race?"

So they make a date for the following Sunday morning for a closed-course run, just for the fun of it.

(Clark left him so far behind that the cop asked for a try at the wheel. He got the Jag past 120, which is faster than Clark has revved it.)

"The ground comes at you awful fast when you pass 100," Clark says.

"Anyhow," he adds, "I didn't get the Jag for speed. I just love to look at the thing. Real purty, that car."

Once in a while, though, he takes it out on the Culver City track for a quick workout. Track officials and race drivers line up to watch him, because they like the way he handles a car. If you were ever with him on such a run, you'd be wise to skip breakfast. But glancing at him out of the corner of a cautious eye, you'd know at once that he was in complete charge of the buggy. The guy can drive.

Sit in Clark's dressing room, and what does he talk about? Well, a grip pushes his head in.

"They're biting up in Oregon, King."

"Yeah, they're biting for you," Clark answers. "But will they bite for *me*? You got magic, Eddie. I haven't."

An extra peers in. "Hey, King," he says. "Thanks for that tip about Warners'. I got seven days' work. I even got a couple of lines. Thanks to you, King."

"Get any laughs?" counters Clark. He hates to be thanked.

A publicity man for whom he got a job tries to thank him.

"Will you stop it?" Clark answers. "We need good men here. The company got a break, not you."

Sit in his dressing room while he starts changing for the next scene. His actions are quick, efficient. Off comes the shirt, revealing a well-knit set of shoulders and a chest that is massive and solid. His thighs and legs are still those of the vigorous, outdoor worker.

"Go out and kill the people," Brownie, his personal wardrobe man and pal says as Clark heads for the cameras.

"I'll murder 'em," Clark smiles.

On location a fresh guy, wanting to get fresher, offers: "Pretty soft bein' a movie actor, huh?"

Clark smiles. "You work steady and the hours are good. Where could a guy like me make a softer touch?" The fresh guy doesn't get fresher.

HE has a modesty and respect for others' feelings that is fantastic.

Once a Gable-struck girl left her escort at a Sunset Strip spot to gush over Clark. He felt sorry for the girl but he felt a lot sorrier for her date. Passing her, he made his way to the embarrassed guy's table. The girl followed.

"Tell me about yourself," he asked the man. "What's your name? You remind me of a friend I had back in the oil fields."

He ignored the girl completely.

It was his way of showing her some simple manners.

Actions through the years often mellow a man, but Clark seems to have been mellow from the beginning.

Few fathers and sons had the wonderful camaraderie shared by Clark and his dad, the late Bill Gable. Bill passed away nearly three years ago, and it's Clark's greatest regret that he wasn't able to say a few last words to him.

At the time, Clark was taking his first and only pleasure trip to Europe. He was touring the Continent by car when he got word of his father's death.

Completely shattered, he left the car in the little French town where he got the cablegram, rushed to Cherbourg and vainly sought passage on a boat. (He hasn't flown commercial lines since Carole Lombard's tragic death.)

All space was taken, so Spencer Tracy (who named him "King") asked Clark to share his stateroom for the sad trip home.

Bill didn't live with Clark, but occupied a neat small home in Encino, a scant mile from his boy. However, he did move into Clark's place when his son went off on trips, in order to keep a watchful eye on the ranch.

"My dad," Clark remembers, "once said something to me I've never forgotten. 'Son,' he said, 'I'm too old for the girls. I'll leave them to you. But remember one thing. You can't tell a package by it's wrapper. The truly attractive girl is the one whose good looks start here'" (and Clark indicated his heart).

CLARK and Sylvia had what amounted to a third honeymoon during his long location at Durango, Colorado, for *Across the Wide Missouri*. He had his Ford up there, and his driving proved a little too

fast for Lady Ashley, who used studio cars. Apart from their transportation, they were inseparable.

And that Ford turned out just great for Mrs. G. when she had errands for Clark. Driving like mad along the deserted country roads, Clark whisked into town, some 30 miles distant, time after time to pick up curtain material, fancy work (she's always sewing), and hotdogs for their midnight snacks.

"What the heck," he'd grin. "What's a few errands for the lady you love?"

He found her a hot plate, a tiny ice-box and some of the best dime store napkins on the market for those midnight feasts. And after they were through, Clark donned an apron and lit into those dishes.

"Show me," he says, "a couple who do the dishes together, and I'll show you a happy couple."

Durango is eleven thousand feet in the clouds. It's cold up there and the air is thin, and Clark's day on *Across the Wide Missouri* was from five-thirty in the morning until dark. His work was hard and exacting, leaving him fairly exhausted each evening.

Yet, on his first day free from cameras, he went into town to lead a parade for a show that would benefit poor kids. And he spent whatever other free time he had mingling with the townspeople, handing out autographs and being altogether charming to a star-starved populace.

One day he came out of a dime store loaded with knick-knacks Sylvia had asked him to get for the house. His arms were filled with the gadgets, but just outside the store a bunch of people had gathered, eager for his autograph. Very carefully he put everything down on the sidewalk, signed approximately a hundred books, gathered up his parcels and went on his way.

Nothing? That's right. It was nothing, perhaps, but I can name you a hundred stars today who wouldn't have allowed themselves to be bothered.

It was my great good fortune to be his guest at last year's Indianapolis Motor Speedway where, with Barbara Stanwyck, he was making MGM's *To Please a Lady*.

The crowds were unbelievable. The fans who stormed Clark were not only insistent but panicky. Indianapolis, where it can really get hot, was having its hottest summer in years.

Bareheaded, always smiling, Clark stood for hours autographing hats, gloves, scraps of paper, souvenir programs, any and everything that was shoved his way.

Finally, a Speedway guard decided that Clark had done enough. He and a couple of burly fellow-officers started shoving them back, muttering something about why didn't the bums leave Clark alone.

Clark heard him, stopped him, and pulling him aside, told him quietly: "First of all, these people aren't bums, They're my friends. If I'm anywhere at all, it's they who are responsible. And as for leaving me alone, my worries will start when they decide to do just that."

Clark Gable has true humility. In a way he's still the farmboy who learned long ago that it's the man or woman, not their clothes or social standing, that counts. Clark abhors sham.

I remember years ago when one of the industry's greatest directors and also one of it's greatest bullies, got the complete Gable treatment.

This director (and you'd know him in a flash) was the type who was careful to never bawl out a star of Clark's calibre. He saved his sarcasm and temper for the bit players and extras who couldn't strike back. Every working man and woman in the business loathed him. His only saving grace was that he did make good movies.

On that particular day Clark wasn't in the scene, but sat on the sidelines studying his script. A very talented and highly nervous girl was before the cameras. With absolutely no guidance from the director, she went through her scene from start to finish. After each take, the director would simply say, "Do it again."

After the tenth or twelfth take, with the director ordering another, the girl finally broke down. Between sobs she asked: "What am I doing wrong? What is it that you want?"

"What I want," sneered the great man, "is an actress. Who ever said you could act?" And with that he stalked off the set, leaving a bewildered, frightened, and completely shattered girl to face a crew of 30 men.

Now there wasn't a man in that crew who wasn't on the girl's side. They knew she was not only an actress, but a good one. Yet no one was in a position to tell off the egomaniac who had caused her tears—no one, that is, except Clark. And he would have done it, I'm sure, even if he'd been an extra.

Following the raging director, he grabbed him by the shoulder, wheeled him about, and in very Gable-esque language (and brother, he knows a few words!) he let him have it right between the eyes. He wasn't being the big man. He was just being human.

Clark has been a star for 18 of his 20 years in Hollywood. He has earned his bosses in excess of $240,000,000. He's seen literally hundreds of men and women skyrocket to stardom, sputter and fizzle out. Through it all, he has remained simple, honest, and straight-shooting.

It's no trick for a newcomer in films to be humble and thankful when the man with the money hands him that first contract. They're *all* humble then. But, with that second and third option renewal, something happens, not to all, but to too many of them. Their scripts, they say, don't do them justice. Their directors, they swear, are oafs. Their leading ladies, they insist, not only can't act, but should be hustled back to Bent Pin, Arkansas.

To intimates Gable is apt to say, "I don't get it. These jokers come to town with one pair of pants and a paper suitcase, and in nothing flat they're telling the studios how to run their business."

Clark Gable has the un-Hollywood theory that his bosses know their business. He knows mistakes have been made along the line, but he also knows that to err is human and that there isn't a big business in the world with a perfect record.

"One time," he's fond of telling, "one of Henry Kaiser's lieutenants, a new man, lost a million dollars for the company on his first deal. Did Kaiser fire him? Not exactly. Going to the frightened executive he grasped his hand. 'If I'd done it,' he said, 'I'd have lost at least two million. Now let's all get back to work.'"

I say Gable is greater than ever because he has today the same humility he had in his no-cash-to-carry days. He'll even tell you he doesn't know anything about his number one hobby—fast cars. Yet I've seen grimy and sleep-starved grease-monkeys, who were trying to coax enough speed out of their racing cars to qualify at Indianapolis, turn to him for driving advice.

He could have hob-nobbed with the great racing figures at Indianapolis: the Johnny Parsons, Mauri Roses, Bill Hollands, Joie Chitwoods and the others. Instead, I remember him in the highly restricted garage area giving a word of advice here, some badly needed encouragement there, to the boys who had come thousands of miles with their home-made, beat-up boilers called racing cars, with the fond hope of making a buck. These were the guys he knew. These were the ones who spoke his language.

He knew their cars wouldn't even qualify in that world's fastest company. But not by the flick of an eyelash did he reveal it.

One day he found a few young hopefuls who had brought their hopped-up jalopies clear from California to meet the big test. And as he got to know them he found they weren't eating, unless you can call mush three times a day, eating.

"What's the matter with you guys? Put it all on the car?" Clark asked.

Sheepishly, they said they simply weren't hungry. Gable let it go at that. But just somehow that crew of forlorn Californians had paid-up meal tickets at the track restaurant for the three weeks preceding the race. Gable swears he doesn't know how it happened, just as he swears he doesn't know how suddenly they found enough money in their garage to get home on, and then some.

Greatness is a word that can be defined a hundred different ways by a hundred different people. Maybe you wouldn't call Gable great. I would. I know there's not another guy in the world quite like him.

THE END



NEW, EXCITING,
INTIMATE REPORTS ON
THE LIVES OF THE STARS,
BROADCAST DAILY
DIRECT FROM THE OFFICES
OF MODERN SCREEN
IN THE HEART OF THE
MOVIE CAPITAL.

LISTEN TO

HOLLYWOOD EDITOR

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY OVER

LBS THE LIBERTY BROADCASTING SYSTEM

SEE YOUR DAILY PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION

"Be Lux Lovely..."

says

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

CO-STARRING IN
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
"FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

honeymoon house

(*Continued from page 39*) a view of Los Angeles that's second only to the view of New York from the top of the Empire State Building. At the bottom of the terraced hillside looms a large, irregularly shaped pool, the kind of pool the Grangers never saw in their own country.

"Coming from England where pools are virtually unheard of," Jean says, "Jimmie and I are simply dotty over the idea of having one in our own backyard. And to make it just too wonderful for words, our water can be heated."

JEAN and Jimmie have lived in their home only a little over two months, but already the Granger Sunday Open House has become a social fixture among their friends. Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley, Sharman Douglas, Michael Wilding, producer Sam Zimbalist and several others are consistent guests. They drop by for a swim and a game of badminton, and then they stay for one of Stewart's famous man-made meals.

Stewart Granger collects recipes with the same zeal he exhibits for good paintings and classical music. A frustrated chef, he loves to try out new dishes. His Sunday specials are roast beef, baked potatoes with chives, his own mixed green salad and a chocolate mousse.

"Our Sundays," he says, "are wonderful informal days. We let Carl and his wife take the day off. Then I go berserk in the kitchen. We eat when we please, and everyone patters around the house in bathing suits and bare feet. We're a swimming crowd all right.

"The time I enjoy the pool most is at night. Lots of times when Jean and I are alone, we look up simultaneously from the scripts we're studying, and one of us says, 'Let's go swimming, darling.' Down goes my script, Jean tosses hers aside. I flip the switch that floods our hillside with light, and together we race down the four flights of steps and dive in. Swimming under the stars and looking at our house from the pool—well, that's when we know we've got a really wonderful honeymoon house."

Inside this honeymoon house most of the rooms are on different levels. It has the curious effect of being a large home with no stairs. There are four bedrooms, but each has complete privacy. There's one dining room, but several extra balconies and dining terraces. From the Bel Air road, this Spanish-type house is rather unimpressive, but indoors it's as exciting and unpredictable as a new love.

The high ceilinged foyer, the living room, and dining room are all on the same level, and they constitute the main part of the house. When the newlyweds first moved in, these three rooms were painted a depressing green and were only partly furnished. Stewart Granger loved his new home, but he couldn't tolerate some of the color choices of the former owners, so he set about making immediate and superficial changes.

One of his long-standing hobbies has been to collect paintings and period furniture. He knew what he wanted done to the house. He had the walls in the living room and hall painted a warm grey, because there was enough bright color in the flowered chintz draperies and crimson sectional couch. Then he sent to England for his books, his paintings, and his prized pieces of period furniture.

ENGLAND'S two most famous contemporary painters are Matthew Smith and Augustus Johns. Granger owns oils by both of them. They hang over the fireplace and along one wall. Other evidences of his wide cultural interests are about the room. There's a child's head by Epstein, a copy of Rodin's "The Thinker," and a fairly large collection of good books. A built-in radio and record player is being installed in one section of the book shelves. In order to hide the mechanics of the radio-phonograph, a fake front is being painted over it to resemble books.

"Before I met Jimmie," admits Jean, "I didn't know a Queen Anne commode from a Duncan Phyfe console. Now, I not only define periods in furniture, but I have a fair understanding of art and music. All of which is another way of saying love is a wonderful experience!"

Two master bedrooms of the Granger house are further examples of Jean's and Jimmie's good taste. Jean's room is furnished in ivory-colored regency furniture. The walls of the room are a soft powder blue and the draperies, slipper chair, and dressing table are done in a simple fresh-looking chintz with a white background. Beside the bed Jean keeps one unfeminine feature—her dog's bed.

The pet is a miniature French poodle her husband gave her for Christmas. Jean loves Bess dearly, but the dog causes more excitement than a child. She chews razor blades, eats pills, and hides shoes as though they were bones. "She has me weak with fright half the time," says Jean, "but she's so sweet I can't discipline her."

Stewart Granger's large room is a few steps above the level of the living room. A small balcony and stairs join the two rooms. His private quarters are dominated by two lifesize portraits of his wife. Oddly enough they are both by the same portrait artist and both very good. "Jimmie got the color for his wall paint from the shoulders in one of the portraits," reveals Jean, "and darkened it somewhat. It turned out to be a very masculine color tone."

The rest of the room is filled with an overscale bed, pictures of Granger's two children by his first wife, a desk and several comfortable reading chairs, so that the master may work in his room when his secretary, Valerie Douglas, is using the living room desk.

A great deal of the furniture was bought with the house. Usually, in such package deals the buyers get stung. The Grangers, however, were more than lucky. Many of the pieces they purchased from the former owners—the coffee table, covered with a finish of terrapin scales, is a good example—are rare furniture items. And the two guest rooms in the house are so attractive that Jean and Stewart thought twice before deciding which would be their suite and which would go to the guests.

Both of these rooms have twin beds and dressers of early American maple. To distinguish one from the other, the front bedroom is outfitted in red glazed chintz and the back room in dark green. The guest portion of the house is on a level with the main terrace, and it offers a separate entrance so that visitors can come and go independently of their host and hostess. It's a very thoughtful arrangement, as Glynis Johns, their recent house guest from England, will quickly testify.

Like all new home-owners who buy a house that's been lived in before, Jean and Jimmie were anxious to make a few changes—to put their own stamp of individuality on the place. They're doing this by remodeling a playroom near the swimming pool. They're making it into a combination bar, television, projection, and trophy room. The project is within a month of completion, but it's apparent right now that it will be unique.

The playroom has a pitched ceiling made of wonderful old beams. The rest of the room is being panelled in pine and then rubbed with white lead to match the weathered grey look of the ceiling beams. Stewart had a large fireplace of used bricks built into one corner of the room, and an overscale day bed placed in the other. The wall overlooking the pool is almost solid glass. Opposite there's an R. C. A. television console, a gun case, and a bar that doubles as a soda fountain. The latter is a special concession to Jean, who has a fondness for ice cream in ginger beer and other gooey concoctions.

IN one part of the panelling Granger had an opening cut so that a permanent movie projector can be set up and ready to go. The screen will be rolled up and concealed behind one of the ceiling beams. He also designed a huge coffee table that's a masterpiece of ingenuity. The thick table has a built-in record player recessed into one end, and contains all the controls for the radio and television sets. In its unfinished state of loose wires and assorted jacks, it looks like a Rube Goldberg contraption, but Stewart insists he'll be able to control all the entertainment features of the playroom from a sitting position in front of the coffee table.

The final touch to the playroom and the house will be the assembling and hanging of the trophies Stewart collected in Africa during the making of *King Solomon's Mines.*

"I'm thinking of hanging my first chocolate mousse as a kind of trophy, too," Jean jokes good-naturedly. "I knew nothing about cooking or running a house when Jimmie married me. He promised to supervise all the housekeeping details for the first six months while I picked up a few domestic hints. I think he expects me to be utterly hopeless but he's in for a big surprise. I've been practicing while he's on location at Sun Valley. When he finds out that I can actually cook a meal, he'll probably withdraw his promise. Anyway, whether I do the cooking or Jimmie remains supreme in the kitchen doesn't matter. This place will always be our honeymoon house." THE END

(*Stewart Granger can be seen in* Soldiers Three; *Jean Simmons will soon be seen in* Androcles And The Lion.)

louella parsons
tells all about
shelley and
farley in the
july issue of
modern screen
on sale
june 8 with
irresistible
june allyson
on the cover



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Go ahead and try it... just for the beauty of it... just for softer, smoother, more exciting lips. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... and perfumed with Irresistible fragrance.
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Keeps you cool, dainty in hottest weather. Smooths as it soothes... and prevents chafing.
with the fragrance that whispers "Kiss me, dear"

the old-fashioned way

(*Continued from page 41*) Hollywood experts as classics, testifies to the fact that she not only is *not* a misfit, but is a supreme artist who belongs in no other line of work but pictures. As for a convent, there is no more devout woman laboring in a cloister for her faith than Ann Blyth. And wholesomeness is what she creates wherever she goes.

The trouble with Hollywood is that Ann Blyth is hard to know—and there doesn't seem to be enough understanding in most Hollywoodites to ever get to know her. But she can be explained very simply. Ann Blyth is just an old-fashioned girl.

Take for instance, the way Ann met Dick Contino. For the benefit of the unfortunate few who don't know who Dick Contino is, he plays the accordion. He played it publicly for the first time five years ago, shortly thereafter he was picked up by bandleader Horace Heidt as a permanent member of his traveling radio show troupe. And, while he has never appeared in a movie, there are 500 Dick Contino fan clubs throughout the country, the members of which to date have written him a million letters. He's as handsome as any chap who ever tilted his chin for a collar ad.

A YEAR or so ago, Dick attended a party in Hollywood to which Ann was invited. He was 21 years old just recently, so you know he was the youngest present. But that didn't make much difference to the girls. They tagged after him every time he moved. Ann was, as usual, in a tight little group of friends, and didn't mix much. But she, too, looked across the room at Dick and liked what she saw. He looked at her—and wished he were smack in the middle of her little crowd.

Well, they looked—and liked—but they were brought up under a code that didn't permit them to do anything about it. If that doesn't sound unusual, you don't know your Hollywood.

It was eight months later that they met again. He was at Universal Studio for lunch. A studio worker, showing him around the commissary, stopped for a chat at Ann's table and performed an introduction that earned him two life-long buddies. Dick sat at Ann's table and held up his end of a pretty feeble conversation. They were both embarrassed. However, when it came time to go, Dick asked if he might take Ann out on a date. She said she'd let him know, if he telephoned her.

That would sound like a stall to the Blyth experts, maybe even a bit prudish. But it wasn't—and it was honest to her principles. Ann lives with an aunt and uncle, holding to the old-fashioned law that a single, young, orphaned girl benefits from family life, and needs the influence, advice and guidance of mature relatives. She will not go out with a man until she has asked for the opinion and approval of her folks—and is proud of the reputation for it.

You have to know a lot more about Ann Blyth to buy a romance between her and Dick Contino—and you have to know something about Dick, too.

A sob sister could make a good deal about Ann's unhappiness. She lost her father when she was very young. She went into the theater in New York as a child actress, and a singer. She was fanatically devoted to her mother. They came to Hollywood, never for a moment thinking Ann would click big, and stayed on. Mrs. Blyth lived long enough to see her daughter a star—and then Ann was completely alone. While still in her teens, she broke her back in a tobogganing accident, and it looked for awhile as though she would never be normally active again. She toughed it out, and a sob sister could make a lot of that.

But anyone who has spent more than a day in the company of Ann Blyth will tell you that he couldn't imagine her feeling sorry for herself. She never has. She adjusted herself to her losses and illness, and went on to become an even bigger star.

If there is one fault in her make-up, it is her fanatic devotion to the Irish. If she can be said to be narrow in any respect, it is in her passion for the lore and the battles of the Erin Isle. If there is a prejudice in a man by the name of Muldoon as he parades down Fifth Avenue in a green suit on the 17th of March, then there is a prejudice in Ann Blyth. They both feel the same way. But aside from that, she is as tolerant as Abe Lincoln.

ANN BLYTH is not interested in partying; she's not prejudiced against them; she just doesn't enjoy them. When she gets through at the studio in the evening, she goes home to an entirely different environment. She will loll on a sofa before a fire and read a book or knit. She talks on the phone for hours with her girl friends, or one of the few boys who have, through trial, earned the status of buddy. She seldom goes out unless it is a studio publicity occasion or an approved date, and then it is generally to a place that is far from the Hollywood haunts.

One of the studio dates was with Scott Brady, a young fellow known for his hurried pressing of issues with girls. Their date caused quite a few raised eyebrows, for Scott was as attentive as a mare with a new colt. A columnist, bent on a scoop, approached Brady and asked for the low-down on the romance.

"Romance!" said Brady. "I love her. But you don't have a romance with Ann Blyth!"

Ann is the epitome of sentimentality. Some people say she is cold, but they just don't recognize true shyness when they see it. She is as warm in her heart as a puppy who has found a home with a yard full of bones. She doesn't attend studio parties at the completion of a picture, because she can't face the fact that the associations and friendships she has made during shooting are at an end. While the rest of the cast and crew are reveling in the joy of a completed assignment, Ann is usually at home, crying because it is all over. If anyone ever gives her a trinket as a token of esteem or affection, you can be sure she will never part with it. Pay her a sincere compliment, and she'll never forget your face or your words.

TRY some of these attributes on Dick Contino and you'll find they fit. He is Italian, deeply devoted to his family and never casual in love or friendship. When he played a Hollywood night club a few months ago, a good many of the female wolf pack, including a number of top stars, sent their hearts and phone numbers back stage. But Dick dropped every one of them in the waste basket. He wasn't brought up that way—and he didn't want to meet girls, even the most glamorous girls, that way.

Although only 21, he has a vital sense of responsibility to his family and profession. Like Ann, he doesn't smoke or drink, not because he thinks it is wrong, but because he doesn't like to—and maybe because he thinks he is too young. He is a strong adherent to the family principle of living, and his first concern in almost any decision he has to make is his father, mother, grandma, and his sister, and two brothers. The most that any reporter has ever gotten out of him on the subject of romance is that he would like to marry a girl just like his sister. When his con-

tract with Horace Heidt expired and he struck out on his own to earn an income of $4000 a week, the first thing he did was move his entire family down from Fresno to a fine home in Glendale.

Dick is a reasonably ambitious lad. He wants to put the accordion up some day, and become an actor. He has had a lot of offers, but he knows that he has to make his money while the panic is on for his services. He is not in the movies only because he will not sign a contract that doesn't give him radio and television rights. If you were to take him apart with the greatest of care, you wouldn't find a trait in him that you wouldn't be proud of in yourself.

The first date that Dick had with Ann endeared them to one another. The general rule is that a man asks a movie star out and makes a production of it. He gets the best table at one of the best restaurants, has his picture taken, trots from there to a premiere, or a hit play and winds up the evening at a swanky party.

Dick asked Ann what she would like to do. Anything, she said, he'd like to do.

"Well," said Dick, "I kind of wanted to go to see a picture."

"You did?" said Ann. "I'd like to see a picture, too."

So they went to a movie. They have gone to night clubs, but it hasn't been the same as it was when Ann went to them with other men. Ordinarily, Ann is stern-faced and very much on her best behavior in a night club. But with Dick, she has walked into clubs, eyes aglow, and laughing her head off.

They have had many dates during the daytime, for usually he works at night. They play golf, or ride, or walk the beaches. In the matter of food, Ann has him eating stews and corned beef—and he has turned her into one of the most competent pizza experts in California.

THE romance between Ann Blyth and Dick Contino might well blossom for another reason. Ann is a devout Catholic, and so is Dick. Throughout the years she has been in Hollywood, Ann has met and liked a good many men who were eligible in almost every respect. But they were not Catholics, so, according to Ann's religious code and upbringing they could not be considered as husbands. There is no prudery or bigotry in this, it is just a precept of Ann's faith that she can not marry outside her church.

Very soon now, Ann Blyth will return from England, another picture done. She will land at the Los Angeles International Airport and, with a lot of other passengers, will walk toward the waiting room entrance where friends, relatives and lovers of the sky travelers will be there to greet them.

It is pure fantasy, of course, but it may be that in that crowd, a handsome lad with curly hair and an expression of anticipation on his face will be waiting. She will look into the crowd, and they will spot one another at the same time. She will quicken her step, maybe run. He will run, with no pretense.

They will meet in a confusion of travelers and greeters, but they won't care. He will take her in his arms and kiss her, right there in front of everybody. And she will kiss him back, because she will be glad to see him—and he's her kind of guy.

And if you want to take a longer trip into fantasy, it is not too far-fetched to imagine them married one day, with a fine home and family. You see, Ann Blyth is an old-fashioned girl—and Dick Contino is the first old-fashioned boy she has ever met in the crazy, make-believe town called Hollywood. THE END

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pack up and go

you can select your summer wardrobe so that it is just right for your holidays, too.

arleen whelan chooses a bolero dress

Fashion combines with function in this Pima cotton sun-back dress *both misses and half sizes* that Arleen, who is appearing in Paramount's *Passage West,* wears for town—spectator sport—or travel. It is washable, packable and does double-duty as it may be worn with or without the jacket. The bodice, edged with white Madeira embroidery lace, is designed with shoulder straps (*see photo below*) . . . the skirt has soft front pleats . . . the belt is self-covered. Misses sizes: 12-20; Half sizes: 14½-24½. Colors: Lilac, Aqua, Pink, Maize. $8.95. By Kay Windsor.



THIS DRESS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 75.



modern
screen
fashions

chic and cool



Summer sheer voile dresses that are cool as a breeze and smart for every casual occasion. Both dresses have two pockets, self-covered belts and front closings (so easy to get into)—both come in Misses and Half Sizes.

On the Right Sheer voile in Black, Brown, Blue check. Misses Sizes: 12-20; Half Sizes: 14½-22½. $8.95. By Puritan.

On the Left Sheer voile paisley print—Red, Purple or Brown. Misses Sizes: 12-20; Half Sizes: 14½-22½. $8.95. By Puritan.

Nylon hosiery by Rizoli



Wherever you live—wherever you go you'll be perky and trim in this softly tailored frock of small-check cotton that is strikingly contrasted with pique. It has a "Bubble" shirred bodice, two large patch pockets, self-fabric belt and clay buttons. The cotton is *sanforized*—and washable. Junior Sizes: 9-15. Colors: Red, Rust, Blue or Purple with White pique trim. $10.95. By Sue Brett.

Nylon hosiery by Holeproof

Linen wedgies by Honeydebs

THE DRESSES ON BOTH PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 75.



practical and pretty



Arleen Whelan chooses four separates as a "practical and pretty" answer to her playclothes wardrobe for summer and vacations. Arleen combines a single blouse with three alternate garments—shorts, pedal pushers and skirt. The "Boy" shorts have cuffs, pleated front, two pockets and back zipper; the pedal pushers have a tapered leg (with cuffs), front pleats, one pocket and side zipper; the dirndl skirt boasts two large *sag-proof* pockets (with a hidden button closing), front box pleat and a side zipper. The sleeveless blouse has a tailored collar (that may be worn up or down)—it is closed with flat pearl buttons. All the separates are made of Playtone, a crinkled *shrunk-proof* cotton by Fuller Fabrics—guaranteed fast color . . . washable (lay flat to dry) . . . requires no ironing.

All these separates come in Junior Sizes: 9-15. Colors: Jade Green, Navy, Purple, Lime Peel, Desert Gold, Black, Raspberry. Prices: Blouse $2.98. Shorts $2.98. Pedal Pushers $3.98. Skirt $4.98. By Pandora Novelty Company



You'll be a pretty mermaid in this dressmaker-type bathing suit of Dan River cotton plaid (fast color-washable) that gives a youthful line to every figure. It has a button front closing *effect*, but a back zipper closing. The bodice is boned for perfect fit. This suit may be worn with or without straps. Sizes: 32-40. Colors: Red, Green, Blue. $7.98. By Lee Knitwear.

Here is a classic bathing suit (*left*) that is particularly designed to enhance even the perfect figure—it definitely minimizes any unwanted bulges or bumps. It is fashioned of Laton elasticized taffeta with a shirred front panel, feather-boned bra top and back zipper closing. This suit, too, may be worn with or without straps. Sizes: 32-38. Colors: Black, Sky Blue, Maize. Aqua, Violet, Caribbean Rose. $8.98. By Lee Knitwear.

THE SEPARATES PLAYCLOTHES (*left*) AND THE BATHING SUITS (*above*) CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 75.





flatter your figure

1. The Tummy Tucker girdle is just made to enhance your figure—it has a patented inner-boned belt to flatten your middle (*see miniature illustration below*). In two-way stretch woven rayon and cotton. Sizes S.M.L. White or nude $2.50. Waist sizes 32-40. Nude only $4.00. Plunge bra with stitched under-cups for lovely uplift, elastic bands for perfect fit. Satin or cotton. White only. Sizes 32-38; A and B cups. $1.

2. Lustrous satin with embroidered eyelet bust section and separation. Adjustable satin shoulder straps. White only. Sizes 32-38; A and B cups. $1.

3. *Strapless* bra of lustrous satin with embroidered eyelet bust section and separation. White only. Sizes 32-38; A and B cups. $1.

Girdle and all bras by Lewello.



HERE'S THE "INSIDE STORY" OF TUMMY TUCKER (*girdle in photo*)

- tucks in your tummy
- controls your silhouette
- slims your figure

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love sneaked in

(*Continued from page 33*) Melcher drove to the home he had been visiting for a long time to see his girl. He didn't park his car in the street as he had done so often before, but drove it into the garage. Then he went into his own house with his own key, and he might have stopped in the dining room where the breakfront is with the Spode and crystal on the shelves, and the lace runner and ceramic ducks on the counter. He might have opened the right drawer to get a screwdriver to tighten something in the radio. And if his wife had come in to see what he was doing, and you had told them that they were standing in front of their engagement ring, they'd have said you were crazy.

But you wouldn't have been crazy—or far from right. A short time before her marriage someone asked Doris Day what kind of an engagement ring Marty had given her.

"We're not engaged," said Doris. "We're just going to be married as soon as we can." And she laughed her infectious little laugh. "Nobody promised anybody anything. Nobody has planned anything. We're just in love—and we're going to get married."

To this day, Doris and Marty think that that is how it happened, but MODERN SCREEN found out differently. There *were* promises, and plans, and a real moment, before a green and silver Christmas tree, when they pledged themselves to one another. But it was all so real and subtle that Doris and Marty didn't know about it.

Most married couples are required by ancient dictate to remember every detail of their first meeting. It is something of a major sin against their union for either of them to forget the day, hour, place and occasion of this event. If a man first set eyes on his future Missus while she was struggling with a bicycle tire on a country road at four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, he must comment on it for the rest of his days every time he sees a bicycle, a flat tire or a country road. And at four o'clock every Saturday afternoon, he must audibly hark back to his luckiest hour or get cold hash for dinner. The rules are not so stringent for women because it is assumed that they never forget anything.

But Doris Day and Marty Melcher don't remember the first time they met.

"Gosh," said Doris, "he was my agent—and it seems like I've always known him."

FOR the record, it was some time after Doris arrived in Hollywood, a band singer of note, and presented herself to the head of Century Artists—Marty Melcher—to find out how much was being done to make her a movie star. Suspicion was her strong point at that time. She had made a couple of smash recordings with Les Brown's orchestra. But, never having considered herself a raving beauty, she looked with a cautious eye upon all the enthusiasts who predicted fame and fortune for her in the cinema. Naturally, her agent was one of these dreamers.

Marty Melcher, in those early years, functioned as a business associate, a nice fellow who in some apparently honest manner got her a lot of money for doing the things she'd have been happy to do for next to nothing. Doris professes not to know when Marty Melcher became a necessity in her life, for the relationship developed without either one of them realizing it.

"All of a sudden," said Doris, "I discovered that I leaned on Marty for almost everything. If a faucet started to leak in my house I'd call him and say, 'Marty, the faucet's dripping (*Continued on page 75*)



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A. SUMMER SONG... a lovely, cool Bemberg sheer with a marquisette yoke. Fern-like ground in a grey, white and black combination, sprinkled with roses in a choice of colors: red, peacock, lilac or green. Sizes 16½ to 24½.

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accent on glamour

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For the Average Figure—
Sizes 32-38. Colors: Black, Aqua, Yellow, White, Royal Blue.

For the Shorter Figure—
Sizes 32-38. Colors: Black, Geranium, Yellow.

For the Taller Figure—
Sizes 34-38. Colors: Black, Geranium, Chartreuse.

THIS SWIM SUIT CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE HUB, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 75.

(*Continued from page 73*) What will I do?' or 'Marty, my car won't start.' Or 'Marty, I've been thinking of going to Palm Springs. What do you think about it?'"

The change in their relationship was slow and subtle. The natural function of an agent, getting more money, became almost secondary to the function of being a male friend. Naturally, Doris and Marty would dine together—business required it—and the gossip columnists would call and ask if it was a romance.

"Certainly not," they would say. "It's strictly business." And they believed it.

If you listen to Doris Day talk about her son, Terry, you will soon begin to believe, with her, that he is the smartest thing since Little Willie the Wizard. It was Terry who first saw what was happening to Ma and Marty.

"Marty used to come to dinner," said Doris, "and one night I noticed that after we were seated at the table, Terry moved his place mat and chair so close to Marty's that the poor man could hardly bend his arm. I asked Terry what he was doing that for, and he said, 'I like him.' Maybe that was when I first knew I liked him more than just as a good manager."

THE business dinners became dates and stretched out into wonderful evenings, and pretty soon Doris didn't go out with other fellows any more—and Marty never looked at another girl. It was Terry again, and Doris' mother, who cemented this situation, and the boy and girl didn't even know it was happening.

On a Friday afternoon, Doris' mother would say, "What time will Marty be over—so I can figure dinner?" And after dinner Terry would tug at Marty's sleeve and say, "Hey, tomorrow's Saturday and you don't have to work. What time you coming over?"

Pretty soon there were experiences like the window shopping tour. Doris and Marty began thinking of doing and having things in the vague future together, but they never mentioned it to one another.

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Both of them had suffered the unhappiness of marriage breaking up before and they didn't accept love as quickly as others might. But soon they found themselves holding hands in movies and wanting to be close to one another and touch one another.

The time for emotions to thaw was sure to come soon—and it did, on Christmas night.

It had been a full day. The living room of Doris' home was disorderly with the gay refuse of gift giving. Colored papers and ribbons were everywhere, for there hadn't been time to tidy up. Presents were placed about the room, propped on display in their festive boxes. A large log sputtered quietly in the fireplace, glowing red and playing idly with flame. A tall spruce, decked with tinsel, cotton and shiny artificial snow, stood in a corner, still regal and still ruler of the day. And among its branches, tiny red, green and amber lights burned steadfastly, suffusing the room with their traditional yuletide brilliance.

Terry, in pajamas, sat beneath the tree, weary now with a small boy's excitement of Christmas, but still enchanted by the odd assortment of wonders his fortune had brought him. He sat silently winding this toy and peering into the magic innards of that one; and he speculated on the wisdom of sleeping in full Hopalong Cassidy regalia. Doris' mother sat in the softest chair, gazing at the dull, hypnotic embers on the hearth and remembering other Christmases. Doris and Marty lounged on a divan and, without speaking, lived their happiest day over and observed all the happiness that was about them.

Presently, Grandmother Day got to her feet. "Come on, Terry," she said, "time for bed."

Terry took a long last look at his treasures and rose and walked to where his mother and Marty were sitting. He snuggled between them and took both their hands. "Thanks for everything," he said. "Thanks to both of you. It's wonderful to have such a nice family at Christmas time." Then he went to bed, followed by his grandmother.

The boy and girl were alone in the room now, each with his private thoughts.

"It's true, isn't it?" Doris said.

"What's true?" said Marty.

"About it being wonderful having such a nice family at Christmas time—like Terry said."

"Yes, it's true," said Marty. "It wouldn't be a real Christmas without a boy and his mother and a grandmother. . . ."

"And a father. . . ." said Doris.

"Sure—a father," said Marty. "Let's see that he always has a nice Christmas."

"Yes," said Doris.

Nobody promised anybody anything, Doris Day said—but they did. They didn't do it the way its done in books, but in that warm room, with the night black outside, and the silent log in the fireplace and the pretty Christmas tree as witnesses, Doris and Marty promised each other a lot. Terry and his grandmother may not have been watching and listening through a crack in the bedroom door, but *they* knew what was going on. They stage-managed most of it.

From that night on, though, it wasn't friendship between Doris and Marty anymore. It was love and not denied. She was his girl—and he was her guy. Marriage was something that would come when circumstances and time allowed. The time ripened their relationship kindly, for it gave them the opportunity to plan and buy and for the four of them to get to know one another better than ever.

The buying was a lark. Marty would find a piece of furniture he liked and drag it out to Doris' house at any hour. She would shop for him. And long before they took their vows they had a home ready to move into, filled with the things they both loved and had selected.

If it appears that Marty, once he knew where he was going, moved right into the role of father and head of the family, it was nothing to the speed with which Terry moved in as a son. If he liked Marty before, he idolized him now. And he took great pride in abandoning many of the rather selfish rights of a small boy to shoulder some of the responsibilities of getting the family going. Doris' income is very large, and Marty is one of the most successful young men in Hollywood, but they are both level-headed people and dislike ostentatious living. They particularly think it unbecoming in small boys who have families in the chips.

Terry was willing to cooperate to the hilt in this if his mother and Marty wanted him to. He got so that he'd rather have an earned dime than a gift dollar. He would discuss his financial problems with Marty regularly, for he was the business manager—and abide by his decisions. There was a time when expansion seemed desirable in Terry's electric train enterprise. He was, at the moment, short of capital. A parental loan seemed a solution. He took it up with Marty.

"Train tracks are pretty expensive, aren't they?" he asked cagily.

"Very expensive," said Marty.

"How's Ma doing these days?" said Terry.

"Oh . . . pretty good," said Marty.

"Not great, eh?" asked Terry.

"Let's say—fair," said Marty.

Terry thought it over carefully. "Okay," he said, "we'll wait for the train tracks."

He had them in a week, but he proved he was willing to go along with an economy program—as long as it was in the family.

For a while the Melchers will live in the house Doris has lived in till now. But they will shop, carefully and slowly, for a house they want to make their home in the future.

Your Modern Screen Reporter sat in a 1918 railroad car in the Warner Brothers train shed during the last day of shooting on Doris' last picture, *On Moonlight Bay*, and she told about that house in the future.

"I want it to be on a hill," she said, "high above the city, so I can see the lights at night. I want there to be trees around and lots of green, growing things, so I can smell them when I wake up in the morning. I want it to be on a long, quiet street where Terry can ride his bike in safety. And I want there to be lots of kids around for him to play with—and for Marty and me to know. I want it to be a big, solid house that will stand a hundred years, with lots of beams and stone. It doesn't have to be elegant, but I want a small pool where we can all swim in the summer—but it has to be big enough to hold a lot of kids. I want many bedrooms, because there will be Terry, my mother, if she will live with us, someone to help take care of the place, and Marty and me. It may take some time to find it, but we will. And it will be worth the trouble, because it will be the home of a wonderful family. Just ask Terry."

Yes, it is Marty and Doris Melcher now—professional name Day. They are a happy couple, even though they think they didn't have a romance like other couples. They never got engaged—ask the pickled pine breakfront. Nobody promised anybody anything—ask the spruce tree and the lazy log in the fireplace. And nobody helped them make up their minds. They did it all themselves, and it just happened—ask Terry Melcher. The End

(*Continued from page 56*) oven. Maybe the ends of pie-crust. Once in a while she outdoes herself. The other night while we were too busy to notice, she mixed a whole bottle of roquefort dressing with a bottle of half-and-half.

"We all told her it was wonderful," Debra's nose wrinkled slightly. "Mother doesn't believe in discouraging anyone who's trying. We all have done things like that. Why, when I was her age I poured five pounds of sugar and a lot of eggs into mother's electric mixer and turned it on. It flew up all over the kitchen. What a mess!"

AFTER dinner they usually collect in front of the television set to catch their favorite mystery programs.

"The real scarey ones," Debra says.

"Yes," her mother chimed in. "The scarier they are, the better. The other night Debra and Lezli, the next youngest, were stretched out on their tummies on the floor watching one. I was in the kitchen when I heard Lezli let out the most awful shriek. My heart almost stopped before I got there to find out what was happening. Debbie had sneaked out of the room, smeared her face with some white stuff, and sneaked back in without Lezli realizing it. Then she just touched Lezli on the shoulder. You should have heard that girl scream!"

A group was discussing the basketball fixes (in New York colleges) when Shelley Winters entered and said that a major studio had phoned and wanted her to "throw" her next picture.

Sidney Skolsky in "Hollywood Is My Beat"

Other times, the sisters sit around and criticize each other as they go through scenes for plays, pictures or tests. Currently they're all trying to imitate Judy Garland's singing. And they're criticizing each other's tap or ballet forms.

So it's no wonder that fellows like Tommy Cook, Dick Hennessey and Richard Allan don't mind one bit when they call Debra for a date, and she says, "Look. I don't want you to think this is anything against you personally, but I just don't go out. Why don't you come over here?"

This uninhibited family fun, and love of theater has been with Debra as long as she can remember. As a matter of fact, if she had continued in her first theatrical steps, her name would now be topping a bill of burlesque. For at six she was an accomplished stripper. Her performances were only for the family, of course, but she had the routine down pat.

Most little girls totter around in high heels pretending to be Teacher or Mother's-Best-Friend. But the grown-ups Debra imitated were the colorful folk of backstage theaters. All through their childhood, Debra and her sisters studied their home work to the tune of a theater orchestra, and played dolls while the show girls pranced. The Griffin children's early life sounds like something from a Betty Grable musical.

A family didn't keep Margaret Gibson, as Debra's mother is known professionally, from following her own love of the stage. "My kids were raised backstage," she says, "and not just the pretty ones. Burlesque backstages as well as legitimate theaters.

"A lot of folks probably think that wasn't very good for them, but actors respect children. Maybe they didn't always hold their language, but it's all so natural somehow, that kids don't take offense or get

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strange ideas. My kids have seen a lot and heard a lot. They know their way around better than most. And they're fine, sweet, good, talented kids."

Debra's talent showed early. She was always acting in front of a mirror, trying to imitate someone she'd seen. But even her fond mother couldn't tell who she was trying to copy. And Margaret Gibson was glad. "My kids aren't imitators, thank goodness!"

CONVINCED of sure fame awaiting her children, Margaret Gibson admits she gave her children names that would look good on a marquee: Debra, Lezli, Teala.

But Shakespeare and his roses notwithstanding, Debra's mother knew that it took more than a name to make success. So at 11, Debra was studying acting with Queenie Smith of the New York Theater, at 13, dancing with Frieda and Olga Berkhoff at the Coronet Theater. And along with it all, making appearances such as the one with Charles Coburn in the Biltmore Theater's stage presentation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in Los Angeles.

It appears Mama's know-how paid off, because when Debra was just 14, she caught the eye of 20th Century-Fox. She was just what they needed for Richard Conte's betrothed in *House Of Strangers.*

It happened this way. Whenever Debra's brother or one of her sisters was having a test or try-out, another went along to be seen too. That day Frank Griffin, Jr., Debra's brother, had a date with 20th Century-Fox. They looked past the handsome young man to his little sister. But Frank's turn will come again.

Debra expresses her own modesty, and the family philosophy when she says, "It's just that I got the first real break. I just happened to be a type they were looking for, so I got the contract. Frank took Lezli along with him for a test at another big studio, not long ago. Now it looks like she's getting the contract out there. Frank says if he can just get Teala out of the way maybe he'll have all his sisters set up, and get his contract. He forgot about little Meg, I guess. We have news for him. She's talented, too. She isn't quite three, but she can sing most of the songs from *South Pacific.* She's still a little shy about strangers, though. so she isn't looking for a job yet.

"Frank's only had two roles at Columbia. because he still photographs too young for what he does so well. But he'll do big things later. Now he works between pictures as a laborer at Columbia. He doesn't mind being a laborer, but, as he says, it is kind of funny to have to put down a pick-axe so the wardrobe department can fit him for a costume."

THIS family interchange, and mass casting has been going on for years. More than once, when Margaret Gibson was tipped off by old show friends about a possible opportunity for one or all, she'd pack them all into her old car, suitcases tied on the outside, plenty of bedding inside, so she could drive straight through from Denver, their original home, to Hollywood without stopping to sleep.

Father Griffin would stay home from these junkets. He was working steadily and couldn't afford to pack up and leave on a white hope with his wife and the kids. Margaret also kept on acting to bring in money to promote her talented family.

It was during one of these financial fence-mending spells that the Great Hat Tragedy occurred. They laugh about it now, but Debra still remembers how terrible she felt when she burned up her mother's three new hats. Mrs. Griffin

needed new clothes to get another show job. She decided she'd invest in the hats and go through everything they owned to remodel the old dresses into new costumes, which the hats would carry off.

"Yes," Margaret Gibson shakes her head, "it was all my fault, too. I was yanking things out, looking them over and discarding a lot of things the girls thought still looked good. I was sending them out to the incinerator to burn them. They kept saying, 'Oh, mama, you don't want to throw this out do you!' It'd be some old thing, and finally I yelled, 'Don't you ask me once again! What I throw there, you carry out and burn!' Well, I didn't see my new hats fall down onto that pile and they carried out my orders!"

In 1941, they decided to settle down in Hollywood. Frank Griffin transferred his earning abilities to a studio and the family moved out where their finances wouldn't have to take the cost-of-travel beating.

And from the way they have taken to Hollywood living, it's hard to believe they haven't been there since the town was just a gleam in D. W. Griffith's eye. They're the most "at home" family in town.

As a matter of fact, many people in Hollywood worry about this very point. They feel Debra is too strongly attached to her home. She is never more serious than when discussing this.

"I know a lot of people believe my mother won't let me go out," she says soberly. "But that's just not true. I haven't any real urge to go out on dates yet. We have too much fun at home."

Then a mischievous twinkle slips into her blue-green eyes. "Besides, with a family record like mine, I don't dare take a chance on having dates yet.

"My mother married my father just six weeks after they had their first date. She was only 16 at the time. Teala, my older sister, married Eugene Pickler just six weeks after she had her first date with him. Frank had to wait two months—a record for our family. He took a month to decide, and another month to get the family's permission.

"I don't want to get married until I'm better established in my career. Too many girls get side-tracked. So I stay close to home where Mom can keep an eye on me. She's the one I always count on for advice. She knows more about show business than anybody."

And nobody else wants Debra to get side-tracked either. Her co-workers agree with Dick Conte when he reported after his first scenes with her, "That little girl has real fire!"

She had so much fire that she was teamed again with him in *Cry of The City*. But her star began to take a firm hold with the studio and her audiences when they saw her in *Broken Arrow*, and *Fourteen Hours*. She's now attained co-stardom with Louis Jourdan in *Bird of Paradise*, portraying the memorable Polynesian girl. She's with Jourdan again in *Anne of The Indies*.

All this is mighty good going for any newcomer to the screen, let alone a 17-year-old girl who's never been kissed off-screen, nor had a date.

But she does count one proposal. With a grin she says, "Jeff Chandler told me he was going to *marry me in our next picture* or bust."

But she still confines romance to screen roles, keeping a wary eye on her heritage of meeting your mate and marrying him pretty doggoned quick. That's the only wary eye she keeps on her family. As she says, so needlessly, "We're very closely knit."

THE END

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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Is "my mother won't let me" your complaint? Then this month I can talk to you from a movie script!

So many of your letters begin, "My parents don't understand," or, "My mother won't let me," or, "If you can't talk to your folks what do you do when . . ." Well, I've been trying my best to answer this and other types of teen-age problems. I don't know if I've always succeeded, but something wonderful has just happened to me. I'm making a movie called *On The Loose* that really illustrates a teen-age problem.

I'd like to tell you a little about it. The story concerns a girl who is neglected by her parents. (I'm the girl, and I just loved playing the part.) She finds love outside her home. She chases around with a lot of boys and gets a bad reputation. Everyone begins to say she's "on the loose." The girl tries to talk to her parents but her mother is too busy and her father, on hearing her and her mother quarreling, thinks they're just a couple of females yaking. Incidentally, Melvyn Douglas plays my father and he's so fine. But that's enough about *On The Loose*. What I really want to talk to you about is the problem involved.

I got a letter from a girl in Atlanta who wrote, "I'm 15 but my mother won't let me wear lipstick, even though all the girls in my class do. What should I do?" Well, I'd like to address my answer to this girl's mother. If all the girls wear lipstick then I think your daughter should, too. Don't make a freak of her. In fact, if you don't let her use lipstick, she might wear it behind your back. There's nothing wrong with lipstick. Anyway, your daughter might become so rebellious that just to spite you she may do other things that won't meet with your approval. If she does, you'll probably say, "She's a bad girl." But honestly, the only reason you can consider her bad is because she wants to become a member of her group, and she thinks it's worth sneaking lipstick to do it.

You know how I feel. There's no problem between parents and kids, or between anyone, for that matter, which can't be solved by calm discussion. Let the best argument (and I don't mean fight) win. But this month a lot of kids have written me to say that this doesn't work with their parents. "I try to tell my side of it," a girl from Denver wrote, "but my mother wouldn't even listen." I hope that her mother sees *On The Loose*, because that's exactly what Lynn Bari, who is my mother in the picture, didn't do. She didn't listen to her daughter's problem.

I wish I could persuade this girl's mother to try to understand her daughter. Everybody would be a lot better off. Sure, maybe your girl is wrong. But she certainly has a right to express her opinion. And you're a lot older and wiser than she—or should be—and I'm sure she would be willing to listen if you had a good argument to put up to her.

Oh, golly, I'm so full of this subject and I think it is so important. Forgive me if my enthusiasm makes me sound off too violently.

"I'm 15," another girl writes. "All the others in my class are dating—not heavy dating, just going to picture shows with boys. But my mother says she didn't date until she was 16, so I can't either. I'm afraid if I keep turning down dates until I'm 16 nobody will ever ask me."

Well, I think it's unreasonable for a mother to want her daughter to behave exactly as she did. Perhaps, in the mother's day, girls didn't date until they were 16. But times change. And if all the kids in this girl's class are dating at 15, then she should be allowed to go along with the rest.

I not only enjoyed making *On The Loose* but I think it may do some good. It may

bring a lot of parents to a realization of their responsibilities. Sure, I know that a movie can't be absolutely true to life. In this movie the girl is so misunderstood that she tries to commit suicide. Well, that's dramatic and looks good on the screen. But, honestly, a lot of kids have written me that they were so miserable they were on the verge of doing something drastic, unless they could reach some sort of understanding with their parents.

This is not my be-mad-at-parents column. Lots of times the kids are wrong. Lots of times kids just want to blame their mistakes on their parents. And, certainly, teen-agers should have guidance from their parents. I don't approve of a 12-year-old wearing lipstick. I don't think a 12-year-old should go steady. But I do think that parents should explain to this 12-year-old why she can't do these things.

I guess I've taken a lot of words to say just one thing: I wish there could be a better understanding between parents and kids. I wish parents would never be too busy to discuss a problem. And I also wish that the kids would take their problems to their parents. But how can they—unless they're sure they'll receive understanding?

A BOY from Washington, D. C., wrote, "I want to be a singer. I told this to my mother and father but they laughed at me." I wish they hadn't done that. Nobody should laugh at any other person's ambition. Maybe this boy will never be a good singer, but he certainly shouldn't be laughed at because he wants to be.

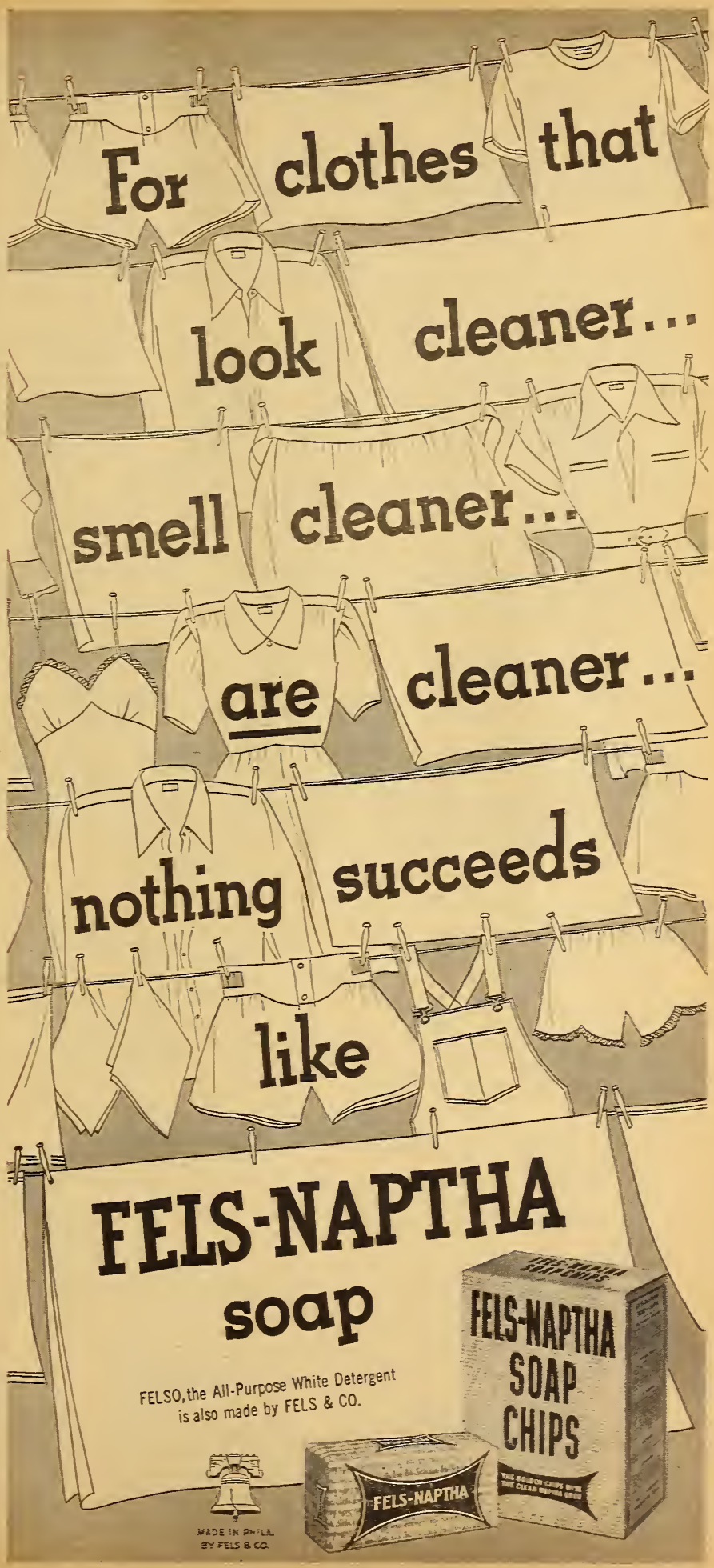
Those parents should be glad. They should find out whether or not he has the makings of a voice by taking him to a teacher. If the teacher says, "No go," then he should abide by that professional opinion. Or if he has a fine voice, and his parents haven't the money to have it trained, then this should be explained to him. I think that teen-agers, on the whole, are pretty reasonable when they're treated like reasonable human beings. Nobody likes to be laughed at—and this applies to grown-ups as well as teen-agers. If this boy really *can* sing, and has the ambition to make singing his career, the fact that his parents can't afford lessons won't stand in his way. Somehow he will find the way to get the proper lessons—this has happened so many times in the history of musicians and other ambitious but poor artists.

And now for some more problems that have been bothering you this month.

"Dear Joan: I have read that you wear glasses. Do you wear contact lenses in public? I wear glasses for nearsightedness, but don't look well in them, and I can't afford contact lenses.

—C.T., Ann Arbor, Mich."

I wear glasses for reading and for movies. I have a bad astigmatism in one eye, but I don't wear contact lenses. I think your trouble is that you don't have cute glasses. Today glasses can be so attractive, dependent upon the type of frames you have. If I were you I'd get the type that suits my face. Your optician can advise you about this. I shopped for my frames as carefully as I shop for my



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I'd get myself another hest girl friend. And I'm not heing funny. People who can't control their tempers should be taught a lesson. If you put up with their tempers, they'll only get worse. Don't be a milk-toast character. But don't lower yourself to quarrel with her. Tell her you can't take it—and then don't.

"Dear Joan: For three years I have been in love with a fellow 10 years my senior. He left, then came back, and told me he was married. Now he wants me to go out with him because he has no intention of staying married. I don't know how to tell the friends who know ahout us. Please advise me.

—S.G., Walton, Ky."

You know the answer as well as I do. Of course you should *not* go out with him. No girl should go out with a married man. As for telling the friends who knew you both before he was married, just tell them, "I'm not seeing So-and-So any more hecause he's married." It's really simple. Sure, you may still love him, hut, honey, you can't risk your reputation hy going out with a married man.

"Dear Joan: I've heen going with a hoy for almost two years. He's been called into the service. Now my trouble is, should I be the old faithful, or should I go out with others? I may not see him again for a couple of years.

—R.O., Ridgewood, N. J."

I think this is something you should discuss with your boy friend. If you love him very much and want to wait for him, and he wants you to wait for him, you should reach an understanding. But he can't expect you to sit at home night after night. I think, if he agrees, you ought to go out with other boys on a friendly basis. But, as I say, it does depend on how much in love you two are. If you're really in love, you can go out with other boys and it won't affect the way you feel about him.

"Dear Joan: Ever since I can rememher I have had dark rings under my eyes. Some people think it is from staying out late, hut that's not true. My mother has them, and so has my grandmother. It makes me self-conscious. I hope you can help me.

—S.M., St. Paul, Minn."

Have you been to see your doctor? He may be ahle to find the trouble and cure this. That's what I'd do first. If he can't—if it is congenital—then I'd wear a light coating of makeup. There are several things on the market to conceal hlemishes. But, if you do this, don't put it on too thick. That will just make it look worse.

"Dear Joan: I met a hoy who is not able to walk. He takes me to school every morning in his car. He likes me and I like him. Do you think I should go with him or not?

—M.R., Warren, Mich."

I certainly don't see what difference it makes whether the hoy can walk or not—if you like each other. And if your parents approve. After all, you're very young, so it isn't as if you had to decide whether or not you're

going to marry the boy. There is no reason in the world why you shouldn't continue being very good friends.

"Dear Joan: I am 16 and I believe in going with a lot of girls till I find the right one. Any girl will go with me, but I can't explain to a girl that I don't like her any more. Right now I'm supposed to be going steady with five girls. What should I do?

—N.N., Shorewood, Wis."

IN the first place, I think you're quite a conceited boy for saying "any girl will go with me." I wish some girl would give you a rousing "No"—I think it would do you a lot of good. Also, since you don't believe in going steady, I don't see how you get yourself in a jam like this. Why can't you explain to the girls immediately that you're not the going-steady type? But since you haven't, there's only one thing to do now. You have to be fair, and you have to be honest. You must mend your fences, boy, by explaining the situation to every one of the five girls and taking the consequences. You'll never grow up unless you do.

"Dear Joan: I tried your diet to lose weight but it just doesn't help, mostly because I'm constantly hungry. After school I eat candy and all sorts of sweets. Then I eat a large dinner and before bed I eat more sweets. What do you suggest I do?

—S.S., Falmouth, Ky"

I suggest you get a little will power. Of course you're constantly hungry when you're on a reducing diet—that's the idea. But there's only one way to make a diet work—and that is to stick on it. You tell me my diet doesn't help. My diet works, honey, but you're not giving it a chance. You have to make up your mind what you want—a nice figure or the few moments of pleasure when you're filling yourself with sweets. Even if you don't care about a good figure all that candy is very, very bad for your health. So get smart and stop stuffing yourself.

That winds it up for another month. Let me tell you again how I wish I could answer all your letters, but it just isn't possible. I try to pick the most typical ones so that one answer will do for dozens. So 'bye now. See you!

IF YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM WRITE TO JOAN EVANS, BOX 93, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA.

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Back in the early part of the century I attended a baseball game in a small midwestern town. The whole town turned out for the ball games because they were about the only amusement. I was especially interested because my big brother was on one of the teams. A baby in the crowd started crying and annoying everyone, and no one could hear the umpire's decisions over the howling. Finally, its mother carried it screaming and kicking out of the bleachers. I nudged the girl sitting next to me and said, "That kid will be heard from someday." And hasn't he? His name was Darryl Zanuck.

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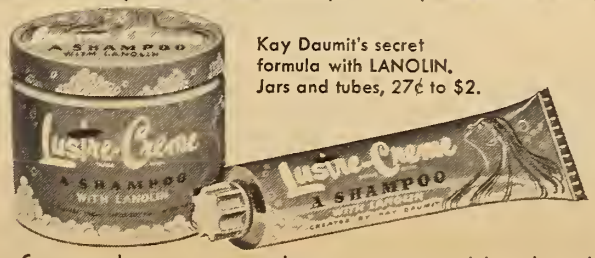
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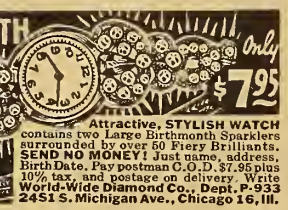
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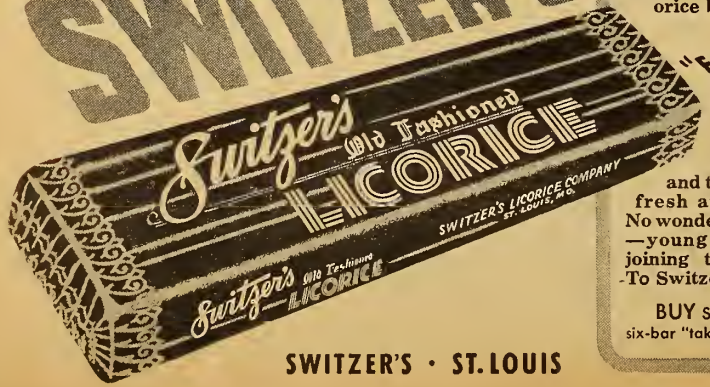
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SWITZER'S · ST. LOUIS

flight from yesterday

(*Continued from page 51*) reported the romance was not kidding." And two days later, every tabloid in the country headlined Miss di Leo's own view of the subject. "I am confident that my Bob would marry me if I said the word," she said. "But I would rather we just stayed good friends."

The only person left to comment was Bob himself, and soon he did. "I'm not going to carry on a transcontinental argument," he said, "but I do not plan to marry anyone at the present time."

At the present time, Bob obviously plans to "live." Some people would call it "having a fling." To Taylor, however, it probably means that now at last he will find himself.

In Italy he found himself going out with a different girl every night, and he started making all sorts of friends with an ease and abandon that was new to him indeed. He developed a faculty for appearing in places unexpectedly with companions who would not know a social register if it dropped on them. And one day he appeared in New York, after he had impulsively headed the nose of his plane in that direction.

He walked into one of New York's smart cabarets and gaily greeted his acquaintances. Then he sat down to dine with the Rex Harrisons. He ordered champagne with a festive air, toasted his hostess, and settled back on the banquette and sighed, "It's wonderful to be foot-loose and fancy-free!"

Sitting at a nearby table was a prominent columnist who was busily putting two and two together. He leaned toward Bob with a confidential smile. "You're on your way to Europe, aren't you, Mr. Taylor?"

Mr. Taylor shrugged his shoulders. "Heck, no!" he said. "I'm too happy to be back from Italy. It's great to be here, and I doubt if I'll ever leave the U.S.A. again."

The columnist raised his eyebrows and himself as he slid into a chair next to Bob.

"What about the gal in Italy?" he asked.

Taylor fixed him with a cool gaze. "What about her? I'm here, aren't I? Is she with me?"

The columnist took a quick look around then he shifted his talk. "Well, what about your romantic life now that you and Barbara have—"

"Well, what about it?" asked Taylor. "I've got nothing to hide. My social life's an open book these days. In fact, everybody's got into the act, I've read so many different things about myself that half the time even *I* can't keep up with what I'm supposed to be doing."

But everyone else is keeping up to date for him. Especially in Hollywood. There everyone from the stock girls to the stars, from the gateman to the top executive, from the waitress to the set designer is holding forth on the name and chances of Bob's latest flame.

His latest happens to be a ravishing blonde ingenue by the name of Sybil Merrit. Sybil and her friends are showing Bob a side of life he never knew, and never had time to wonder about. She takes him to places that can't even afford a head-waiter.

At least 50 people can tell you of an episode that occurred very recently at a small Hollywood nightclub. Bob walked in (casually dressed in a soft blue sports shirt, gray flannels and moccasins) with Sybil. The people already there were Sybil's friends—musicians, extras, secretaries and college kids. Like her, they

weren't famous, or wealthy, but they were on their way, they were sure, to becoming both. Sybil, herself had starred in a movie, but not for much money or publicity.

Anyway, these people greeted Sybil and gave her escort a passing glance.

It would never have occurred to any of them that Bob Taylor would deign to mingle with them. So Taylor went unnoticed until Sybil introduced him in an off-hand manner to her pals. There was an expressive pause in the conversation, followed by a stiffening of the vocal muscles of those present. Gradually, the talk began again, but somehow Taylor and Sybil found themselves excluded.

Bob finally said to Sybil. "What's the matter? Don't your friends like me?"

Sybil laughed. "You forget . . . you're Mr. Robert Taylor, and out of their league. They're a little in awe of you."

"But that's silly," Bob said. "I like these kids. I want them to be my friends."

After that, Bob made a special effort at conversation, and Sybil's friends sensed his sincerity. Soon they'd almost forgotten who he was in the general gaiety.

As the group broke up, an extra who was walking out of the door with his date marvelled, "Do you realize I've worked in at least 10 pictures with Taylor, and tonight was the first time I've ever gotten to know him? He's really a great guy!"

Bob made many friends that night—just as he lost many when he divorced Barbara, who is one of the most beloved women in Hollywood.

Until recently, Taylor was always considered hard to know—a little high hat and exclusive, but he's changed all that in his search for the new man. He goes out of his way to talk to people to whom he's said only hello in the years gone by.

The other day he stopped a young contract player in front of the shoe stand on the Metro lot.

"Hi, Nancy," he said. Nancy nearly passed out.

"Why, Mr. Taylor," she murmured, "I'm so glad to see you back."

"Glad to be back," he said, heartily. "Say, I caught your preview last night. You were great."

"I only had a bit," said the amazed girl. "But thanks."

"You're welcome," said Taylor. "Keep it up, Nancy, and you'll go places."

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor," said the girl, weakly.

"Name's Bob," said Taylor, and sauntered off with a wave and a smile.

TAYLOR changed? He's changed all Hollywood into pseudo-psychiatrists. They sit and talk about him and his motives. Recently, a well-known agent and so-called friend of Bob, was dining in Lucey's Restaurant and airing his theory.

"I know why Bob and Barbara broke up," he said. "She mothered him too much. Remember when she gave him that new convertible? She even told him how to drive it!"

Could this be part of the answer? Actually, Barbara is not a domineering woman. Possibly, she may have felt an urgent need in Bob for someone to lean on. It was only natural (if that need existed) that he should lean on her, for they were inseparable. It might have seemed strange to Barbara that her husband who portrayed such strong and mature roles on the screen was turning to her for advice and comfort on trivial problems.

But Bob isn't weak. He is a virile and determined man, although it's true that he had little knowledge of life and women until he met Barbara. Way back in his pre-medical days at Pomona College (which is not co-educational) Bob was considered a grind. He was an honor student, active in sports, a prominent member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. But he had little time for frivolity, he made few friendships, and girls were not yet a part of his life.

An incident that happened in Korea a few months ago will illuminate this point. A group of soldiers discovered that one of their buddies had been a fraternity brother of Taylor. "Boy," one of them said, "I bet Taylor was a hit with the women!"

Taylor's frat brother laughed. "Are you kidding? You couldn't get that guy out of his room. He was more interested in calculus and catgut than he was in girls. Every dame in town used to ask me to fix up a blind date with Arlington Brugh—but Taylor nixed it. He preferred to study. You know, I honestly think that Barbara Stanwyck was his first girl."

Barbara *was* his first girl. And for 12 years he never wanted another. Even the war didn't separate them. If anything, it brought them closer together. But then came his recent trip to Europe, and all the hidden impulses and resentments he ever had seemed to rise to the surface.

Suddenly he may have felt the need to prove to himself that he could stand on his own two feet, though no one had ever doubted that he could. But it was himself that counted now, and he may have felt that his marriage had robbed him of two basic necessities—the right to assume the responsibility thrust upon most married men at a much earlier age, and the right to crystallize as an individual. Whether this is the case or not, Bob Taylor has made a decision. He's leaving the past far behind him, and he's heading on his own, straight into the unknown future.

THE END

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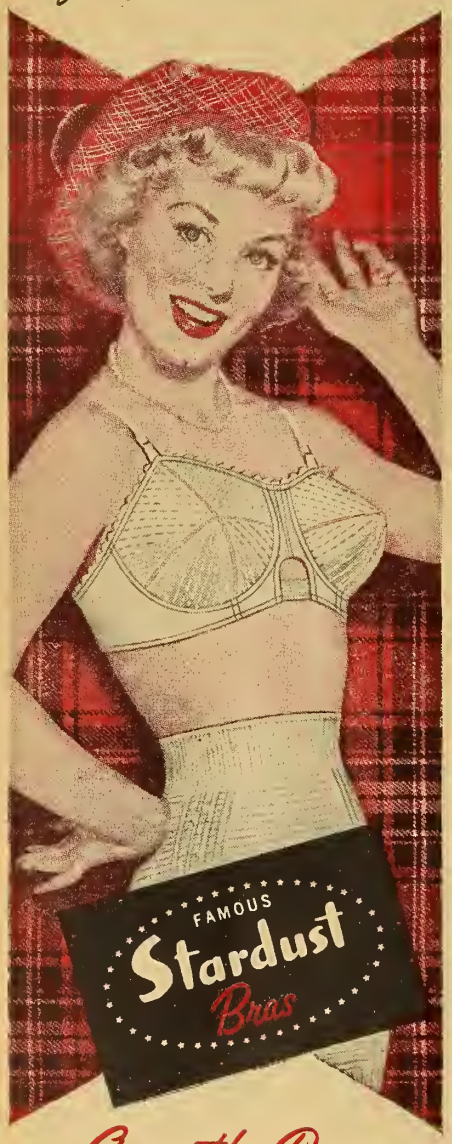


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report on a bride

(*Continued from page 37*) So went the words of the ecstatically—or as Ruth malapropped *esthetically*—happy bride.

"But don't expect me to gush about being married," she said. "I think people make a big mistake doing that. Too many people find they can't live up to that first enthusiasm. Both Morty and I have been married before. We've gone into marriage with our eyes wide open.

"It wasn't any whirlwind, spur of the moment marriage the way so many people seem to believe it was," she insisted. "We talked over any problems which might come up. For instance, he insisted it was a man's privilege to provide the house for his wife, so I gave mine to my mother and we came straight from Las Vegas to the house he'd rented when he first came out here. And he understands how important it is to me to have a career of my own. Sympathetically, too. You see, his mother is publisher of the New York Post. She's a vital woman who can't sit back and relax any more than I can."

This was still the Ruth Roman I'd known when she was a minor Selznick contract player—the girl who didn't realize that in signing a $75-a-week-with-option contract, she'd put herself in the caste of a *possible* starlet. It was as such that I, a Selznick publicist, regarded her when we first talked in the dingy, but popular coffee shop just outside the studio gates back in those days. She gave me a good jolt then, but I soon learned that I wasn't the only one she could startle.

Knowing her, I am sure that whatever the argument was about that day at the 21 Club with Mortimer Hall, Ruth started it with her charming frankness.

It's the same technique she used to momentarily divert David O. Selznick's attention from *Duel In The Sun*, a movie that had him completely obsessed.

She reached his inner office, over the heads of countless aides, demanding to be released from her contract. When he asked why, she answered, "I'm not getting anywhere. All I do is get a paycheck every week. I don't do a bit of work."

"But Ruth," he reminded her. "Just last week we had a chance to lend you to a small independent studio and you turned down the picture."

"Of course," she answered indignantly. "I didn't think that quickie picture was any good."

"But it cost us money to have you turn it down, yet we let you have your way," he pointed out.

"Money! What does that mean when the picture might have ruined my career before I got started!"

Selznick threw back his head and laughed, but he didn't release her. Instead he sent her off to New York, still under contract to him, as a prospective actress for Broadway producers to consider. After six months when nothing came up, she threw her book at Selznick's New York man by announcing, "I'm bored. I'm going back to California."

"But Mr. Selznick told me to line up summer theater work for you," the man protested.

"Summer theater! I've done six full summers of that already!" she stormed and took a train back to California—and her release, too. Selznick sent her a beautiful letter expressing his confidence in her eventual success, and his regret that he couldn't do anything at the moment.

As everyone knows, Ruth found others who could do much for her professionally after she left Selznick. She's been pretty much a career girl, though not one of those upon whom men showered diamonds. But now the story's different.

For the first time in her life, Ruth is learning what it's like to receive really magnificent gifts. Mort started her off with a wonderful wild mink coat as a wedding present, followed it with a Jaguar, a sensational foreign-made car, and then on Valentine's Day gave her diamond earrings which he'd personally designed.

"And to show you how practical he is, he worked out the design so I can wear them as pins as well," she said. "Speaking of being practical, he also had some sort of a gadget installed in the bedroom so that when I wake in the morning, all I have to do is reach out my hand and press a button to start the coffee downstairs. By the time I get down, the coffee's made and waiting for me. Isn't that wonderful!"

So is the diamond bracelet which Mort's mother, Dorothy Schiff, gave her at the end of a flying visit out West to meet her new daughter-in-law. During that visit, Mrs. Schiff confessed that when she'd heard the news of their marriage, she called her younger daughter and asked, "What kind of actress is she?"

"Oh, she's the one who's always pregnant and doesn't have a husband, or can't get a husband, or is getting married at the end of a gun," came the answer.

When Don Taylor was alerted to stand by for another sequel to *Father of the Bride* and *Father's Little Dividend* with Liz Taylor, he quipped, "The only thing they can possibly call it is: *Father Stops The Divorce.*" *Erskine Johnson in the Scripps-Howard newspapers*

"Then the first picture she saw me in after that, I played a lush," Ruth grins. "None of that scared her. She's a *wonderful* woman."

Mrs. Schiff has been about their only guest. Ruth is troubled that she and Mort have been on the receiving end of so much party-giving.

"We simply haven't had a chance to *retaliate*," she says in another one of those famous malapropisms. "We feel we'd rather wait until we can entertain in our own home."

They've already bought a nine room New England colonial house, complete with swimming pool, in Brentwood. They can't take possession, though, until the present occupant's lease expires.

"And was that *his* purchase?" I asked.

"Ours," she answered. "I believe that after a couple is married, everything should be 'ours' not 'his' or 'hers.' And that's the way I hope it will always be with us. I like being married to Morty. He's the first man who has ever dominated me. But he does it in such nice ways, and all from the standpoint of my welfare and happiness. When I'm working, he sees to it that I go to bed at nine o'clock. He insists upon getting up at six with me, too. He doesn't have to be at KLAC until hours later, but he gets up anyway. He goes out to make sure the car's in good running order, sees to it that I have everything I need for the day and—well, he just looks after me. And worries about me, too.

"The other night when we'd been shooting scenes on location, I didn't get home until a little after midnight. I was astonished to find Mort pacing the floor, I just hadn't stopped to think I should call and let him know I would be later than usual. You know," she said thoughtfully, "it's been so long since anyone worried about me. I never used to tell anyone where I was going or when I was coming back—except, of course, the studio. I always kept the studio informed."

I chuckled at that last statement. One night, a while back, Ruth rang me at

home saying very calmly, "Is it all right for me to go to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"The doctor's here, and he says I have to go right to the hospital and have my appendix out."

"Do you want me to go with you?" I asked, puzzled.

"Oh, no. I just thought I ought to get permission from the studio and you could give it to me."

"Oh, good heavens!" I fairly screamed into the telephone, "Get going!"

That wasn't long after our first meeting in the dingy little coffee shop outside the Selznick gates. Then I'd simply been going through a routine publicist's job of getting the new starlet's background so the information could be filed away for future use. She opened up so eagerly, but somewhere along the line she sensed I wasn't urgently interested right then.

"Look," she said. "I'm an actress. Someday I'm going to be as big in this town as Bette Davis is. Remember that."

I wish I could say I knew right then that she would be. I'm afraid that I only thought to myself, "Not until you've smoothed off an awful lot of rough edges, baby!"

A few days later, I was supervising an art layout on Ruth. It was the usual leg art procedure. While she was posing I heard a voice say, "Oh, to have legs like yours!" Looking up, I saw Rosalind Russell, skirts lifted high to reveal her legs which had been padded liberally to look like Sister Kenny's. I saw the star take a longer look as Ruth answered, "And, oh, to get a chance to act with legs like those, Miss Russell!"

Well, that's enough to give you an idea of how Ruth made it clear that she was going to be right up there among the best. By the time she left Selznick, she had a lot of people pulling for her, people who wished they had the power to give her that break. Those people moved around, too . . . Dore Schary, for instance.

When he became head of production at RKO Studios, Ruth called his office. Mary Rettick, who had been Selznick's secretary and one of Ruth's boosters, was now working for Schary. She explained to Ruth regretfully, "Well, I don't know, Ruth. Mr. Schary's awfully busy right now. I don't know whether he'll have time to see you or not."

"Well, you tell him for me, that I think he's got a big head now!" Ruth quipped. Within a few hours, Mary called her back saying, "Mr. Schary will see you here at 12 tomorrow."

Ruth was there and right on the dot of 12, Dore Schary came out of his office saying, "Miss Roman, forgive me, but may I keep you waiting for just a few moments?"

When she was ushered into his office, Dore grinned widely at her. "Well, so I'm a big head now. I really am busy, you know. Getting started and so much to line up creates a lot of problems."

Realizing she'd been told on, Ruth continued the act, "Well, why can't you line up a good picture for Ruth Roman while you're about it?"

Thus came the role in RKO's *The Window*. That performance persuaded Stanley Kramer to take the recommendation of his partner, George Glass, to cast her in *The Champion*. And that performance took her into Warners' pictures with columnists saying she was being readied to take Bette Davis' place!

"You always start something good for yourself when you light into people the way you did Selznick, Schary, and some others," I said. "Who've you been heckling lately?"

"Oh, I've sort of lost that brashness," she answered. "I'm sort of sorry, too."

"But you hadn't lost it when you met Mortimer Hall, huh?" I teased. "Glad of that, aren't you?"

She grinned happily.

So it would seem that in acquiring her screen success, and the husband of her dreams, Ruth Roman has what she set her heart on long ago when she came out to Hollywood to make a life for herself.

In a way, this is even more romantic than any honeymoon story could hope to be.

THE END

love comes last

(*Continued from page 52*) were rather elderly when she was born.

"All Jane wants," one intimate insisted, "is a happy home and family. Give her that, and you'll see an entirely different girl. She'll probably quit the screen."

As everyone knows, Jane didn't quit the screen. Even after she married Ronald Reagan, even after their two children, Maureen and Michael, came along—Jane Wyman didn't quit. If anything, she tackled her career with new vigor.

After her first substantial role opposite Ray Milland in *The Lost Weekend*, there was no stopping her. She seemed obsessed by a desire to develop into a first-rate dramatic actress.

There are some who say that Jane Wyman has always been career conscious. "If she had given up her acting," one of her colleagues recently pointed out, "I think she would still be married to Ronnie; or she might never even have divorced her first husband, Myron Futterman."

Jane married Myron Futterman, a clothing manufacturer, on June 29, 1937. She hardly ever mentions his name, largely because she has a faculty of completely forgetting any portion of her past she dislikes. Actually, Jane was married to Futterman only for a year or so, after which time Jane told the court that Futterman engaged in the very disagreeable habit of comparing her unfavorably with the previous Mrs. Futterman. The mental agony this caused her proved to be intolerable, and she asked the judge to grant her a divorce. On November 11, 1938, he did.

Less than two years later, "Plain Jane" (that's what she used to call herself) and "Dutch" Reagan (that's what she used to call him) were married in Glendale at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather.

Like the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor marriage, this one was offered as the classic example of how man and wife might enjoy both career and home. For eight years, Jane and Ronnie sat at the head of Hollywood's marital class.

When Jane announced that she and Ronnie were going to separate, everyone was shocked, but the wise guys on Hollywood Boulevard had an immediate answer. "It's a snap," they said. "The dame's madly in love with Lew Ayres. Has been ever since they made *Johnny Belinda*. It's as simple as that."

But nothing about Jane Wyman is simple. And. as it turned out, she didn't divorce Ronnie Reagan because she was in love with Ayres. She divorced him because she was tired of him, or, as she told the court, tired of his politics.

"It was politics, your Honor," she testified, "which built the barrier between us." She had tried to make his interests a part of her life she confessed, "but finally,

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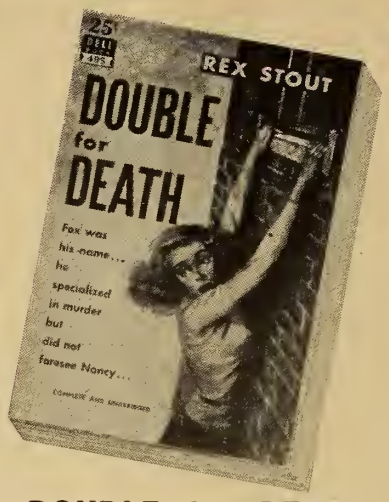


Love, Mystery and VOODOO in Tropical Jamaica

WHISPERS IN THE SUN
by Maysie Greig

With the sultry West Indies, witchcraft and Calypso as a background, Maysie Greig has fashioned an exciting mystery-romance. Young Francine Jeans leaves New York to become the housekeeper of handsome Jamaican Douglas Holbein. Gradually Francine falls in love with Douglas, until she hears that he is still suspected of his wife's death. Fear and doubt take the place of her love for Douglas. Then a turn of events reveals a new murder suspect, Dora, passionate and frustrated admirer of Holbein. Now police begin unwinding a tangled mass of evidence to find the one clue that will convict either Douglas or his cousin Dora of murder.

The killer stalked his prey but the prey was another man's. . . .



DOUBLE for DEATH
by Rex Stout

Ridley Thorpe was murdered, or so police think, until he appears alive and healthy the day after his murder. But then who is the man who was killed in Thorpe's house? Could it have been his twin? Detectives begin hunting for a killer, not quite sure themselves whether the killer is still gunning for the real Ridley Thorpe. Then Thorpe is killed and the gun that killed the first victim is found in Thorpe's safe. Clues are such that a case may be built against many people, including one of the crack detectives working on the case.

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CASTLE IN THE SWAMP
by Edison Marshall
A tale of old Carolina in which two lovers defy an evil master.

BOMBAY MAIL
by Lawrence Blochman
Aboard a train plunging through the night a pistol barks, a cobra hisses . . .

MY CHINESE WIFE
by Karl Eskelund
An entertaining and exciting story of international romance.

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On Sale Everywhere

there was nothing in common between us, nothing to sustain our marriage."

"Were your husband's political activities connected with his profession?" Judge Thurmond Clark asked.

"Yes," Jane said. "He was president of the Screen Actors' Guild, and most of their discussions were far above me."

Jane was given custody of the two children, and Ronnie was ordered to contribute $500 a month towards their support. Jane asked for no alimony.

REAGAN who is very rarely without words, was speechless. "It's impossible for me to believe," he kept saying. "I don't know what made her do it. I can't understand why she wanted a divorce."

Friends of Ronnie suggested that his loquaciousness might have been at fault. One or two writers suggested that Jane was overworked and exhausted from *The Yearling*, *Magic Town*, and *Johnny Belinda*. Only Jane knew the truth, and it was pretty complex.

At this point, Jane started seeing a good deal of Lew Ayres. Photographers began recording their every date and Ayres was furious. One night when he took Jane to watch Kay Thompson at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, he almost started a fight with a photographer. Two Sundays later when he took Jane down to San Diego to meet his parents, a reporter asked for the story. Neither Lew nor Jane would say a word to him. Jane was told that she was becoming unpopular with the press.

"Listen," she said, "ever since my divorce I've almost had to turn into a recluse. If I'm seen with anyone, it suddenly becomes a big thing, a big love affair. Ronnie goes out with lots of girls, and no one says anything."

That's why Jane is shy about Greg Bautzer. The press had turned her friendship with Lew Ayres into a full-blown engagement when it had been, "just a pleasant, platonic companionship."

Jane realizes that in gossip-hungry Hollywood she and Bautzer are news. She doesn't mind that so much, but she resents the attempt to link her with Bautzer in a torrid love affair. It's not that Jane is incapable of love. It's just that she's had it; she knows what it is, and she isn't wearing her heart on her sleeve.

To her, at this moment, the most important things in life are her children and her career, although she doesn't underestimate the role of men.

Recently she said, "I suppose most people think career girls are not faced with the same problems that daily confront other girls. Actually, the problem of the career girl is even greater, and she must make a special effort. She is likely to seem self-sufficient because her work has to come first; but she also wants to be courted and admired by men."

RIGHT now, Jane is being courted and admired by Greg Bautzer, who enjoys the reputation of being one of the greatest suitors of them all. Despite his reputation, however, Jane refuses to date him while working.

Having just finished *Here Comes The Groom* with Bing Crosby, she is currently hard at work on *The Blue Veil* with Charles Laughton, and after that she'll do the Ruth Chatterton novel *Homeward Bourne*. She is on loan-out from her home studio, Warner Brothers, and receives $100,000 a picture.

Jane is practically the only top-flight actress never to have been suspended by her studio, Warner Brothers. She's taken every role given to her and has cooperated with the studio in every way.

She still sees a lot of Ronnie Reagan, and occasionally she dates Mannie Sachs,

a recording company official. But actually she works so hard and so consistently that she has little time for more than one man.

When Ginger Rogers was in the East playing tennis. and in Florida with Steve Cochran for the opening of *Storm Warning,* Greg Bautzer asked Jane Wyman out for dinner. They'd known each other for years, and Jane accepted. Handsome escorts are rare, even in Hollywood.

One dinner progressed to another. The Rogers-Bautzer attraction faded, and Wyman moved into the position once occupied by Turner, Lamour, Crawford, and Rogers. She became Bautzer's girl, at least to the press.

Jane is a woman who has seen through the illusion of romance, who has learned the wisdom of silence, who more and more realizes that she must be herself. She knows there is no pleasure, or security in hiding behind a false personality. In the weeks to come she will probably make one of the most fateful decisions of her existence. She will decide between love and a career.

If the past is any indication—and if history repeats itself—Jane Wyman will let love come last. THE END

the greatest show on earth

(*Continued from page 44*) They call her specialty the "Iron-Jaw girl," and when you watch her, you find your own jaw hanging open. Gloria's routine is just as spectacular. The stunt they call "Foot-and-Face" means that an elephant approaches her prone body, walks directly over her (making sure not to plant a foot on her ribs) and then suspends a foreleg three inches above Gloria's glorious kisser! How'd you like to earn your money that way, instead of with your feet up on a desk?

FROM what I've seen, DeMille and his associate producer, Henry Wilcoxon, one of the past stars of DeMille extravaganzas, have done a great job of casting, right down to the last bit player. The movie's roustabouts, ballet broads (chorus girls), flyers and clowns look absolutely as authentic as the real ones I've gotten to know through the years—and the answer, of course, is DeMille's genius for detail. The Old Man spent large chunks of two years traveling with the Big Top, and without his understanding of the terrific problems involved, this whole huge project would have been impossible.

I haven't time or space here to go into those problems—things like lighting, construction, staging, etc.—in fact, all the problems you necessarily take on when you leave the confines of a Hollywood set and go out on location, *plus* the complex workings of the circus itself. But I can give you this one indication of how DeMille is reacting to the wonderful support he's getting.

Remember that silver coin I mentioned—the one DeMille had given Betty Hutton? Actually, it's a half dollar—one of a limited issue that C. B. bought up in entirety—which he awards to his stars for exceptional performance. It's a DeMille trademark, widely known and respected in the industry. Well, until this picture, C.B.'s average was one such award per picture. On this film, he has already handed out *four!*

They say *The Greatest Show On Earth* won't be ready for release until 1952. Think you can wait?

Your pen pal,

Ike Vern

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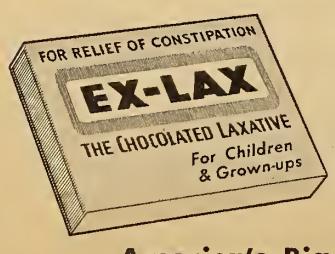
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ring around romance

(*Continued from page 30*) "I'd like to see how this looks on you," he said. He didn't have to say where—she held out her third finger, left hand. The dialogue wasn't very original, but it worked very well.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes." Same old question, the same old, but always new, answer. Only then did Arlene look down at the ring which circled her finger—and her heart.

She saw a blue-white stone which had been cut, it seemed, into a million glowing facets. Thirteen smaller diamonds banked it on either side. "It caught all the colors in the room," Arlene remembers, "and set them on fire. I was dizzy. It was the most beautiful sight I've ever seen."

A grand duchess of Russia had once worn that glowing gem. Mrs. Barker told Arlene the tale: Lex's father had bought it after the first World War to help the royal Romanoff flee the Bolsheviks. Mr. Barker had it mounted in Paris for her on their honeymoon. She had worn it herself for three decades and Lex had always adored it. Mrs. Barker had promised it to him for the girl who matched its beauty and richness. "And now," she said, "you are the girl. It looks perfectly right on you, dear Duchess."

SOMETIMES it happens dreamily like that —and sometimes it doesn't. It happened to June Allyson in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard with traffic piled up for a block. And Nancy Olson was knocked out with flu when she held up her feverish finger for Alan Lerner's ring (she got well fast).

Geary Steffen bought Jane Powell's ring after a certain romantic week-end in Sun Valley where he popped the eternal question. It was a beauty, a big round diamond set in platinum, surrounded by miniatures. Geary really couldn't afford it; he was trying to establish himself in business so he could marry the girl and the good money he used to make skating wasn't rolling in any more. But, the way he figured, you only get engaged once. He took it out to Jane's one evening—and he took it back. She had changed her mind. Geary is a sensitive soul—and proud. That ring burned his icy fingers and his face drained pale.

"All right," he said, getting it out of sight. "That's fine with me. Forget it."

"I can't," trembled Jane, "I mean I can't marry you now—but I might change my mind."

"If you ever do," gritted Geary, "you'll have to tell me. I'll never ask you again." And Jane knew he meant it.

Well, it was weeks after, and why he happened to pick that ring out of his handkerchief drawer where he'd tossed it bitterly, Geary can't tell you exactly today. He had a date with Jane for a party and the dough he had in that spurned sparkler was nothing to tumble around loose in his coat pocket and get lost. But he put it there anyway. "I guess," he grins, "I had a hunch."

He was herding the car silently along Sunset Boulevard staring straight ahead at the traffic lights when he heard the small voice ask, "Have you still got my engagement ring?"

He said "Yes." It was the only time he'd had it with him in the three months since he'd bought it. Janie said, "Well, I'd like it now." He gave a curt "Okay," fished it out and handed it over. But he didn't really melt until later that evening. As everyone knows, things have been wonderful with Geary and Jane ever since, just as they have been with June Allyson and Dick Powell, although you might even have to laugh at their big moment.

June had been to about as unromantic a place as you can go—her dentist's—and after the drilling agony was over, Dick picked her up. June thought there was something odd about the guy when he nicked a bus with his back fender, pulled over to the curb without signalling, and got honks from irate drivers who screeched up behind him. These Powell ignored because he had something on his mind. He'd just bought this knockout star sapphire set in gold and ringed with diamonds, and he wanted to put it where it belonged, and the devil with traffic.

"I love you," Dick said. "Here"—and that's when June had to giggle. The love deranged dope had slipped it on the third finger of her *right* hand. And when he corrected that and leaned over to kiss her, while a crowd collected, June couldn't kiss him back. She couldn't even feel the kiss; her lips were like a rubber tire.

"You're overcome," said Dick tenderly.

"It's novacaine," explained June.

Now, you couldn't play "Moonlight and Roses" for either one of those lovelocked moments, but to both June and Jane their rings glow as romantically today as any girl's. As romantically, for instance, as Patrice Wymore's.

Last year Errol Flynn drove Paris jewelers crazy hunting a certain dark blue sapphire to match Patrice Wymore's eyes, which he insisted were the precise color of the Mediterranean, on whose shores they would spend their honeymoon. Paul Douglas picked up Jan Sterling on her birthday last April 3rd, took her to Romanoff's, ordered champagne and spread three tiny boxes out on the tablecloth. Inside each was a gold ring bearing a round creamy pearl with a tiny diamond set in it. "This is going to last," stated thrice-married Paul, slipping all three on Jan's finger, to make one beautiful band. They were for the three years they'd known each other and a triple grip, as Paul explained on their future happiness.

PROBABLY the greatest sentimental search for a ring worn by a star was the one Tony Bartlett carried on for four years. He was trying to match a huge 5-karat yellow diamond that could have come right out of King Solomon's mines. Tony fell in love with his yellow diamond before he fell in love with Deborah Kerr, back in the days when he was hunting Nazi Messerschmitts as an ace fighter pilot in the RAF. He collected a dozen or so of those in the Battle of Britain, but just one giant yellow gem. He got the gem from a good friend

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6-7 Parry-Beerman, 8—Wide World, 11—United Cerebral Palsy, 12—MGM, 13—MGM, 16—20th Century-Fox, 17—United Artists, 18—Paramount, 19—20th Century-Fox, 14—Bob Beerman, 20-24—Joe Heppner, 27—Acme, 28-29—Parry-Beerman, 32—T.L. Jack Albin, T.R. Bert Six, Bot. Bert Parry, 33—Bob Beerman, 34—Bob Beerman, 35—Parry-Beerman, 36—Bert Six, 37—T.L. Associated Press, T.R. C.R., Bot. R. Walt Davis, 38—MGM, 39—T.L., T.R., MGM, Cen., Bot. Parry-Beerman, 40—Universal-International, 41—Lt. Bob Beerman, Rt. Hollywood Picture Service, 46—T.L. Bert Parry, B.L., C.R. Bob Beerman, 47—T.L. Press Association, Bot. Wide World, 48—T.L., T.C. MGM, T.R. Nikolas Murday, B.L. 20th Century-Fox, B.C. Warner Bros., B.R. RKO, 49—T.L., T.C. MGM, T.R. Warner Bros., B.L. Virgil Apger, B.C. Warner Bros., B.R. Paramount, 52—B. far L. Wide World, B.C.L. Parry Beerman, B.C.R. Bob Beerman, B. far R. Stork Club News Service, 53 T. Bert Six, Bot. Globe Photos, 54—Lt. 20th Century-Fox, 55—Lt. Bert Parry, Rt. 20th Century-Fox, 56-57—20th Century-Fox, 67-72—Pagano.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

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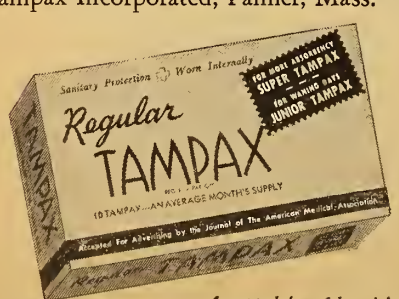
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of his who was London agent for a South African diamond mine. Tony socked all his flight pay and then some in it and kept it with him when he flew as a precious but potent good luck piece. When the little guy with the bow and arrow got him at last, after a hectic war-torn courtship, Tony knew he just had to make the perfect ring for the perfect girl out of that lucky stone. He needed two more big yellow diamonds to handle that, which turned out to be something of a problem.

Big yellow diamonds are rare even in Africa, which is loaded with rocks. Finding one to flank the beauty he owned in a perfect match, his pal told him, was practically impossible. And neither love nor Deborah could wait. Tony hopped back from Australia one day with a plain gold band and Deborah didn't get her fabulous ring until some months after they were married. But the three big yellow diamonds are there on her finger now, and they make up the rarest and most valuable engagement ring in Hollywood.

Dollars, of course, don't necessarily make a ring rich in romance. There's no price tag on true love.

ONE DAY in 1949, for instance, a reckless young guy with a cocky cut to his jib stood in Rockefeller Center Plaza arm in arm with a cutie still in her teens, who was playing Helen of Troy on the straw hat circuit. To him she was all that Helen ever was and more. The guy himself was strictly from hunger, and although he was confident he could sing more than a sweet note or two, at that point he was earning his cakes and coffee as a page boy in Radio City. Before their starry eyes loomed suddenly a jewelry store window, one of those with signs that say, "You get the girl—we'll do the rest." Gordon MacRae had the girl, his Sheilah, but somebody would sure have to do the rest, because he had all of five frogskins in his pocket and payday was a week off.

Nevertheless, he found himself saying "Let's get engaged!" walking inside and signing his first contract—a time-payment contract—plunking down the five-spot recklessly and promising a dollar a week for a considerable time after. He was still ransoming the ring when he married Sheilah—and although the clerk practically had to bring out a magnifying glass for them both to see the diamond, it has always been the light of Sheilah's life.

Glenn Ford got the bum's rush from a swank Beverly Hills custom jewelry store when he tried to buy the ring Eleanor Powell wears today. When Glenn had object matrimony in his dizzy head he wasn't the star Eleanor was, and had been for quite a spell.

When he trotted into this elegant place on Rodeo Drive and confided that he wanted an engagement ring for Eleanor Powell, they gave him the four-figure treatment. "Be reasonable," he begged, and described what he could afford.

"Mister Ford," replied the austere gent, "I have been designing Miss Powell's jewelry for years. She is a big girl, and an important star. She can wear only big, important diamonds. You are wasting my time. Please go somewhere else."

Glenn did. And the ring he came up with—while nothing to make a maharajah stare—is the most precious diamond Eleanor Powell owns, although she still has her jewel collection of the big, important, diamonds, too. And even though Glenn, himself, has become somewhat on the big, important side since, she has never traded it in or taken it off.

Esther Williams and Ben Gage wear matching star sapphires of periwinkle blue today, which they've given each other, but underneath hers Esther hides an inconspicuous silver band that means a whole lot more to her.

Inside, it's engraved simply "E.W.G.," but on a certain wartime afternoon when Sergeant Benjamin Gage was a fellow on a furlough herding his jalopy wildly up the coast from camp to keep a mighty important date, it had only "E.W."- and a space. He'd had it made out of his silver identification bracelet—because you don't buy diamonds on a sergeant's pay—and he was thinking about many other more interesting things than his speedometer. That's when the cop buzzed him down and inquired, "Where do you think you're going so fast, Soldier?"

"To see my girl," said Ben.

"That's nice," he got, "she must be terrific—tell me the lucky girl's name."

Ben said she was and her name was Esther Williams. "I can imagine," said the cop sarcastically. "Suppose I call up Betty Grable and we all have fun." That's when Ben pulled out his photo of Esther, but a lot of soldiers packed pictures of movie stars. So he brought out the ring for the convincer.

Ben made the date on time all right and it's one Esther won't forget very soon. Being a clever girl, she noticed that the initials weren't exactly centered, that something was missing.

Perc Westmore's suit for divorce . . . against wife number four recalls our pre-war comment on those marital-rifting boys: "The trouble with the Westmores is, they can make-up, but they can't kiss."
Herb Stein in The Hollywood Reporter

"That's for the 'G,'" explained Ben, "when you want me to put it there."

So it isn't the ring—but how you wear it—with love or without that counts.

Doris Day and Marty Melcher were engaged for almost two years but Doris never even had a cigar band to make it official.

JIMMY Stewart brought Gloria McLean to dinner at his house on his birthday, suddenly saw what he wanted through the candlelight and, looking as scared as Harvey the rabbit, blurted, "Will you marry me?" Then he took a skittish glance at Gloria's right hand, on which perched a mammoth headlight.

"Wow!" gasped Stewart, "I can't ever top that!"

"Good heavens," soothed Gloria, "don't try. Wouldn't I look ridiculous with two big diamonds, one on each hand!" So Jimmy gave her just a plain gold band.

The most whopping engagement diamond in Hollywood today—12 karats—belongs to Irene Dunne, because a burglar broke into her house and carried away the ring Dr. Francis Griffin bought for her years ago in New York. Irene grieved so acutely that her doctor had to order one three times bigger to soothe her.

A few Junes ago in Hollywood a singularly unpleasant fate tagged a certain small diamond which bounced back and forth between two young and fiery lovers.

He gave it to her and she gave it back—more times than either of them can remember—and then one day when she wanted it back again he said, "I haven't got it any more."

"Where is it?" she asked, suspiciously.

"I hocked it," he said, "to go fishing."

This girl was a girl who can roll with a punch. "Have any luck?" she asked him. He shook his head.

"Yes, you have," she contradicted. "You've still got me."

Jane Russell's satisfied. She got Bob Waterfield—and he'll never be able to take back the ring. THE END

why shirley quit

(*Continued from page 27*) embarrassment, no avenue of return for her as a public figure.

With that act, Shirley Temple set a precedent. No movie star, in the prime of her youth, in excellent health and on a rising tide of popularity, ever before walked away eagerly and without regret from fame, fortune and the glamorous life that only a star of the films leads.

Nobody has to be brought up to date on Shirley Temple's childhood. It's all in the recent record. She was the brightest star of the period in which most of us have lived. But there may be points of interest in her adult life that need clarifying before it can be shown why Shirley Temple quit pictures.

It might be a good thing to illustrate her enthusiasm on the day she was signed to make an adult movie, 20th Century-Fox's *Mr. Belvedere Goes To College*.

It had been five years since she had walked off the lot in a bit of a huff over the budgets the company was investing in her movies. Shirley, of course, wasn't sore, she was too young. But her advisers were worked up. At any rate, it had been five years and Shirley's only memories were of the fun she had had at the studio as a child, and of the friends she would once again see and work with.

She walked out of an executive's office and down a long hall that was wide, very modern and softly carpeted. She looked at the names on the doors and, with very few exceptions, couldn't remember any of them. She strolled past a policeman and instead of a familiar, smiling face, she saw a bluecoat with a suspicious expression—a lad too young to have been around when everyone knew Shirley Temple.

Crossing the lot, the great lump of remembering dying slightly in her throat, she walked to the schoolhouse and dressing room that had been hers for many childhood years, and that had been photographed more times than any other building in Hollywood. Standing in the street before it, unrecognized and unnoticed, she had difficulty identifying it as the same place. The paint was peeling, the flower beds changed, and through a window she saw the blue-white light of a dental office, and beneath it the white-coated dentist, tools in his hands, peering down into the open mouth of a man in overalls.

She turned on her heels quickly and dashed to the studio school room where she knew she would find Florence Klamt, her tutor and friend through all of grammar school. True, she hadn't seen much of Klammy lately, but she wouldn't have changed.

Shirley entered the school house and crept to the classroom where a session in mathematics was in progress. The door was partly open, so she peeped in. Seated in orderly rows were about 10 pupils, every one of them as beautiful and glamorous as anything Shirley had ever seen on a magazine cover, and to Shirley's rather shocked eyes, every bit as grown up. Klammy stood at the head of the room explaining a difficult fraction formula with chalk on a baby blue blackboard, and when she was through, she placed her chalk on a small baby blue desk that stood at the bottom of the board.

Shirley's eyes filled with tears. For Klammy did remember. She was still using the desk and blackboard Shirley had used as a baby—and they were just as she had left them.

"Klammy," she said.

The teacher turned to the door, saw her visitor and immediately dismissed the class for the rest of the day. When the pupils had filed out, Klammy took Shirley's hands in her own and led her to the small desk. Shirley sat down.

"Oh, Klammy," she said, "I was so excited about coming back—and now everything is so different."

Miss Klamt smiled. "No it isn't," she said, "Come with me, and I'll show you."

For the rest of the day Shirley and Florence Klamt toured the studio acreage. They went to prop rooms, paint rooms, wardrobe, make-up and cutting rooms. They found tiny, hide-away offices off the beaten paths, and walked to location units way down on the back lot. And during the tour, Shirley met again many of the men and women who had been in her own production unit during the making of most of her pictures. Everywhere she went she was greeted warmly, and when the first stars had appeared in the evening sky and it was time to go home, she stood at the gate with Klammy for a moment and nearly forgot her great disappointment earlier in the day. Almost, but not quite.

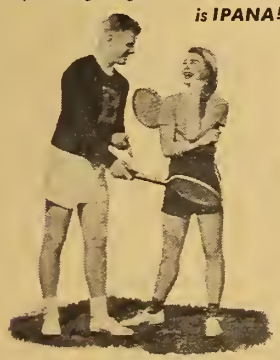
It was a minor incident, a minor disappointment, you might say, but on the other hand, it was not the happiest day in Shirley Temple's life—and it gave no promise of happier days to come. She had had better days in the movies, better days at Fox. And this beginning of a new adult career didn't stack up with any of the pleasant memories of the past.

But Shirley went back to work. She had been married a couple of years to John Agar and, although the wedding itself had been a hoopla affair, her private life since then had been quite free of outside attention. However, with both Shirley and

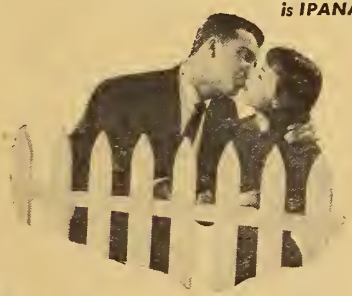
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John working, she found that their social obligations began to involve more business associates and movie personalities than she had ever known existed.

She noticed, too, with some distress, that her home life became more of a public property than it had ever been before. And Linda Susan, the daughter she had promised to raise away from all cinematic influences, became a very desirable photographic subject, to the child's detriment, Shirley thought. The peace and security Shirley had known as a sheltered ward of her parents, and as the rather anonymous Mrs. Agar, began to fade.

That, too, might have become something she would have adjusted herself to, but worse things were to happen. Young Agar, getting his first taste of fame and ready money, started to live like the glamorous figure his publicity said he was. There were parties galore, if not in swanky restaurants and night clubs, then right in the Temple-Agar home—something Shirley hadn't planned on at all.

Walking out of a theater the other night, Lisa Kirk heard a woman tell her companion, "I wish they'd make some pictures with happy endings. Every picture lately ends with the couple getting married!"
Herb Stein in
The Hollywood Reporter

When relations became strained between Shirley and her husband, she tried valiantly to hide the fact, but learned that she was living under a big magnifying glass. Friends say that, at that time, she was sure she and John could have worked things out if they had been able to get away together. But that wasn't possible.

It seemed that each time Shirley appeared in public with anything but an hysterical grin of joy on her face, the newspapers predicted the end of her marriage. And when Agar was seen about the town alone of an evening, she would read the announcement of their separation in the morning papers while he lay sleeping in the next bed. According to her personal physician, in the court testimony at the divorce, Shirley Temple neared a nervous collapse.

And there was the *job* of picture making. It had never been a job before. As a child she had danced on to the set in the morning brimming with good fellowship and filled with plans for the day's pranks. Her spirit pervaded the entire stage she was working on—and a day's work was nothing but a great, big wonderful lark for which everyone was paid. Now there was always a strained atmosphere, stern with tenseness. No grown-up with a night of sleepless unhappiness behind her could brighten a dark corner, and neither did Shirley. The crews of her pictures were different, but whenever an old-timer who had worked with her in former years was assigned to her troupe, even he fell in with the gloomy newcomers.

It must have been trying, indeed, for Shirley Temple to walk silently to her dressing room in the morning in the same huge stages in which she had enchanted everyone in sight with her roles of *Curly Top, Heidi* and *The Littlest Rebel,* without a smile or a joke for anyone—but she couldn't do anything about it.

Then came the blow-off. The rumor so persistently printed that Shirley and John Agar were separating became a reality. The straw that broke the camel's back had been delivered—*and at a Hollywood party.*

As she testified in court, Agar's attitude toward her had grown more and more arrogant in public places. It was at a party celebrating the completion of one of his pictures that the final incident in their

marriage took place. Although hating the parties, Shirley felt it was her duty—and saved a lot of denials to the gossip columnists—to attend them. At this one, held in a private home, the celebrating was particularly energetic. John escorted Shirley through the door and drifted away.

According to a girl friend of Shirley who was present, this included taking one look at another girl and spending the rest of the evening at her side without once ever talking to his wife again. Shirley sat alone and unhappy for several hours. She knew when he finally came to take her home, that this was the end.

It is possible that Shirley Temple, pronounced by experts to be the finest natural actress Hollywood has ever seen, might still have continued in her profession if the papers had handled her divorce with a lighter touch. But they didn't. For weeks she remained closed in behind the gates of her home, afraid even to go down to the corner drug store, for fear she would attract some of the morbidly sentimental public wanting to cry on her shoulder.

When she went to court, she heard a superior court judge, with all good intentions, pronounce that she was a far too important person to be granted a divorce without some extra comments on the shame of it all. She cringed because her unhappiness, even in the sacred hall of justice, had to be publicly aired with additional, maudlin comment.

As soon as she was able, she packed her bags, tucked her daughter under her arm and flew away to Honolulu to be free of the Hollywood merry-go-round. Kind friends had come to her side with sincere advice on what she should do about adjusting her personal life and rescuing her "career." On the beach, under the warm Hawaiian sun, she had a lot of time to think. She had all the money she would ever need, had lost the zest for acting that once ruled her life, and couldn't find a single excuse for going back into pictures. The only *reason* she could find was that there was nothing else to do—she had no other interest.

But Fate took care of that. Fate's instrument was a tall, handsome lad who, when he was invited to a party for the famous Shirley Temple, declined because it was to be held at an hour when the breakers were rolling at their best for surf boarding. Somebody told Shirley about that, and when she met Charles Black, she liked his eyes, his beautiful teeth, his quiet, gentlemanly manners. But, at first, she liked best the fact that he wasn't impressed by a movie star half as much as by the roll of the ocean waves.

Back in California, with the news of her meeting with Charles Black hot copy, Shirley had a lot of thinking to do. Was it right to continue with the courtship Black was so willing to press? If she let herself fall in love with him—and him with her—would she ruin both of their lives? These musings were interspersed with messages from producers and agents asking when she was going to come back to work.

Just when she made her decision, Shirley Temple will never tell. She won't tell because, and good luck to her, she won't tell anybody anything about her private life anymore. But it can be learned from her close pals that one day, after she and Black had confirmed their feelings for one another, she suddenly had the solution. She didn't like Hollywood life. She wasn't happy making pictures anymore. She wanted a home in which she was just the wife and mother—and that was the kind of a home Charles wanted. The answer was so simple it made her laugh. Quit. And that's exactly what Shirley did.

A lot of people are under the impression that this decision was made by the man who today is Shirley Temple's husband. It was not. During the heat of the quest for information about Shirley's plans, it was printed a number of times in the papers that Black had put his foot down, and what's more, had made it very evident that he, himself, would not be available for comment at any time. As a matter of fact, Black was available at any time in his office at a local television station. He admits that he would have spoken to any reporter, and would have told honestly anything he considered in good taste—but nobody ever asked him.

It is apparent, then, that the retirement, and the secluded life Shirley Temple Black now lives is of her own choice. It is the result of a decision she made alone after much careful thought. Today, she bears no bitterness toward Hollywood, it was too good to her and her family in the early years. But, and who can blame her, it holds no glamor or hope of happiness for her. She quit the movies and public life because she never, as a grown woman, found happiness in them—only disenchantment.

If you keep your eyes open you may see her again some day. It may be around a naval base where Commander Charles Black, who might be called back into the service, is stationed; or, if he isn't, she might be the young mother who lives down the block. But, if you keep going to the movies for the next 40 years, you won't see her on the screen. You might see Garbo, Pola Negri, Robert Montgomery, Jane Withers or almost any of the other stars who have given up acting in the movies at the moment—but you'll never see Shirley Temple. She's too happy—and too busy—being anonymous.

THE END

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the courage of dan dailey

(*Continued from page 55*) and eventually returned to Hollywood, sound in health and sound in outlook.

Dailey didn't wait for anyone to send him. He went of his own free will long before he had to go. "I went," he says, "because I wanted to. It's just like a guy who feels a cold coming on. He goes to the doctor and gets a shot of penicillin. He hopes it'll stave off the cold."

When Dan left for Menninger's last November, he made no secret of his destination. "There's nothing wrong," he said flatly, "in going to a clinic for a little treatment. People wouldn't be shocked if I went to a doctor and had my chest X-rayed. Well, they're not going to be shocked if I go to a doctor and get my thoughts X-rayed."

Dan's faith in his public has been more than justified. If his current fan mail is any indication, his fans think more of him now, of his will-power, his intelligence, his integrity than ever before.

When Dailey arrived in Topeka the townspeople paid no attention to him. Accustomed since 1925 to seeing some of the world's great celebrities report to Menninger's, they regarded Dan as just another patient.

When he checked in at the Clinic, he was surprised to find that it consisted of several frame buildings set on grounds that once constituted a large farm. There was no hospital-look about the place. Offices for the doctors at Menninger's have been created by remodeling a hamburger stand and a filling station. The recreation hall for patients used to be an old barn. The Research Department is set up in a small building which once was the workshop of a monument-maker.

Dailey's room was equally simple, containing a bed, desk, and dresser.

For three weeks, the staff at Menninger's studied Dailey's personal background. Then it was decided that his treatment would consist of two basic kinds of therapy: milieu therapy in which the patient is completely removed from the old environment which troubled him, and psycho therapy in which the patient confers regularly with psychiatrists, psychologists, and a psychiatric social worker.

After a series of exhaustive tests and conferences, Dan decided that for his milieu therapy, he'd like to go to college. He'd never attended college, as a youngster he'd been too busy making a living as a hoofer. This seemed like a good opportunity to catch up on his neglected education and to direct his intellectual energy into a beneficial channel.

A FEW miles from the Menninger Clinic there's an excellent little university called Washburn Municipal University. In January, Dan drove down to the campus and signed up for courses in Political Science and English.

Coeds who saw him on the campus

easy money!

They say that money talks. Ours is shouting, "Come and get me!" to one hundred MODERN SCREEN readers. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste, because we're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Shelley Winters—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ Starm Clauds for Jeff (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ Why Shirley Quit (Shirley Temple)
- ☐ No Guy Like Goble (Clark Gable)
- ☐ Ring Around Ramance (Allyson, Powell, MacRoe, etc.)
- ☐ Love Sneaked In (Daris Day)
- ☐ Madly In Love (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Report On A Bride (Ruth Ramon)
- ☐ Honeymoan House (Stewart Granger, Jean Simmons)
- ☐ The Old-Fashioned Way (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ The Greatest Show On Earth (Huttan, Lamour, Wilde)
- ☐ Background for Marriage (Kirk Douglas)
- ☐ The Most Beautiful Hair In The World
- ☐ Flight From Yesterday (Robert Taylor)
- ☐ Love Comes Last (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ The Carnage of Don Dailey (Dan Dailey)
- ☐ Backstage Baby (Debra Paget)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Jane (Jean Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

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were naturally curious, but after a week or so their curiosity wore off, and Dan was accepted just as any other student.

No one made him feel like a movie star, no one asked him about Betty Grable or Hollywood, no one made him feel ill at ease.

Standing in the hall outside his English class, he was interviewed by a student for the local newspaper.

"How come?" she asked, "you're going to school at Washburn?"

Dan grinned pleasantly.

"I never had the time before," he explained. "I once thought I'd take advantage of the G. I. Bill of Rights and go to school after the war, but something always came up."

"Well, how do you like it here?" the girl continued.

"Just great," he said. "I was stationed at Ft. Riley, you know, during the war, and I've always liked Kansas."

The girl giggled. "Kansas has always liked you. *Call Me Mister* is playing downtown."

There was no mention made of Menninger's.

Dailey who attended classes every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, was never once stopped and questioned as to his progress out at the clinic. He was friendly with everyone, and his progress was more than favorable.

The ability to get along well with other people is a vital factor in good mental hygiene. In order to obtain this ability, a patient usually has to submit to a long analysis of where and how he lost it, or why he never acquired it.

FOR a long time Dan's parents were against his going into show business. Dan was born in New York City where his father is currently the resident manager of the Hotel Roosevelt on Madison Avenue. The elder Dailey, having come in contact with hundreds of show people through the years was mildly alarmed when Dan told him of his ambitions.

Dan's father felt that he was too young, that this was just a passing whim. But Dan seemed so persistent that his mother suggested he take dancing lessons from a woman who lived in the Baldwin, L. I., neighborhood where the Daileys then had their home.

"Dancing's for sissies," Dan protested.

When told that dancing would get him on a stage, however, Dan re-considered and okayed the idea. He went to the teacher who promptly taught him a soft-shoe routine, "And maybe you won't believe it," he says, "but I've been doing that same act for years now, the same steps exactly."

Barely in his teens, Dailey organized a song-and-dance act with Dick Mabry, a schoolmate. The boys were paid $5 a performance, $2.50 each, but Dan couldn't live on it, so he made the rounds of the Long Island speakeasies. The customers tossed coins on the floor as he danced.

Instead of continuing school, Dan caught on with a vaudeville unit. After that, there was no turning back. In between appearances, he clerked in a grocery, sold shoes in a bargain basement, "worked as a high-class flunky in a Long Island beach club serving drinks to big shots," and even taught dancing. One summer he worked as a dancer on the cruise ships sailing between New York and the West Indies. During another, he was hired as social director for the Breeze Lawn Casino, Ellenville, New York.

During the depression Dan was kicked around. He developed no great love for the human race and he decided that a fellow had to know all the angles. A friend of his introduced him to Harold Minsky, one of the big burlesque producers in New

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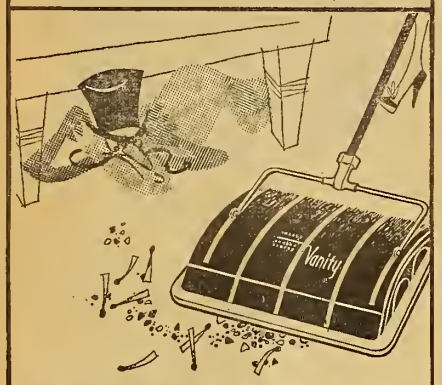
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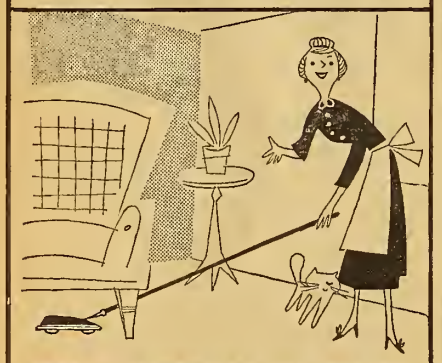


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York, and Minsky hired him as a hoofer. He entertained the audience while they waited for the strip-teasers.

It was a living all right, but what it did to Dailey's ego and his outlook only his analyst would know.

At this point he also got married for the first time. It took less than a year for him to realize it had been a mistake.

Fortunately, he got a job in a Broadway musical, *Up In Arms,* and followed that with parts in *Stars In Your Eyes,* and *I Married An Angel.*

Billy Grady, the MGM casting director, happened to catch Dan when *Angel* opened in Los Angeles. Grady didn't particularly like the way other members of the cast were up-staging him in order to hog the spotlight for themselves.

As a gag, Grady went backstage after the performance and started asking people, "Where can I find this guy Dailey?"

The rest of the cast was shocked. "Not Dailey," one girl said. "He's nothing but a long-legged puss!"

Grady barged into the dressing room that Dan shared with six other hoofers. "How'd you like to screen test for Metro?" Billy asked.

Dailey shrugged his shoulders. "What've I got to lose?"

The next day Grady sent a studio limousine around to pick up Dailey. When Dan arrived at the studio, Billy introduced him to Lillian Burns, the dramatic coach. Five minutes later, Lillian was in Grady's office. "You out of your mind?" she demanded.

Frank DeVol describes a Hollywood starlet as a gal who buys her clothes at half-off and wears them that way too.

Herb Stein in
The Hollywood Reporter

Grady grinned. "Catch the kid's act down at the Biltmore," he suggested.

Lillian Burns drove down to the Biltmore that night and watched Dan Dailey in action. For once, he was sensational. Lillian gave him a screen test and on the strength of it, Dan was signed to a Metro contract at $250 a week.

He acted in about 20 bit parts for MGM and then left to go into the Army in April, 1942. He married Liz Hofert, a Los Angeles girl, during one of his furloughs, and she toured the Army camps with him.

After the war, Dailey returned to MGM but the studio had nothing for him. His agent showed an old test he had made with Eleanor Powell to the big boys at 20th Century-Fox and with Betty Grable's okay they signed him to appear opposite her in *Mother Wore Tights.* It was his first big Hollywood break, and he's been eternally grateful to Betty ever since.

Since 1946, he's made four other musicals with Betty. His salary has jumped from $750 to $2750 a week. His fan mail has reached tremendous proportions. He's starred in two non-musical roles, and his future seems absolutely assured.

THE troublesome question is: How can a man of 36, who's made such a fabulous success of his career, reach a point in his thinking where he considers his life a failure, and finds himself on the edge of a nervous collapse?

People who know Dan fairly well, say that his nervous state was due to overwork. Others attribute it to a myriad of other causes previously mentioned.

As of this writing, Dailey is still at Menninger's, trying to find the answer. Dr. Will Menninger says that there are five areas of mental health important to everyone's general welfare: "These are (1) your relationships with other people; (2) your code of behavior; (3) your sources of satisfaction; (4) your ways of obtaining

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satisfaction, (4) your ways of obtaining security; (5) the value of your goals in life."

Obviously, Dailey's troubles are within these areas.

Dan returned to Hollywood early in March of this year, just for a week or so. He saw old friends and stopped in at his lawyer's to sign the property settlement with his wife. Mrs. Dailey will probably file for divorce some time later this year. "There is absolutely no chance," she says, "for a reconciliation." Probably she will retain custody of their son.

Dan's agent, Al Melnick, spent a good deal of time with him on his visit home and later he said, "I've never seen Dan in better condition. His whole outlook seems fine."

Dailey drove back to Topeka in his new Ford convertible. How long he will stay at Menninger's—he may be back in Hollywood by the time you read this—is not predictable.

Suffice it to say, however, that here is one actor who did not ignore the problems that were badly affecting his feelings and his behavior. Here is one actor who had the honesty and the good sense to realize that he was displaying definite signs of mental disturbance.

Dan Dailey is one of the most courageous persons Hollywood has known, a man who is not afraid of seeking and facing the truth about himself. THE END

background for marriage

(*Continued from page 47*) In Hollywood's opinion it must be one or the other, because love never stands still, emotions are never static.

Before Irene and Kirk took off for Palm Beach to see her father, Irene said, "Kirk and I haven't made any plans for marriage." But the chances are that they have matrimony very much in mind these days. Now that Kirk has finished *Detective Story,* he has some spare time in which to reflect upon love, life and the future—how, and with whom he wants to spend it.

Having both been up to the altar once before, they may be hesitating now because they're determined to make any future wedding march the last for each of them.

One of Kirk's friends says. "Lots of people say that Kirk and Irene will never go through with it. They say that if he were nuts about the girl, he would've married her as soon as his divorce became final. But until recently, Douglas has been up to his neck in work. First there was *Ace in The Hole* for Billy Wilder, then there was all that time he spent on location, with Irene beside him, incidentally, in New Mexico.

"When he finished there, he went into William Wyler's *Detective Story.* What did that leave for love-making or marriage? But all the time, he was still courting Irene. And when *Detective Story* was done, he headed straight for Palm Beach to meet her father.

"My guess is that while Kirk's in Palm Beach, he's going to ask for Irene's hand. They ought to be married sometime around June—at least, that's the way it seems to me."

IRENE's mother, Mrs. Stafford Wrightsman, a very charming and witty socialite, says, "I'm only the mother. When I want to find out about Kirk and Irene, I read the gossip columns. Irene doesn't tell me anything. I presume they're fond of each other or they wouldn't spend all that time together.



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"Kirk's a very sweet and intelligent young man. Last Christmas we were all in New York together—Irene and Kirk and Charlene. She's Irene's sister. Used to be married to Helmut Dantine. Well, we were all in New York together for Christmas Eve. Charlene had a big Christmas tree in her apartment at the Carlyle. I must tell you that Kirk is a very dear and charming boy, and I wouldn't mind having him as a son-in-law one bit.

"He took Irene up to Albany to meet his family, he has six sisters, and she thought they were simply swell. He was married once before, you know, and he has two little boys, and Irene has a little girl, Stephanie. Whatever they plan to do, I hope they'll be very happy.

"Frankly though, and I must say this—if they get married down in Palm Beach I'll never forgive them. I told Irene just the other day, 'If you two decide to get married, I want the marriage to be held right here in California.' Well, Irene's answer was, 'Mother, we haven't made any marriage plans as yet. If and when we do, you'll be the first to know.'"

THE fact that Kirk and Irene come from two different worlds is what makes happiness together.

The Kirk Douglas story is the kind of yarn that makes Horatio Alger look like a bum. The son of immigrant parents, he worked his way through college, and dramatic school. He joined the Navy, injured his back, and had a medical discharge in time to be with his wife when she gave birth to their first son in 1944.

In New York with no money and a wife and son to support, he took an apartment in Greenwich Village and finally secured a job in *Kiss and Tell*. Hal Wallis called him to Hollywood to star in *The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers*. Douglas hired a press agent, accepted Stanley Kramer's offer for the lead in *Champion* and almost overnight became a star.

In a capsule, that's the story of his amazing and meteoric rise to fame. However, while Kirk was in the process of making his fortune, he was also in the process of losing his wife. A wise man, he knows, never makes the same error twice.

Kirk's first wife, Diana Dill Douglas, is the daughter of a famous British barrister, Thomas Dill, one-time attorney general for the British crown at Bermuda. Diana was only 16 when she met 23-year-old Kirk at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. He was tall, dimpled, blond and handsome, "and I thought him very attractive but there was never anything really serious between us."

In 1941 when Kirk went into the Navy, Diana was signed by Warner Brothers and came to Hollywood. The studio let her hang around for six months, then dropped her. Back she went to New York, where she posed for magazine covers. One night in 1942, Kirk enrolled at the Midshipmen's school at Notre Dame, picked up a magazine and saw Diana's photo on the cover. "I know that girl," he shouted to a friend. "I'm going to write her."

Kirk was lonely at the time, and he wrote one of those maybe-you-don't-remember-me-but letters, and Diana replied that of course she remembered him. Kirk proposed marriage on their first dinner date, but Diana was no girl to be rushed. They weren't married until the following year, 1943, in New Orleans.

Kirk had no means of support except his Navy pay. Eventually the daughter of Bermuda's attorney general had to go to work in a New Jersey penicillin

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factory to help support herself financially.

She had faith in Kirk's ability, however, and Kirk didn't let her down. In five years he ran his salary up from nothing to $100,000 a year.

WHEN the Douglases first arrived in Hollywood, everyone said they made a marvelous couple. They were "two kids trying to get ahead." The only trouble with that was Kirk's fierce independence. He insisted that one bread-winner was all any family could take.

A few weeks ago when Diana was asked to explain why she and Kirk divorced, she said, "He was a perfectionist, and I was more or less happy-go-lucky. I'd patter around the house in bare feet. His resentment over such child-like behavior was justified when I dropped a dish on my foot and had to stay in bed for three weeks. There was also a basic difference in our temperaments. My wanting to act was an assertion of my own independence. Anyway, we separated after six years, and I came to New York to live with the two boys.

"Kirk's name was coupled with a lot of girls' names, but I didn't mind that and tried to keep busy. I got some acting jobs on the stage and in television. Luckily, I found an apartment near Central Park. I furnished it myself and converted the dining room into a playroom for the boys. They went to school during the weekdays. I went to work. And on Sundays we went horseback riding in the park. Michael and Joel missed their father, but he came East as frequently as he possibly could.

"Last Christmas he came with Irene Wrightsman—she's a very lovely girl—to see the boys, and afterwards one of them—I guess it was Michael, said, 'Stepmothers are wicked, aren't they?' And I said, 'No, Michael, stepmothers can be very kind and sweet, and if Daddy marries again, you'll have a very nice one.'"

Answer to Maggi McNellis' Charades on Page 58

The movie Maggi is acting out is:
TWO FLAGS WEST

Diana has just finished playing the lead in *The Whistle At Eaton Falls,* a film which Louis de Rochemont produced in New England, and now she is very "hot" as an actress. Hollywood wants her back.

"What irony," a friend of hers said the other day, "if she eventually turns out to be a bigger box office attraction than Kirk!" Ironical, maybe, and yet no one would be happier than Kirk Douglas, because one of his compelling desires in life is to see his first wife happy. He has great respect for Diana, for her courage, her faith in him, her background, the many lessons she taught him. He admires her breeding, her poise, her manners, all the social niceties which he himself never knew as a poverty-stricken boy.

SOME observers say that Kirk is attracted to Irene Wrightsman because of these very same qualities.

Irene was educated in two of the finest and, incidentally, the most expensive girls' schools in the nation—Ethel Walker's and Foxcraft.

While Kirk Douglas was marrying Diana Dill in New Orleans, Irene Wrightsman had decided to marry Freddie McEvoy, a bosom friend of Errol Flynn's in California. She was only 19, and her father threatened to disown her if she went through with her plans, but Irene has always been willful and headstrong. Less

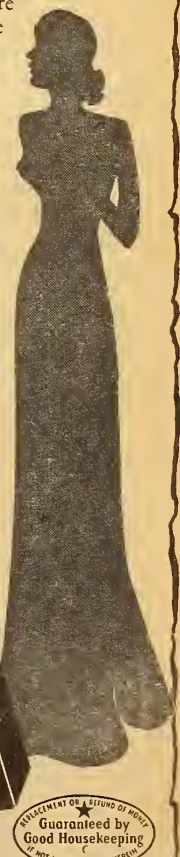
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than one week after Freddie, the tennis-playing Australian, had been divorced by Beatrice Cartwright, the Standard Oil heiress, Irene married him. Errol Flynn feted the newlyweds in a tavern across the street from the Los Angeles marriage license bureau, and Charles Wrightsman blew his top. He objected that McEvoy was 15 years older than Irene and predicted that he would leave her without a cent.

A few years later, Irene admitted that on her wedding night, husband Freddie had left their honeymoon suite and had dined elsewhere.

In any event, the McEvoy-Wrightsman marriage wasn't a very happy one. Not long after Irene gave birth to a little girl, her husband was playing around Paris and, according to reporters there, "courting Barbara Hutton in great style."

When told of this, Irene was in Santa Monica with her baby and didn't know what to do. "According to Freddie," she announced, "I am not divorced. He's been asking me for six months to come over to Paris. But at one time he said we were divorced in Mexico. I personally don't think we're divorced. It sounds very funny, but I really don't know. Anyway, he says I'm not."

FOLKS who used to see Freddie and Errol Flynn and Irene Wrightsman around the West Side Tennis Club, prophesied that the McEvoy marriage would never last. And they were right. A few years ago, Irene took her baby and flew over to Paris to find out how she stood. Once she got there, McEvoy chartered a yacht and announced that he and Irene were about to enjoy a second honeymoon in Southern France. When Irene returned to Hollywood in 1947, she announced that she had not only obtained a Paris divorce, but that she was following it up with an American one.

Out of the whole muddle, Irene began going steady with Bob Stack—they went together for three and a half years, during which time everyone predicted a marriage that never came off. And Irene's divorced husband, Freddie McEvoy, introduced his good friend Serge Troubetzkoy to Barbara Hutton, who married the guy.

Last April when Kirk Douglas drove down to Palm Springs with his press agent and checked in at the Hotel Bon-Air, Irene Wrightsman happened to be stopping there.

Kirk's wife had just filed for divorce, and Irene herself was free. Kirk's press agent introduced him to the society girl, and the actor took it from there.

For almost a year now, Kirk and Irene have been virtually inseparable. For a while, before he met her, Kirk had started playing the field. He dated Pat Neal, Marilyn Maxwell, Joan Crawford, but Irene put an end to that.

Nowadays, Kirk has time for only one girl. Even money she becomes the second Mrs. Douglas. THE END

madly in love

(*Continued from page 35*) before cynics start counting off the hours till the end of marriage. To answer this one must know Jane Powell, the girl behind the Technicolor musicals, who came out of Portland, Oregon at 15 to become a star.

Brought up in modest circumstances, Jane Powell's parents had taught her to respect the real down-to-earth things in life. She learned to help her mother who had no servants. She was taught to cook, to sew, and to run a home with ease and comfort. She has never forgotten these lessons, nor the enjoyment that

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comes with carrying them out at last.

"I love to cook for Geary," she says. "I like to make fancy sauces and dishes. But Geary likes plain things like roast leg of lamb! Anyway, he thinks I'm a good cook," she adds, proudly.

Her friend, Betty Lynn, said that Jane "adored Geary so much, she wanted to be the best wife in the world. Her career was one thing . . . but her marriage was her whole life."

"You've just got to make the effort to be happy," Jane believes. "You can't just think that you're something special and entitled to it. I have my music, my singing lessons, my career in pictures. Geary has his insurance work. But we have something together, something we both share, our home and our child. That's what makes a good marriage something to share. If that sharing goes, then I think that love goes, too."

"JANE is so intelligent about life," Betty Lynn says of her. "Remember she's just 21, and younger than I am. But I always go to her for advice. She's never too busy to help anyone, and she's such a loyal friend. She's so sure of what she wants. She has never fallen in and out of love like a lot of other young kids. She knew she would fall in love with the right man when he came along. And she did. She knew it was Geary, and no one else, because he represented all the fine things that Jane wanted in a husband. He was charming, intelligent, and hard working. Having worked so hard herself, she expected no less in her ideal. Geary had great faith in his own ability to make a big success, and she believes in a man who believes in himself. Actually," said Betty, "Geary really is all the things Jane saw in him.

The top male star who dates pretty members of the Screen Extras Guild, reports comedian Jack Gilford, isn't a wolf. He just wants a little extra out of life.

Erskine Johnson in the Scripps-Howard newspapers

"I laugh sometimes when people who don't know Janie think she's just a sweet young thing. She is sweet and she is young, but she's so much more than that. There's a kind of glow about her."

Jane and Geary have so much in common. They both adore animals. There's Demi-tasse, that very sensitive and beautiful Siamese cat. Demi, as Jane calls her, is torn between her love for Jane and her adoration for Geary. "Demi compromises," says Jane, "by waiting on the top step for us every evening. When we go into our room she follows ever so quietly, finds the softest spot in the middle of the bed, and settles down for the night. She just won't play favorites." Demi owned the house, before Geary bought a German Shepherd puppy for Jane as a present on their first anniversary. They call him Paper. Paper has changed Demi's life completely. "He's grown so big," said Jane, "and he's so wicked! Like a very bad little boy. He used to play very nicely with Demi, but now he pounces on her and drags her across the yard. Demi's dignity has been so wounded. I suspect she could outwit him anytime she wanted. But females must always build up a male's ego!" Jane said, with a very definite twinkle in her eye.

At first there were many little things that the Steffens didn't have in common, playing tennis, skiing, water skiing, climbing mountains and swimming. Through sheer will power, Jane has conquered most of these sports. She can ski very well.

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She is learning to play tennis. She is becoming a fine swimmer.

"You should see Jane on skis," Marshall Thompson says. "You wouldn't believe it. She's up there with the best of them. Of course no one could ever be as good as Geary. He's just one of those very rare natural athletes. He can do any sport with grace and agility. It was tough for Jane to learn. She used to get up at five o'clock in the morning, and drive over to Big Bear with Geary. Geary was always so proud of her skill, and thrilled that she wanted to enjoy these sports with him. That's the kind of a girl Jane is. With all her own lessons—her music, her practicing, her pictures, her records, she still found time to learn to excel in these sports because Geary enjoyed them."

A GIRL like this will make a success of anything she sets her heart on. A director of one of Jane's recent pictures said, "I knew Geary Steffen would be a wonderful guy before I met him. Because I knew Jane, and I knew she would only fall in love with the best."

Jane has a rare quality for one so young. She can always separate the real from the unreal. She has always preferred a party at home with her crowd to a glamorous evening at a nightclub. She loves her friends and family around her. She loves lots of girl-talk. "You should hear Jane and my wife Barbara together," said Marshall Thompson. "Geary and I have to go into the breakfast room and get into a game of hearts or something." "She loves to laugh," says another of her friends. "And she loves to please. Only a few months ago she planted hundreds of daffodils in her garden because Geary told her yellow was his favorite color."

Jane has been making wonderful plans for the new baby, and the nursery. She hopes she'll have a girl . . . "Because all the baby clothes look so pretty and feminine, and it would be such fun dressing up a little girl—like playing with a doll!" But Geary is hoping he will have a son to go mountain climbing with him. "Perhaps even Mount Blanc," he says proudly. "I climbed it once . . . but with a son!"

To know all about Geary Steffen, one must know his friends and their appraisal of him. And to know Geary, one can better understand the reason for this love story.

Marshall Thompson, who knew him when they both attended University High School, said, "Geary is perhaps the most considerate guy I know. He was always popular in school, not only because he was such a great athlete, but because he had such a strong sense of good sportsmanship. He was always so modest about everything, even though he was so much better than the rest of us in any sport he undertook."

Geary Steffen, the son of Willie Ritchie, who was the lightweight champion of the world, learned very early the meaning of good sportsmanship from his father. He has always given the other guy a break. It has been a creed with him and he lives by it sincerely.

Geary never regretted giving up his own career in show business for one in the busines world and yet he gambled a great deal on his future happiness with Jane. He was a very successful performer, a magnificent skater, and Sonja Henie's partner, but sticking to his career meant long months on the road, away from Jane. "No marriage can survive that kind of thing," he said, "and I wanted Jane more than anything else in the world. I knew we could never have any happiness away from each other, and I'd better make the change while I was young!" And so he did.

"When we started to build our house,"



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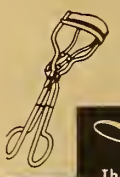
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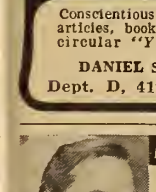
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Marshall said, "Jane used to come out with Barbara and look at it longingly. She wanted a house so much, but Geary wouldn't hear of it. He knew Jane could afford to buy one, but he didn't want it that way and so they both waited until Geary could afford it. I think the most exciting day in Geary's life and Jane's too, was the day they took us out to see their house in Brentwood.

Betty Lynn says, "Geary has an unusual understanding of people and their problems. Maybe it's because he adores people. When he married Jane he knew that her mother would be lonely. It was difficult for Jane to explain to her mother that she mustn't be hurt if she didn't see her as often as she used to; that she adored her just as much, but that her responsibilities were different now. In spite of all this explanation, Geary knew that Jane's mother would still feel the loneliness. You just can't give up in one moment, someone who has been everything to you for so long. And so he himself undertook to bring Jane's mother into his life. He tried to make her feel young and gay and wanted. He called her up, took her and

When Keefe Brasselle lunches at 20th, it's not for picture talks—his mom is Betty Grable's hairdresser.
Herb Stein in
The Hollywood Reporter

my mother to lunch at the Brown Derby, without Jane. He has continued to do this and of course both my mother and Jane's simply adore him." Then Betty laughed. "Do you know what my mother said? She said 'Betty, I just hope you marry a boy just like Geary Steffen!'"

Geary is interested in everything, and because of his enthusiasm he has built up an enormous fund of knowledge. He can speak well on a variety of subjects. Jane, on the other hand, is so busy with her career that she has little time to do all the things she'd like. So Geary adds color to her life that would have been missing, if she'd married a man in her own profession. Their life would have been limited. But life with Geary is not. He is never bored, or self-centered. "He knows all kinds of people," Barbara Thompson says "and he is so fascinated by their various problems. He is always welcomed at any party, because he's such an interesting and amusing guy. You just never get tired of listening to Geary."

Jane never gets tired of Geary, and Geary never gets tired of Jane. They both have a goal to reach, each in his own way, and they are so deeply interested in each other's careers. Geary has never been jealous of the glamor that surrounds Jane's life, and Jane has never allowed Geary to feel that she was more important than he. Actually, she isn't. He has made a brilliant success in his own work. He loves it as Jane loves singing.

Having been a performer himself, he knows that Jane belongs to her public, too. He smiles so proudly when she is recognized in the lobby of the theater, or in a shop, or on the street.

Those who watch them walk into a room together, know even without knowing them personally, that here are two people wonderfully and madly in love. It isn't anything endearing they say to each other, or anything they do. But they have a kind of dignity towards each other, and a warm and glowing adoration. You can see it in their eyes. They can be standing at different corners of the room, surrounded by different groups of people, but Jane's eyes follow Geary, and Geary's eyes follow Jane. There is a silent language between them, the language of deep and lasting love.

THE END

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Miss Bobbie Jo Jones
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Mrs. William E. Pickard
Albany, Georgia

Mr. Robert Beaulieu
Red Lake, Minn.

Miss June Vaughn
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Mr. William A. Kuehl
Evanston, Illinois

Miss Helen B. Haaland
Southbury, Conn.

Mrs. Charles Merritt
Saginaw, Michigan

Mrs. Jo Ann Brown
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Jean T. Cook
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Mr. George W. Branham
Martinsville, Virginia

Miss Marlys Norland
Miles City, Montana

Mrs. Dorothy Stout
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Mrs. W. E. Newland
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Mrs. A. L. Lewis
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Mr. Lloyd Ira Miller
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Miss Phyllis Eyleen Davis
Heyburn, Idaho

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Mr. John S. Enginger
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Mrs. Earl Taylor
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Mrs. A. L. Lindall, Jr.
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Romulus, Michigan

Mrs. Jimmy L. Cummins
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Miss Gertrude M. Espenan
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Mrs. W. H. Clayton
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Mr. Edward W. Biegenzahn
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Mrs. Faye Williams
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Misses Barbie, Gina, Sue Martin
Portland, Oregon

Mrs. R. Taylor Hall
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Miss Helen Hotra
Chesapeake City, Md.

Miss Louana Visintainer
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Mrs. L. H. McNish
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Add color-highlights and sheen!
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6 RINSES 25

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HOLLYWOOD'S BEDTIME MANNERS
by Sidney Skolsky



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Mother says:

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MORE THAN A RINSE
. . . BUT NOT A DYE

Daughter says:

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SHAMPOOS OUT

• There's no age limit on glamorous hair! School girl, business girl, housewife, mother . . . they *all* look more beautiful with color-bright hair. Triple-strength Nestle COLORTINT hides graying hair with richer, longer-lasting color. Nestle COLORINSE adds glowing color-highlights and sheen. Both are *absolutely safe,* easy to use . . . both come in 10 glamorous shades.

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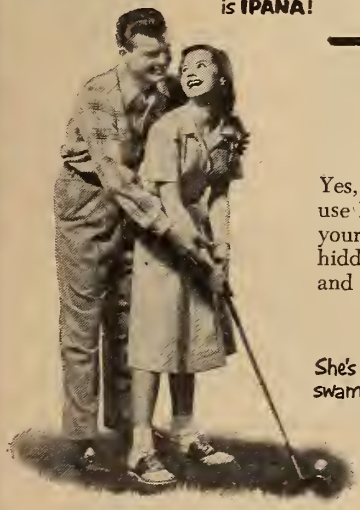
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The answer is IPANA

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What makes her mouth so Sparkling fresh?.. The answer is **IPANA!**



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Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste (ammoniated or regular) has been proved more effective than *Ipana!*



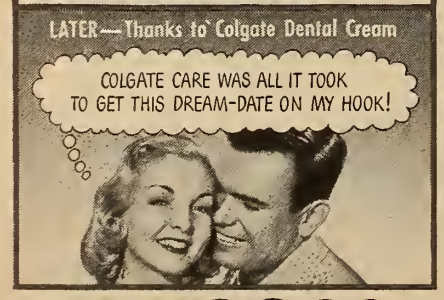


READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!





*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

AUGUST, 1951

modern screen

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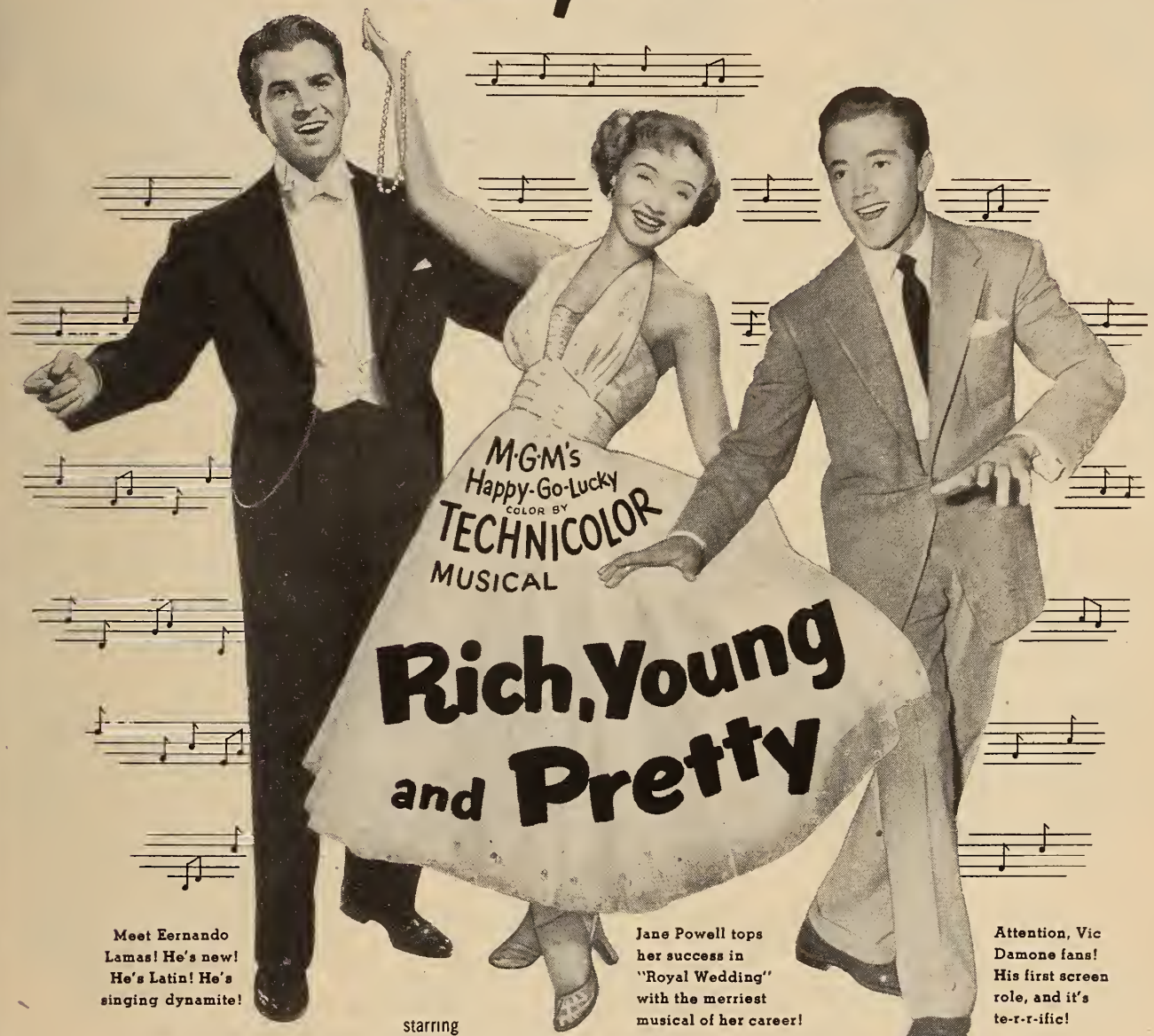
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with MARCEL DALIO · UNA MERKEL · RICHARD ANDERSON · JEAN MURAT

And Introducing **VIC DAMONE**





Screen Play by DOROTHY COOPER and SIDNEY SHELDON

Story by DOROTHY COOPER

Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

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WONDER WHY

I CAN SEE YOU

WE NEVER TALK MUCH

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New finer MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

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Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new *finer* Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts!* Get Mum!



New MUM cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Why do agents in Hollywood get 10% of an actor's salary and agents in New York only 5% of an actor's salary? —C. O., New York, N. Y.

A. *Actors' Equity has that ruling in New York. The same ruling does not apply to Hollywood. The Screen Actors' Guild has discussed the reduction of agents' fees but has never done anything about it.*

Q. Will Rock Hudson and Vera-Ellen get married this year, or is that love affair simply a publicity build-up?
C. R., Detroit, Mich.

A. *It's genuine. Rock says he and Vera will marry some time next year.*

Q. Does Bob Taylor have a new girlfriend named Sybil Merit? Is he still carrying a torch for Barbara Stanwyck?
—M. D., Phila., Pa.

A. *Taylor has been out with Miss Merit once. He and Barbara are still very good friends. While on location in Utah for* Westward the Women, *Bob used to fly to Hollywood each weekend just to see his ex-wife.*

Q. I understand that Farley Granger has been dating Barbara Stanwyck. What's the inside story behind that one? Isn't Barbara old enough to be his mother? —S. A., Stamford, Conn.

A. *Barbara Stanwyck is 43. Several months ago, immediately after her divorce from Bob Taylor, she was invited to a party at the Gary Coopers. Mrs. Cooper told Barbara that Farley Granger would stop on his way to their house and pick her up. Farley did exactly that. He was simply her escort for the evening.*

Q. What's become of Montgomery Clift? Why hasn't he made another picture recently?—D. R., Bronx, N. Y.

A. *Clift's traveling at the moment. He's been to Havana, Dallas (where his twin sister lives), New York, and several other cities. He hasn't made a picture recently for two reasons: (1) his agent is asking too much money for him, $150,000 per picture and up (2) Clift wants to choose his own director.*

Q. Is it true that Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner plan to star in a picture together? —B. D., Dover, Del.

A. *Sinatra would like to very much. He's been playing around with the idea of purchasing the motion picture rights to* St. Louis Woman, *a Broadway musical of some years ago. The only hitch in the setup is that Metro will not loan Ava out. Currently, she's the hottest actress on the lot.*

Q. I understand that Elizabeth Taylor has told her friends she's flat broke. Is this true? Doesn't she get any alimony from Nicky? —D. O., Miami, Fla.

A. *Liz has told that to her friends. She gets no alimony from Hilton, but her salary is $1,000 a week.*

Q. Did in-law and secretary trouble have anything to do with Clark's not getting along with Mrs. Gable?
—N. T., Rye, N. Y.

A. *Those are two minor reasons. Major reason: different viewpoints on the fundamentals of living.*

Q. What is the lowdown on Yvonne De Carlo and Mel Hash?
—T. Y., Rocky Mount, N. C.

A. *This must be a publicity plant. Mel Hash is the name of a horse that ran at Jamaica last May.*

Q. Whatever happened to Dorothy McGuire? Haven't seen her in a picture since *Mr. 880.*
—R. R., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Dorothy has signed to play the lead opposite Farley Granger and Dana Andrews in the Sam Goldwyn production,* I Want You.

Q. Is it true that many of the MGM stars are under personal contract to Louis B. Mayer and not the studio?
—D. Z., Evanston, Ill.

A. *Several stars used to be under personal contract to Mayer, but when he signed a new contract with the studio some years ago, he turned those contracts over to MGM.*

Q. Was Steve Cochran ever married before? Is he still dating Ginger Rogers?
—C. N., Laurel, Miss.

A. *Steve was married to Fay Mackenzie. The Rogers-Cochran affair has cooled.*

ROARING THROUGH CHINA TODAY!



Adventuress, doctor, thief, clergyman . . . they all ride the peril-laden Peking Express . . . rushing through the intrigue and the terror of the strife-torn Orient!



"I wish I could tell you there had been no other men . . . but five years is a long time!"

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PEKING EXPRESS

HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION STARRING

JOSEPH CORINNE EDMUND COTTEN · CALVET · GWENN

with MARVIN MILLER Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE

Screenplay by John Meredyth Lucas · Adaptation by Jules Furthman

From a Story by Harry Hervey · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Lana Turner and Ava Gardner entered into friendly competition vying for costume honors at "The Ribbon Cabaret," a glamorous charity affair benefiting the Minnie Burton and Bide-a-Wee homes of Los Angeles. There were over 400 guests present.

I CALLED Lana Turner and asked outright if she and Bob were having trouble.

"Several weeks ago we *weren't* happy, Louella," replied the most square-shooting gal in Hollywood. "I didn't know whether we were going to be able to work it out.

"But that rough spot is past now," she went on. "We are happy again and realize, perhaps more than ever, how much our marriage means to both of us."

Is there a more honest person in pictures than luscious Lana? I've never in my life asked her a question, no matter how personal, that she didn't answer me straight.

And without prying further, I think I know what the trouble between the Toppings may have been. Too much "play" at a time when Lana was really worried about her career. She was very upset about the reviews on her picture, *Mr. Imperium*.

Bob had bought a boat and was spending most of his time at Balboa aboard his new "toy." The Toppings took an apartment at the harbor resort but Lana has never been an outdoor girl. She can't take too much sun because it poisons her skin.

The rumors started crackling when she returned to their Bel Air home and Bob stayed on the boat.

But, I believe Lana when she says everything is okay again.

FEW happenings in this town surprise me, but John Agar's out-of-the-blue elopement to Las Vegas with Loretta Barnett Combs and their subsequent marriage, *did!*

When I interviewed him not long ago, John told me he wouldn't remarry for years. That's what the man said.

So, when he high-tailed it up to Las Vegas with Miss Combs for a license and was told by the clerk at the Court House to "take a couple of runs around the block and get some black coffee in you"—all I could say was, "Well!"

The license clerk came right out and told reporters Agar was "obviously drunk" and the law forbade issuing the necessary paper until he sobered up.

Shirley Temple's former husband was not only cold sober but slightly peeved when the honeymooners flew back to Los Angeles. He snapped to reporters, "Well, we're married, aren't we?"

The bride is a former model and she's tall and dark. It's her second marriage.

Of course, the "inside" stories started popping high wide and handsome. One was that Loretta and another girl Agar has been dating, Elaine White, were *both* guests at his mother's home for dinner the night before the surprise elopement. John is whispered to have asked Elaine to marry him first. And



Dazzling, Ava, Irene Dunne, Diana Lynn, and Loretta Young stymied the judges. Diana won the "most original costume" prize of lingerie; Loretta won a bottle of perfume for "the most beautiful" creation.



Sally Forrest only had eyes for agent Milo Frank at the *Go For Broke* premiere. Milo is still Sally's fiance, but so far no marriage announcement is forthcoming. .Sally's latest movie is *Excuse My Dust.*



Jeanne Crain, Margaret O'Brien, and Ruth Hussey were among the stars gathered at the McCarthy estate in Beverly Hills to publicize Father Peyton's book, "The Ear of God." Movie fans had a field day.



Ann Sheridan and Jeff Chandler have kept Hollywood buzzing about their constant dating. Here at a party in the Mazzarino restaurant, they pitched in with other guests preparing foods like spaghetti.

when she said, "Nay," he asked Loretta.

Another yarn goes that Loretta had a dinner date with another gent that night after her unscheduled marriage. So when she came home from Las Vegas, she politely called him and said:

"Sorry, I'll have to call off our dinner appointment. I was married this morning."

(*For the full story of John Agar's wedding Please turn to page 10.*—Ed.)

Annelle and Mark Stevens are expecting their second child this summer which is the "key" to the funniest sayings-of-children-story I've heard this month.

Five-year-old Mark Jr. was asked by his school teacher what his parents did for a living. It was a questionnaire sent around to discover how many youngsters had both parents working.

"My father," said Junior, "gets up in the morning and goes to the studio."

Then, he added, "And my mother gets up in the morning and *throws up!*"

You think movie fans, even teenagers, aren't loyal to the stars they admire?

Veronica Lake broke down and wept over the many letters which came to her and Andre De Toth enclosing money after it was announced that their home had been taken over for back income taxes.

Some of the letters contained as much as five dollars. Some sent one dollar. Others offered twenty-five cents—still others a dime.

"It was the thought that meant so much," Veronica cried, "what a wonderful thing it is to know that there are kind, warm friends in the world."

If I sound like a walking hospital chart this month it is because I have been spending most of my free time at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital where my husband, Dr. Martin, is recuperating from a long illness.

And it seems half of the drama of Hollywood was taking place at the Cedars at the time.

I'll never forget Jimmy Stewart's face the afternoon I met him in the elevator just a few hours before the birth of those adorable twins, Judy and Kelly.

He looked so drawn and harassed.

"Jimmy," I said, "have you eaten anything in days?"

"Oh, sure, sure," he replied like a man in a trance, "I'm all right. I just can't think about anything except Gloria."

The birth of the baby girls by Caesarean section was very successful. But two days later, Gloria underwent an operation for an intestinal obstruction followed within hours by a second, more serious operation.



Keep dainty all day with a single spray!

JUST SPRAY IT ON! Etiquet Spray-On is *safe* and *sure* . . . really ends perspiration odor, checks perspiration moisture! Easy to use—your fingers never even touch it! Glamorous women *depend* on Etiquet for day-long daintiness!

EXCLUSIVE FORMULA! Etiquet contains a special formula to curb the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. Antiseptic, Etiquet does not irritate normal skin—independent scientific tests prove it does not weaken fabrics or damage clothing.

AMAZINGLY ECONOMICAL! Months supply in a smart, unbreakable blue plastic bottle. 33¢ and 59¢, plus tax.

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FLUFFY-LIGHT ETIQUET DEODORANT CREAM



If you prefer a cream deodorant, you'll love Etiquet in the luxury vanishing cream base! Gives long-lasting protection . . . goes on easily, disappears in a jiffy. No gritty particles, Etiquet won't dry out in the jar, won't harm fine fabrics. 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax. Also in handy tube.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Believe me—everybody in that hospital, doctors, nurses, and even patients were praying for her recovery and everybody's heart went out to that tall, lanky, devoted Jimmy who never left her bedside. What a wonderful husband and father he is!

Now that Gloria is so much better, I want to tell you a cute story she told me of how Jimmy had fed the children the other evening (the twins were taken home weeks before their mother could leave the hospital).

"He gave them their bottles," laughed Gloria, "and then proudly reported that he *burped* them."

At the same time Gloria was so desperately ill, Marie Wilson was in a critical condition in the same hospital—her second trip within days.

Our Friend Marie had been pronounced completely out of danger from phlebitis (blood clots in the legs) and had been dismissed by her doctor. Then, what does she do but go to another doctor for a vitamin "shot."

Within 24 hours she was back in the hospital with a fever of 105 and just the barest chance to survive. At one time, it was thought she was dead.

But Marie is young and healthy, and she miraculously survived. She is well on the way to recovery—but here's hoping she never comes as close again and that she never does such a foolish thing without consulting her own doctor.

Because I was on hand during all the crises—I really found myself in the role of a hospital reporter. On one day alone, I wrote three news stories on Mrs. Stewart's condition for my newspaper—and two on Marie!

No girl boosted so fast to stardom as Debbie Reynolds has remained such an unsophisticated child at heart. Debbie is the same age as the now quite worldly Liz Taylor—19. But one is a kid around the MGM lot—the other a glamor queen.

Debbie wears blue jeans and sweaters. Elizabeth's wardrobe is "created" by leading designers.

Elizabeth "watches" her diet. Debbie walks around with hot dogs and ice cream cones in her hands between meals and what she "stokes" away for a regular meal would do justice to a day laborer.

Miss Taylor is a frequent visitor to the nightclubs. Debbie attends Girl Scout meetings and recently presented her particular group with an Outdoor Theater. When the gentlemen around town try to date Miss Reynolds, her stock reply is, "I'm sorry. I can't. I gotta go to a meetin'" (Girl Scouts).

Elizabeth is quietly taking singing lessons. Debbie still proudly toots the French horn, an instrument she played for a year in the Burbank Youth Symphony.

She is Gene Kelly's co-star in *Singing In the Rain* but she calls him, "Mr. Kelly." She is a movie fan and has written several stars (off the MGM lot) asking for their autograph or a signed picture.

She hates to wear mascara off screen because, "it gets in my eyes. I forget and rub my eyes."

Debbie was born on April Fool's Day and the fact makes her giggle, "for obvious reasons."

(Continued on page 18)

Everything's gay "On Moonlight Bay"





COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



FROM **WARNER BROS.**
STARRING

DORIS DAY
GORDON MacRAE

AND
JOY! AND LOVE! AND THE JOY OF LOVIN'!
AND SINGIN' AND DANCIN' AND SUCH
ROMANCIN'! IT'S SUNLIGHT
AND MOONLIGHT ROLLED INTO ONE!



With those moonlight bay-bes and bay-eautiful songs! 'Love Ya', 'Moonlight Bay'— lots more!

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ON THE WAY! "CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER" COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

and! "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"



The unusual prelude to the wedding of John Agar and model Loretta Combs on May 16th added to the bad publicity about the actor.

the new mrs. Agar

In this frank story, John Agar's mother and the marriage bureau answer the critical charges made about his wedding.

BY JIM BURTON

■ Judge Edward McManee looked down at John Agar from his dais in the county courthouse at Las Vegas.

The judge wanted to be absolutely certain that Agar was sober. Two and a half hours previously at about 1:30 in the afternoon, John had come into the courthouse, and in a voice made rough by alcohol, said, "We'd like to get married. Where do we get the marriage license?"

Helen Scott Reed, the motherly, bespectacled county clerk, gazed at Agar. He was dressed neatly in slacks, a hounds-tooth sports jacket, and a striped tie. But his eyes were bloodshot and his demeanor unsteady.

She looked next at Loretta Barnett Combs, the fashion model John wanted to be his wife. Loretta, her brunette hair beautifully coiffured, stood proudly beside him. Together she and John made a handsome pair. They would certainly make a fine married couple. But the county clerk wasn't sure that Agar realized the importance of the step he was about to take.

"He appeared intoxicated to me," Clerk Reed said, "and I just didn't want to take any chances. He might have known what he was doing. The girl certainly did, but he seemed unsure, and it isn't our (*Continued on page 12*)



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(*Continued from page 10*) policy to issue marriage licenses carelessly. I said to him, 'Why don't you think it over and come back later?'

"He was the perfect gentleman. No argument or anything. He grinned kind of boyishly at me and then they left. But even if he had been drinking, I don't think it's a crime. After all, lots of men take a drink or two before their wedding. It bolsters their nerves."

Two and a half hours later, John and Loretta were back in the county clerk's office. "He was simply fine," Mrs. Reed says. "I swore him in, and he gave the answers to the marriage license application quickly and clearly."

So, too, did Loretta. Like John, she'd been married once before, and like him she'd been divorced in 1949.

The couple was then escorted into Judge McManee's chambers. Their witnesses were the County Clerk, and Margaret Hinson, the Judge's court reporter.

Aware of what had gone before, Judge McManee improvised the following marriage ceremony:

"Do you, John," he asked, "swear that you are sober, in your right mind, and know full well the action you are taking?"

Agar looked puzzled for a moment, then answered, "I do."

Judge McManee turned to the bride.

"Do you, Loretta, swear that you are in possession of all your faculties, that you believe John to be the same, and that you fully understand what you are doing?"

Loretta nodded. "Yes, I do," she replied, whereupon the Judge began the regular ceremony.

After the ceremony, John and Loretta drove out to the Las Vegas airport and caught the 7:30 P.M. plane to Los Angeles. When they alighted, John was asked if he'd had any difficulties in obtaining a marriage license. By that time the story of his little escapade had been put on the teletype by newsmen, and was being readied for public consumption.

John, who justifiably feels that the press has been making him its scapegoat for years, was irritated. "There was no trouble at all in getting the license. We're married," he said.

The next morning, all hallelujah broke loose. "AGAR WEDS AFTER LICENSE DELAYED," screamed one headline. "AGAR, DRUNK, SOBERS UP, GETS MARRIED," roared another.

Most vicious of all the comments was the following news item: "No matter what you read about the very recent marriage of a well-known young star to a local model, a half hour before, he had asked another gal to hitch with him. He got the turndown, turned the request over to another gal, who accepted. Both girls were at his mother's home for dinner."

John was sickened when he read that item. So, too, were his bride and his mother.

No names were mentioned, but all Hollywood interpreted the item as meaning that John had first proposed marriage that afternoon to Elaine White, the attractive secretary in MGM's legal department who has dated Clark Gable and half a dozen other actors.

Everyone knew that Elaine and Loretta had dined with the Agars the previous evening.

John Agar has never proposed marriage to Elaine White. He's been in love with Loretta Barnett Combs, his present wife, for the past six months.

"I don't know why they keep hounding John like that," his mother says. "The newspapers make him out to be a dypsomaniac. He isn't anything of the sort. He takes a drink once in a while, but not to excess. What's wrong about celebrating an hour or two before your marriage? If you don't celebrate then, when can you? I'm not saying John is the perfect angel. He has his faults. Plenty of them. He wouldn't be human if he hadn't. But why do they make him sound like a silly, irresponsible boy?

"This marriage of his was no elopement. He'd spoken to me about it, he called his brother in Stanford and his sister in Chicago and told them what he planned to do.

"He isn't the kind of boy who goes around proposing to every girl he meets. Elaine and Loretta were both at the house for dinner on the night of May 15th. After dinner, Elaine left. Loretta and John sat in the living room for an hour. During that hour, John proposed to Loretta. She's a very sweet and wonderful girl—they've been going together for about a year—and Loretta accepted.

"John came into my room and said, 'Mother, I'm going to tell you something. Loretta and I are going to get married. I think we'll fly to Las Vegas and do it very quietly.'

"I was happy for them, but I said, 'Why don't you get married here, in the house?' But John said he'd prefer Reno. So I gave them my blessings. Then he called up his brother and sister and told them all about it. They were very happy.

"They left the following morning on the plane to Las Vegas, and they came back the same night. John didn't propose to anyone else."

When contacted at MGM, Elaine White corroborated Mrs. Agar's version. "John has never proposed to me. The man who wrote that item called me, and I told him the truth, but somehow he went and wrote what he wanted to. I've been a friend of the Agar family for some time. I think Loretta is a wonderful girl, and John is a wonderful guy, and I know they're going to be extremely happy."

Loretta Barnett Combs Agar, John's 28-year-old bride, took the entire post-marriage mess with her usual good nature.

"They've got to sell newspapers," she says, "and I guess John's name helps sell them. I've known John over a year now. I met him through Peggy and Larry Springer, some friends who run a chemical company—and I've always had a lot of fun with him.

"I was with him the night the police accused him of drunken driving, and I can tell you he wasn't drunk at all. He's a very sweet person, very thoughtful and considerate. And of course, I love him. That's why I married him.

"Right now, we're looking around for an apartment. I work as a model, but John will be the breadwinner in the family. I don't think two careers mix. We're going to have lots of children.

"Where do I come from? Right here in Los Angeles. I was born here and went to LeConte Junior High and then to Lawlor's Professional School. Yes, I've been married before for five years, but it didn't work. What's his name? Chester Combs. You wouldn't know him. He didn't come from Hollywood. He came from Texas."

By the time this article appears in print, the John Agars will have returned from their honeymoon, and will be living in an apartment of their own.

"I'm sure," Agar says, "that Loretta and I are going to be very happy. I don't have a chip on my shoulder, and I'm not particularly mad at anyone. I didn't get married on the re-bound, either. I love Loretta very much. I'm glad we're married, and that's all I can say."

For Agar, who's not the communicative type, that's saying a lot. THE END



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movie reviews



by Christopher Kane

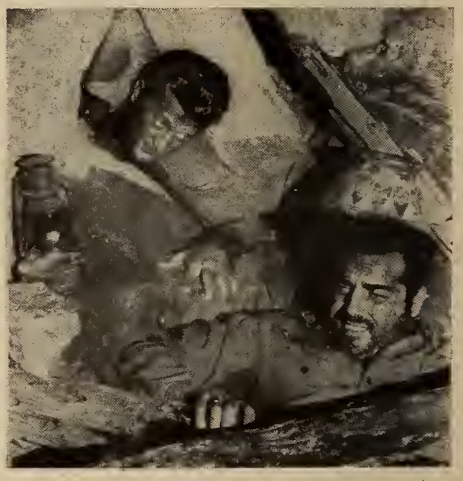
picture of the month



Ambition-crazed reporter, Kirk Douglas, makes a deal with a crooked sheriff to delay the rescue of a man trapped in a New Mexican cave-in.



The victim's wife, Jon Sterling, readily falls in with Kirk. A morbid crowd has gathered, and she's making money at her hamburger stand.



Kirk keeps the injured man, and his story, alive for six days. Finally the betrayed man dies; and tragedy comes to greedy Kirk and Jon, too.

ACE IN THE HOLE

In *Ace in the Hole*, Kirk Douglas plays almost as nice a guy as he played in *Champion*. An unscrupulous newspaperman, Douglas arrives on the scene the very day that a man is trapped in an Indian cliff dwelling (the roof has caved in), in New Mexico, and sets about turning the accident to his (Douglas') advantage.

This is the big story, the one that will win him a Pulitzer prize. There's a way to get the trapped man out in 24 hours, but Douglas makes a deal with a crooked sheriff, has the contractor go at the rescue operation the hard way, by drilling through rock, a method that'll take at least a week, and give the story time to build.

Sure enough, the site becomes a picnic ground. Curious spectators flood in from all over; they camp, and sing and buy souvenirs. The trapped man's hard-boiled wife (Jan Sterling) turns the crowds into profit. The morbid eagerness of the mob, the cynical willingness of the newspaperman and the wife to glean fame and fortune out of agony, are nicely explored in *Ace in the Hole*.

And there were touches—a song about the trapped man, composed and wailed by a hillbilly band selling sheet music, for instance—which were sheer mastery.

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling, Bob Arthur, Porter Hall.—Para.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

Hitchock goes back to trains, a subject that's always fascinated the great man. On a certain train, he introduces young tennis star Farley Granger to young maniac Robert Walker. This Walker's a lulu. Wants his father done away with so he can live in peace on his father's money. And he's got a bully idea. Why doesn't he kill Farley's faithless wife-who-left-him-but-won't-give-him-a-divorce, and then Farley can kill his (Walker's) father. Exchange murders, so to speak. Nobody's going to suspect an absolute stranger of being involved in a killing. Farley wants to marry Ruth Roman, but not bad enough to kill his wife, so he laughs Walker off. Walker, who's the serious type, goes ahead with the plan anyway. That's a rough idea. There are nice nightmarish Hitchcock trademarks (a carousel gone wild, a strangling in an amusement park, etc.); there are some corny moments too, but on the whole it's an exciting thriller.

Cast: Farley Granger, Ruth Roman, Robert Walker, Leo G. Carroll.—Warners.

JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN

The rise and fall of the greatest all-round athlete America ever produced is dealt with by Warners, and the result is an excellent movie. A young Indian boy, loving to run free, hating to feel himself closed in, disciplines himself to go to school and try to make some kind of mark in the white man's world because that's what his father wants. Sports help him find relief from the pressure of lessons and books and little rooms; he's so successful he decided to make his living as a coach, eventually. He walks away with the 1912 Olympic honors single-handed, only to be stripped later of all prizes. (The authorities find out he played baseball one summer for money, and claim he's forfeited his amateur standing.) This disgrace knocks the starch. out of him. His son dies, he quarrels with his wife, he starts drinking, he tries to pick up money playing bush-league ball, at the end, but he has no stuff left. There's something really painful about this picture—the slow deterioration of a beautiful body, a beautiful talent, the loneliness of a man who's seen the parades go by. The actors all do fine jobs.

Cast: Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford, Steven Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter.—Warners.

EXCUSE MY DUST

Red Skelton, as the genius who's always setting fire to the barn trying to make his horseless carriage run, Sally Forrest as the girl who loves him against the hopes and prayers of her poppa (the owner of a livery stable), Macdonald Carey as the Yale man who's got a yen for Sally, and Monica Lewis as the visiting menace who once spent a few days in Paris and now says everything with a n'est-ce pas flavor, combine talents to make *Excuse My Dust* a honey of a comedy. The bathing suits and the humor of the era are faithfully reproduced. Sally dances like a dervish; there's a horseless carriage race that's a howling riot, and mere words cannot convey the gentle, jolly charm herein displayed.

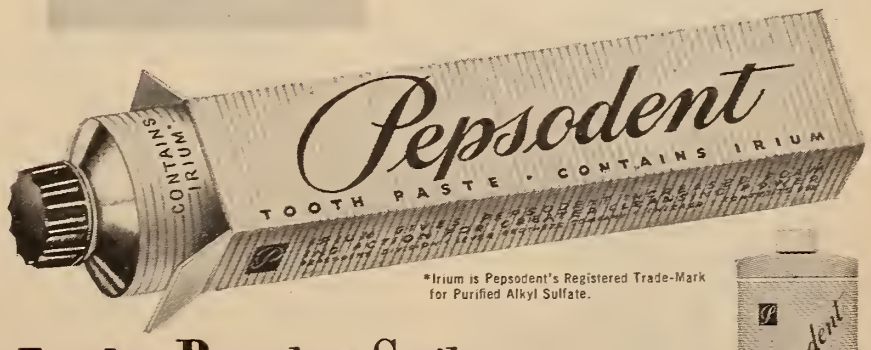
Cast: Red Skelton, Macdonald Carey, Sally Forrest, Monica Lewis.—MGM.

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"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"
"VERY GOOD ADVICE"
"THE UNBIRTHDAY SONG"
"'TWAS BRILLIG"

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ED WYNN . . . . . *The Mad Hatter*
RICHARD HAYDN . . . *The Caterpillar*
STERLING HOLLOWAY *The Cheshire Cat*
JERRY COLONNA . . *The March Hare*
KATHRYN BEAUMONT . . . . *ALICE*

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HAPPY GO LOVELY

Here's musical plot number 34. Broke producer doesn't know how to open show, creditors threatening to take away scenery, etc. On top of everything, leading lady quits. Chorus girl gets lift from millionaire's chauffeur, producer sees this, thinks girl is millionaire's sweetie, stars her in show. She doesn't even know millionaire, but once they do meet, they love. Passionately. Vera-Ellen's the chorus girl, Niven's the millionaire, Romero's the producer. Minor deviation from standard plot: locale is Edinburgh, Scotland. Picture's Technicolored, and it has a happy ending. As the studio synopsis points out about Niven—"His millions aside, he is now just a man—a man in love." So there.

Cast: David Niven, Vera-Ellen, Cesar Romero.—RKO.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Some of the wonder experienced by Lewis Carroll's Alice may now be shared in Technicolor by us cartoon addicts. A very British-sounding little Alice goes plunging down into the world of make-believe, attends a teaparty with the March Hare and the Mad Hatter (sounds courtesy of Jerry Colonna and Ed Wynn), talks with dodos, and cats, and flowers, and doorknobs, helps some playing cards paint white roses red, gets bigger and gets smaller, and laughs and cries and lives in front of your bewitched eyes. For me the high points of the movie were Richard Haydn's voicing—and what a voice!—of the caterpillar's philosophy, and some baby oysters so ingratiating as to face and manner that I could hardly bear it when the carpenter performed his act of cannibalism on them.

DISNEY—RKO.

AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL

"Acme Printing Services" gives Monty Woolley his notice, because it's the policy of Consolidated Motors ("Acme" is only a subsidiary company) to retire men at 65. This is the signal for Woolley's revolt against society. He dyes his beard, impersonates the president of Consolidated Motors, makes speeches at the Chamber of Commerce, dances with a beautiful woman for the first time in 30 years, and altogether sets his small world on its ear. Among the astonished—but later proud and happy—bystanders are his daughter-in-law, Thelma Ritter, his granddaughter, Jean Peters, his grandson-in-law-to-be, David Wayne, and a lot of 65-year-old men who've been fired. That Connie Bennett could seriously consider herself in love with Mr. Woolley seemed highly unlikely to me (she's still got plenty of glamor). But if it's okay with her, why should I complain?

Cast: Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter, David Wayne, Jean Peters, Constance Bennett.—20th Century-Fox.

THE LONG DARK HALL

Happily married Rex Harrison has been playing around with a showgirl, and when she goes and gets herself murdered, the authorities are all for Rex's following her in death, as he did in life. They want to 'ang 'im, guv'nor. Lilli Palmer, his more than

understanding mate, stands by while a web of circumstantial evidence is woven around him to prove his guilt. Letters from him to the dead girl, threats overheard by the dead girl's landlady, testimony of the dead girl's friend. Since you and I know the real killer (we've watched him polish off a couple other victims) who's nutty as a fruit cake, and we know darn well *he's* never going to confess, the tension's something fierce.

Cast: Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, Denis O'Dea, Raymond Huntley.—United Artists.

MR. IMPERIUM

MGM can make the best Technicolor musicals in the world— and the worst. This one's on a par with *Pagan Love Song* for sheer dullness. It's amazing, when you consider that Lana's luscious, Pinza sings good, Debbie Reynolds continues to be as cute as they come, the color is gorgeous, the scenes of Italy are ravishing, and yet the picture adds up to hogwash. The story's about a king in love with an American girl, and the various pains and aches they endure before they part forever. Sir Cedric Hardwicke has a silly role (he plays the king's foreign-minister-conscience) and that's about that.

Cast: Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza, Marjorie Main, Debbie Reynolds.—MGM.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

Based on Theodore Dreiser's famous novel, "An American Tragedy," *A Place in the Sun* is a moving experience. Montgomery Clift plays the boy who comes to work for a rich uncle, in a strange town. Lonely, sensitive, he meets a girl (Shelley Winters) in the uncle's factory, goes out with her, makes love to her. But he's ambitious for a more gracious life, clothes, cars, and most of all a beautiful, spoiled rich girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whom he meets at a party. When Elizabeth becomes infatuated with him, he wants to ditch Shelley, but Shelley's pregnant. So you have the principals, trapped, and tortured. For Shelley, marriage is the answer; Clift's answer comes up murder. The pitiful strivings of pitiful human beings are mercilessly outlined here, young love is treated with respect and tenderness, and every character seems real. This is a sad picture; it probes the human heart and finds it frightening.

Cast: Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters, Anne Revere.—Paramount.

ON THE RIVIERA

Danny Kaye confines himself to a mere double role (in *Walter Mitty*, he had several more lives) but this double role is meaty. He plays a French flyer who has a suave way with the ladies and is a regular devil-may-care public hero, and also an American night club entertainer. When the flyer's away, the night-club entertainer will play at impersonating him, and the whole thing takes place along the Mediterranean in Technicolor. Gene Tierney's the flier's neglected wife, Corinne Calvet is the night club entertainer's girl friend; there's music, dancing, even the semblance of a plot, and plenty of amusing dialogue. It's fun.

Cast: Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney, Corinne Calvet, Marcel Dalio.—20th Century-Fox.

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A DAZZLING LIFT! New lanolin-enriched Shasta Cream Shampoo glorifies your natural hair color. It does not add artificial color to your hair, but gives your own true color a dazzling lift.

"SUPER" CLEANS HAIR! New Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair. This super cleansing action is the secret of the shining, sparkling color after your Shasta shampoo. For Shasta leaves each strand so radiantly clean the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

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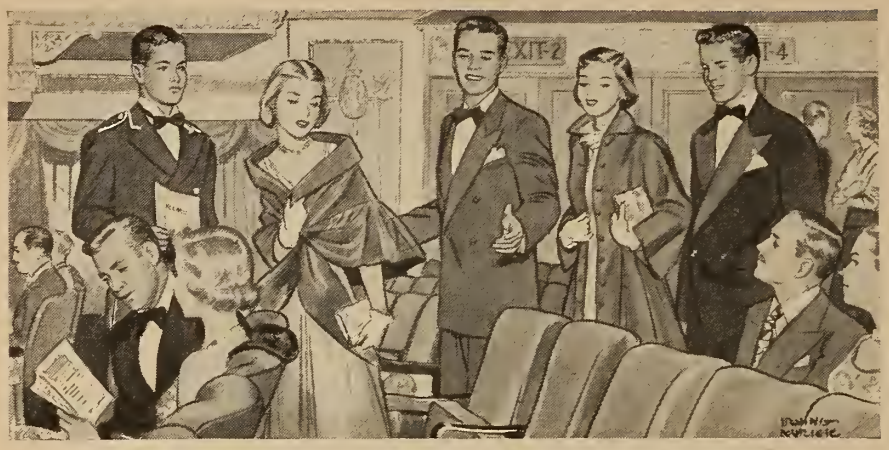
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At this theatre party, should one of the gals be seated —

☐ *Beside the other* ☐ *On the aisle* ☐ *Farthest from the aisle*

Getting into a hassel over who's to sit where —won't get you an early dating encore. Learn your eti-cues. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals — then your squire.

You can travel the play-going circuit smoothly, even at trying times. That magic word "Kotex" props your poise — because you know those *flat pressed ends* mean "curtains" for telltale outlines. Try all *3 absorbencies* (3 sizes, for different days).



Which helps slim down "jumbo" stems?

☐ *Exer-circling*
☐ *Hoofing*
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To unfatten ankles, better do this exercise: Lying on floor, hold leg up straight (and *still*) as you circle foot outward 20 times; then inward. Repeat with other leg. Foot circling's fine for *slender* ankles, as well. Helps keep their shape. Just as on *calendar*-circling days — Kotex keeps its shape; keeps you comfortable. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?



To revive that vacation-time romance, try —

☐ *A long distance call*
☐ *A torchy letter*
☐ *A short note*

Has distance made your summer-resort Romeo forgetful? A short note is the safest "reminder." Write about a book, movie or platter he'd be interested in. And when your calendar reminds you it's *that* day — choose Kotex; for what with a special safety center, and soft, moisture-resistant edges — Kotex gives extra protection. This napkin can be worn on *either* side, safely!



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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

(*Continued from page 8*)

A HIDDEN camera, concealed behind banks of flowers, recorded in color film one of the most beautiful parties of the season and the gayest. What a scene of beautiful belles and handsome gents it was as the guests, in costumes of 1871, arrived for the costume-ball given in honor of the 80th birthday of Mrs. S. W. Straus.

The charming and witty guest of honor, one of our few remaining matriarchs, is the grandmother of Stuart and Spencer Martin (Stu is married to Angela Green) and greeted as many movie star guests as she did socialites.

The tennis court had been converted into a ballroom of the 1870's—and even the waiters and musicians were done up in costumes of that period.

Flowers, flowers in great profusion everywhere made this a breathtaking background for the be-bustled belles and beaux with sideburns.

Among the few not in gala costume were Peter Lawford with Mrs. Gary Cooper, and Merle Oberon with Dr. Rex Ross, who had come from Lena Horne's opening at the Coconut Grove.

"Angie" Green, who had just finished work on the newest Weissmuller picture, was a vision in pale green taffeta with a bustle and so tiny in the waist I just couldn't believe it when she whispered that she and Stu are expecting their second baby in August.

All eyes turned on Renee Jeanmarie, when that star of the Paris ballet, who is here to make a movie for RKO, swept in wearing a formfitting black satin gown with a black beauty spot with a diamond in it on her cheek! With her black eyes heavily made-up, her white skin and straight black hair, Mlle. Jeanmarie is the "sexiest' looking dish to hit our region since the days of the silent screen vamps.

Kirk Douglas particularly handed me a laugh dressed up as a "dandy" with a sporty suit and a derby so big it rested on his ears most of the evening. Kirk's date was lovely Irene Wrightsman, of course.

Joy Page (Mrs. Bill Orr), who has a hit picture in *The Bullfighter and the Lady* looked like a dream walking in her black and white lace hoop-skirted costume and a red rose in her hair.

I particularly enjoyed talking with Pierre La Mure, author of the best selling "Moulin Rouge", who is living in Hollywood while he writes his new book, "Clare De Lune." Believe me, girls, this Frenchman who writes so brilliantly, is as charming as any actor and is good-looking enough to take up that career should he ever grow tired of writing.

PERSONAL Opinions: I think Dr. Peter Lindstrom was wise in insisting that the meeting between Ingrid Bergman and their 13-year-old daughter, Jenny Ann, should be held in a place where Roberto Rossellini —isn't! The long delayed reunion took place in London at the home of friends with Roberto remaining in Paris. . . . Gene Tierney is wearing the cutest white summer gloves of the season; "shorties" with little artificial daisies around the cuffs. . . . Isn't it a scream that Shelley Winters and Farley Granger worked together all through *Behave Yourself* without a single tiff. And then, when

they went vacationing to New York you could hear the din of the battles from Maine to Texas. . Don't take Ava Gardner's new dates with her old beau, Howard Duff, seriously. She and Frankie Sinatra may fight but they always make up. It's so much fun! . . . Speaking of Ava—did you hear her singing "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" on my radio show? Ava sings as sex-y as she looks and that's *sex-y!* . . . Edith Ward, a charmer from Palm Springs was very honest when I asked her if she were going to marry Brian Donlevy. "I don't think he'll ever marry again," replied the lady who manages a successful dude ranch there. . . . Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh say they will be married as soon as they are both free from making a picture. And when that's going to be, I don't know. . . . June Allyson is proud as punch over her brother, Arthur Peters, who graduated cum laude from Culver Military Academy in Culver, Indiana. She and Dick Powell will sponsor Arthur's education at Columbia University's medical school this Fall.

GARY Cooper's first night back in Hollywood after Rocky announced a "legal separation" (he had been on a Florida location jaunt when she up and announced the end of their marriage) was to take his daughter, Maria, to dinner at a quiet place.

How Gary loves that child! The 13-year-old girl is adored by both her mother and her father and while, naturally, she is the innocent victim of their marital troubles, both Gary and Rocky will do everything possible to shelter her.

I want to say one thing for this big Cooper guy: He is not entirely to blame in this break-up, although most of the buzz-buzz gossip has circled around his head. There are always two sides to every story of marriage trouble—and the Coopers are no exception.

He's never been the social type, for one thing—and Rocky loves the Blue Book whirls. I think that even she must admit that for most of their 17 years together, Gary has been a wonderful, husband.

Two days before Gary's return, Patricia Neal popped off in the newspapers that she had "nothing to do" with the Coopers' parting and was very "upset" that her name was being gossipped into the case.

Why Pat felt she had to say anything, I'll never know. No one has officially mentioned her in the case, certainly not Mrs. Cooper, and her outburst drew a lot of attention her way she might have escaped.

THE Letter Box: Yipes! I mean all the letters about Tony Dexter, the *Valentino* kid. It is worth more than a passing comment that much of the mail is from kids so young they never saw the original on the screen. Anthony is off to a good start with the fans if his producers are lucky enough to find another "sultry" lover role for him.

Debbie Reynolds beat out June Allyson for praises among the girls.

Don Taylor (the likeable young husband of *Father of the Bride* and *Father's Little Dividend*) is quietly coming up the popularity poll among my correspondents.

There is a division of opinion—about equal—on the Larry Parks thing.

Raves, just raves, for Mario Lanza in *The Great Caruso*.

Well, guess that's all for this month. See you next edition!

Take the SIMMER out of SUMMER For cool comfort,

top designers suggest you wear

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE



Now, new coolness, slimness, freedom—with Playtex Pink-Ice, the girdle top designers recommend. Made by a new latex process, it's light, fresh, actually dispels body heat. It hasn't a seam, stitch or bone—washes in seconds, dries with the pat of a towel.

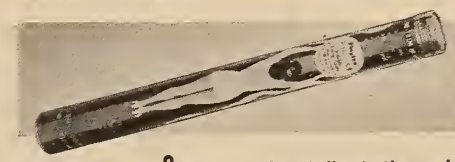


CAROLYN SCHNURER, famous for casuals: "Slimness is no problem if you wear a PLAYTEX girdle."



BALMAIN, fabulous Paris contnrier: "PLAYTEX slims and moulds you smoothly, in complete comfort."







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How to be your real self

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NORTHAM WARREN, Box No. 1500, Dept. E-1, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose 15¢ in coin (to cover postage and handling) and the word "Odo-Ro-No" from the cardboard container of an Odo-Ro-No Spray or Cream package, for which send me the new book—"7 Secrets of Popularity." (Offer good while supply lasts.)

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■ Here's the coolest, most comfortable idea that ever happened on a hot summer's day. Why not go shopping without moving from your chair? Our stars are used to the sun, and they love to shop for you. All through the year, sleet or sun-spots, they'll share with you just the things they choose for themselves—at a price that's right for everyone.

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virginia mayo
your hollywood shopper
for august



"Mike says you can tell us apart only by the monograms," says Virginia of these twin items.

■ Call it the luck of the Irish, call it anything you like, but here I am, Your Hollywood Shopper for August. MODERN SCREEN didn't know it, but they were getting a bargain right from the start with Mike, my better half, as a (not so) silent partner. He's boss in the O'Shea family and what he says goes, shop-wise or otherwise, and that's no blarney! Besides, there's nothing like a male . . . point of view.

When it comes to making a buy I must confess I'm a bit of a copy-cat and usually end up getting the same thing Mike does. So we have twin cars, twin suits and look sort of like ditto marks, on occasion. Speaking of twin buys, how do you like us in these stunning terry robes. For all the dope, see my column. To round you up some prize plums, he'd sneak me out during the filming of *Along the Great Divide* and we'd spend a few hours treasure-hunting.

We have things for you, for your family and friends as well as for the house. I've been campaigning for a vacation myself, so I spent every spare moment unearthing travel items which I hope will help you plan yours too.

To get any (or many) of these things, write directly to the stores mentioned for anything that you like, and enclose the price stated.

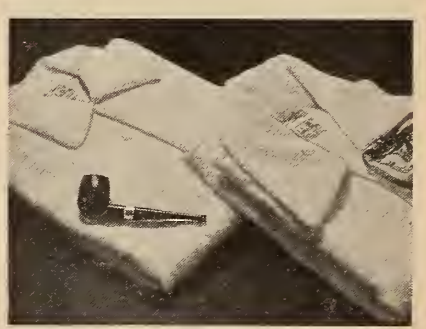
Please invite me (I mean us) again and happy hunting (I mean for bargains, of course).



THIS WILDLIFE WILL CAPTURE YOU *and find its way onto your lapel, sweater sleeve or shoulder—wherever they'll take a pinning. They are tiny chenille animals, 2" long, and look just like their untamed brothers. Bears, skunks, tigers, wildcats, squirrels, penguins or docile dogs and cats comprise the pin-on zoo. Worn singly or like scatter pins, they're bound to start a new fad. $1.00 ea. Fisherman's Net, 821 June St., Jacksonville 7, Florida.*



EXERCISE YOUR RIGHT TO GLAMOUR *through these musical reducing records on which Betty Dean acts as your peppy companion and constant booster as she calls out exercises to you step by step. Album's three unbreakable records give 12 super daily exercises to do wonders for your tummy, hips, waist and whip you into shape. You'll feel tip-top. Booklet gives 12 exercises, diet, health hints. $4.98. Ronnie Sales, Inc., 487 Broadway, New York 13.*



WE'RE A TRIM TERRY TWOSOME. *We love to stroll on the sand in our smart white beach shirts. Mine is the new short shirt with elasticized waist a la Eisenhower jacket. In men's sizes too, but Mike liked the longer toweling shirt with two front pockets to wear over his trunks. There's nothing like a thirsty terry to make you comfy after a dip. Sizes S-M-L both for gals and guys. $6.50, for 3 initials add $1.00. John Blye, 565 Fifth Ave. N. Y., 17.*

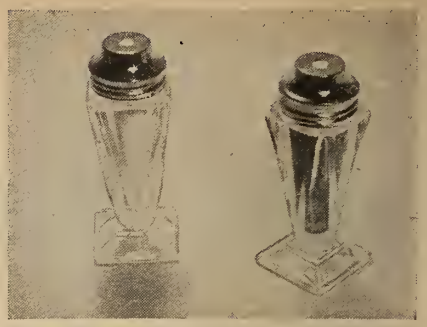


virginia mayo

your hollywood shopper

for august

I loved the wide open spaces in Warner's *Along The Great Divide*, but America's cities can't be beat for shopping prizes.



NO DAMPNESS GETS IN HERE. *Special chemicals sealed in the chromium tops of these stunning crystal salt shakers absorb all the moisture from the air, and keep the salt flowing freely, even on sticky summer-days. The moisture-proofing element constantly recharges itself so they're always working. Sparkling and graceful shakers with hand-cut bases, they're 4" tall. Gift boxed, $1.10 pr. Airko Manufacturing Co., Clermont, Florida.*



TABLE TALK HAS IT *that this is one of the cleverest devices to come along since B.C. (Before Cokes.) It's a folding wooden table, 27" high with 17"x19" top of masonite pressed wood with liquid resistant finish. Nifty for serving snacks while you're TV-ing, as an extra night table, or as a cocktail table—in fact, it gives round the clock service. Not in use it folds for easy storage. Mandarin red or jade. $3.48. Terry Roberts, 116 E. 53 St., N. Y. 22.*



MAKE IT IN A SHAKE! *Even I can compete with the corner drug store with this electric shaker. It makes the best concoctions you ever tasted in the way of malteds and milk shakes. Does wonders to more potent drinks, too. One-quart plastic shaker is topped by a chrome-plated cap with pouring spout. Plug in cord and the stainless agitator does the rest. A treat for the whole family. $9.95. Miles Kimball, Kimball Bldg., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.*



SEA SHELLS FOR SUMMER DINING. *These decorative hand-wrought ceramic shells are beautiful on any table. Shell salt and peppers are adorable and conch shell serving dish is stunning even as a centerpiece. I especially like to use them when Mike and I eat outdoors. White, pink, turquoise, green, grey or chartreuse with gold or platinum flecking. Salt and Pepper set, $2.95; Conch Shell dish, $6.50. Studio of Ceramics, 2751 Coral Way, Miami, Florida.*



BY LAND A CHARMING HEADDRESS, *by sea a bouquet of floating flowers. It's a fascinating new floral bathing cap that makes any other kind strictly old-hat. Clusters of hand made petals and brightly-colored flowers cover the cap, which is lined and has an adjustable chin-strap. I never dreamed a bathing cap could be so flattering. It's as becoming as your best chapeau. White or charcoal petals. Sizes m, l, $6.08. Gimbels, New York 1.*



A DOUGHNUT-DUNKER'S DREAM COME TRUE. *It's an automatic doughnut-maker that turns out perfect jobs as fast as you can press the plunger. No need to roll, cut or form the doughnuts by hand, the machine does all the work for you, makes 24 at one filling. Just fill up durable red and white plastic container, then the gadget takes over. Doughnut recipes included. $1.25. L. F. Black & Co., 99-20 Metropolitan Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y.*

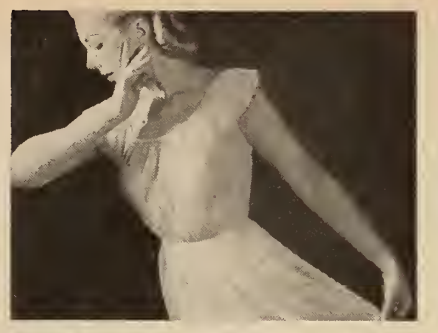


FOLKS, MEET BASIL THE ALLIGATOR! *This ferocious animal has been specially trained to do your slightest bidding. His long slithering body makes him a roomy ashtray. Or use him as a candy or nut dish. When the gang drops around for a feast, he'll play host as an eye-catching server of olives, pickles, celery or cracker snacks. His sulky stare is sure to set the party on its ear. Green 'gator, $3.95. Bodine's, 444 E. Belvedere Ave., Baltimore 12, Maryland.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



INTRODUCING "MISS CALIENTE" OF MEXICO. *It's a stunning sport coat from that trip you* didn't *take. You couldn't have turned up with anything smarter or more practical if you'd shopped your way down to Acapulco. It's all wool with colorful hand-embroidered Mexican motifs. Sure will start flattering chatter in the crowd. Blue, matador red, apple green, white. Sizes 10-18. $10.95. Sanford's, 3719 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, California.*



PLEATED TO SHEER PERFECTION. *A dream of a a gown in nylon tricot made with such loving care it needs almost none from you for its beauty upkeep. Entire front, from scoop neckline to sweeping hem, including the tiny sleeve, is permanently pleated; needs no ironing. Figure's molded by elasticized waist hugger. It washes, dries, in a jiffy, packs any place. Black, white, coral. Sizes 10-20. $14.99. Jonas Shoppers, Dept. MS, 62 W. 14 St., New York 11.*



ON YOUR TOES, GALS! *With all eyes on your bare feet, better give your toes a professional pedicure with these flexible plastic tootsie palettes. Just slip into the toe separators, tie ribbons, and it's easy to get polish on evenly. Walk around in comfort without smearing polish or teetering on your heels. Styled here in Hollywood where we know the value of a "well-turned" foot. $1.00 pr. Sunset House, Dept. J-4, 8818 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California.*



TUMBLER WITH BUTLER-COASTER ATTACHED. *Now here's a gadget that makes life easy for the hostess . . . a smart highball glass, coaster, and ashtray all in one unit, yet easily separated for cleaning! Non-skid aluminum coaster has a built-in ashtray that pops out at the touch of a button. Perfect for the many "long, cool drinks" ahead, and it saves your guests from a juggling act. Set of four, $5.95. Price Specialty Co., 4721 Miller Ave., Bethesda, Maryland.*



FOR REALLY "BUTTERING THEM UP." *Corn on the cob is on our menu all summer, so I find this attractive set of 6 crystal corn coasters and 12 plastic non-tarnishable metal holders a treat for spreading butter evenly, economically. Holders set firmly into ends of dishes to prevent twisting once corn's buttered. Dishes also for asparagus or relishes. 18-piece set, $2.95. Gaylord, Dept. BK-33, Fifth and Hamilton, Pittsburgh 6, Pennsylvania.*



"SEW" SMART TO BE THRIFTY *that you'll want to whip up most of your fall wardrobe with this portable electric sewing machine. Made in Miniature (9"x8"x6") and enclosed in a red lizard-grain case, it goes on your vacation, school, anywhere. You can dream up a dress almost overnight for an unexpected BIG DATE. Sews the regular link stitch like a whiz, adjusts for tension and stitch. AC only. $22.00. Randel Assoc., 1123 B'way, New York 10.*



SHUFFLE OFF TO THE SEASHORE *or any other vacationland with these washable terry-cloth scuffs. They take up practically no space, and will give you 24-hour service as playshoes, beach shoes and bedroom slippers. The foam rubber sole makes you feel like you're walking on air. They come in white, yellow or blue and are priced so low that I've splurged and bought several pair. 97c pair. Sizes s, m, l. R. H. Macy, New York 1.*



ANY TOT CAN LIGHT IT. *Just a touch on the Mother Goose shade of this sweet all-plastic child's lamp, and on or off it goes. There's no fumbling in the dark for a switch. One bulb's a nightlight, the other gives a stronger glow. Kids will love being able to work it themselves, safely, easily. In pink, blue. It comes complete with Mother Goose book and bulbs. $4.25. Max Schling Seedsmen, 620 Madison Avenue, New York 22.*



PORTABLE PORTER NEEDS NO HAILING. *It's yours and is always on tap to roll your luggage along on wheels to save your back, your time, and pocketbook. Comes complete with wheel carrier and rubber-tread wheels, strap and handle. Fits any suitcase without marring, and is quickly attached or removed. Need not be detached when you open your suitcase. An inspired gift. $4.95. MacArthur Products, Inc., Dept. 49, Indian Orchard, Massachusetts.*

Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where personalized.



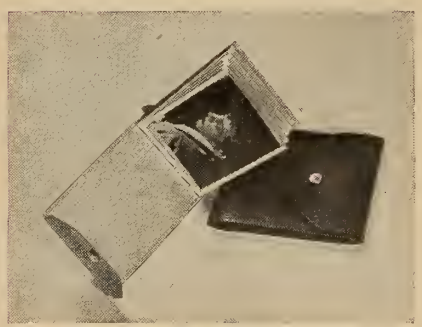
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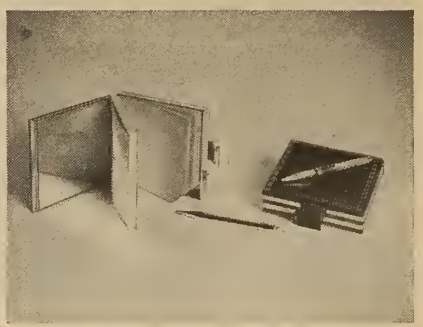
DOZE ON YOUR BEACH BAG. *This jaunty terry-cloth bag holds all your paraphernalia, and besides, stuffed with your robe, it makes a comfy pillow. You'll use it to tan or snooze on the sand for hours. Rubber-lined, it has a colorful design on either side. There's an all-round rope handle, nautical style, and zipper-top opening. It goes so well with my terry robe, too. White with red print. $9.70. Best & Co., New York 22.*



THE FEAR OF DIVING HEADLONG *into the bathtub every time you have to clean it, can be quickly banished with this "no stoop, no stretch" bathtub cleaner. It's a long-lasting cellulose sponge securely fastened to a 24-inch handle set at the right angle to cover the entire situation competently. You'll find your family doing its own tidying up without a word. It's as easy as pie to use. Only $1.10. Janet Forister, Dept. F1, Bloomington, Illinois.*



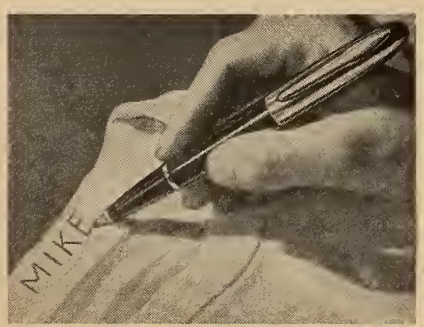
PICTURE THIS FOR SNAPSHOTS. *Handy purse-size album for 12 favorite photos of that never-to-be-forgotten vacation. Leather-bound, it snaps open to show folks at school, office, or back home what fun you had. There's still room for "steadies" like Mom, Pop, hubby, best beau or "little dividend." Red, blue, green, brown. For pix 2½"x3½", $1.95. For pix 3½"x4¼", $2.95, add 25c postage. Green Jade Tree, 10 Sanford St., Fairfield, Connecticut.*



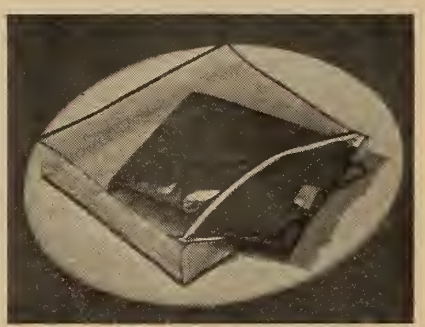
MAKE NOTE OF THIS COMPACT. *What a gadget! It's a compact, note pad and pencil all in one. Square gold-toned case, leather-covered, holds a loose powder compartment with mirror and sifter. Hidden beneath is another section with pastel paper pad. Case topped off with a gold-toned automatic pencil. Handy for traveling or to take to school or office. Red, green, tan or navy, gold-tooled leather. $4.95. Lord and Taylor, New York 18.*



I'M JOINING THE "EGG GANG", *a cunning group of six hand made wooden egg cups, with whimsical faces hand painted in red, white and black doodles. With them is a round salt shaker. The whole bunch have a special stand as a hang-out, made with room for each. Set finished in elderwood, lacquered to resist stains. Fun for kids and grown-ups, it can take lots of hard wear. $4.50. Haig Giftware, 446 E. 20 St., New York 9.*



YOU'LL BE A "MARKED" WOMAN *if you use this handy cartridge marker. The gals in school will know you're you 'cause this clothes marker writes with fast-color ink that won't smudge; takes lots of laundering or cleaning. A boon to the lady of the house for personalizing clothing, laundry, household items to avoid losses. Pen loads with cartridge. Sold with extra cartridge $1.50. 3 more cartridges $1.00. Elron Products, 156 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.*



SAFE STORAGE FOR SWEATERS. *New zippered plastic bag does a swell job of keeping clothes dust-free, laundry-fresh and away from hungry moths (moth killer goes into bag). Around the house it's grand for neatly stashing away shirts or baby clothes. Makes packing for your vacation or back-to-school a cinch. Holds 3 to 5 sweaters, 14"x12" with 3" expanding gusset. 2 for $1.35. Mastercraft Products, 212 Summer St., Boston 10, Massachusetts.*



BUTTERFLY THAT LIGHTS ON YOU. *This new clutch pin fascinates me. It's a saucy little butterfly with a novel way of clinging to a cuff, collar, glove or hand bag. Newest wrinkle is to perch it on your chignon for swank summer evenings. Close by pinching its wings so clutch fastening opens; released it has a tight grip. Looks poised for flight. Set with rhinestones or multicolor stones. $3.80. Bitran's, 45 W. 34 St., New York 1.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where personalized.

"The hottest combination that ever hit the screen!"

—LOUELLA O. PARSONS



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ROBERT MITCHUM · JANE RUSSELL

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HIS KIND OF WOMAN!

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A JOHN FARROW PRODUCTION

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nobody can "tell"
when you use *Tampax

What a pity it is to let fear of embarrassment keep you out of the water on "those certain days of the month." Hasn't anyone ever told you about Tampax for swimming? With Tampax monthly sanitary protection, you can throw to the winds all the nagging worry that *something* may possibly betray the situation.

NO BELTS
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NO PADS
NO ODOR

• Tampax is simply ideal for bathing and for beach—with suit wet or dry. It is an internal absorbent, worn internally. Nothing at all outside. No external pad. No belt. . . . An invention of a doctor. Tampax is made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton compressed into slim applicators. Easy to insert. Quick to change. No trouble to dispose of.

Wonderful to think about—no odor forms with Tampax! No chafing is possible. No bulging bulk will bother you and no sharp edge-lines will "show," no matter what you wear. . . . Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



how they live

by sheilah graham

■ In the Crosby home, Dixie does the disciplining . . . the Holmby Hills house hos eight servonts . . . two telephone numbers, one sociol, one business . . . Bing hos the boys write home weekly from prep school, but collect colls ore out . . .

■ Esther Williams is o Democrot . . . Ben Goge is o Republicon . . . every Foll orguments occur in their Mondeville Conyon home . . . but they hove enough other things in common, like sons Benji ond Kimmy . . . Esther cooks Ben's dinners . . . buys his shirts . . . odores his height . . .

■ Tony Curtis hos o smoll oportment with his fomily . . . his dod's on L.A. toilor . . . Tony loves his mom's gefulte fish ond cobboge bolls . . . hopes to buy the folks o dreom home soon ond concentrote on finding out "whot kind of o guy I om" . . . Fridoy nights ore olwoys reserved for dinner ot home . . . Tony's helping little brother Bobby get rid of his "dem, dees ond doze" occent . . .

■ The Gene Kellys hove doughter Kerry in o Beverly Hills public school . . . are rigorous PTA-goers . . . love to entertoin their gong informolly on o "help-yourself" bosis . . . but prefer to vacotion in exotic ploces . . .

FOR HUNDREDS OF MORE INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES READ SHEILAH GRAHAM'S "HOW THEY LIVE" ISSUE OF

hollywood family album

now on sale

Loveliness with a Natural Look!



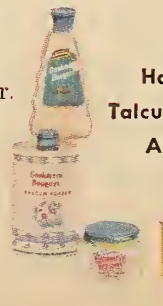


Cashmere Bouquet *Face Powder*

So smooth, so naturally clinging—
6 flattering, "Flower-Fresh" shades!

Accentuate your loveliness the natural way—with luxuriously smooth Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. For no matter what your coloring, there's a fashionable, "flower-fresh" shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone. *Plus* texture and cling like pure velvet . . . no streaking, flaking or shine. Scented with a lingering whisper of the romantic "fragrance men love"!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Hand Lotion
Talcum Powder
All-Purpose Cream
Lipstick

Only 29¢

AVA GARDNER, CO-STARRING IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "SHOW BOAT"



AVA GARDNER . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Famous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for their glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lovely Hollywood stars help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star . . . so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ava Gardner as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

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The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



no more playboys for Rita

Take back your palaces and diamond rings; Rita's had her fill, and money can't buy what she wants now.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Rita Hayworth, the one-time dancer who became a real-life princess is back where she started—an American working girl.

That is unless she's suddenly changed her mind about divorcing her Moslem prince. But this seems hardly possible. A few weeks ago when Rita was interviewed in Glenbrook, Nevada, her mind was definitely made up.

"I know," she said, "there's been a lot of talk about my calling off the divorce, or setting it aside, or reconciling with Aly. But none of it's true. Reporters keep writing that my father-in-law, the Aga Khan, will talk me into going back to Aly. I don't think so.

"Aly, as you know, has written. He suggested a separation (*Continued on page 62*)



A NEW LOVE FOR COOP?

If you've thought of him as shy and quiet, then the Gary Cooper break-up should serve to remind you that Coop has always been one of Hollywood's great romantic figures.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ When Mrs. Gary Cooper announced that she and her husband were calling it quits, no one in Hollywood was surprised.

Away from Hollywood, however, it came as a shock—because away from Hollywood, Gary Cooper is a myth concocted of skillfully-angled publicity.

To mention him in connection with another woman smacks of heresy —and yet, the belief exists in Hollywood that Gary Cooper has gone overboard for Pat Neal. The opinion is that Coop fell for her several years ago when they both starred in *The Fountainhead.*

Significantly, it is pointed out that Pat and Gary met by "a strange coincidence" in Havana a few weeks ago when Coop went to vacation there before starting *Distant Drums* in Florida.

Back in November of last year, when Rocky separated from Gary, he said, "In 17 years of marriage, you're liable to have a spat or two, but it's nothing serious."

It turned out to be a whole lot more serious than Gary thought when Rocky leased an apartment in the swank Carlton House in New York and more recently announced: "I've had my lawyer give out a statement to the newspapers that, after 17 years, we've decided to separate. We are in the process of working out a financial settlement. I am a Catholic and I do (*Continued on page 66*)



Although Rocky announced the Coopers' separation after 17 years of marriage, friends say she'd be happy to take him back.



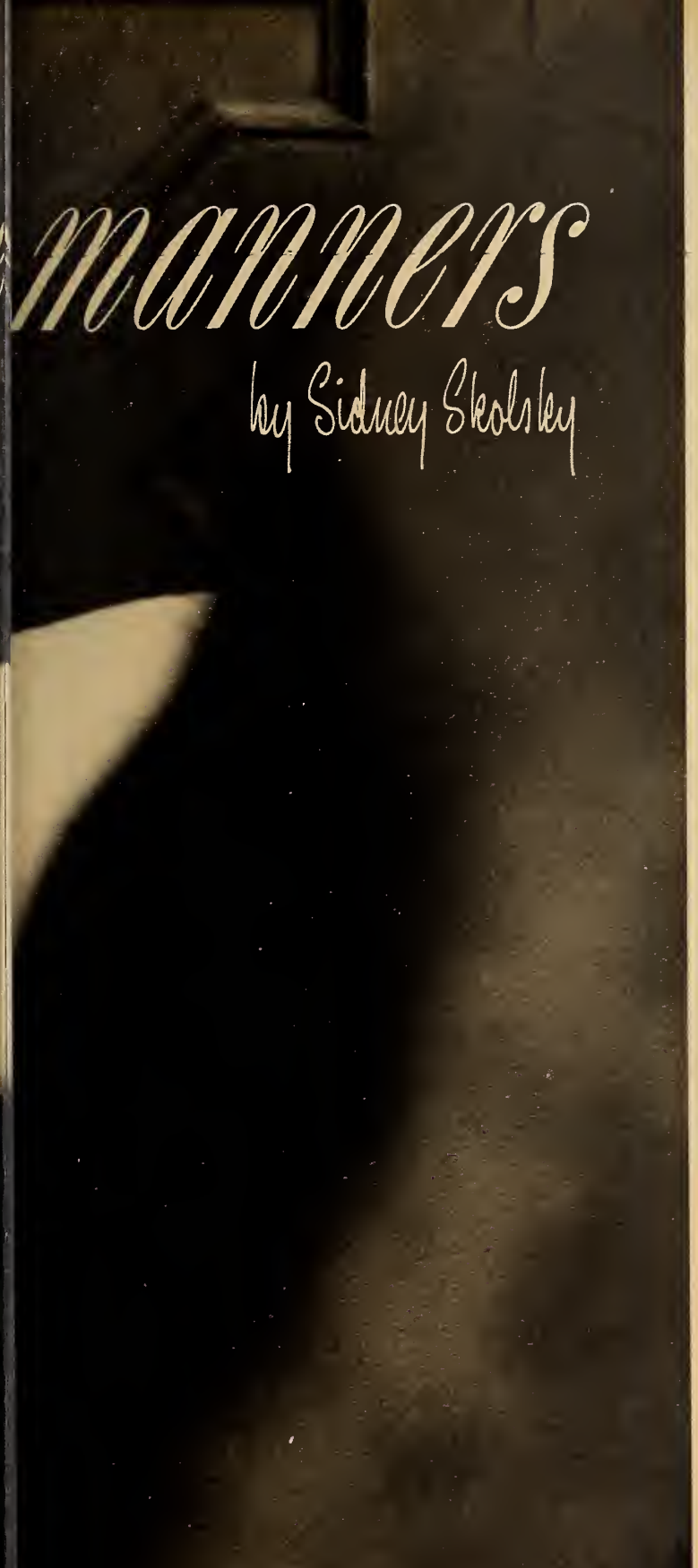
Gossip has it that Pat Neal and Gary carried their love scenes from *The Fountainhead* over into real life. Pat denies she's the cause of the trouble, but in the past she hinted she was in love with Gary.

hollywood's bedtime



manners

by Sidney Skolsky



Although Lana Turner needs drawn curtains to aid her sleep at home, like many stars, she finds it easy to relax between takes on the set.

They're charming on the screen— are they as charming in the boudoir? Here's a frank and frankly funny story of Hollywood stars in bed.

■ Soon after Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor announced their divorce, their household belongings were auctioned off in a swanky Beverly Hills gallery. Do you know what items among all their furniture and art objects made news stories from coast to coast, what items brought the most active bidding? Barbara's and Robert's beds!

It seems that people are not only interested in beds of celebrities, but, when possible, want to possess them. Robert Taylor's single bed brought $270 more than Barbara Stanwyck's double one. Robert's went for $630. His bed has one side-wall of lace leather and an end table built into the headboard. A carved wooden horse supporting a lamp was included in the sale.

It could be that these separate beds were partially responsible for the failure of the Taylor-Stanwyck marriage. I remember June Allyson, among others, saying to me that "a double bed goes toward making a happy marriage. I used to sleep in a single bed, but that was when I was single."

Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini call the playroom in their house "the makeup room," and often go there after a quarrel to make up before retiring. Gene doesn't believe a married couple should go to bed angry. Corinne Calvet, a staunch member of the double bed club, once told me she couldn't sleep until husband John Bromfield gave her a goodnight kiss the last thing before turning out the lights. If she and John had differed about anything, she didn't sleep at all and always woke him up to tell him she was sorry. "I have to kiss and make up," Corinne said, "and then I am happy all over and go to sleep."

Over the years I have made a study of the bed habits of the movie stars. I can tell you whether they sleep in the raw, in a nightgown or pajamas, and, if (*Continued on page 84*)



John, Poti and Russell Derek are all in favor of publicity—as long as the pictures and interviews reflect them as they really are.

"Privacy's not for actors," says John Derek—he decided long ago that living in a glass house was a small price to pay for fame . . .

WHO WANTS

BY FRANCES CLARK

A PRIVATE LIFE?

■ Not long ago, a now divorced Hollywood couple came to Dr. Willsie Martin to be married. "We intend to have a real private life," they told the minister.

"That will be very difficult," Dr. Martin warned. "Publicity will play on you pitilessly. Many factors will try to destroy your privacy, and perhaps even your happiness."

The couple weren't convinced. Like many other Hollywood stars they tried to shut out the public who worshipped them. And, like these stars, they endangered and eventually destroyed their marriage.

But there's one couple in Hollywood who never thought their marriage was a private affair, and partly because of this, they're secure in their happiness. Their names are John and Pati Derek.

"We simply decided to face facts," said John. "If you're in the spotlight, you should accept the public's interest in you as a normal one which comes with success."

"After all," added Pati. "It was because the public liked John in *Knock On Any Door* that we were able to get married. Otherwise we might have had to wait a long time before he could support a family."

"The public sure works fast," grinned John. "We were a little unnerved when we were asked to take a writer and photographer along with us on our honeymoon."

"Naturally, we wanted to refuse," said Pati. "A honeymoon's a pretty sentimental journey. And honeymooners are self-conscious enough without having other people reporting on them."

"But," said John, "we realized that this would really test our ability to take all that went with our profession in our stride. So we took them with us (*Continued on page 63*)



MODERN SCREEN'S reporter came away from this interview knowing why John was a close runner-up to Alan Ladd for the Hollywood Press Club's "cooperative actor" award for 1950.



Here's an eye-witness report on the Ruth Roman-Mort Hall marriage. If it breaks up it will be a record for brevity, even in Hollywood.

BY LESLIE SNYDER

brief marriage?

■ It's not pleasant to write about any couple in the throes of marital difficulties, especially when the couple turns out to be likeable Ruth Roman and her charming husband, Mortimer Hall.

There's always a possibility that the stories of discord are the outgrowth of malicious gossip. In Hollywood it's not unusual to hear rumors of divorce before the echo of the marriage vows has died down.

But, recently, a close business associate of Ruth was unable to conceal his concern when asked, "What do you think of Ruth Roman's marriage?"

"Well," he said, reluctantly, "I'm very fond of both those kids. You know how I feel about Ruth, and Mortimer is a wonderful guy, but I guess they just can't hit it off together."

"Then, would you say the marriage was shaky?"

"I'd say so," he answered. "In my opinion, it's just a matter of time before they break up."

This man's opinion coincided with the views of others. It seems that Ruth and Mortimer, (*Continued on page 78*)



A PICTURE OF WEDDED BLISS? Snapped at the Mocamba, Ruth and Mortimer seem more bored with each other than is usual for a couple married a scant six months.

my son, peter

by Glenn Ford

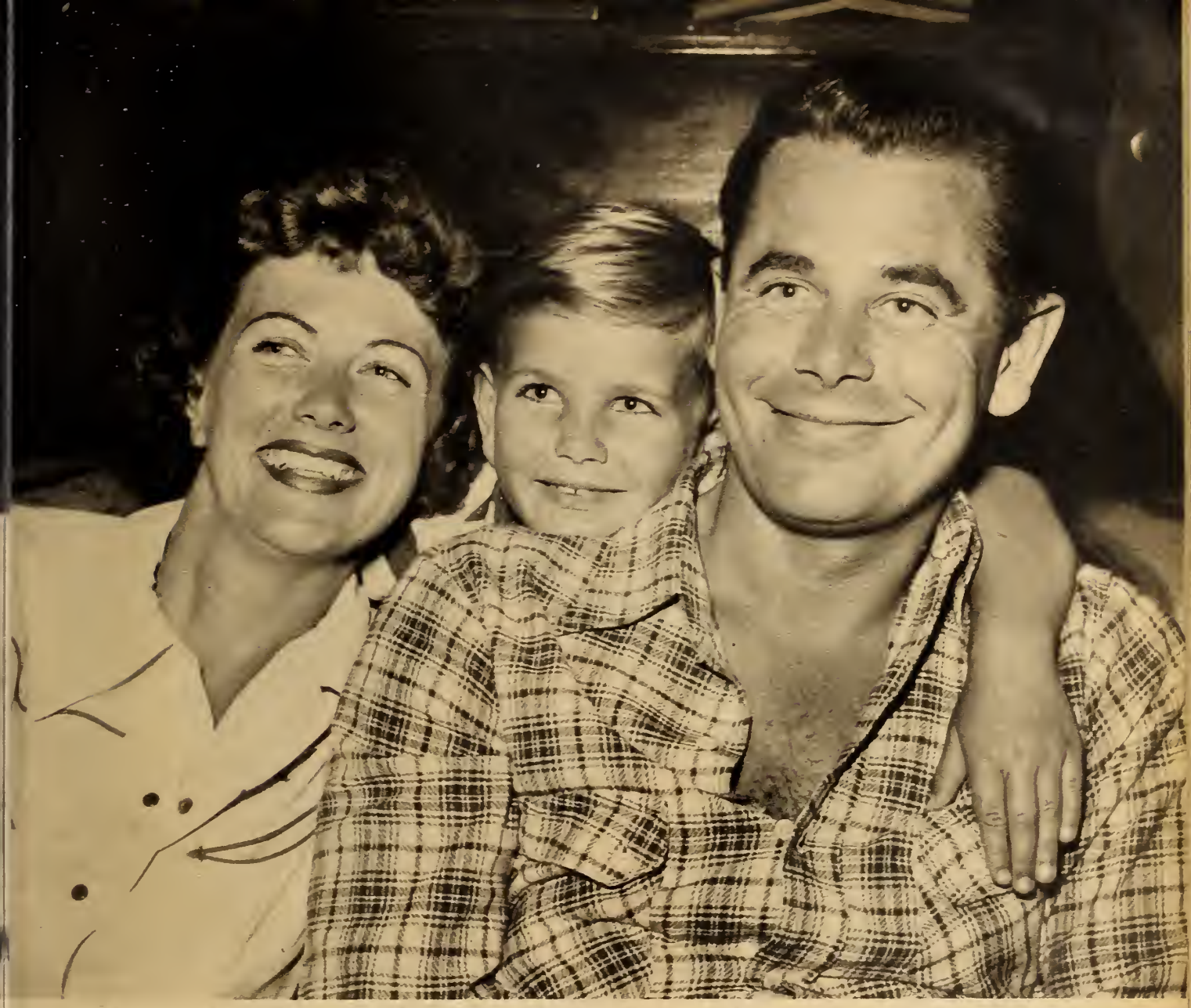
I take him fishing,
and he falls in.
I show him how
I stunt ride and he says,
"Hoppy does it better."
I take him for a drive,
and he whistles at every
blonde. Is that a boy
for you? That's my boy!



Glenn, Ellie and Peter ride a lot at their ranch. While making *The Redhead and The Cowboy* Glenn invited Peter to watch him ride. "You're okay," he said, "but Hoppy's better."



The tack-room is in apple-pie order these days. One of Glenn's projects was to get Peter to slick up his room. This brought down a rash of neatness on the whole family, with Glenn the primary "good example."



Glenn and six-yeor-old Peter stick together closer than fraternity brothers. And they're lucky to have Eleonor Powell for house mother.

■ The other day I had Pete with me in the car and had stopped for a traffic light on Sunset Boulevard when a neatly fashioned blonde crossed the intersection in front of us. Pete gave me a sharp nudge in the ribs with his elbow.

"Hubba, hubba!" he yelled.

My son's voice, even at the age of six, is far from that of a boy soprano, and so when the blonde turned around she looked directly at me—the darkest kind of look a woman can bestow on a man. I could almost hear her muttering about "those Hollywood actors."

"Hubba!" Pete yelled again.

I ducked my chin. "Pipe down!" I said.

Now, this is not my idea of a model child. But it was my own fault. You see, whenever a shapely femme hove into view on our television screen at home I gave out with this "hubba, hubba" routine. It always got a rise out of Ellie, and it amused Pete, so it was a success while it lasted.

But since that street corner incident, I've given up the practice. As a matter of fact, I've changed in a lot of respects because of Pete. I think that the way a child develops is almost solely the responsibility of his parents, and I've done a lot of floundering around trying to find the right path for fatherhood.

I guess I'm like most guys, or was, before Pete was born. I'd never thought much about becoming a father, and to tell the truth I was more than a little flabbergasted when I knew we were going to have a baby. It was even worse when he arrived because, suddenly, there he was and I was a father, but I didn't feel different at all.

During the waiting period, I had dreamed up a lot of fancy ideas about how I was going to bring up this child, but somehow they all went out the window when I looked at him. New babies are such little things and they don't, as I was to find out, offer much in the way of (*Continued on page 82*)

LIZ TAYLOR TELLS TRUTH ABOUT HER



Exclusive to
MODERN SCREEN:
Liz confides her inmost
emotions about the
three notorious
romances that
changed her life.

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

THE LOVES

■ This is a story that should have been told long ago. It hasn't been because friends of Liz Taylor thought that only silence could still the gossip and guard the little privacy she has left. But now it is time that the public knew more about Liz Taylor, for despite the millions of words written about her, people know as little as her co-workers, which is very close to exactly nothing.

Liz has been cruelly hurt by so-called friends who have referred to her, in a laughing, but nonetheless heartless manner, as a "headline grabber." I have talked with Liz for hours, and about this false accusation, she says:

"I had my first experience with the terrible manner in which someone in the public eye can become misunderstood when I began going with Glenn Davis. You can believe me, up until this time, it meant nothing to me that I was constantly being interviewed and photographed. All of these things were simply a matter of my job as an actress, a job I had been trained to do since childhood.

"I know that you, as a friend, believe me when I say that this was, in the beginning, a nice little romance, and nothing more. Of course I was aware that I was an actress. None of us can forget it, because every time we pass a newsstand, we see pictures of ourselves. But that doesn't mean that we are vain, or that we think we are all-important.

"Glenn Davis was the idol of millions of teen-age girls. Girls just like me. As an All-American football player, an Army officer and a fine gentleman, he was—and is—all any girl could ask for as a companion. Now that he is married to such a lovely girl as Terry Moore, I can only wish him every happiness. It's two years ago, though, since we first met at the Santa Monica Beach Club. I was sincerely thrilled to know him, first because of who he was, and then because we had so many interests in common.

"It was simply wonderful to be with someone who didn't know anything about movies—and cared less. Up until this time, because I was so young, movies had been my whole world. Now I had a companion whose horizons were far more interesting and important than mine. Basically, we had so much in common. We went riding, played volley ball, and swam together in the ocean. I don't know how there could have been a more wholesome and delightful prelude to a romance. After he gave me a gold football, I thought that some day this might (*Continued on page 66*)

This is how she lives as a bachelor girl



For the first time Liz is living completely on her own. She shares a small two bedroom apartment in Westwood with her good friend and secretary, Peggy Rutledge.



Flowing Chinese lounging pajamas are Liz' favorite informal costume for the hot weather. She and Stanley Donen often dine and listen to records at the apartment.



Liz tried hotel living, then stayed with her stand-in. After finishing *A Place In The Sun* she settled into this sleek apartment with her mother's happy approval.

We've been married 10 years
and he still hasn't bought me a mink.
But I've got an ice-box with a whole house around it,
and three small geniuses to keep me warm.

the Lowdown on

by Sheila MacRae



I have a healthy respect for the way Gardan earns a living, and I often take the children along to watch him work on the set. (*Left to right*) Meredith, Heather and Gar.



We just moved into a big house with a playground in back. Gordan has as much fun there as the kids. The girls worship Gar. Meredith baked him a cake (soggy but nice) when he was three.

MacRae



■ I used to be a a nice normal girl. In my youth. My adolescence. I dabbled in astrology. I did a little writing, and a little acting, but in our civilization these are considered only minor eccentricities.

For the past 10 years, however, I've been married to Gordon MacRae. I'm happier, but I'm screwier. I've got a husband so busy that when I bump into him he's apt to say, "Pardon me, Madam," and keep right on going. I've got three children such individualists they don't even talk to each other. Meredith doesn't approve of Heather's baby-talk, and Gar's too small to carry on much conversation anyhow. Mother MacRae, that's me. If the dear silver isn't shining in my hair, well, wait a minute.

All mothers have geniuses for children. I know that. The fact that I'm outsmarted by my offspring isn't unique. But you have to be married to a movie star before you're faced with some of my other day-to-day problems.

Example: Gordon and I meet a friend on the street. Friend, to Gordon, jovially: "Hey, haven't read the movie mags lately. Don't know how you're treating your wife."

Gordon, equally jovial: "Haven't beaten her lately. Not since 1944."

Sheila, ecstatically: "Oh, hahaha, hohoho," (*Continued on page 92*)

Daddy and Condy cut the cake while Mother stands by to give suppart. But big sister Lindsoy is anxious, and David Ladd just can't look.

THE KIDS AT CANDY'S PARTY HAD A PINT-SIZE CIRCUS—WITH A TENT, CLOWN, AND BETTY AS RINGMASTER.



Overnight the big olive tree in Betty's back yard became the wonderful Birthday Tree. Its trunk and branches, wrapped in crepe paper, bloomed with presents for every guest ot Candy's party.



The cellophane dining tent carried out the circus motif. Miniature hot-dogs and hamburgers were the bill of fore. Everybody put on his porty jockey cop or crown for Ted Briskin's movie comero.

candy 'n cake

Big doings at Betty Hutton's: A lamb is loose in the bedroom, there's a monkey in the garden, and Candy's just struck three.

BY BEVERLY OTT

■ Being a bachelor girl, I'm about as comfortable around children as I am around Bengal tigers. That's why I got the idea that Betty Hutton was greatly amused by my feeble attempt at conversation with Lindsay and Candy one day. "My, how you've grown," I brightly observed. "How old are you now?"

"I'm four," Lindsay volunteered. "And Candy'll be three next Saturday."

"Saturday's my birthday, too," I told them.

"I'm having a party," Candy announced. "Are you?"

"Well, no . . ." I admitted.

The small Briskins gave me two sympathetic looks. "Then you can come to Candy's," said Lindsay, solving a very grave problem. Her sister nodded.

I glanced at Betty. "That makes it official," she grinned. "Want to bet you'll have the time of your life?"

Candy and her mother were standing at the gate that cheery Saturday afternoon. The small Briskin shook my hand, introduced me to the organ grinder and his monkey, also in the reception line, and then led me into the yard to meet the other guests who were gathering in the sandbox or beside the jungle gym. This accomplished, (*Continued on page 91*)



Candy and her mother saw that the argan grinder's mankey and the clown had supper, taa. But the star af the day was Candy's "weal, wive, wammy"—the baby lamb she gat as a surprise gift.



After supper the party maved inta the living raam ta see *My Friend Flicka*. Ted masterminded the projectian machine for the kids.

Betty called studia casting for the dag act. The six puppies did every trick in the baak; fascinated Mimi and Manica Henreid, David Ladd, Penny, Dawn, and David DeFore, Liza Minnelli, and ather guests, including the attendant mathers and nurses.



The spat Betty had with her studio wasn't a lovers' quarrel. Insiders say she wants to part company— this time for keeps.

BY STEVE CRONIN

Is Grable quitting?



Betty loves ranch life with Harry and her daughters Victoria and Jessica. Married eight years, she hasn't had enough time at home.



Horses are as much business as pleasure for Betty. She and Harry own a string of racers— and Betty may someday retire to breed them.

■ A few weeks ago the editor of a Hollywood newspaper answered his telephone, listened a minute, grunted a few times and replaced the receiver. He looked about the city room until his eyes fell on his ace movie reporter.

"Hey, George," he called. "Come here. The sky just fell in."

George ambled over to the desk.

"Say it again," he said. "I thought you said the sky fell in."

"Same thing," said the editor. "That was Fox on the phone. They've just suspended Grable."

"*Betty* Grable?" gasped the reporter. "I don't believe it."

"Well, check it anyway," said the editor, "and let me know."

The reporter grabbed some copy paper and left, mumbling about pranksters wasting a busy man's time.

But it was true. After 12 years of uninterrupted harmony, and a relationship that went back 22 years, Betty Grable and 20th Century-Fox had reached a crisis; a situation presented itself which was mutually intolerable and their contract had been declared inactive until such time as both parties agreed to put it in force again.

A suspension is by no means (*Continued on page 74*)



what do they do



Swimming pools are a common Hollywood luxury—but for Esther Williams it's a working necessity; she swims 20 laps a day.

Unlike many Hollywood couples, the Gages' manner of living doesn't exceed their pocketbook. The babies' wash is done at home; the attic (*center*) is crammed with articles they can't bear to discard; and a file cabinet under the stairs at home (*extreme right*) was Ben's idea of a way to conduct business without an office.





with all that money?

DOES IT GO FOR SERVANTS, SABLES, FOREIGN CARS—THE HOLLYWOOD LUXURIES? NOT ALL OF IT; NOT BY A LONG SHOT!

■ A few months ago, agents of the Bureau of Internal Revenue nailed a sign to the front gate of the Northridge estate of Veronica Lake and Andre DeToth announcing that the property was to be auctioned off a week later to satisfy an income tax lien of some $38,000. The date of the sale arrived, the auctioneer pounded his gavel, stated that because of other liens the lowest figure he would consider was $68,000, and waited for bids. None came. After five minutes of pleading he shut up shop and went home.

This would appear to be an odd situation on two counts. First, that Veronica Lake, a still quite active star, and her husband, a working director commanding a good fee, could not pay a paltry $38,000 in taxes—and, secondly, that in all Hollywood there wasn't a person well off enough to snatch an estate worth close to a quarter of a million dollars for the minor sum of $68,000. However, this situation is common. Stars lose their homes because of mismanagement and high taxes, and buyers are scarce for the same reason—mismanagement and high taxes.

Here, in the Fabulous Land, in the community known as the richest on earth, there is genteel poverty. And the threat of old age in the poor house is a constant nightmare. Tremendous salaries don't mean a thing. There hasn't been a new millionaire made in Hollywood in 15 years; there has not even been a truly rich man made here in that period of time. This is a fact—despite what you read in the newspapers about the fortunes being piled up every day.

True, there are many big people in Hollywood who live like Vanderbilts, but if you could get a look at their bank balances and asset and liability ledgers you would find an arrow pointing directly to disaster. There are a few folks about with bundles that would clog a water main, but they are either old-timers like Chaplin or Harold Lloyd, or men like Howard Hughes, who came into the business with millions, made investments, and are still waiting for the first dollar of tax-free profit. The rest are fancy paupers.

Of course, there are stars with money, but they are the careful ones—not necessarily stingy, but extremely cautious with a dollar. They have business managers who put them on a strict budget and, despite their fabulous incomes, they pare and scrimp like any other man, not in the hope of becoming rich, but in the hope that they will be able to sit in the sun and relax when they have drawn that last pay check.

Whenever instances like the Lake liquidation are in the news headlines, less glamorous and poorer folk over the nation ask a very reasonable question. "What do they do with all that money?" The answer is, "What money?" Some time ago a business manager told a client he was living far beyond his means.

"What are you talking about," snorted the actor. "I make more than $100,000 a year! I'm not going to live like a guy who makes 50 bucks a week!"

"You don't make $100,000 a year," said the business manager. "You gross that. But for the sake of argument, let's say you net that sum. Your taxes would be close to $70,000, leaving you a net income of $30,000 a year. Right now you make less, so if you want to remain solvent, you've got to live like a man making $20,000." *(Continued on page 88)*



Esther Williams and Ben Gage live in sensible exception to the Hollywood rule of extravagance. For more about their life, please turn to the following page

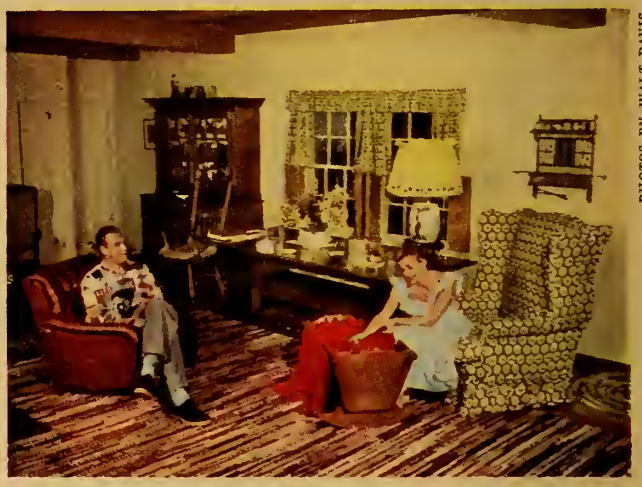


Only a Benjie-proof gate separates the quaint kitchen area from the living room. Via a Talk-a-phone, Esther can hear the children in the nursery while she's cooking.



Opposite the kitchen, a stone fireplace dominates the dining area with its big "hutch" table. This huge all-purpose, family-used living room cuts down overhead.

how esther



PHOTOS BY WALT DAVIS

Kimmie, in his antique cradle, is always near the center of activity. Esther had the furniture specially scaled to Ben's height, and she designed the utility coffee-jug lamp behind her.

■ On the night of October 29, 1950, the stork flew low through Mandeville Canyon, 11 miles west of Hollywood.

This stork was looking for a couple of expectant parents named Esther Williams and Ben Gage, who lived in a farmhouse painted butter-yellow, with swimming pool attached, of course.

As he circled above the sycamores that shade the homes in this area, the aroma of broiled steak and the strains of "Happy Birthday" rose to meet him. The sounds and smells were wafting up from the large kitchen-sitting room of the farmhouse where Esther, Ben, and a group of friends were celebrating Ben's birthday and the Gage's first night in their new home.

It was a gay, self-help party. Esther was mixing a salad behind the copper-topped counter that divides the work section from the sitting portion of the kitchen. Ben was hovering over the fireplace grill basting the giant porterhouse steaks. And the guests were taking turns demonstrating the new kitchen gadgets.

The legendary bird hesitated a moment, then decided not to interrupt such a festive occasion. (*Continued on page 52*)

and ben live

The Gages' home reflects their sane attitude toward living. They don't confuse old-fashioned comfort with expensive luxury.

BY MARVA PETERSON

Esther relaxes scientifically in the Cantaur chair. It's a playground for Benjie, a safe one because the fire screen is securely locked.





The Gages hove o smoll guest house neor their pool; plon to odd o barbecue.

how esther and ben live cont'd

He flew off and didn't make delivery until the next day.

Even so the bundle marked Kimball Austin Gage arrived seven weeks ahead of schedule.

As Kimmie's mother loves to tell the story, the house-warming turned into a baby-warming.

"It makes me a little weak in the knees," Esther says, "to think of how close a race with the stork it really was. Fifteen hours after we moved into our new house, the new baby arrived."

For those who think of Esther Williams as a stream-lined modern mermaid, it may come as a big surprise to learn that she chose to move her family into an early American farmhouse.

Actually, Esther is an old-fashioned girl. According to Melvina Pumphey, her closest friend, "Esther and Ben are about as down-to-earth and wholesome as you can get. They're the kind of people who believe in all the time-tested customs: sharing a big double bed, father carving the Sunday roast, children romping all over the place. What's more they live the way they believe."

Not only is the Gage philosophy based on this solid American foundation, but so is their home. In every respect the plan of their house copies an authentic farmhouse.

The front door takes you directly into the living room. There's no foyer, no powder room, no nonsense. Just step inside (*Continued on page 87*)

Theirs is a successful business and marriage combination.

■ *There is in spirit, if not in fact, a corporate entity known as Esther Williams Enterprises. Esther and Ben Gage run this completely informal organization from their living room. A good deal of nonsense has been written about Esther's business ventures. Critics accuse her of being a money-making machine, but they don't take into consideration the fact that she has created jobs for many people. And those who accuse her of investing her movie salary simply to avoid high taxes, forget that every successful venture she's gone into (and she's never gone into an unsuccessful one) has created still more tax money. The Gages' initial investment was a filling station, to which another was quickly added. Both boomed until a price war started to cut down their income. They promptly sold out at a tidy profit. Their second investment was in a broken-down restaurant near Westchester called The Trails. They picked it after making a long and detailed study of population concentrations throughout the entire Los Angeles area. They bought The Trails, redecorated it, and held a grand opening in the Hollywood manner. It's been a success ever since, partly because the food is good, partly because they both spend as much time as possible there mingling with the guests. The Gages also own a machine shop and a tool-making company, and they draw profit from a real-estate venture in Twenty Nine Palms. Esther is under contract to Cole of California for whom she designs and promotes swim suits. Two non-profit activities controlled by her are the counselling service, specializing in parent-child problems, which her mother directs, and the swimming course given thrice-weekly to blind and partially-blind children by Esther herself.* —DAN JENKINS

No. **6** *in a series:*
HOW THE STARS FOUND FAITH



Her two sons (that's Albert above) and her husband, Edward Lasker, are three reasons for Jane's contented view of life.

the perfect happiness

It can't be demanded, schemed or fought for. Happiness comes from giving as much as you want to receive.

by Jane Greer

■ My whole little scheme of living has been cooked up out of this: that real happiness can only be warmed into existence—it cannot be demanded, schemed for, or fumed and fought over. You can demand attention, comforts, luxuries, even your "rights," and you will get them, perhaps. Yet you can feel strangely discontented after they are yours. You can scheme for your own benefit and you can succeed, sometimes. Yet when you try to cash in on your success there is just no inward satisfaction to be had. Evidence of your prestige, like your name and likeness on a big outdoor poster is gratifying, but not lastingly so. Next week somebody else's name and face is plastered over yours.

You ask yourself finally, where *can* you make a permanent hit? And in time you know the answer—only in somebody's heart. *(Continued on page 96)*



Esperanza (Chata) Wayne says goodbye again to Duke as he leaves for Ireland to make *The Quiet Man* directed by John Ford.

■ "Just wait till those British newspapermen get their hooks into you," a fellow actor warned John Wayne one day in the RKO commissary. "They're death on American actors, particularly big, robust characters like you who act tough in films. I'll bet they barbecue you alive."

"Oh, I don't think so," Duke drawled. "I've always managed to get along with newspapermen."

The subject was dropped until the night, several weeks later, when Duke left for England with Mr. Herbert Yates, president of Republic Studios, to open the company's new film exchange in London. As their airliner droned high above the Atlantic, Duke said, "What's so tough about the British press?"

"Nothing, really," answered Mr. Yates. "They're perhaps more serious than most American reporters. Just be careful not to say anything that might be misconstrued. You know, you are sort of blunt and outspoken at times."

"Don't worry, I won't," Duke laughed. "I'm not going to spout off a lot of opinions. But I was thinking. Why don't we have all of the guys up to our room after the opening? Then we can sit around, roll up our sleeves, and swap windies. I've never known a newspaper guy who wouldn't rather kill an hour talking than rush back to the office and work. They can't be that much different in England."

As it turned out, Duke was right. The seven British reporters who came up to his room for a few rounds of liquid fellowship stayed for nearly two hours talking about the war crisis, American women, the London fog, California smog, the high price of good Scotch, and other vital topics. Next morning, their interviews were glowing, to say the least.

"Those guys would have murdered me if I'd talked to them like a big shot actor," Duke told his employer, as they flew home. "But I spent (*Continued on page 64*)

look out for this guy!

He's putty in the hands of his family, but Duke Wayne's no softie to Hollywood. He got to the top the hard way —and he's not stepping down for anyone.

BY TOM CARLILE



Duke's Stetsan hat and pistal twirling skill charmed this yaung British fan when he was in England. An ideal gaad-will ambassadar, he'll taur S. America next.







DUKE AND HIS BIG FAMILY threw a birthday party far Melinda (*above center*) at Oceanside where he was an lacatian. Incurably sentimental abaut his family, Duke is especially devated ta his daughters. (Tani's *above.*) He plans ta take them all an a vacatian cruise saan.



Tony and Piper left L.A. at 7:15 A.M.; were met at the Denver, Colorado, airport by first prize winner, Mrs. Alice Bankert. KLZ announcer, Matt McEniry, interviewed them.

Tony and Piper MEET THE PEOPLE

Six pages of exciting photographs—Universal-International's Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie



Crowds of eager Denverites, including a contingent of wounded Korean war veterans, were on hand to greet the young stars. They drove into Denver with a 50-car party.



Before the gala premiere of *The Prince Who Was A Thief,* Mrs. Bankert gave a dinner for Tony and Piper. Neighbors jammed her house until the walls bulged. Denver's Dale Morgan was on hand to describe events for the radio audience.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE GAVE TONY AND PIPER AN 11-MINUTE OVATION AFTER THE PREMIERE. TONY HAD TO CARRY PIPER OFFSTAGE.

visit the lucky winners of MODERN SCREEN's "Bring A Star to Your Home" contest



Denver's most outstanding high school journalists got a special close-up of Tony and Piper and a chance to interview them at a banquet held for the stars on the third day of their Denver visit.

FIRST STOP: DENVER, COLO. It was a shudderingly cold morning. Heavy fog billowed in off the Pacific Ocean, sweeping across the Los Angeles International Airport. High above, a half dozen planes droned patiently, waiting for the overcast to lift, and below, a dozen huge four motor planes taxied to their positions, impatient to rise.

At exactly 6:38 A.M. the doors to United Airlines burst open. In rushed Tony Curtis, hair uncombed, tie askew, the cuff of one of his shirts hanging out of a brand new leather traveling case.

"Where is everybody?" he shouted. "Am I late?"

Early morning passengers seated in neat rows looked up, and those who weren't asleep, laughed out loud.

"If you're looking for your girl," a tall Texan boomed, "I'll bet that's her, over there!"

Tony swung around, and sure enough, there was Piper Laurie, equally tousle-headed, standing in front of an automatic insurance machine. In two jumps, Tony was by her side. He grabbed her by an elbow and tugged. "Come on, honey," he exclaimed. "We're (*Continued on page 59*)



Piper was selected as Miss Flame Thrower of 1951 by the Headquarters Colorado Military District.



Tony throws flames in on entirely different manner. The heat was terrific when he got together with his fan club in Denver. They really poured it on.



In cooperation with the Denver Post, the Pepsi-Cola company gave a big party for Piper and Tony at their new Pepsi plant.

GOVERNOR DAN THORNTON SHOWED PIPER AND TONY THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW FROM THE CAPITOL. "THE CITY IS AT YOUR FEET," HE TOLD THEM.



The prize was a $25 band, and teen-ager Georgia Laudermilk won a kiss from Tony, too, for her letter about the Post party.



And promenade, all!" The Rocky Mountain motion picture exhibitors and their wives held a square-dance for Piper and Tony at the Variety Club.



So who's a square now?" shouts Piper as she whisks merrily around the floor at the Variety Club dance.

These pictures capture a few of the memorable events of Piper and Tony's Denver visit.

(*Continued from page 57*) going to miss our plane."

Piper wouldn't budge. She pounded on the machine, furiously. "I don't care," she said, stubbornly. "My dad told me never to travel on land or air or sea without insurance. Now I've put three quarters in this machine—that's $15,000 worth of insurance, and know what?"

Tony put down his traveling case impatiently. "No Piper, what?"

"Tony," Piper wailed, "I've got a tilt!"

That was that. The insurance papers wouldn't jump out, the way they do 99 times out of a hundred. So Tony went for help. They shoved some papers at him. He shoved the papers at Piper. She signed. She put in more quarters. The sweep hand of the big airport clock kept circling off the precious seconds. Piper signed the insurance papers, put them in an envelope, borrowed a stamp from Tony, who swears he's never carried a stamp in his life before, and handed her valuable papers to a total stranger.

"Please," she begged, with a melting look. "Drop these in a mailbox."

Then her feet left the ground as Tony grabbed her by one hand, and sailed her through the underground ramp, up to the take-off gate. Their giant United Airlines Mercury plane, Flight 606, was slowly swinging around.

"Hey!" Tony yelled. "We're on that plane!"

A courteous but firm attendant, in the act of closing the gate, exclaimed, "Oh no you're not—that plane's full!" He gestured his flight manifesto board in Tony's direction.

"Please," Piper said. "We're with the MODERN SCREEN photographers. If they go without us it will be terrible!"

As though in answer to Piper's plea, the big plane paused, a door opened, and out peered the anxious face of Bert Parry, MODERN SCREEN photographer. Instantly, the big automatic ramp slid toward the plane, and Piper and Tony scrambled aboard. At exactly 7:15 A.M., the very special Flight Number 606 was airborne.

(*Continued on page 76*)



Piper and Tony visited Korean veterans at Fitzsimmons General Hospital. Tony, once hospitalized himself, said, "I wish each parent could see the way his sons are treated here."



"Nothing like a day with your fans," says Tony. "The lipstick's not bad—but it looked better on the girls. And how on earth am I going to explain losing those cuff-links to Janet Leigh?"





SECOND STOP: TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Mrs. Elizabeth Denehie, beloved English teacher of Terre Haute, didn't care whether school kept or not the evening she entertained Piper and Tony at dinner in the Terre Haute House (above). *Tony hated to tell her good-bye. "I've never met a more wonderful person in my life," he said. "Why, everybody loves her." "Including* me," *said Piper.*

Tony and Piper

MEET THE PEOPLE





THIRD STOP: COLUMBUS, OHIO

Two pretty ladies shake hands, as Donna Morrison proudly introduces Piper and Tony to her family (above). *Not only Donna's sophomore class, but practically the whole high school turned out when Tony and Piper offered to sign all the autographs anybody wanted. Tony got cornered against one window—while Piper and Donna were surrounded on the other side of the lawn.*





FOURTH STOP: CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Tony said, "It sure is *true what they say about the South. Never had such a warm welcome as from Clara Hobbs and her family in Charlotte* (right). *Clara joined the stars on WAYS broadcast with Gladys Lavitan and Lindsay Brooks* (above). *Her deep soth'n accent surprised her when she heard a playback. It tickled Tony, and Piper went around envying it for days.*

no more playboys for rita

(*Continued from page 29*) instead of a divorce—but when you've come to the parting of the ways as we have, then I'm all for a clean break.

"I didn't go into this divorce lightly. I thought over all the possibilities, particularly the possibility of giving the marriage another try. But after a lot of soul-searching I decided that a divorce was the best thing for us."

When asked if there was a third party involved, perhaps another woman, maybe two (after all, under Moslem law, Aly is permitted to take four wives) Rita smiled and referred to the statement by her lawyer, Bartley Crum: "The divorce is based on the general grounds of incompatibility."

Aly himself wrote Rita, "I certainly do not want to remarry or have any woman in my heart except yourself. So I do not want a divorce from my side."

JACKSON LEIGHTER, a radio agent who drove to Reno with Rita, volunteered to act as her spokesman, and it was he who said, "Don't ask Rita about any other women in their marriage. The 'other woman' in this case is gambling—24 hours a day of it."

Rita admitted that Aly gambled. "But who doesn't?" she added.

The true story behind Rita's divorce is that she and Aly never should have married. They were swept up in a grand passion—tempestuous, mad, altogether incredible. But the day to day living of marriage couldn't sustain it because by background, inheritance, and temperament Rita is not a playgirl. She has worked hard most of her life.

What Aly Khan has done beside taking care of his horses, his estate in Ireland, skiing in Switzerland, hunting in Kenya, speed-racing in Italy, moonlight-dancing on the Riviera, and sunning in Spain—not too many people seem to know.

Some of his friends insist that he spends a good deal of his time traveling around the world and visiting various Moslem populations. This is understandable since these are the people who indirectly contribute to his support.

Rita herself said, "Since my marriage to Aly, I have visited all the countries of England and practically all of Africa including Madagascar. I particularly liked the city of Nairobi. I stayed there while my husband went big-game hunting, and it is fascinating to see the game in their natural state. Yes, there is a large Indian population in Nairobi and also Madagascar.

"Naturally wherever I went with my husband, I was constantly being interviewed, and that's why it's good to be in Nevada away from all that. This is my residence, you know, and I like it so much that I intend to stay here after the divorce. I really do. It's so wide open and the air is so invigorating and the children like it so much.

"Of course I'll go back to Hollywood and make a picture, but I haven't seen a script on anything and I can't really say whether I'll make any film before 1952. I'm not asking for a penny of alimony for myself. I still can work.

"I think Nevada is a wonderful spot to rest. I play golf and take my children down to the beach, and I read a lot."

"How about your children?" she was asked. "Do you think they should be raised here or abroad?"

Rita thought for a moment. "Ideally," she said, "I think they should be raised partly in the United States and partly in Europe. There's no country like America in the entire world. It's the best place to raise children, but travel does none of them any harm. Besides, Yasmin (her 18-month old daughter by Aly) will have to spend some of her time with her father. I think that's only fair. She's his daughter as well as mine."

Although Rita was not compelled to adopt the Moslem religion when she married Aly, she promised to raise any offspring as Moslems, and the question of Yasmin's faith came up.

"I promised," Rita says, "to raise Yasmin as a Moslem, and that's the way she will be reared."

Under Moslem law, Yasmin inherits one-fifth of her father's fortune—Rita has asked for a $3,000,000 trust fund for the child—but the other four-fifths go to Aly's sons by a previous marriage. Moslem law makes it mandatory that each male child inherit twice as much as each female child.

There are no Moslem temples in Los Angeles where Rita and the children will undoubtedly live. The only official Moslem congregation in this country is located in New York City.

When these facts were pointed out to Rita, she refused to say anything. She is interested in the future not the past.

Michael Curtiz recently was working with the cavalry. He wanted to order them to charge. Curtiz couldn't think of the word, so he cried, "Lunge!" Everybody broke for lunch.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

But for those who are interested in her past, too, the pages can be turned back to 1948 when Rita was touring the Continent. It was rumored then that she was being wildly pursued by Ted Straeter, a Swiss orchestra leader. Reporters said that Straeter tried to get into her room at the Hotel Lancaster in Paris by climbing out a window and cat-walking across a ledge while hundreds of amazed citizens stood in the street cheering.

That summer she motored down to the Riviera, and at Cannes where the society playboys sidestroke in the Mediterranean, Rita was introduced to Prince Aly Khan by Elsa Maxwell.

Aly was married at the time, but on a friendly basis. He and his wife had agreed to a separation but no divorce.

When Rita returned to Hollywood and was asked about the Prince, she dismissed him casually. He's a friend," she said, "a good friend, nothing more."

Aly made himself something more. He came to the States, and was seen everywhere with Rita. People started talking, so Rita and Aly flew to Mexico, then to Havana, then to New Orleans, then back to Hollywood.

When Aly sailed for Europe aboard the Britannic that year, he occupied Cabin 51-A. Rita had the adjoining cabin—51-C. This was one of the great infatuations of all time. But even though the whole world loves a lover, there were some dissenting opinions. These opinions were voiced most loudly in England.

Roared the London Sunday Pictorial: *"The current behavior of Miss Rita Hayworth and the millionaire Prince Aly Khan, if described in a film script, would never get by the censors."*

Added The People, another English newspaper: *"This is the last time that this newspaper will report in its columns, details of the squalid love affair of film star Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan . . . We have taken this decision on the grounds of public decency, because we believe that the extravagant expeditions of this Indian prince and his 'friend' have become an insult to decent-minded women everywhere."*

Despite these occasional journalistic blasts, Rita Hayworth said nothing. She was convinced that Aly would marry her just as soon as he could obtain a divorce.

He took her to meet his father, the Aga Khan. The Aga found her "intelligent, charming and very beautiful."

Aly then took Rita to meet his stepmother. She, too, consented to the marriage.

Aly settled $3,000,000 each on his two sons and entered into divorce negotiations with his wife. At one time, Aly, Rita, and Aly's wife were all living in the same Swiss Hotel together. Aly was even compelled to write one of his now famous letters to the press.

This one, dated, January 18, 1949—four months before he and Rita were married—said: "I have hitherto refrained from making any comment upon the uninformed and often scurrilous reports which have recently appeared in some sections of the press in connection with my domestic affairs.

"I should now like it to be made known that by mutual consent my wife and I have lived apart for almost three years . . . I am going to marry Miss Hayworth as soon as I am free to do so.

"In these circumstances I hope that my private affairs will be treated with the consideration which is usually extended to the private affairs of individuals in general."

RITA's marriage turned out to be a three-ring circus. It received almost as much publicity as the marriage between the now Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

In January of 1950, after the birth of Yasmin, Rita toured the continent with Aly. There was a perpetual round of auto races, horse races, dinners, social affairs. Now the Prince was on his home grounds, and Rita was the visiting celebrity.

In Europe, the husband is the boss. He gives an order, and the wife obeys. Rita tried to be a good wife. She accompanied Aly into all sorts of affairs, parties, and countries. But when would the mad whirl stop? When and where would they come to rest? Where and how could she bring up her two children in normal, healthy surroundings? European nobility was decadent, spending what it had, contributing little. Rita didn't belong on the Riviera.

Then, too—what was to become of *her*? Must she renounce her career? Aly didn't particularly care about spending the rest of his life in Hollywood. Most of his money is in British pounds. His horses, his plane, his motor cars are in Europe. So is his real estate. The town apartment is in Paris. The castle is in Ireland. The chateau is in Cannes. Would he give up all this because Rita wanted to return and star in films?

There are some who say that Rita felt strongly that she was losing her glamor appeal to Aly, that unless she returned to Hollywood and made a picture she would lose him, too.

There are others who say she refused to renounce her career, refused to live her entire life in Europe, and that Aly would not move to the U.S.A.

Rita herself says, "Aly and I are still very good friends. The parting was very amicable. If he comes to this country, I shall always be glad to see him. We just found living together incompatible."

A woman as physically attractive and as young as Rita will undoubtedly get married again. Just who husband number four will be is vague at this point. The chances are, however, that, unlike Aly, the lucky fellow will work for a living. Rita won't come right out and say it, but she thinks that workingmen make the best husbands. And she ought to know. THE END

(*Continued from page 35*) to Palm Springs. They stayed at the Racquet Club, too. We didn't know just what to expect. But they weren't nearly as demanding as we anticipated. In fact, they were very considerate. We've found that true in 99 per cent of the situations since."

So thoroughly have John and Pati adhered to the open door policy that John was a close runner-up to Alan Ladd in the Hollywood Women's Press Club election of 1950's most cooperative actor.

This doesn't mean they've turned into publicity hounds—the kind who'll do anything to get their pictures in print. When a photographer asked to accompany them to the hospital for their baby's birth, John yelled, "Are you kidding? Why, I'd have to call *you* before I called the doctor!" But John had permitted himself to be photographed practicing fatherhood from preparing formulas to changing diapers. And photographers trailed them on shopping expeditions.

"That was tiring!" Pati recalls. "I'd been feeling pretty good and wanted to go to the Anticipation Shop, a book store, a candy store, and a couple of other places in Beverly Hills. Well, shopping's exhausting enough, but just add being pregnant and having to stop often to pose for those pictures!"

As has been told many times, Russell Andre's first weeks were touch-and-go. A delicate operation gave him his chance to live, and finally the day came when he was strong enough for the Dereks to permit writers and photographers in.

It would have been easy enough to follow the course taken by many celebrities who simply call a studio photographer and have him make an assortment of photographs suitable for release to publications. Others invite all interested publications to send their photographers and writers at the same time for one wholesale session.

But not the Dereks. For one whole week, they entertained photographers and writers individually, morning and afternoon, giving each publication an opportunity to get its own personal stories.

"Sure it was trying," John said, smiling. "I found out then that neither of us has enough clothes! 'How about changing into another shirt for this next shot?' they'd keep asking. And there went another fresh shirt."

"To top it all off," said Pati, "one publication came out saying we were proudly presenting our new *daughter* to the public! But really, everyone was wonderful! Patient about the baby's naps, bottles, rest periods and all."

"Not one of them," said John, "asked for anything out of character, or were peeved when I made a reasonable denial.

"There are a few writers who are hard for me to take," John went on. "The ones who say, 'Tell me, what do you think about?' Usually I'm thinking about my next scene, but quite willing to answer any questions they may ask. Or there's the rare photographer who says, 'Get up on your toes and dance with joy' in an effort to get a smile from ear to ear! I'm not a fellow with a ready grin. Yet they seem to think an actor ought to be able to do anything on the spur of the moment because he is an actor. They don't understand that when we're enacting a role, we're disassociated from our own personality. We've had time to study the character we're portraying, and to take on that personality. But here at home, being myself, I'm not the kind of person who goes around grinning. Nor do I clown!"

"Nor give formal dinner parties," Pati spoke up. "We were asked to give one once and we refused because we wouldn't cooperate in anything which presented a false picture of our marriage. A formal dinner would have. We're the kind who love to entertain informally. And that's the way we're going to show up in that spotlight."

Her words were vehement and John grinned at her. "Well, I can remember dinners in the morning, breakfasts in the afternoon, and a New Year's Eve party when you walked in saying, 'You will have to set the clock at either 10 of or 10 after 12 because we were photographed somewhere else with the clock set at 12 midnight."

"John, we aren't supposed to spill that secret," Pati laughed.

"More than one magazine came out early in December showing Hollywood celebrating Christmas and New Year's Eve. People must realize that some of those parties are staged long before the holidays," John pointed out logically.

"Well," Pati answered thoughtfully, "it isn't a bad idea, you know. Anyone who's planning a holiday party likes to get new ideas for one, and those advance parties we attend are a wonderful source for them."

"Speaking of parties," John said wistfully, "that's when I sometimes get irritated, but only momentarily. I look forward to going to a big party because I know we're going to see a lot of people we like but don't get to see often. Not long ago, I was selfishly pleased to see Barbara (Hale) and Bill Williams for a particular reason. Next day I was going to start building a new wall out here. Bill's a fellow who does things like that well, so I was all set to ask him how I should go about it when a photographer asked me to pose for a picture. By the time the picture was taken, others had joined our group, and I didn't get another chance to talk to Bill. And I didn't get up nerve enough to make a point of asking him. That happens often. You get into an interesting discussion with someone and the interruption leaves your conversation hanging in mid-air, never to be finished."

He shook his head when asked about other annoyances—like having to bare his chest and pose leaning out of a shower. "Oh, I've posed for a few of those," he said.

"He sees nothing wrong with them because he has a good figure," Pati teased.

The Dereks have found there are times when being cooperative isn't fair to them or the press. Pati tipped that off when she said, "Tell about that interviewer. The one on the roof."

"Oh, yes," John recalled. "I was working in *Saturday's Hero*, and had only a half hour for lunch. I was to spend that time on the roof to get back some of the tan I'd lost working inside. That meant a sandwich and milk lunch. Then the publicity department called to tell me an interviewer had to see me that day between certain hours or not at all. He was a writer I'd never met before, here in Hollywood on a flying trip from New York. When I explained the situation, he said he'd interview me on the roof. Well, knowing I couldn't talk and eat at the same time, I just took milk with me for my lunch. He was a nice fellow and I did the best I could under the circumstances. But I wasn't surprised to hear later that he said he'd never had such a bad interview before.

"I learned something then that I'm not forgetting. By being too cooperative I'd put him, as well as myself, on the spot. He couldn't excuse his bad story to his boss by telling him he hadn't seen me. Yet it wasn't a fair opportunity for him to report on what I'm actually like. My mind was half on the scene I was to play right after lunch because it was a difficult one. If he'd had the chance to turn his publicity spotlight on me at home, where I'm a married man and a father, he might well have had a better opinion of me."

John says he's fortunate to have married such a good trouper as Pati. "Well," says Pati, "a wife has to see herself as part of a team. Some wives help their husbands by being prominent in club circles, devoting a lot of time to that kind of work. My husband needs a different kind of help."

They both agree that the publicity spotlight is a real challenge.

"It makes you realize that you have to become progressively more interesting, and it broadens you. It makes you more careful about quarrelling senselessly, too. If one of us does some utterly ridiculous thing, the other doesn't yell angrily, 'How stupid can you get!' Instead, the words, 'Well, that's one for the interviewer tomorrow!'" Pati laughed.

"A couple of irresponsible radio commentators rumored Pati and I were separating," John said, "but too many reporters and photographers were seeing us during that time. What they saw didn't let them take much stock in those rumors. There's nothing like making your marriage a public one to kill that kind of false talk!"

So the Dereks have found the price of fame and popularity a cheap one, because they've taken the publicity spotlight on their marriage of nearly three years as a matter of course. Wherever they've gone, writers and photographers have been free to record their activities for the interested public. They had a breather on a recent trip to Tijuana. The photographer who happened to be along couldn't stomach a bull-fight, so they saw that alone. But all their other activities were duly photographed.

And they never put on airs for the public. If they're busy painting the walls of their new house, they put down their paintbrushes and settle down in their old jeans to share a cup of coffee or a coke with the interviewer and photographer. Barely a year old, Russell Andre already imitates them, holding out a welcoming hand to whomever drops in.

The whole Derek family is a lesson for a good many stars! THE END

you'll want to read about **hollywood's young lovers** in the **september** issue of **modern screen** on sale **august 7** with luscious **lana turner** on the cover

look out for this guy!

(*Continued from page 54*) most of the time during that bull session listening. "When I was a kid in school I thought I could solve anything by charging it head-on," Duke said recently. "I didn't have a lick of sense, but that didn't stop me from thinking I knew it all. In fact, I didn't really know what thinking was until I had already had one big opportunity in pictures and flopped on my face. Then, with failure staring me down, I finally realized what was wrong. For more than 20 years, well-meaning people had been telling me things to help me, and I'd forgotten every word they'd said. Real self-assurance, I discovered, isn't something you come by with your eyes and ears closed."

TODAY, big John Wayne is one of the most self-assured men in Hollywood, a man who moves with poise and quiet confidence in a profession that traditionally is populated with neurotic individuals.

Of course, you might say that Duke has lots of reasons for his self-assurance. Last year he earned slightly more than $1,000,000. He owns a third of a very profitable oil field in Texas. He has achieved the distinction, which comes rarely to actors, of being recognized as an important man in the industry. Yet all these things have happened to others, and they have been caught in a trap of self-adulation which ruined their lives.

"None of Duke's friends are worried about all this glory going to his head," one of his closest buddies reported. "He'd rather have the electricians on his set say hello to him than be a friend to all the bank presidents in America."

It was not so very long ago, as time is measured in motion picture circles, that Duke was making feature-length horse operas in three days. His take-home pay, less deductions, was $1,000 for each of these headlong wonders. Sometimes, when the budget was padded, he made as much as $1,500 a picture. Duke couldn't act then, and he didn't pretend that he could. But he knew that a few more horse operas would spell doom for his career.

One day, in desperation, he looked up his old friend Paul Fix, and asked him to work with him on dialogue. "I guess I can't escape it any longer, Paul," he said. "I'm going to have to learn how to act."

Duke has learned plenty about acting since that day. He's learned it the hard way from tough directors like John Ford, from other actors, good and bad, but especially from technicians on his sets like the electrician who, some years ago, came up to apologize for the way he had to light Duke's famous leading lady.

"I'm sorry, Duke," he said. "I'm going to have to light her up like a Roman candle, and you'll have to grope around in the leak-light. She has it in her contract."

Duke's knowledge of the motion picture business is an accumulation of a thousand such experiences, some starkly fresh in his mind, some only half-remembered. His tremendous memory for technical detail never fails to amaze other actors who work with him for the first time. Janet Leigh, his co-star in *Jet Pilot,* had never encountered anyone like him before. "He's always coming up with little bits of action that add color, not only to his own performance, but to everyone else's as well. Coming from some actors, that kind of advice would be resented. But Duke is sincerely interested in making the whole picture good."

Perhaps the most alarming discovery which the skeptical critics of Duke's career have made is that his phenomenal success isn't entirely due to luck. For nearly 10 years, John Wayne has had a reputation for being a stubborn, argumentative, and downright ornery man to deal with. "Look out for this guy," was the general opinion, "his energy's likely to explode into a storm at any time." Today almost everyone is willing to admit that there must have been a grain of sense somewhere in his polar-bear battles with the front office.

"Duke's biggest problems have always arisen from his refusal to do pictures that he felt were phony or unnatural for him," said a director who has known him since his horse opera days. "He knows more about making movies than half the people in Hollywood, and he'll prove it conclusively someday. But even now, when he's in a position to throw his weight around, he only does it when it'll help the picture. Anyone who doesn't listen to his advice, particularly about action scenes, should have his head examined."

For the second consecutive year, Duke is the No. One box-office star. Even *The Angel and the Badman,* made in 1946, brought in a six-figure profit. Already this year, he has completed *Operation Pacific, Jet Pilot,* and *Flying Leathernecks,* and is now working in Ireland on *The Quiet Man* for John Ford. Soon after his return, he will produce and direct his own spectacular production of *The Alamo* in Mexico.

Hair stylist Mildred Seamster rushes in to tell us about the actor who has made such a good living in westerns in which he points and says, "They went thataway," he has obtained $50,000 insurance on his forefinger!

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

"The only catch about Duke's overwhelming success," one of his old poker partners complained, "is that we never see him any more. Last year, he worked 341 days. This year, it will be almost as bad."

In the old days, Duke used to spend all of his leisure time hunting deer high in the Sierras or trolling for marlin off the coast of Mexico. Three years ago, he bought a membership in a duck hunting club in central California, but he hasn't been there yet. Last season, the members finally hung his picture above the fireplace with a label which reads, "Forever Absent."

Duke feels bad about that. In fact, while he was making *Flying Leathernecks* at Camp Pendleton, he took a morning off from work to shoot a limit of ducks from the commanding general's private blinds. He got an immense boot out of sending a picture of his fat catch to the club, inscribed, "Here's mine. Where's yours? —Forever Absent."

"Even so, I still felt like I was playing hooky all the while I was hunting," Duke later confessed.

DUKE'S hectic schedule hasn't helped his domestic life, either. This spring, while he was away on location, Esperanza (Chata to him) went to visit her mother in Mexico City. When she lingered there nearly three months, recuperating from a recurrent illness, the gossips howled that a divorce was impending. Duke didn't even bother to deny the rumor, and when Chata became well enough to accompany him on his six weeks tour of South and Central America as Howard Hughes' good-will ambassador, it died quickly. Now Chata is awaiting Duke's return from Ireland so they can begin the involved job of decorating their new home. Duke bought it last November from Norris Goff, of Lum and Abner. It's a four-and-a-half acre ranch-style place in Encino, equipped with stables, swimming pool, and plenty of trees and lawn. For a short while after he bought the house, Duke thought of having it completely decorated as a surprise for Chata's homecoming, but reconsidered.

"She'll brain me if it isn't the way she wants it," he apologized to the decorator he'd asked to come out. "Perhaps I'd better call you later."

Duke and Chata lived for five years in their old home in Van Nuys, and loved it, right up to the moment a housing project started going up across the road, destroying both their view and their privacy. That was the end.

"Chata will be broken-hearted if she has to leave the rose bushes she has worked for years to bring into bloom," Duke said. "I'm not much of a hand with flowers, but I suppose we can dig them up and move them to the new place."

The one area into which Duke's self-reliance doesn't extend is the management of their home. Chata runs that domain.

"Duke may be a lion when he's setting up a movie deal," says Bo Roos, his business manager. "But he can't add three and five when it comes to anything practical like bottles of milk."

For that reason, Chata does all of the household buying, including the numerous guns and cameras Duke likes to collect. Duke, as is the prevalent custom in Hollywood, spends only his weekly allotment of pocket money. He rarely manages to have any left at the end of the week.

His only personal extravagance is gadgets. He orders every one he sees advertised. He usually fiddles around with them for a couple of weeks until the novelty wears off, and then Chata systematically carries them out to a corner of the garage. He refuses to have them thrown away because, like the completely equipped pottery kiln that still sits there unused, they are all things he hopes to get around to again some day.

If the rigors of his expanded career have made it necessary for Duke to cut out the hunting and fishing he loves, they have also given him a deeper dependence than ever before on his home, his family, and his few close friends. He is almost pathologically addicted to privacy, simplicity, and old clothes.

"He has an old beaver hat he stole from John Ford that looks like it's been through the sewers of Paris," a friend says. "But I bet you couldn't buy it from Duke for $1,000 cash."

One of the principal reasons why Duke bought a home with such large grounds is so his four children, Toni, Michael, Patrick, and Melinda, can have plenty of room to play when they visit on weekends.

Duke is incurably sentimental about his children. On Melinda's tenth birthday, for instance, he was working on *Flying Leathernecks* and unable to stage the kind of party he usually throws on his daughters' birthdays. But the whole family came down anyway, and they had the best party that could be arranged in the nearby beach town of Oceanside. "Duke rushed around for two hours, looking for presents that would make up for the lack of a birthday cake with Melinda's name on it," his makeup man said.

When he returns from Ireland, Duke hopes to take Chata and the kids for a long shakedown cruise on the yacht he just bought. They haven't had a real vacation since early in 1949, when they spent six wonderful weeks looking at Catalina Island. Ever since then Duke has been having a recurrent dream about falling asleep on a small sandy isle far, far away from everybody. He always wakes up with the alarm clock on the night-stand ringing militantly in his ear. This summer, he hopes that he can actually fall asleep on a sandy isle and then dream that he hears the alarm clock. That, he figures, would be a perfect beginning of a perfect day. THE END


"Be Lux Lovely all over!"
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CO-STARRING IN
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A Paramount Picture
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"My Lux beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant!"
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You'll agree when you try this generous satin-smooth bath size. You'll enjoy the rich creamy lather, abundant even in hardest water.
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BATH SIZE
LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP
Bath Size
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a new love for coop?

(*Continued from page 31*) not believe in divorce. I will never divorce Gary. . . .

"I'm heartbroken, completely heartbroken that our marriage had to end this way, but I don't see any other way our troubles can be taken care of except by making a clean and definite break."

WHEN this announcement hit the press, Gary was in Naples, Florida, making a film. Pat Neal was in Los Angeles, starring for 20th Century-Fox in *The Day The Earth Stood Still*, and Rocky was packing her bags in the Cooper mansion in Brentwood preparatory to a trip to New York.

Gary refused to answer any of the long-distance calls put to him in Florida, the long-distance operator usually volunteering the information that "Mr. Cooper is out working in the swamps today and can't be reached."

Gary did, however, phone his lawyer and financial adviser, I. H. Prinzmetal of Beverly Hills and say, "You'd better start looking around for an apartment for me. I guess Rocky and Maria will live in the house."

Pat Neal, her feelings ruffled that she had been mentioned as the cause behind the separation, angrily said, "Friends have been going around quoting me as saying I'm in love with Gary Cooper. Well, that's simply not true. I think Gary is a great actor and a very wonderful person, but I've had absolutely nothing to do with the trouble between him and Mrs. Cooper."

A few months previously when Pat had been asked to tell how she felt about Cooper, she'd said, "Am I in love with him? Could be. But I'd be silly to go around advertising it, wouldn't I? After all, he's a married man. Where does that leave me?"

Right now, if Pat really cares for Gary—and the overwhelming opinion is that she does—she's in the very same position that Ava Gardner occupied when she fell in love with Frank Sinatra. Gary has no grounds for divorce. The chances always exist for a reconciliation as long as there is no divorce, and while she won't say so, that's pretty much what Rocky Cooper has in mind. She feels strongly that her 13-year-old daughter, Maria, needs a father. She knows that Gary is tremendously fond of his only child, and she hopes in time that he will stray back into the home fold.

THE picture of Cooper as a lover may seem an inaccurate description to many young movie fans, but to the older ones with longer memories it is very fitting. Before 1933, Cooper's love-life was one of the most tempestuous and incredible in Hollywood.

Clara Bow, the "It" girl, the Paramount actress who actually sizzled when she wiggled, was reportedly Coop's first Hollywood love. Today, Clara is a respectable married woman living in Nevada, but 25 years ago, she was Hollywood's original bombshell. Twenty-five years ago, Cooper was 25 himself, just starting in the business, and not particularly experienced with women.

When Clara Bow liked a man she went into action. In 1927, for instance, Clara got a sudden crush on Morley Drury, captain of the University of Southern California football team. After seeing him play, she phoned him. "This is Clara Bow," she announced. "I'd like to meet you." Amazingly enough, Drury turned Clara down, but the following week, a notice was posted on the bulletin board in the USC locker room: "All members of this football squad are to stay away from Clara Bow."

Gary, who has never played football in his life, was not included in that notice. Clara took up with the Montana cowboy, and in a little while the Paramount publicity department announced that they were engaged. This meant relatively little since two months later, Clara was reported engaged to Harry Richman, then to Gilbert Roland, then to director Victor Fleming.

From Clara Bow, Gary progressed to tempestuous Lupe Velez, which was like stepping out of the frying pan into the fire.

Lupe and Gary were in love, and they admitted it. "Are we married?" Lupe used to ask. "Who cares? Maybe one day I marry him. Maybe today, tomorrow. I don't know. He is all I live for. I love him so much some time I want to make him die with pleasure."

Lupe almost did. At least, she succeeded in completely shattering his health. And at the conclusion of their romance he was a mere shell of his former self. Doctors told him that unless he left Hollywood on an extended vacation he'd better make immediate cemetery reservations.

Gary left Hollywood. By the time he reached Italy, he was in worse shape than ever. Friends said he was not only heartbroken about his crackup with Lupe but that he had no physical reserve left.

In Rome, the Countess Dorothy di Frasso, an American girl who had married into Italian royalty, took Cooper under her wing. She nursed him back to health in her beautiful villa, and in the process they fell in love.

A year later she accompanied him to Hollywood. It is popularly supposed that it was she who taught Coop all the social niceties. The Countess di Frasso was one of the great Hollywood hostesses. She herself was no actress, but the parties she threw were the gayest, most imaginative social functions Hollywood has ever seen. At many of these, Coop was regarded as the host.

WHILE the countess was still in Hollywood, Gary met Veronica Balfe, a socialite who, bored with life on Long Island, had come west and obtained a job at RKO under the name of Sandra Shaw.

People who knew her, called her Rocky and quickly explained that her step-father was Paul Shields, a big-time broker and member of the New York Stock Exchange.

Gary was very much taken by Rocky when he met her on the set. She was not only good looking, but also poised, charming, dignified, and well bred.

Although his publicity had pictured him as the soft-spoken cowboy of quiet hayseed charm, Cooper had many of these attributes himself. He had been educated in England as a youngster, and had attended Grinnell College in Iowa. His father, a lawyer, was a Superior Court judge in Montana. In short, Coop wasn't the country bumpkin most of his fans thought he was, and for that matter, still think he is.

Rocky Balfe was the kind of girl he had always wanted for a wife. They were married in 1933 at the bride's Park Avenue apartment. Five years later, their one daughter, Maria Veronica, was born. The Coopers moved into a Georgian mansion on a three-and-a-half-acre lot in Brentwood, and after a few years, Gary came to be regarded as one of the more sedate and conservative citizens of Hollywood.

On screen he continued playing the bashful, awkward All-American boy but in real life, he lived like one of those widely-advertised men of distinction. His clothes were impeccably tailored, his manners were beyond reproach, his friends were hand chosen.

No one mentioned Lupe Velez, Clara Bow or the Countess di Frasso. In fact, these ladies were more or less completely overlooked in Cooper's life.

Before his breakup with Rocky, he was mentioned in connection with only one other woman. That was Ingrid Bergman, and the gossip started while they were making *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. This was just gossip, however, Ingrid wound up with Roberto Rossellini, and Gary stayed with Rocky.

Since their separation, it has been rumored that Peter Lawford has been frequently seen in Rocky Cooper's company. According to a mutual friend, though, "the only thing Rocky and Lawford have in common is that they both like the beach."

There is little doubt that Gary is the only man who counts in Rocky's life. If he wants to return, she'll certainly take him back.

Whether he wants to or not, however, Gary isn't saying. In the meantime, all eyes are on Patricia Neal. THE END

liz taylor tells the truth

(*Continued from page 41*) become the real thing, as I knew it wasn't, then. However, we were both in the spotlight of public interest, and the result of that simple, friendly gift was a false interpretation that we were engaged.

I TRIED to deny it, and so did he, but the reporters and publicity men were so excited that they simply wrote the next chapter before we had a chance to come anywhere near living even a portion of it. It was natural that I resented what was going on. Pictures were constantly being made of us until we felt like a pair of criminals.

"Who can say what might have happened if we had been left alone? All I know is that to me, this almost-romance might have become the real romance in my life.

"Glenn went to Korea. After he returned, I flew back to Florida to meet him. During this time, I wore the gold football, and I didn't go out with anyone else. At this point, the situation became completely impossible. There were millions of questions, and it is still incredible to me how anyone can ask you when you are going to be married—and then resent it when you say you don't know. If I had said he hadn't asked me yet, then he would have been asked what was wrong. You see, neither of us had come anywhere near living up to the point at which the public thought we had already arrived. Both of us knew by now, that it was impossible for our lives to blend normally. We had a quiet talk about the problem and decided to break up, which we did in as friendly a way as was possible under the circumstances."

Liz was just a little past 16 when she went through this romance. The experience must have jolted her more than any other event in her life up to that time. It seems only logical that once she had awakened to a world beyond the disciplined sphere of her life as an actress, she would seek other male companionship to substitute for what she had lost.

All of us are familiar with the old term, "caught on the rebound." I think that is what happened in the case of Elizabeth's next romance with Bill Pawley, Jr. It was

in March 1949, that Elizabeth broke up with Glenn Davis, but they had not seen each other for a long time, and except in the wishful thinking of Liz' heart, there was nothing to break up. However, when June 1949, arrived, the public was not aware of this. It couldn't be, and for Elizabeth to become engaged to Bill Pawley was something of a shock. Actually, the circumstances were as normal as they would have been in any other town in America, with the single and vital exception that Elizabeth had been denied the normal development in human relations that most girls have. She was not denied this by her mother or father, or her studio, but by the complicated circumstances of life as an actress.

Of her romance with Bill Pawley, Liz says: "I met Bill Pawley at a party in Florida when I was visiting my uncle. He was 28 and I was 17. He is a fine man. He is also a rugged individualist. He seemed strong enough to resist the tide of rumor and speculation that had completely spoiled the Glenn Davis romance before it was a romance. I won't go into all the details, again, but Bill and I did fall in love, or thought we had. He gave me a beautiful ring, and then as the days flew by, I once again realized what my profession as an actress could do to my life.

"When we discussed marriage, Bill firmly insisted that I give up my career. I just couldn't. The compromise was that I would live in Florida and commute to Hollywood. But as time went on I knew that this was almost completely impossible. Marriage needs more attention than can be given to it under such circumstances, and I could not bring myself to give up something I had worked so hard for all my life. I want to point out that, although I was counseled by my parents, the decision to break this engagement was strictly on my own. And it hurt me deeply."

Not only did the broken engagement cause Elizabeth suffering, but she was caught in the web of public misunderstanding. Newspapers have little time to delve into much more than what appears on the surface; they saw only a girl who had two "engagements" in one year, and the immediate reaction was to call her "fickle." Nothing could have been further from the truth. Bewildered, hurt, suspicious of publicity men and reporters, as well as of her family who were naturally over-solicitous and at this point prone to say and do the wrong thing, Elizabeth was now almost openly defiant. She had only herself to look to, and she didn't have the answers. Another girl, in like financial circumstances, could have gone away for a time until her wounds healed. But Liz had to go to work every day, conscious that her entrance on the sound stage or in the commissary caused an immediate flood of whispering.

She had no one to turn to until she met Nicky Hilton. In Nicky were all the apparent answers. Scion of a rich hotel man, he was not one of the Hollywood-type men who had been barraging her with telephone calls. He obviously was not going to woo her for her ability to earn big money as an actress. In his business, he had seen the world. There could be no career competition. He understood her problems, and many of the objections her parents had to other men vanished. Nicky was not "too old," as Mrs. Taylor had felt Bill Pawley was. There was not the anxiety that comes with possible marriage to a military man, as in the case of Glenn Davis.

"During our courtship, Nicky was wonderful," Liz says. "We went together for six months, during which he didn't drink or gamble. He was attendant to my every whim, and I'm sure that we were just about like any other couple, showing each other our best sides. And to make the situation seem still more ideal, at that time, Nicky got along beautifully with all my friends. Perhaps I should have known, in view of past experience, that the situation was too ideal."

Only behind the scenes, to veteran reporters, was there a clash of temperament; a mild hint that all might not be well. For instance, publicity announcements were made concerning who was to do the trousseau. By accident, several names were mentioned! But naturally, Helen Rose, Metro designer and close friend of Elizabeth, had the job. It never occurred to her that this would bring forth some rather distasteful arguments. Suddenly, these jealousies broke out into the open. Elizabeth and her mother became involved with doing things the way other people wanted them done. The greatest diplomacy was necessary in handling all sorts of people who were really unimportant to the actual event.

Meantime, Elizabeth was trying to work, to crowd in her instructions in the Catholic church, and to enjoy those serene premarriage days with the man of her choice. In the end, the marriage was about as they pictured it would be, except perhaps for the delay caused by a last minute breakdown of the church organ. This made them laugh and they joked about it as an ill omen that couldn't possibly effect their perfect union.

The ill omens were there, though, hidden in the other experiences that Elizabeth had had. Obviously, Nicky Hilton had steeled himself for the ordeal of the big public wedding. Obviously, too, he knew what they were both in for at the beginning. But it is now apparent that he was simply tolerating these intrusions and that, without showing it, he resented them deeply. He, like Elizabeth, expected that once the ceremony was over, they would be left alone.

They were naive, of course. Otherwise, they probably never would have allowed all these fancy trappings. They would have wed quietly in a distant town. At any rate, they discovered that it was necessary to throw people off the track by making false plane reservations, and then to practically sneak out of town.

They had promised themselves complete freedom on their ocean voyage, but public interest had grown so great that this, too, was denied them. And now, Nicky's smouldering resentment began to show.

As Elizabeth puts it, "Two weeks after our marriage I discovered that Nicky was jealous. Of what and whom, I couldn't tell. At the time, I didn't know how to handle the situation, and when we sailed for Europe, we were hardly speaking to each other. In a way, we were both spoiled, and didn't know it. We were trying to grow up, but under the circumstance, we couldn't possibly do it together. I had never been exposed to any sort of drinking or gambling, and I didn't know the reasons why Nicky was compelled to do these things. I simply couldn't reach him for an understanding. As a result, I became afraid, negative, and defiant.

"When we came back from the honeymoon, there were more quarrels. I discovered that he didn't like my friends. Under other circumstances, this might not have been the case, but I could only see his resentment. One day the Geary Steffens and the Marsh Thompsons suggested we join them on a picnic and afterwards have fun flying a new type of kite.

"I won't say exactly what Nick's retort was, but the gist of it was that I could go on and grow up with my friends, he'd stick around home. Of course, there are not any more normal, adult-minded, and sensible people than the Steffens and the Thompsons, and we both knew it. This was just a way young couples have of hurting each other when their problems reach a point that defies solution.

"We had found out that I liked one type of people. He preferred an older, more sophisticated group."

Recently, there have been certain recurring remarks about Elizabeth in various columns and over the air. They suggest she is a "run-around," heartless, and too obviously sophisticated.

This is an extreme half-truth, if my choice of words is correct. Elizabeth does have about her a certain air of disillusionment. She does appear to be sophisticated. Yet, she is still the type of girl who would rather go to a quiet preview, a concert, a play, or a zoo, than a crowded night club.

If they told the truth, the hardened young men about Hollywood who "play a circuit" of young divorcees, could confirm my opinion. They have tried every means to make Elizabeth Taylor an "on the town" girl. They have telephoned, sent flowers, contrived to met and fascinate her at every turn. Meantime, she has only remained closer to her friend, director Stanley Donen, who offered her sympathy and understanding when she needed it.

The fact is that Stanley Donen could be the one permanent man in Elizabeth's life. Certainly he is openly in love with her, and she is completely fond of him. But it is doubtful that this romance will lead to marriage. It is a romance only because Liz has preferred the company of one man, rather than become a "patsy" for Hollywood wolves. However, only recently she attended the races at Hollywood Park with young Lin Howard. In the weeks and months that follow, she will undoubtedly begin to have other dates.

She has successfully avoided, at least until now, any complicated situations. She will probably continue to avoid them. She lives quietly in her small apartment with her friend and secretary, Peggy Rutledge. I believe that she has found a new and quiet dignity in her life—a way of living that may occasionally be upset by publicity outbursts intimating more exciting and imaginative romances.

But Elizabeth Taylor is no longer a frantic little girl. Gradually, she seems to be moving toward a more understanding relationship with her mother, and now she has an opportunity to prove that she is not only a beautiful, but an intelligent and worthwhile girl, too.

Elizabeth explains herself well when she says, "This is my life—and I only ask the chance to live it."

We should, at least, give her this chance

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During a bond drive in San Francisco I had tried all morning to get within admiring distance of Victor Mature, but to no avail. That afternoon Madame Chiang Kai Shek drove through the expectant throng of the city. Imagine my amazement to see standing right beside me on the curbing Victor Mature, ogling and admiring the spectacle as much as I!

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■ Gay and glamorous Shelley Winters, wearing a pastel pink, blue, and green plaid silk organza Tula negligee, previews our luscious, summer-cool, perfect-fit feminine lovelies. Shelley is currently appearing in RKO's *Behave Yourself.*

On this page: An intriguing and exquisite nitie of satin and sheer rayon (crossed braided straps in back). White, black, pink. $8.95. Sizes 32 to 38. Order from Petite Paris Lingerie, P. O. Box 71, Sanford, Florida (add 15c for postage)—or write for catalog. Satisfaction guaranteed. In front of the lovely nitie Seamprufe's irresistible "knee-deep-in-lace-petit-flirt" of Bur-Mil rayon crepe and lavish Alencon-type lace. Small, medium, large. White, black, navy, $3.98. Arnold Constable, New York; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; May Company, Los Angeles. The full length slip is by Stardust. This four-gore-cut, lace trimmed "miracle" slip is of acetate rayon with nylon—it is porous, cool, shadow-proof, easy wash'n dry and guaranteed for one year. White and pink. Sizes 32-44. $2.39. Litt Brothers, Philadelphia; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

Tula negligee (with cord tie not shown) worn by Shelley Winters. About $25. Sizes 10 to 18. B. Altman, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.

All coiffures by Mr. Donn of Lentheric Hair Salon, New York. All ballet slippers by Capezio, New York.

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(*On this page*) Stardust's bra and petticoat modeled by "Miss Stardust of 1951". The pre-shrunk cotton bra. $1.00. The Sanforized fine cotton petticoat is generously flounced with eyelet embroidery. $1.98. Both in white only. Guaranteed for one year—and are available at: Gimbels, New York; Rallman & Sons, Cincinnati. (*At the right*) is Perma-lift's sensational Stitched Cup bra and lightweight (yet powerfully strong) pantie girdle. The bra has built-in uplift—the pantie girdle also has this Magic inset (can't roll over, wrinkle or bind). Bra: white cotton, $3; white or pink satin, $3.50; white nylon, $4. Pantie girdle: white only, $5.95; girdle, white only, $6.95. All available at: Bloomingdale's, New York; Bullocks, Los Angeles; Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia. Nylon hosiery in the new summer color—Iced Tea—by Holeproof. (*Opposite page*) Maidenform's "Dream Girl of Television" models the Maidenette Declatay three-way bra (halter-fashion, conventional with straps, or strapless as shown). White only—of nylon sheer and marquisette. $3. James McCreery, New York; DeMilo Shop, Beverly Hills. (*At the top*) Lovable's strapless bra of embroidered cotton eyelet. White only. $1.50. Marshall Field, Chicago; May Co., Cleveland. (*Below*) Peter Pan's Merry-Go-Round bra with the new "Secret Scenter" (a perfume disc that hides in a net pocket inside the bra between the cups). Broadcloth, $3. Nylon taffeta, $3.50. White only. A. Harris, Dallas; Jordan Marsh, Boston; May Co.. Los Angeles.





beauty—slim and trim. For an enchanted silhouette you'll love these cool, invisible Playtex Pink-Ice girdles that are like a second skin—that move as you move, are light as snowflakes, smooth as mountain ice, and fashion-right from dawn to dusk. Of latex, without a single seam, stitch, or bone, they wash and pat dry in seconds. The three Playtex Pink-Ice styles pictured (pantie girdle with garters, pantie girdle without garters, and girdle) are also available in the Playtex "Living" and Fab-Lined girdles. All Playtex girdles sold at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere from $3.95 to $6.95. Reach-right, proportioned nylon hosiery in the glorious new color—Radiant Blush—by Glen Raven Hosiery.

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Lingerie must be forever feminine for true glamor. Start the "little miss" out right with Carter's precious princess slip of Celanese run-proof jersey, cotton lace and ribbon trim. Blossom pink, and white. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4. $1.69. Gimbels, New York.

Carter's straight-cut Junior slip of nylon tricot has a classic sweetheart neck—lace trim. White and black. Junior Sizes 9-15. Under $8.00. The Emporium, San Francisco.

Nylon hosiery, in the lovely color—Sunbloom, by Rivoli. Cool and sheer—the Luxite by Holeproof nitie (*in the center*) is of all-nylon tricot, with satin trim and ties. Pink, blue, basque gold and white. $8.95. Sizes 32-42. B. Altman, New York; Bullocks, Los Angeles, Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Brandeis and Sons, Omaha. The "new fashion" Bur-Mil rayon crepe strapless bra slip by Seamprufe has nylon net top edging, elasticized shirring deep in back and across the front top—the top is cut to fit all bust cups. White, veil pink, heavenly blue, jonquil, black, and navy. $3.98. Sizes 32-38. Stern's, New York; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; May Company, Los Angeles. With this Seamprufe slip we show Seamprufe nylon stockings in the exciting color—Sparkle.





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1350 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

is grable quitting?

(*Continued from page 46*) an unusual thing. The clause covering suspensions is an instrument of value to both sides and is used frequently. In many cases it is invoked amicably. A star wants to do a play, so he arranges a leave without pay. A studio has no picture lined up for an actor, so it arranges extra vacation time for him, while still retaining its rights to his services. All on a friendly basis. Then there is the other kind. A player doesn't like a part—the studio does—so he plays it or goes off salary. The procedure in these cases is that the actor remains unpaid until the film in dispute is completed. These are the nasty ones. And this was the kind of suspension 20th Century-Fox handed Betty Grable.

If Dean Acheson had taken a poke at Harry Truman, it would have caused no more consternation in Washington than the Fox-Grable quarrel caused in Hollywood. These two have been wedded with splendid success from the first day Betty Grable's initial starring film appeared under the Fox banner. They have both profited financially beyond their wildest hopes, and Betty has never had anything but the super AA, velvet glove treatment from her bosses.

Her contract is the most unusual in Hollywood, for it calls for Technicolor in any movie she makes, and one of the largest salaries paid any star at any studio. She has never been asked to make more than two pictures a year, and she has a good deal to say in the choice of cast, story and directors. Where, then, is Betty Grable's discontent?

Like George, the reporter, we checked —and we think we know. We believe Betty Grable wants to quit, that she wants to hang up the dancing shoes, straighten out the pin curls, pack the pretty costumes in an attic trunk and settle down as Mrs. Harry James, 35-year-old wife and mother.

You can't say she didn't warn us. Betty Grable hasn't been interviewed in the last five years without making the specific statement:

"When I get out of the top 10 box-office attractions—I'll get out of the business."

And she meant it. She said it first at a time when she was number one in the list of 10—and she said it more emphatically when she dropped to number five. At that time, however, she was still the leading female star. She is not today. She is still fifth in line all right but the roster, according to the latest survey of Box Office magazine is: June Allyson, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert and Betty Grable. *She's the number three woman now,* and it might be that is Betty's point of no return. She may want to step aside before she catches her first glimpse of that famous skid.

ANOTHER statement that Betty Grable has made constantly is that she will never let her career interfere with her marriage. At this point it could. As a matter of fact, the current disagreement which led to her suspension, concerns the studio's demand that Betty go into another picture with just a few weeks off from the last one. This, Betty contended in a public statement, does not give her enough time with her husband and kids.

Just how much does the glitter and rewards of movie success, mean to Betty Grable? Well, it must mean, above all, the living enactment of a very old dream, for she has been climbing a ladder to the stars since she was five years old. She has been working in pictures since she was 12. It must mean, too, a lot of money. Betty Grable's income is regulated only by her desire; and combined with her husband's huge pay checks, she has had available all the money she could use for a number of years now. What else does it mean?

We'll say nothing—less than nothing!

You'd have to be an old timer in Hollywood to remember seeing Betty Grable at a swank social affair or an elegant industry gathering. She just doesn't go to them. Why? Because she gets no kick from the adulation of the crowd and the compliment of a request for an autograph. Someone who has seen her private wardrobe says she has bought three new evening gowns in the last five years—and two of them have never been worn. It has to be a really good show to get Betty Grable into one of the chi-chi Hollywood night spots. Check the fan magazine photographs and you'll find there hasn't been a shot of Grable at Mocambo in ages. When she goes out at night it's to a neighborhood café—a place the little people patronize and the autograph hounds ignore. No, there is nothing in the idolatry that goes with stardom that appeals to Betty Grable!

How about the power of a star? Here's the routine she followed making *Call Me Mister.* Betty got up at six o'clock in the morning every day for an average of seven months a year and checked into the studio at a time ordered by a hundred-dollar-a-week assistant director. She took a chair pointed out by a staff make-up man and sat and followed instructions until he told her to get up. She dropped into her dressing room and signed the papers and made the calls her secretary told her to, and she left for the set when the director sent for her. As soon as the cameraman was ready, Betty stepped into the area he designated, rehearsed the lines the dialogue director gave her, and then played the scene the way the director told her he wanted it. At lunch, she ate with the reporter the publicity department assigned to her, and went back to the set at the time the first assistant director said would please him most. And before she knocked off for the evening, she listened humbly while they all told her what they required of her the next day. In her dealings with the big shots in the front office, she says and does just what her agent prescribes. Does that sound as if Betty Grable gets a kick out of her power as a star?

Without the thrill of being a glamorous celebrity to spur Betty Grable on; without the need of money and the urge to earn it; without a feeling for power over lesser people to drive her, what does Betty Grable get out of the movies? Just one thing—work! Hard, tiring endless work. It is not a fair exchange for the best hours of the best days of her daughters' and husband's life, and we say Betty Grable wants out.

There is no man who can point a finger at Betty Grable today and charge her with climbing anything but that ladder in her ascent to her place among the stars. She victimized no one, climbed aboard no band wagons. She learned her arts, developed her talents, and sold herself to the big time the hard way—by proving herself a standout performer in her profession. Consequently she has no obligations or commitments to anyone in Hollywood. From her first moment before a camera, 22 years ago, to the completion of her last picture, she has paid off in effort and superior ability for every dollar the movies have given her. And during her period of stardom, when the bulk of responsibility for the sale of her pictures rested on her shoulders, there is only one film on record which hasn't been a smash hit. Her studio has never had to list her as a temporary liability.

Her mother and the friends who knew Betty in the early days will tell you she really wanted to be a fine dramatic actress. But with the first blush of success there came the realization that in Betty Grable, 20th Century-Fox had a rare personality. And this personality was the perfect composite for a star of glittering musicals. The drama went out the window. Grable the song-and-dance gal was born, and they've never let her be anything else. It was a disappointment to Betty Grable that she never had a chance to really act, but she never made an issue of it.

In summation, it would appear that Betty Grable has devoted a lifetime of honorable labor to a career that has fulfilled her every dream. As the saying goes, she's now "got it made," and the fields she's trod so long are no longer green and inviting, for they have been long harvested.

The last disagreement Betty Grable had with 20th Century-Fox (in those days it was known as Fox Studio) was in 1929. Things were different then. She was an eager kid of 13 under contract to the company as a stock dancer at a salary of $60 a week. It wasn't much, but it was the fulfillment of a crazy dream she had back home in St. Louis that someday she'd be in the movies.

Everyone on the lot liked the Grable kid. She was skinny, not too pretty, but she made up in energy and willingness what she lacked in adolescent glamor. It would be no time at all, her boosters

Bette Davis, asked by a London reporter to give her recipe for a long, happy marriage, said, "I have none. Remember, Gary Merrill is my *fourth* husband."

Hedda Hopper in
The New York Daily News

predicted, before she would be a featured performer—and then anything might happen. But her world tumbled about her ears when the Los Angeles County Board of Education notified the studios they would have to get rid of all minor employees, and Betty was fired.

But Betty didn't give up. She wanted show business, but mainly movies, and she was willing to keep trying. Until she was 21, nobody was more active in theatrical circles than Betty Grable. She personified the popular co-ed of the period and her picture was in the magazines and newspapers constantly. She married Jackie Coogan, a helter-skelter lad if there ever was one, and she began making the front pages without cheesecake.

After Coogan, she was signed by Fox again, this time by Darryl Zanuck, who has been the mentor behind the marriage of Betty Grable and Color-Music-Extravaganzas. He couldn't find the right spot for her at the moment, so when a chance to go to New York and play a leading role in *DuBarry Was A Lady* came along, Zanuck gave her a "suspension" to go ahead and take it. She was a smash hit, and, some time later when Alice Faye decided *she* had had enough of pictures, the studio called Betty back and starred her in *Down Argentine Way*. The rest is dull, professionally—nothing but hit after hit, more money, more fame and soon Betty Grable became an expression as self-explanatory as Saturday night or Spearmint gum.

Betty played the glamor circuit for a while, all right. She had her day as a movie star. She signed the autographs and wore mink and ermine. And she got men—any she wanted. Her romances were photographed and written about for years. George Raft, Victor Mature, Ty Power, Vic Orsatti, Bob Stack, John Payne and a good many more eligibles kept the Grable phone busy—and she danced the soles off their shoes, and laughed and sang with them far into the night.

With Harry James it was different. Almost from the first date, James seemed to exert a sobering influence on Betty. They didn't get out to the hot spots as much as she did with the other lads. They skipped the usual publicity.

On Monday, July 4, 1943, very close to dawn, Betty and Harry were married in a hotel room in Las Vegas, to avoid the crowd in front of the wedding chapel. And they have lived in almost semi-seclusion ever since.

That is the way it was—and that is the way it is. Betty Grable has her man, her two kids, Vicki, 7, and Jessica, 4. She has more money than she can spend, a fine home, and a lot of years of good health and good living ahead of her.

It is true, however, that no decision of profound importance is made without some strong reason. We have recited *why* Betty Grable would want to quit. But what is the reason for her retirement at this time? She will not talk about it, and neither will the studio. The veil of ethical secrecy that hides the happenings beyond this shelters many things, personal and business alike. Things that are rightly private information. But, basing our conclusions on known facts, here are some reasonable guesses.

Any movie star, who works 12 consecutive years for one company must draw a tremendous annual salary, plus many bonuses and stock option certificates. Often, in bad times, the bankers of the film companies decide that no matter what the star's box office appeal, a contract written in greener years and still expanding toward a distant date of expiration, might well wreck the solvency of the company. In this event, the order is given to take off the velvet gloves.

It is not the contention here that this happened at 20th Century-Fox with Betty Grable. But it must be pointed out that the studio announced a 50% reduction in all major salaries at almost the same time it announced Betty's suspension. An investigation of Grable-studio relations through some of her friends brought out the information that, "the studio hasn't been as nice to her during the past year." And the clincher is the bare fact that the box-office is in bad shape, and there seems no current likelihood of it getting better.

If 20th Century-Fox wanted to break its contract with Betty Grable, it couldn't have used a better device than the issue at hand. It has been Betty's one demand that she be given a vacation during the Del Mar racing season. That is Harry's vacation time and they look forward during the entire year to bathing with their kids in the nearby surf, and watching their horses run at the track. For years the studio has established Betty's schedules to suit this arrangement, and have even kept the press away from her. The picture they wanted her to make would be shooting during that season this year. And Betty said, "No."

Was it accident or design?

Intentionally caused or not, the situation is what is known in Hollywood as a *hassle*. An unpleasant situation that requires a lot of jockeying to iron out. But our bet is that Betty Grable won't jockey.

She may not quit officially, or make an announcement. She may even make another picture, maybe more. But as far as she's concerned, Betty Grable has had it.

Betty Grable is a star, but she'll trade it. Not too cheaply, though. She'll take in exchange Harry, Vicki and Jessica, and the quiet peace of a horse ranch where a camera never turns.

THE END


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tony and piper meet the people

(*Continued from page 59*) Inside, confused but happy, the MODERN SCREEN party found itself pointed toward Denver, Colorado, the home of Mrs. Alice Bankert, first prize winner in the big MODERN SCREEN, Universal-International, Pepsi-Cola "Bring A Star to Your Home" contest.

As the big plane found its cruising level, Piper and Tony retired to the club room accommodations at the rear, and Piper looked out at the world above. "Look, Tony," she exclaimed, "we're flying above a huge stack of pillows." They were traveling at 273 air speed miles per hour, and the earth couldn't be seen through the fleecy clouds.

While the other passengers looked on, Piper straightened Tony's tie. They seemed like honeymooners, which they weren't, as they settled down to a breakfast of superb United Airlines fare. Stewardess Mary Wallace laughed as Piper's and Tony's eyes popped at the sight of fluffy scrambled eggs, crisp bacon, warm toast, coffee and two kinds of fruit.

"I should eat like this at home," Tony exclaimed, gulping his second cup of coffee. Afterward he went up forward to take the morning shave he'd missed. He never got that shave, for he spotted a pretty girl with a pair of blue eyes that would stop a man dead in his tracks at 50 paces.

"Bless your heart, little girl," Tony said. "Haven't we met somewhere before?"

It was doubtful, although that honey-haired charmer, Julie Anne Grant didn't say so. She simply threw him an angelic smile, followed by a big kiss. Julie Anne, a debutante from Castle Rock, Colorado, has probably forgotten about that kiss by now, even though Tony promised he'd write to her, and that someday they might even get married. Julie Anne is an extremely fickle little two-year-old.

Might just as well be factual. Mr. Tony Curtis has a way with women. And as for Piper Laurie. Well! By the time the plane was winging past Las Vegas, Piper had fascinated every man in the place, even if she did kick off her shoes, curl up and go to sleep with her hair-do still uncombed.

Blame all this giddy excitement on the altitude if you want to. But the effect these two enchanting young people had on those aboard Flight 606 this morning was small potatoes compared to the arrival at Denver.

United Airlines Captain Eddie Brooks taxied the plane to a halt at the Denver airport, Tony peered out and exclaimed, "Hey—brass band stuff!" And it was almost that. There were people crowded fast against the heavy steel gates, and inside, close to the big ship as it came to rest were all manner of jeeps and other military vehicles. This was a reception committee of Korean War Veterans, and another group of handsome soldiers, on hand to name Piper "Miss Flame Thrower of 1951!"

Contest winner, Mrs. Alice Bankert was there, too, glowing with pride in behalf of her city and all the movie-goers there, for having brought Piper and Tony to her home town. Now the feverish round of activity started. There was an open air broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System, with Piper and Tony being welcomed by Mrs. Bankert against a background of roaring military planes. Then, the 50-people-party was rushed into a cavalcade of army cars and along the route to downtown Denver, with banners flying.

First stop—the famous Brown-Palace Hotel in Denver. While Frank McFadden and Cliff Brown of Universal-International checked on their reservations, Piper and Tony strolled around the huge lobby, the ceiling of which extends clear to the very top floor of the old building.

In a few moments, they were whisked up to their rooms, 535 for Piper's cute suite decorated in shades of soft green; and 735 for Tony's rooms, done in knotty pine. They both felt every bit as important as the visiting Presidents and cattle barons who have made the Brown-Palace a Denver boast for more than 50 years.

But that feeling of luxury lasted only a few minutes, for the military summoned Piper again. She was called for by a handsome top sergeant and rushed off to the army base to be christened "Miss Flame Thrower of 1951." The situation was so filled with excitement that Piper nearly fainted when nearly 1,000 fighting men paraded by in salute to their visitor. Then, with an actual flame thrower tossing a blaze a half block long for a background, Piper received her high honors. It was an impressive moment, relieved only when a flustered Lieutenant rushed up to her and said, "Gosh, it was wonderful of you to come out here, Miss Piper CUB."

Meantime, Tony was having an experience never matched before in his young life. Alone, he dared to accept an invitation to pay a visit to Loretta Heights College. While it is one of the educational prides of the State of Colorado, Tony's visit was something that has rarely happened in the history of Loretta Heights, for it is an all-girl college.

"I've had some wonderful experiences since I've been in Hollywood," Tony said, "but nothing quite as impressive as the sight of those dozens of attractive girls, on horseback, riding out with their school colors to bid me welcome."

Dance Director Milton Hill gags that in Hollywood when an actor gets outfitted "from head to toe" it means from toupee to elevator shoes.

Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

Sounds a little formal for a guy like Tony? Well, he can make a pretty good speech when he means it, and wants to, as the sisters and the students all agreed. But they'd hardly agree that having Tony present at classes would help them all concentrate on the studies at hand.

Hardly had Piper and Tony arrived back in their rooms at the Brown-Palace than their telephones were ringing again—This time they were reminded that if they didn't hurry they'd miss the big event of the day—the party being given by the Denver Post and the Pepsi-Cola folks at the big new Pepsi plant.

This was the high fever point of the day, for the fans of both Piper and Tony had written special letters, and the winners were invited to the party. More than 300 of them had gathered for the welcome. Wisely, the studio limousine was driven in a side entrance, and Piper and Tony were smuggled to the party room.

For the better part of an hour, the Tony Curtis Fan Club took over, and in their enthusiasm, almost took their favorite apart. So many of the boys and girls wanted to dance with the co-stars of *The Prince Who Was A Thief* that arrangements finally were made to select the dancers by applause.

Then the Denver Post awarded war bonds to the writers of winning letters, refreshments were served, and the stars signed autographs for almost two hours. When they left, Piper had to be hurried out an emergency exit, while a flying wedge was formed to get Tony to the car. The wedge miss-fired, somehow, and when the door was finally slammed after him, Tony was covered with lipstick from ear to ear. Not only that, he was minus his tie, and a pair of cuff links—something he said he'd have a hard time explaining to Janet Leigh, later.

"But don't get me wrong," he enthused, "I love every second of this. Where else could an ex-sailor get such kicks?"

There was no denying it, Piper and Tony were completely exhausted. Although they danced together at dinner that night, they were yawning widely, and they retired early in preparation for the next day's big events.

It was Sunday morning when they emerged on the streets of Denver to have a look at the city. First, they mingled with the church-going crowds, and later they went to see the State Capitol building, climbing to the mile high step, where they posed for their pictures. Here they met Dick Peuser, a Californian from Redondo Beach, stationed at Lorring Field, and a few minutes later were on their way to the huge Fitzimmons General Hospital.

Welcoming them were Major William F. Shutt, and First Lieutenant Jamkochian, Chief of the Welfare Division. Piper and Tony broadcast over Fitzimmons' own radio station KFG, to all the patients in this hospital, which is a city of almost 7,000 inhabitants. And afterwards, requesting that no pictures be made, they went visiting the more than 900 wounded Korean veterans there.

As they left, late in the afternoon, Tony said: "This has been a remarkable experience. I wish that the parents of these fighting men could see how well they are taken care of in this great hospital. Some of the finest medical minds in the world are here, and I was surprised to learn that at Fitzimmons, some of the greatest discoveries in medical history have been made."

Next morning, Piper was wakened at seven A.M. by a telephone call, and a pompous voice which said, "Miss Laurie, this is the general major domo factotum of the Brown-Palace Hotel."

"Yes, Mr. Factotum," Piper said, a little puzzled. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," the voice went on, "we endeavor to make all our guests happy, and we understand that your lifelong ambition has been to have breakfast in bed . . ."

Piper gasped. "Why, yes, but it was only a joke."

"A joke?" Tony's voice turned back to normal. "Well, joke or not—you climb into a robe, because I'm on my way down with that breakfast right now.

And he was, properly chaperoned by a waiter, of course.

Right here is a good place to explain to people who don't know Tony Curtis that he may have soared to stardom almost over-night but he's strictly a down-to-earth fun guy.

That's why, when they returned to the State Capitol at 10 A.M. the next morning to meet Governor Dan Thornton, Piper squeezed his hand as they walked into his private offices, and whispered, "See if you can behave yourself, you big lug."

Tony could, and did. Matter of fact, before Governor Thornton knew it, he was being subtely interviewed by one Mr. Curtis. Also, before he knew it, he had put on his big hat and was climbing the sharply turning 97 steel steps which lead to the breathless top of the gold domed capitol building. As they stepped out on the cement balcony, Piper and Tony confessed to being completely winded. But the Governor grinned broadly and said he guessed he was in pretty good condition from winning the race for his position.

Then the conversation took a serious turn. With his broad arms around both

these young people, Governor Thornton explained a little about the great state of Colorado which they could see spread out for many miles below them.

"I'll never forget those few moments," Piper told Tony later. "It proves that there is still great opportunity in our country. Just think, Governor Thornton was born of share-cropper ancestors, and today he is Governor of Colorado."

"Yeah," Tony agreed solemnly. Then he grinned, and winked at Piper. "Not only that, but from a plain Texas cowboy, Dan Thornton worked his way up to become one of the biggest ranchers in Colorado. And without an enemy in the world. He's not only a big man—but he's rich—why he has almost as much money as Bing Crosby. And maybe that's why the people love him so much. They know he's not like most other politicians—he has enough money so they'll never have to worry about him dipping into the cash register."

For an answer, Piper kicked Tony squarely in the shins.

At noon that day, Piper and Tony were guests at a luncheon of Denver's most outstanding high school journalists. A group of fine reporters and editors, they fired questions at the pair for a couple of hours, before MODERN SCREEN's stars were removed, almost bodily, back to the hotel to rest in preparation for that night's big preview-premiere of *The Prince Who Was a Thief*.

First came a gala dinner for Mr. and Mrs. George Bankert and their friends, followed by a visit to the Bankert home, where all the neighbors had come to see Mrs. Bankert's prize guests.

On hand to broadcast the reactions of those present was Dale Morgan, whose "Where's Morgan?" program is *must* listening all over Denver.

The most amusing moment of the evening came when Dale asked one charming girl whether she was related to Mrs. Bankert. "Oh no," she gasped. "Nobody knows me. I just slipped in because I had to see Tony Curtis and ask him something!"

"All right, honey," Morgan said. "You go right ahead and ask him."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"Come on," Tony broke in. "You can ask me anything you want."

"Well," the girl exclaimed, blushing deeply, "I just want to know—*do you know Peter Lawford?*"

Tony gulped. He admitted that he knew Pete, all right, and that he was a nice guy. Later he said, "That'll teach me not to get the big head—also not to open my big mouth." An hour later, Piper and Tony were sneaked backstage into the Fox Denver Theater, where *The Prince Who Was a Thief* was nearing its climax. Quietly, they slipped into a dark aisle and over the shoulder of a husky usher, watched themselves in the final big love scene.

As the lights went up, applause roared through the house. And then they came out together from the wings to thank the people in that packed theater—people who by now were their old friends.

The ovation, timed by a stop watch, lasted exactly 11 minutes and 28 seconds before Piper could make herself heard. She didn't have the slightest idea what she would say before she faced that crowd, but her words of simple gratitude set off another hurricane of applause.

As for Tony, every time he opened his mouth, there were yells of approval, so he finally just picked Piper up in his arms, kissed her soundly, and raced off the stage.

It's difficult for any reporter to try and effectively set down in words the reactions of two young people, who have worked hard in their profession, when they are suddenly confronted with the fact of their instan-

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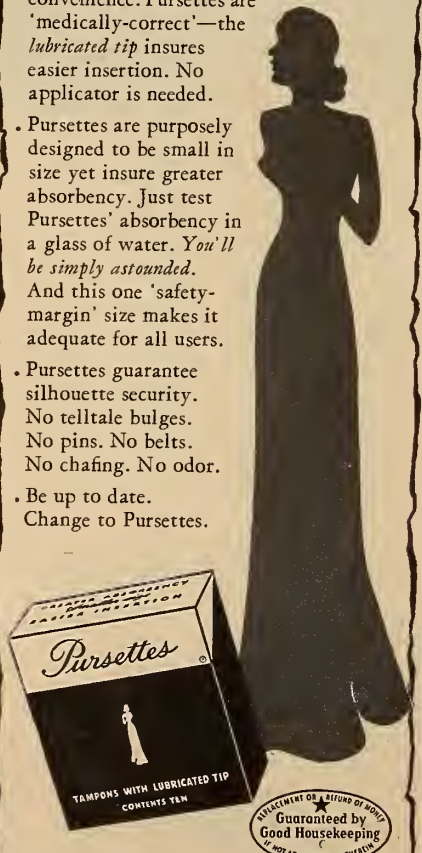
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taneous success. Perhaps it's enough to say that all of the editors of MODERN SCREEN are proud that their "Bring a Star to Your Home" idea made it possible to record this big event. As for this particular reporter, he had coffee at six A.M. the next morning in the drug store across from the Brown-Palace Hotel with Piper.

She was tousled, sleepy, but game and ready to catch the plane for their next stop, Terre Haute, Indiana. And even a hardened newsman, who has seen celebrities by the dozen come and go, had to admit to himself that here was a really fine girl—somebody he'd like to have for a kid sister.

BUT, let's not get emotional—on to Terre Haute, where third prize winner, Mrs. Elizabeth Denehie, a veteran educator, welcomed our stars.

"I've never met a more wonderful person in my life," Tony exclaimed, later. "Why everybody, from taxi drivers to bank presidents in Terre Haute, have learned English from Mrs. Denehie, and everybody in town loves her."

Piper added fervently to that. "It's just like I keep repeating, Tony," she said. "These people we've been meeting didn't win the contest. *We* really won it, because we've had a chance to meet them!"

It would take a complete issue of MODERN SCREEN to fully relate the further adventures in detail. The entire party fell in love with Columbus, Ohio, prize winner, Donna Morrison, a high school sophomore.

And then came the climactic last visit to the home town of Miss Clara Hobbs, of Charlotte, North Carolina. "We had a great beginning, on this trip," Tony said. "And like a successful play, a second act that didn't sag in the middle, but we never expected such a whirlwind finish. That Clara Hobbs! Piper and I just grabbed her and put her in the act. She was terrific!

"You know, it was our first trip into the South. And when we heard Miss Hobbs talk, we couldn't believe it. I'm not polishing an apple when I say everybody was so wonderful it was hard to believe. But—about Miss Hobbs. We made a radio transcription together. Then, when we got together later at the hotel and played it back, out came that same, rich, wonderful, slow Southern voice. And Miss Hobbs, her eyes opened real wide, said, 'Wha—is that me—bless me, Ah din no Ah had such uh Sothrn accent!' "

When Piper and Tony left for the airport that day, they were followed by a 20-car escort of cheering fans. And just before their plane took off, Tony grabbed pretty little Miss Hobbs and kissed her like there was no tomorrow. "That did it!" said Miss Hobbs, and acted as if she were fainting dead away.

And as we go to press, MODERN SCREEN adds to its archives, the following telegram: MR. CHARLES SAXON, MODERN SCREEN, 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. DEAR CHUCK. WE'VE OFTEN HEARD THAT MOST OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WOULD LOVE TO VISIT HOLLYWOOD AND GET A PASS TO SEE THE MOVIE STARS. WE THINK THAT'S SILLY. AFTER WHAT WE'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH, WE THINK THAT MOVIE STARS SHOULD TRY TO USE THEIR INFLUENCE, IF ANY WHATEVER, TO GET A PASS TO SEE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC. LOVE. AND IF WE'VE LEFT ANY LAUNDRY BILLS IN DENVER, COLUMBUS, TERRE HAUTE, OR ATLANTA, JUST CHARGE THEM TO MODERN SCREEN.

PIPER AND TONY.

THE END

brief marriage

(*Continued from page 37*) practically newlyweds, had been bickering off and on ever since their marriage. Although they have tried to keep these spats quiet, it was inevitable that rumors should spread, and the old cliché, "Where there's smoke, there's fire," seems to be true.

Both Ruth and Mortimer have persistently denied all talk of a rift between them. To an inquiring Hollywood columnist, they present a picture of perfect marital bliss. This must mean that they still hope, some way, somehow, to overcome the obstacles that threaten their happiness. But, at a party recently, those barriers came out in the open.

It was a gay gathering in a San Fernando Valley home. Among the guests were John Ireland, Joanne Dru, Veronica Lake, Andre DeToth, Joyce Holden and a host of other celebrities. It was an informal affair with most of the guests in casual clothes, and everyone seemed to be having fun. But there, in a corner off by themselves, were Ruth and Mortimer Hall. Ruth, wearing dungarees and a sweater, was crying as though her heart would break, and whatever Mortimer was saying to her didn't seem to help.

Surprisingly enough, the others were paying no attention to them.

"What's the matter with Ruth Roman?" someone standing near John Ireland asked.

"Oh, the same old thing," Ireland answered, shrugging. "They're just fighting again."

"Fighting?"

He nodded. "It's been going on all evening."

Suddenly Ruth got up and ran into one of the bedrooms. Mortimer followed her and slammed the door. No one could hear exactly what was said within those four walls, but from the angry pitch of their voices, it was obvious that they weren't cooing.

SOON, Mortimer came out, his face flushed. He went over to the bar, had a straight drink, and then stalked out of the house. Ruth left a few moments later. Her face was streaked with tears.

It could have been that Mort waited outside for Ruth and drove her home. But, the fact remains that they didn't leave the house together, and about 25 people noticed it. Here was a juicy morsel for the gossips; an incident to be told, repeated, and exaggerated far beyond any semblance of the truth.

And so the stories spread: "Ruth Roman and her husband are headed for a split. That marriage can't last. They're just not meant for each other."

But surely, these two people are entitled to a chance to work out their own destiny. After all, is it unusual for a married couple to have disagreements? The path of married love is often a rocky one, but the union is all the stronger for it.

No marriage in Hollywood has caused more predictions of failure than that of Lana Turner and Bob Topping. They have had their share of spats in public, and no one knows how many in private. Yet they seem to have weathered the stormy days that come in the first few years of matrimony.

This may be true in the case of Ruth and Mortimer Hall. Perhaps time and patience can erase the differences that exist between the dark, tempestuous actress, and her suave, sophisticated husband.

These differences are not trivial. Picture a freak show in Revere Beach, the Coney Island of Boston. A barker spiels his wares luring the curious and the suckers into his "odditorium." There's the fat lady, and the strong man, and the magician who saws a woman in half. There's a snake charmer who winds the deadly reptiles around her neck and strokes them and purrs to them until they lapse into their habitual torpor. And then, there's the little girl, barely eight years old, amazing all onlookers with her ability as a knife thrower.

That little girl was Ruth Roman. The barker was her father, and the snake charmer, her mother.

Today, Ruth is a beautiful, impeccably groomed young woman; a highly regarded actress with a brilliant career in front of her. But those years in the carnival have left their imprint. Ruth is strong-willed, independent with a self reliance that comes of a lusty childhood; fired with the burning ambition that took her from almost hopeless poverty to Hollywood stardom.

The story of Mortimer Hall would have to be written with a different pen. He is a product of wealth whose daily existence has been sheltered by the padding of privilege and the luxury of social standing.

The rich young man is prone to lack ambition. The poor young girl is apt to be loaded with it.

In the American tradition, these two opposites are compatible. But a look at the Hollywood divorce records shows that this is often not the case.

You can find quite a few people in Hollywood who can compare the Ruth Roman-Mortimer Hall marriage to the Betty Hutton-Ted Briskin match.

"Ruth Roman is like Betty Hutton," they say. "Those girls came up the hard way, and those rich guys can never understand them."

A well-known screen writer, who dated Ruth a few times, says, "Ruth is earthy, like Betty Hutton. She has too much ambition to be fenced in by a lot of social embroidery."

Ruth and Mort have done a lot to induce this feeling. Before their wedding in December of 1950, Ruth didn't display much confidence when she stated in an interview: "I'd be the world's worst wife, but I'm willing to try."

Mort let it be known that he was tired of the tinsel of Hollywood and intended to make his permanent home in New York.

Since their marriage, both have changed their attitudes. But, their underlying psychology is not so easily altered. It's not simple for a girl who has worked all her life to become a movie star to turn into a dutiful home maker. Being a good wife and preserving a marriage takes any woman's best effort. With Ruth, her friends will tell you that her career comes first.

Mortimer, in turn, has been a man of importance in society circles and a respected figure in New York. In Hollywood, his importance is dwarfed by his glamorous wife.

The dignity of the male is a sensitive quality which, when outraged, is much like the wrath of a woman scorned.

Recently, Ruth and Mortimer attended a Hollywood premiere. When the show was over, hundreds of adoring movie fans crowded around the lobby hoping for a peep at the celebrities. As Ruth and Mortimer stood near the curb, waiting for their car, a couple of teen-agers edged up within hearing distance.

"Gee, she's beautiful," said one of the youths.

"Yeah. Ruth Roman. She's a doll," his chum agreed.

Their eyes swung to Mort.

"Who's the guy she's with?"

"That's her husband."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know. Mortimer something."

Luckily, the kids wandered off, saving Mort from any further humiliation.

For a man like Mort Hall, who was managing editor of a New York newspaper and accustomed to a large amount of deference, this type of thing is crushing. And yet, this is what he must face and learn to tolerate as long as he remains married to Ruth Roman.

In a way, Ruth faces a similar problem. Most of Mort's friends and associates are upper strata socialites, and Ruth has probably had many qualms as to whether or not they really accept her.

These anxieties can rob people of their equanimity and irk them to a point where they become short-tempered and uncongenial. A person in this mood finds the tiniest oversight reason for an argument and becomes practically impossible to placate.

However, Ruth and Mortimer are intelligent people who realize their problems and are fighting sincerely to preserve their marriage. The mere fact that they deny all rumors of a rift proves that they are trying to make a go of it.

When two people tiff bitterly and then find within themselves the willingness and the humility to make up again, it means only one thing. They're in love.

Whether that love is strong enough to last remains to be seen.

One thing is certain. Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall have many friends rooting for them to stick together. And when two people are as courageous and determined as they are, nothing is impossible.

THE END

(Ruth Roman can be seen in Warners' Strangers On A Train.)

*80% of New York Models

WHO WERE INTERVIEWED SAID:

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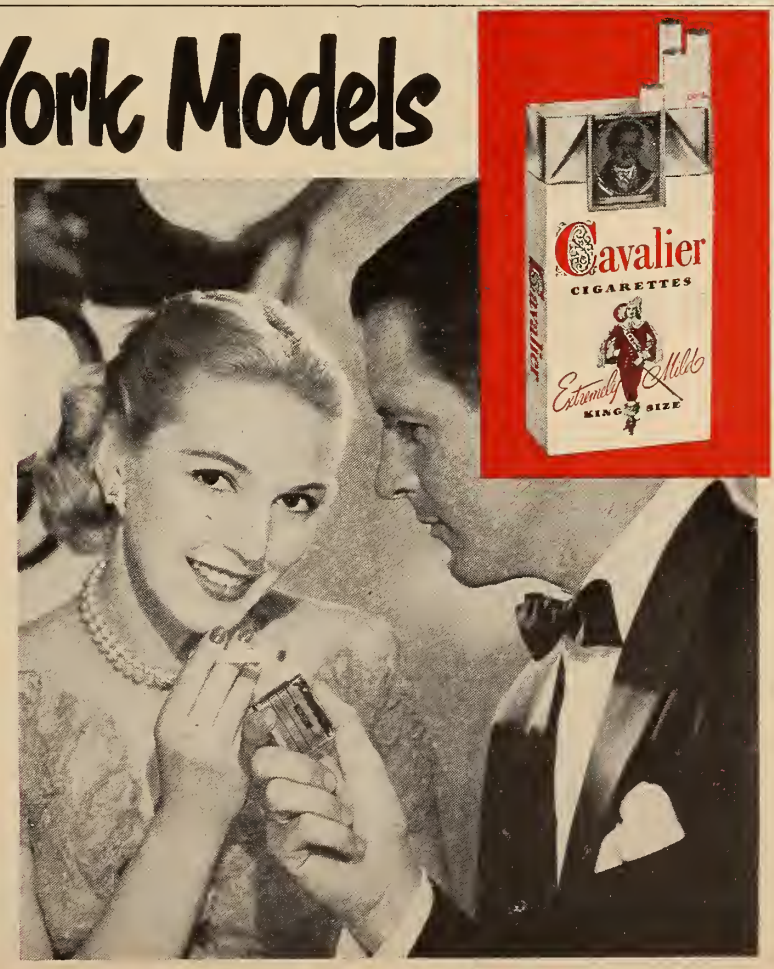
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tell it to joan

by joan evans

Does your dream-man consider you a "pal?" Here's a tip on how to make him feel romantic.

A GIRL from Port Arthur, Texas, who signs herself E.F. writes, "I am a girl of 16 and my problem is this: Every boy considers me just a good pal. One of my friends told me that's why I don't have dates. Please help me." In the same mail there was a letter from a younger girl from Bellmore, Long Island. "Whenever anyone has a party of any kind the boys won't dance or play games. Refreshment time the boys are the first ones at the table. Could you give us a suggestion about what to do?"

It boils down to how to make a boy romantic. And, kids, this has been a problem for a long time, but maybe by kicking it around we can discover what some of the trouble is.

I remember a dance my mother gave for me when I was 13. We were living in New York and the whole episode was so funny that my mother wrote a short story about it called "They Won't Dance."

When the boys arrived they sat around reading comic books and talking among themselves, and all of us girls were simply furious. What happened to make my party a success is kind of unusual, but you can learn something from it. It happened that Lucille Ball, who is a great friend of ours, was in New York and when my mother saw the party dying on its feet (or not on its feet) she asked Lucille to come over. You can imagine what that did. All of a sudden the party became alive. Then Lucille put all of us in a circle and taught us a little Cuban dance she had learned from her husband, Desi Arnaz. And pretty soon all the kids were paired off and dancing on their own.

Most boys seem to think dancing is "sissy." But the big trouble is that when a group of boys are together, they are afraid that the others will laugh at the boy who starts to dance first. Boys are so terribly bound by the group spirit which is sometimes good and sometimes not so good.

So why don't you take a tip from Lucille Ball? Begin the dance with everyone joining hands and going around in a circle and then have the girl who is giving the party say, "Dance with the girl on your right." Then everyone is started together, and no one boy has to break the ice. This is one of the reasons, I think, that square dancing has been so successful.

We all know that girls grow up faster than boys. Boys are more shy than we girls are and this makes it difficult for them to ask us to dance. Get around this by making every other dance "girl's choice." This means that the girls ask the boys to dance. It's fun and if you have the same number of girls as boys it means that no girl will be a wall flower.

But remember this—all these things are up to the girl who is giving the party, and don't be afraid of being called "bossy," just because you insist on making the kids do these things. Honestly, all good hostesses are "bossy" but when you're older it's called being a good hostess.

The perfect hostess always plans a party in advance. If she has a friend who can sing or play the piano, she asks him to entertain her guests and then afterwards she arranges the groups so that the people who will like each other best are together. And she insists on this rather than just leaving the grouping to chance. Don't be afraid to ride herd on the kids. It's your duty as a hostess to force them into doing the things that will make them have a good time.

And this all leads up to how to make boys romantic. Just as the younger boys are shy about dancing, so the older ones are shy of romance. Actually, many boys would rather pal around with a girl than to get serious. Boys hate to be pinned down.

In the picture I finished not very long ago called *On the Loose* this situation is brought out very clearly. The girl—that's me—gets serious with the boy—that's Bob Arthur. She starts talking about getting married and having a home and he is so frightened by this that he never wants to see her again. This is true to life and the girl is wrong to get serious with a boy at once, or to be obvious in her feelings for him.

But there are other ways. The girl who is "just a good pal" should ask herself why boys consider her so. She has probably read that she should always fall in with the boy's mood and if he wants to go to the bowling alley she should learn to bowl, or if he wants to skate that's what they should do. Now this is fine up to a point, but when a boy knows he can always have his own way he somehow loses respect for that girl. So, it seems to me, she should surprise him some time and when he suggests bowling or skating she should say, "I'd rather see a movie. There's one I've been mad to see that's playing at such-and-such a theater tonight." Seeing a movie, by the way, often sets the mood for romance.

Very often the girl who acquires the reputation of being "just a good pal" is the girl who has been a tom-boy when she was a kid. So she has to become more feminine. I'll bet most girls who are the good pal type go around in blue jeans and shirts all the time. (I can be wrong but I've seen it happen.) Jeans and shirts are swell for horse back riding or hiking, but they certainly aren't romantic. No matter what they say, boys are suckers for feminine clothes. And they like a girl who behaves in a feminine manner.

I don't mean you should put on a phony glamor act, or try to make yourself mysterious. The main thing is to be conscious that you're a girl and not to compete with boys on their own territory. Swimming, riding, tennis, bowling, skating—all the sports are wonderful for girls to do. But when you start beating the boys at these sports then they think of you as "just a good pal."

And now for a few more questions:

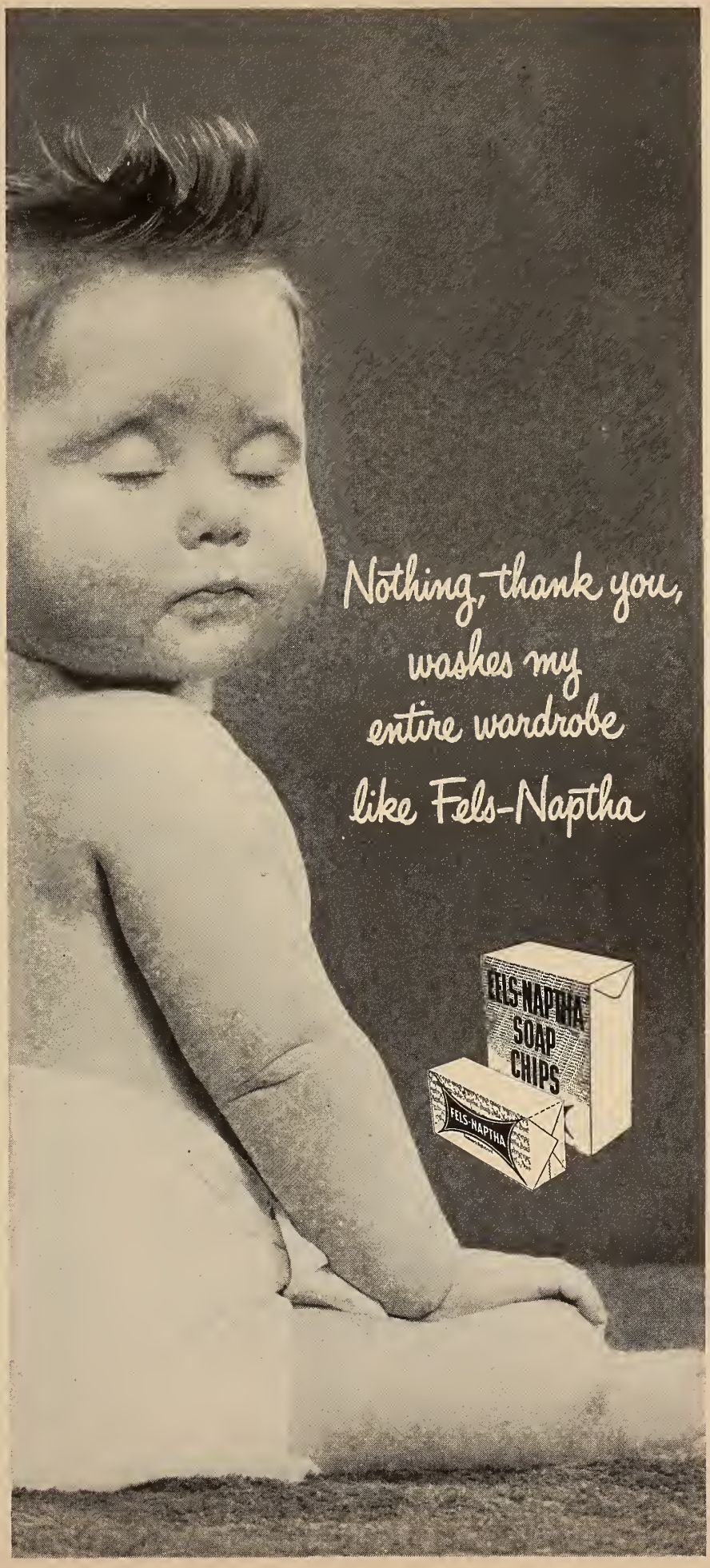
"Dear Joan: About two years ago a dog bit my cheek and it left two scars. What can I put on my face so that no one will notice them?—E. R., Panama Canal Zone."

There are several good products on the market that will cover scars and blend in with your makeup. Some of these are advertised in the magazines. I suggest you look for these ads, or speak to your druggist who is sure to know of these products.

"Dear Joan: Recently I went on my first date. Everything went fine until he brought me home. We fumbled around for words and made a mess of everything. What should a girl say to her date when he brings her home?

—C. McG., Tacoma, Wash."

I know it's tough but the simplest way is the best way. You should say something like this, "I had such a good time. Thank you for a lovely evening and I hope I see you soon." If he lingers on the doorstep it's easy to say, "I'd like to ask you to come in but it's pretty late so I'll say 'Good-bye' now." And then you say "Good-bye" and that's that.



FRETTING

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"Dear Joan: I have a girl friend who is cute and she knows it. And every time I start to like a boy she does, too, just to see if she can get him. —B. R., INDIANA, PENNA."

I thought there was a kind of law—a lady's agreement, sort of. A girl who tries to take a boy away from another girl can't be a good friend. If you are really fond of this girl, you should discuss the situation with her and tell her to lay off. Then if she doesn't, if I were you I'd get myself another girl friend.

"Dear Joan: My girl friend and I would like to write fan letters to a lot of stars but we don't know what to say. We are not afraid to write to you because you are just two years older than we are.—J. T. and C. S., ELMWOOD PARK, ILL."

Honestly, movie stars are just people like anyone else, no matter what their ages are. And most of them are surprised that they are movie stars. So you just write to them as you would to any friend. You first figure out what you want to say. Do you want a picture? Do you want to tell them you enjoyed their movies? Do you want to tell them you think they are nice? Whatever you want to tell them—why, just say it simply and sweetly as you did in your letter to me.

"Dear Joan: What would you do if you're at a party and they serve something that you don't like? Or, even worse, if it makes you sick. —B. J. P., OMAHA, NEB."

If it is something that you just don't like, I'm afraid you have to eat it anyhow. If it is something that really makes you sick, or gives you an allergy just quietly leave it alone. If your hostess notices that you're not eating and is rude enough to remark about it (which she should not do) then you have to say, "I'm terribly sorry. I know it is awfully good but I have an allergy." And if she offers to get you something else you should refuse gently but firmly. However, if she insists, then accept whatever else she prepares. Always the rules of etiquette are to do everything in the simplest, easiest, and most comfortable way. If the hostess doesn't notice that you're not eating then you'll just have to grin and go hungry.

"Dear Joan: A very bashful guy asked me for a date a week in advance. When the evening arrived he didn't show up. What should I do? —W. L., MORRISTOWN, MINN."

First of all you should give everybody the benefit of the doubt. What I would do is to call him the next day—or, if you go to the same school, meet him after class—and say something like this, "I must have had the night wrong. I thought we had a date last night. Was it supposed to be last night or when?" You know, you *might* have been mistaken and had the night wrong. On the other hand, if you say something like this then you'll know what happened. If he admits that he did make the date for last night and stood you up, then you have to tell him this is unforgivable. But if he has a very good excuse, then I'd give him another chance.

AND that's it for this month. As I've said so often, you're all wonderful to write to me, and I wish I could answer every letter I get. Since that's impossible, I pick the most interesting ones. Also a lot of you ask questions that I've already answered. Some day I'll do a big repeat column.

IF YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM WRITE TO JOAN EVANS, BOX 93, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

my son, peter

(*Continued from page 39*) annoyed, I guess, because I'd come home from work at night and look at Pete in his crib without any show of emotion.

"You don't act like a father," she used to tell me.

"What am I suppposed to do?" I said. "If he'd just say hello or something maybe we could strike up a friendship. But good night, Ellie, he just *lies* there."

It took me a long time to warm up to him, and I guess my delayed reaction bothered my conscience after a while.

I've made up for it since then, however. Pete and I are closer than fraternity brothers. The warming up process on my part started when I got over the shock of having a son, and began to think that Ellie was being too easy with the baby. Ellie lost her father when she was quite young, and she never had any brothers to fool around with when she was little, and on this basis I figured she wouldn't know too much about how to raise a boy. So whenever her discipline began to slip, I'd step in and be the heavy. At least I insisted he do what he was told, and finish what he started. I figured it would break him in for life later on.

FOR several years I tried to be the perfect father, and then I realized it would too tough on the boy. So what if his hair wasn't combed once in a while? The world wouldn't come to an end.

It's like my role of Ben Hogan in *Follow the Sun.* I was so intent on getting my golf form perfect for the cameras that I wasn't getting any fun out of the game. Ben noticed it, too, one day. "Relax," he said. "Don't be so rigid, and you'll get some fun out of it." It was like that with Pete. He came to know that when I said no I meant no, but that in between we could have fun.

It's a wonder to me that he doesn't think I have a bolt loose somewhere, because I always pitched headlong into imaginative things. I told him about all the creatures who lived under our house. Alec the alligator, Cecil the seal, the little brownie who wore a beanie hat. And the mouse who let the light come through the wall so that the movies would show up on the screen. There's a door in our house, between the den and the dining room, that swings open when the kitchen door is opened; the result of a vacuum, I suppose. Sometimes that door would glide open a half dozen times throughout dinner, but always, as far as Pete was concerned, it was Alec the alligator going into the den. I think he suspected that it was one of my tricks, for I'm sort of an amateur magician and have often amused him with sleight of hand. There's a magnolia tree in our garden which to Pete and me has always been the chewing gum tree. Whenever he was extra good, he would telephone me of the fact, and when I got home I would take him out to the tree, reach up into the branches and palm a stick of chewing gum for him. Even now, when he's almost seven, he never passes that tree without looking up at it in awe.

We had a lot of fun with the magic

routine. I'd tap underneath the table and tell him Cecil was signaling that Peter should eat his carrots. Thing is, I didn't count on his getting smart. I came home from work the other night and found him in the den, folding a paper napkin.

"What have you there?" I said.

"I'll show you," he said. He held the napkin up to the light and I could see a round object within its folds. "That's a nickel. If you don't believe it, feel it."

After my inspection he proceeded to tear the napkin into small bits. The nickel had disappeared.

"See?" he said. "It's simple."

It's hard for me to know what Pete feels about my being an actor. He's too young right now to understand the movie industry, but he seems to think that the world is filled with cameras.

His opinion of me was considerably heightened one day, although it was small satisfaction to me. The two of us were walking along the street when we met Bill Boyd, who called me by name and had a long conversation with us. Pete stood there beside me, his eyes like saucers, and for the rest of the day I noticed he treated me with a new deference.

Now I like Bill—he's a great guy—and I know that he has millions of fans, but I do some riding myself, and the fact that my son was so impressed by Hopalong Cassidy rankled a little bit. So when I was working in *The Redhead and the Cowboy* I did some scheming that I was sure would fix me up pretty well with Pete. There was a lot of stunt riding to be done for the picture, and I saved it all for one day. Then I asked Ellie to bring Pete out to the set.

I'd spent half the morning and most of the afternoon at it, and by the time Ellie and Pete arrived in the afternoon, I was pretty bushed. But there were still some chores left to do, and I'd saved the most difficult for the last. We ended up with the scene where I take a running leap from a raised sidewalk and land on my running horse. When it was finished, I strutted across to where Pete was standing.

"Well, son," I said. "What did you think of it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Hoppy would have jumped from a roof," he said.

Another problem I used to have with Pete was to get him to eat his meals. The doctor had recommended a lot of tomatoes, but the little guy wouldn't even look at one, let alone eat it. So I got the idea that if we planted some around the garden and he helped me with the job, he might take such an interest that he'd begin to like them. The awful part was that I knew next to nothing about tomato growing, and ignorant of the fact that four tomato plants will supply a whole family, I went overboard and bought several hundred plants. Pete helped me put them in, and when the round ripe tomatoes appeared he began to eat them right off the vine. My plan had worked its initial purpose, but the entire neighborhood was inundated with tomatoes that year.

Pete took a dim view of fish, too, and I figured if the tomatoes had worked, so would the subject of fishing. So whenever I went fishing I'd bring home the catch on a string and Ellie would say, "Look what Daddy caught!" Pretty soon Pete was tasting his first trout and liking it, so when we bought fish at the store from then on, we'd get it whole and I'd show it to Pete and lie in my teeth, "Look what Daddy caught!"

He grew so interested that I began to talk up the possibility of a fishing trip that would include him. I told him that if he got a gold star in Sunday school for six straight weeks, silver stars in school for a month, and the required number of credits on the chart in his room for teeth brushing, fireplace stuffing, etc., his mother and I would take him fishing. There's a place out in the valley called Sportsman's Lodge where they invite customers to catch their own trout for dinner, and I thought this would be the easiest way to initiate Pete into the sport. He strained himself being good for weeks on end, and finally the big day arrived. He and Ellie and I got dressed to the teeth for a Sunday dinner and drive out to the Lodge.

They gave Pete a fishing pole, and he was almost expiring with excitement. He dropped his line and not a second later hooked probably the biggest trout in the pool. I'd told him all about the art of hauling in a fish, but he forgot every word of it at that moment, and instead of pulling in his line, walked right off the bridge into the water. Ellie screamed and I yelled, and there was Pete, up to his neck in the briny. There was nothing for me to do but jump in myself, in my brand new suit, and haul out our small Izaac Walton, who was still holding to his fish like grim death.

By this time Pete was becoming pretty interested in sports, and I started telling him about what a great hunter I was. Every lamb chop that came into the house had been personally shot by me. If I had let it go at this, things would have been better. But no, I had to open my big mouth and tell him what a torrid Indian fighter I was. Yes sir, I said, I was the one white man whose scalp they were afraid to take. And every time he saw an Indian on television he'd point and say, "You'd shoot him, wouldn't you, Daddy?" And like an unshirted idiot I'd say, "Sure thing, son."

Then one day I took him over to Metro

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where Ellie was making *Duchess of Idaho,* next to the set of *Annie Get Your Gun,* a film that was crawling with Indians. Now I've done quite a batch of westerns in my time and as a result know just about every Indian in Hollywood. So just as Pete and I were passing that set, the stage door opened and out came a whole tribe of the boys, wearing full war paint and feathers.

"Hi, Glenn," they all said. "How's tricks?"

I looked down at Pete. He was standing there thunderstruck.

"Aren't you going to shoot them, Daddy?" Pete said.

That was one I just couldn't handle.

Actually, I've improved myself in a lot of little ways just to set an example for Pete. Before he came along I never paid much attention to my food, but these days I have to eat every last kernel on my plate, or else I can't expect him to finish *his* dinner. Then there was that sermon I gave him on keeping his room tidy. That one cost me four hundred bucks, because one day while I was working, Pete wandered into my den and when he saw the mess on my desk, decided to clean it up for me. Into the trash can went my rare and valuable Columbian stamp, and since that day nothing shows on top of my desk except the blotter.

Peter Ford is no angel, but he does have one quality that Ellie and I are pretty happy about. It's his consideration of others, a thing which I think a person is born with and can't very well be taught. If Ellie or I happen to be ill, he'll come into the room on his own volition, holding a glass of milk.

"Here," he says. "If you drink this you'll feel better."

He can't bear brutality in any form, particularly to animals, and he suffers torments when he sees other kids break toys.

I've tried to teach him to share, and the value of money, and good sportsmanship and honesty and all those things, and feel I've done pretty well in everything except his fibbing, which he'll always do in order to save my feelings. I used to spank him for those little white lies, but he's growing up now, because the worst thing I can do to him these days is to say, "Peter, I'm disappointed in you." That's all. It's better than any spanking.

He's growing up, all right. He hates to see me go away on business, but he stands up to it and faces it very well for a kid. I *want* him to grow up—I think it's unfair for parents to try to keep a child forever a baby. Ellie thinks I go off my trolley on this subject, though, for I hold long conversations with Pete on serious things like the United Nations and the price of beef, and Pete babbles right back at me. He doesn't know what he's saying, but at least he feels he's a pretty important guy if his father consults him.

By now he's reached the stage where he wants to be manly, and his newest obsession is keeping his word. Or maybe I should say my word. If I leave the room and tell him to turn off the television at seven o'clock, nothing in this world will prevent him from doing it. The other night Ellie wanted to see Ed Sullivan's show.

"You can't," Pete told her. "Daddy said it should be turned off."

Ellie came out to me in the kitchen where I was making a Dagwood sandwich.

"I only live here," she said. "This thing about Peter keeping his word can go too far."

But she smiled when she said it. Ellie gets a big boot out of the close relationship between Pete and me. It goes so far that I won't let him know when I'm in a bad mood, and for his part, he refuses to cry in front of me. He can be bawling his head off, surrounded by the rest of the household, but when I come into sight he turns off the tears as though he had a faucet growing out of his head.

But Ellie has her times, too. Pete's favorite dish is the revolting combination of French fried potatoes topped with ice cream, the thought of which makes me mildly ill. Ellie figures it can't kill him, and as long as he likes it, she gives in. So whenever I see the two of them sneaking out of the house together, I know Pete's headed for his own peculiar heaven. The privilege of joining him is all Ellie's.

THE END

hollywood's bedtime manners

(*Continued from page 33*) the latter, whether it is the tops or bottoms, or both.

To give you a few quickies: Jeanne Crain sleeps in a sheer white nightgown in a double bed. Jeanne requires plenty of sleep and is a quiet sleeper. She usually wakes up in the same position in which she fell asleep—which is generally on her back. Susan Hayward sleeps in a twin bed and usually wears an old-fashioned nightgown or a pair of snuggles, or sometimes a striped jersey shirt. Susie often wanders in her sleep, but doesn't get far. Either husband Jess Barker wakes her or walking into the bedroom wall does. Van Johnson generally sleeps in an old slipover sweater, and he eats graham crackers in bed. Evie has tried to break him of this habit by serving him a hearty midnight snack before retiring, but she has only partly succeeded. Joan Crawford sleeps in a medium-sized bed with oil portraits of her two oldest children hanging above the headboard. On the opposite wall are similar portraits of the twins. Joan always sleeps with the windows wide open and a stack of blankets over her. In the winter she wears elegant pajamas, and in the summer she sleeps in nightgowns fingertip in length with matching panties.

According to historians, the first beds were piles of leaves on the floor covered with skins of animals. But people always were trying to improve their beds and to sleep more comfortably. The early Egyptian bed consisted of a cushion placed on a framework in the shape of an animal, with back curved to carry the human form in comfort.

In literature, you'll find that next to love, sleep has fascinated the poets most. Stories about sleep and bed go back to those two original characters, Adam and Eve.

The tale is told about how distressed Eve was when Adam disappeared for two days from Eden. On the third day of his absence Eve was really worried. "There's no other woman in the world," she told herself. But she still worried. On the third evening Adam returned, and Eve asked him, "Where have you been?" Adam answered, "Why, I've been out searching for a new home for us, and I think I've found the cutest place."

"That's a nice story," said Eve. "Who is she?"

"Darling," Adam said, "don't be like that. You know there isn't another woman in the world."

They had dinner and retired for the night. While Adam was sleeping, Eve put out her hand and started counting his ribs.

Human nature hasn't changed much since then. Woman still wants a man to belong to her. Proof of this is uttered in the modern *All About Eve,* when actress Margo Channing says: "In the last analysis nothing is any good unless you can

look up just before dinner, or turn around in bed—and there he is. . ."

Bette Davis, who played the role of Margo Channing, must have believed those lines, for she married her leading man, Gary Merrill, and sleeps in an extra large bed. She is never in the same position when she awakes as when she goes to sleep. Bette wears sheer nightgowns, when she wears a nightgown.

Nancy Olsen wears nightgowns in hotels, only the tops of pajamas in her own bed. Mel Ferrer, who is very tall, has an extra long bed at home. In hotels he always takes a double bed and sleeps on it diagonally. Mercedes McCambridge, who has spent the greater part of her life traveling, sleeps best on boats and trains, and has trouble falling asleep in the luxurious bed in her new home. Doris Day listens to disc jockey programs before going to sleep and sings along with the recordings. Doris sleeps in shortie nightgowns because she likes to feel free, and says that pajamas bind her. Janet Leigh is another "nightie" gal, preferring nylons of pastel blue. June Haver belongs to the pajama set and wears what she calls "midriff" pajamas. June sleeps in a large double bed with a single pillow and plenty of blankets.

John Wayne and his wife sleep in an oversized bed which was built especially for them. John tosses and turns in his sleep. He can't wear the tops of his pajamas because they tie him in knots after an hour of tossing. John says his wife loves him because he doesn't snore.

Lex Barker might be interested to learn his wife, Arlene Dahl, is an inventor. She was granted Design Patent No. 162,714 for a boudoir cap.

Hy Gardner in The Herald Tribune

Kathryn Grayson sleeps in a bed that is the size of two full beds plus a few inches. Everything in her bedroom is over-sized and comfortable. The room is decorated in warm reds with cheerful yellow accents. When Kathryn sleeps in anything, she sleeps in nightgowns. Marie Wilson, a nightgown gal, sleeps on three small pillows and has her sheets and blankets especially made for her. When traveling, Marie likes to take along her personal sheets. Esther Williams sleeps in a flannel nightgown in the winter, and in the summer wears a thin nightgown which she describes as "loose and happy." Esther's bedroom is softly colored with plaid taffeta draperies. She believes a bedroom should be "soothing and relaxing." Esther and husband Ben have a super king-size bed.

SEVERAL firms in Hollywood build king-size beds for the stars. You may wonder how the term "king-size" originated. It's a throwback to the beds of the French kings of the 15th century. These beds were so large and rich in detail that it even became customary to hold receptions in bed. There was, for example, "The Great Bed of Ware," which was widely famed for its size, accommodating 12 persons.

Prevalent among the nobility and the rich was "The Marriage Bed." This was draped in ornate white hangings and coverlets. Immediately after the marriage ceremony, the bride and groom retired to their marriage bed to receive their wedding guests, congratulations and gifts. Often the wedding feast itself was served here.

Beds have always been important, but perhaps most to royalty. Louis XIV had 413 beds in his palace. His favorite was a funny flat one. A jester remarked, "If Louis had one drink he couldn't get into it, and if he had two, he couldn't stay on it."

I've often wondered how James Cagney stays put in his bed, but for different

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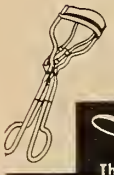
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reasons than applied to Louis. Cagney's bed is a very high four-poster affair; the mattress comes to about the level of my shoulder. This style of high bed dates back to the time when snakes were rampant, and beds were built on elevated frames reached by short steps. This permitted the occupant of the bed to sleep peacefully without concern about snakes. Likewise the canopied beds are a holdover from those times when people would surround their beds with draperies or netting to protect themselves from insects. Betty Hutton sleeps in an oversized canopied bed and probably doesn't know the origin of it. Betty sleeps all curled up and with the windows open. She wears tailored silk pajamas in pastel shades, and wears both the trousers and jacket. Shelley Winters, at least the last time I was at her house, had an oversized canopied bed. Shelley reads in bed while nibbling on chocolate cookies. She wears men's pajamas "because they're more comfortable than nightgowns." If you care to know about Farley Granger, he sleeps in a big double bed and wears pajamas when it's cold outside. Otherwise, Farley sleeps in the raw.

Lana Turner's bedroom is an ultra-modern version of the centuries-old bed with the drawn draperies. Lana sleeps in a double bed and likes to sleep late when not working. Lana has "blackout" curtains hidden beneath the tapestry draperies which are drawn to keep out all light. She sleeps in hand-embroidered nightgowns.

AMONG the Hollywood actresses who prefer feminine bedrooms is Ava Gardner. Ava sleeps in an upholstered oversized bed in a modern bedroom. She always has a book on the night table next to the bed. Ava sleeps in tailored flannelette pajamas, which must be the brightest colors she can find. Ava says she likes to be gay in bed. Marlene Dietrich once told me that she spends almost as much time preparing for bed as she does preparing to go to a party. "A woman should look her best in bed," said she.

Betty Grable, who is strictly feminine, has just that type of bedroom. Betty sleeps in a large bed and without a pillow and with mountains of blankets. She used to wear pajamas, but now she wears only white satin-and-lace nighties. Betty admits this is because Harry prefers nightgowns. She always tries to please Harry. Elizabeth Taylor is re-doing the bedroom in her new Westwood apartment. It will be all in lilac—with a blue-lilac rug—very dainty, frilly and feminine. But Liz isn't one to stay in bed for breakfast. She likes to have it on a card table in front of the fireplace. She wears chintz housecoats or cute, short, organdy breakfast coats. She sleeps in nightgowns, now preferably lilac in color. She has to have plenty of air and lightweight blankets. She cannot sleep unless a goosedown comforter is over her—even when she lies down for a cat-nap, which isn't often. Anne Baxter, who has become a cute dish since her marriage to John Hodiak, sleeps in a large bed and wears lacy black nightgowns. Anne wanted to wear one of her own nightgowns in a boudoir scene for one of her pictures. She was told she couldn't—that the censors would object.

All bedroom scenes in movies must be approved by the Johnston Office which insists that all bedroom scenes be photographed in good taste. Producers and directors appear to believe that twin beds guarantee good taste. Very seldom will you see a married couple in a double bed in the movies. It may be okay in real life, or even on television, but the movies are even afraid of taking a chance on having Percy Kilbride and Marjorie Main, playing man and wife, get into a double bed. The bedroom sequences of Hollywood movies usually provoke laughs when shown in Europe.

FORTUNATELY, however, no censor has any jurisdiction over how a glamor girl like Linda Darnell retires at home. Linda sleeps in those new short nylon gowns which, she says, "feel like a cloud." She has them in yellow, pink, blue and white, with matching short robes. Linda likes to be active in bed, eating and reading. She admits to an odd bed habit: she always tosses salt over her shoulder when getting up in the morning. Hedy Lamarr, who sleeps in neither a nightgown nor pajamas, has her own idiosyncrasy. Hedy always makes her own bed. She claims she can't sleep unless she fixes it herself.

I don't know of any actress, but I know of a couple of actors, who can fall asleep faster than you can say "insomnia." I have seen Gary Cooper go sound asleep in his chair on the set, despite all the noise and activity going on around him. Coop snoozes peacefully until the director wakens him to play a love scene. The only other actor in a league with Cooper is George Sanders, but he can't hit the sack as quickly. Sanders insists his favorite exercise is sleeping, but he goes to his portable dressing-room to do it. Sanders gets annoyed with directors who waken him before they're ready to shoot. The story is told that his kitchen once caught fire while he was napping. After firemen had extinguished the blaze, he sleepily appeared to inquire what was going on. When he was told, he said, "All right, but don't make so much noise about it." Sanders is particular about his pajamas and has them designed for him. He always wears both the trousers and jacket. He sleeps in an oversized bed big enough for his huge frame and reinforced so he doesn't have to be careful when he gets into it. Sanders sleeps so much he wears out a mattress a year.

"Hopalong" Cassidy is another gentleman who can take a cat-nap whenever he desires, and finds this very helpful on his strenuous tours throughout the country. I hate to be disillusioning, but William Boyd sleeps in pajamas—not "Hopalong" Cassidy pajamas, either—and he snores! I would say that rather a frank fellow about his bed habits is Steve Cochran, who confesses, "I sleep in pajamas—if the laundry came back."

Tony Curtis, unlike other movie heroes, hasn't an elaborate or fancy bedroom. He resides in a two-bedroom apartment in San Fernando Valley with his mother, father and 10-year-old brother, Bobby. Tony shares a bedroom with Bobby. It is light gray with a king-size bed in the middle. They also share pajamas, splitting up the tops and bottoms between them. Tony usually wears the bottoms. Records, books, and boyish junk are strewn all over. Tony has a large picture of Janet Leigh on his nightstand. The family is just getting used to the fact that soon Tony will be an important movie star. One day, after he'd finished *The Prince Who Was a Thief*, Tony returned home completely exhausted. He didn't even stop for dinner, but went at once into the bedroom and flung himself across the bed. Soon his mother tiptoed into the room, looked at him and pleaded, "Bernie, give it up."

Events happen rapidly in Hollywood. When I started to write this article, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck had announced their divorce and auctioned off their separate beds. Just as I reached this page, I learned that Stanwyck and Taylor may effect a reconciliation. "Go get yourselves a good double bed this time," is my advice to them.

And so to bed.

THE END

how esther and ben live

(*Continued from page 52*) (the door is usually wide open) and you're in a high-beamed room with a brick fireplace at one end and a spinet piano at the other.

A lot of living goes on in this comfortably cluttered room. Ben's desk stands against one wall so that he can do some of his bookkeeping here. Esther keeps dress designs, scripts, and other studio paraphernalia in a filing cabinet under the stairs. After the children have gone to bed, she pulls out a stack of papers and does her homework. Kimmie's antique cradle is always somewhere in the living room. It gets moved about to accommodate whomever is tending him at the moment. Benjie's Salem rocker is usually pulled squarely in front of the table model R.C.A. television set awaiting "Time for Beany" and "Howdy-Doody."

When the Gages have four or more guests, the living room serves as a dining room, too. This arrangement is true to the farmhouse tradition. Like generations of Williamses before her, Esther owns a Hutch table which can be tipped down for dinner. As a matter of fact, she has two. The smaller one stands just inside the kitchen door with its top up. At dinner time it's pulled in front of the fireplace and the table is set for six or eight.

The larger table is permanently set up in the living room. It was built especially for Esther by her pet cabinet maker, Sam Morse. He made the top from two beautiful old hand hewn planks so that the wood is antique but the construction is new. Mr.

Because Olivia De Havilland likes to be called "Mrs. Goodrich," friends now call her "Olivia De Goodrich."

Earl Wilson in The New York Post

Morse had to make it larger than the customary Hutch table because Esther needed an over-size piece that would seat at least 12. "Anything smaller would have appeared dinky in this huge living room," Esther explains. And on this table is one of Esther's original and smart ideas for entertaining a crowd. At first glance it appears to be a lamp with a blue and white ceramic base. It is *that* and more. The lamp base is actually a two-gallon jug sitting on a miniature milking stool. For a long time Esther and Ben used the jug whenever they gave a buffet supper party. Esther would fill it with coffee, surround it with cups and let the gang help themselves. Between parties it sat on the shelf. This bothered Esther because she's a practical girl and hates to let anything gather dust in a back closet.

One evening when she was leafing through a home magazine, she saw an ad for miniature antique furniture. The ad gave her the spring-board for her idea. With a three-legged stool as a pedestal she figured she could suspend a bulb and shade over the jug and she'd have a useful and handsome lamp. She did and it worked better than she'd dreamed. In addition, the small stool brought the jug up to just the right height for fitting a coffee cup under the spigot. Now the jug is in continual use. It's a lamp all the time but for parties it's the centerpiece and fountainhead of Esther's dinner table.

BEN and Esther don't go in for elaborate parties. They have the sort of adaptable meals that can always be expanded to include a few more guests. "My mother's home was like that," Esther says. "I guess I learned it from her. Besides, it fits in when you live farm-style as we do."

When Esther says "farm-style" she's referring to her kitchen-sitting room.

In Grandma Austin's (Ben's side of the family) day such a multi-purpose room was called the "keeping room." Literally everything was kept in this one room except the livestock. And sometimes on winter nights back in Bloomington, Ill., the stock was brought in, according to Ben.

The only real difference between Grandma Austin's time and today is that Esther has a Thermador stove with two ovens, an electric dishwater, a telephone, a garbage disposal and a lot of Revereware pots. Otherwise the room functions in exactly the same way.

A typical supper-time scene at the Gages has Alice, the cook, preparing dinner in the fenced-off work area. Annie, their Hawaiian nurse, is feeding Kimmie in his highchair. Esther is comfortably settled in the fireside chair reading to Benjie, and making conversation over his head to Ben, who's carrying on a business discussion over the phone from a reclining position on the day bed. This slightly mad combination of working while surrounded by the family seems to be the secret of their cheerful household.

The children love it. They never fuss or cry for attention because they are right smack in the middle of everything. Esther and the women who help her with the house-work, like it because they have companionship as they bustle around the kitchen. At first, Ben called it "hodge podge lodge" and went looking for a quiet corner. But he's getting used to the friendly hub-bub. He can even fill his pipe, answer the telephone and stir the chili all at one time. "Great for improving your powers of concentration," he often remarks.

At the opposite end of the house away from the kitchen are the children's rooms. A lot of careful planning went into these two rooms.

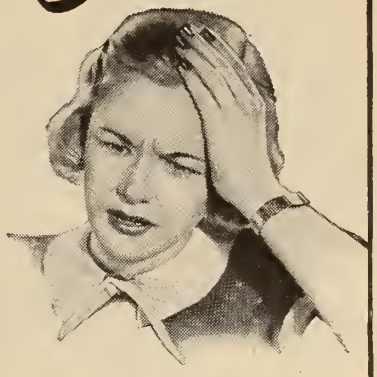
Esther spent months figuring out good, sensible baby decorating. She came up with some unusual but practical ideas. For example, the wallpaper in Benjie's room is an entrancing circus mural, but it's put on the wall at a point above the natural wood panelling where it's too high for the boy to crayon or peel it off. In his room, Kimmie is separated from his nurse by a white louvred partition. This makes it possible to cut out the light but not the air when he's sleeping, and Annie can hear his smallest whimper.

Both children's rooms are connected with the kitchen by a Talk-A-Phone system. When it's turned on, Esther or whoever is working at the cooking counter, can hear baby noises from the nursery. Esther loves to enter the house by way of the kitchen and call through the Talk-A-Phone. The babies recognize her voice immediately.

Before moving into the new home, Esther and Ben went over the whole house as only two conscientious parents can. They studied every possible hazard and then had it baby-proofed. In other words, they put safety devices at all points where they anticipated danger for their little ones.

A gate with a firm catch prevents toddlers from coming inside the work section of the kitchen and touching the stove. All the fireplaces have an ingenious metal lock which makes it impossible for any child to open the screen and get near the fire. Esther figured she couldn't keep boys from trying to climb a fence around a pool so she had Ben enclose a part of the backyard as a playground for the children. Then she equipped it with all sorts of swings and toys to keep them happy inside the enclosure. As a further precaution, she's teaching Kimmie to swim,

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Benjie's already like a duck in the water.

In designing a room for themselves, Esther and Ben had most of the furniture built-in. His chest of drawers is tucked under the eaves. Her vanity table is a shelflike drawer in the dressing room, and one wall of their room is solid with wardrobe closets.

"We don't have a lot of furniture in our bedroom," Esther points out, "but what we have is pretty special. Take our bed, for instance. Ben surprised me with it the first Christmas after we moved in the house. I had always talked about owning an ideal headboard that combined all the useful features of night-stands. Of course I couldn't find one anywhere. Ben got together with Mr. Morse, and the two of them doped out our bed. Using beautiful old wood, Mr. Morse built a deep headboard. It has a six-foot shelf along the top for books and Ben's pipes. Behind two sliding panels are hidden compartments for our two telephones, Kleenex, cold cream, and all the necessary bedside clutter. During the day we keep the panels closed and the headboard looks like the top of a massive double bed. At night we open the two niches and have everything we need within easy reach.

"Another custom-made piece is the wooden valet I gave Ben for his birthday. I'll admit I had it copied from a rare and expensive antique I once saw. I sketched it for Mr. Morse and he built me a replica to fit Ben's suit measurements.

"And lastly there's my Contour chair. I didn't have anything to do with the design of this but I might have had because it suits me to a "T." It holds me in the best and most relaxing posture, and it's the first spot I land on after a day at the studio. Then Benjie comes and plops on me and we have our evening tussle."

Naturally, no home belonging to Esther Williams would be complete without a pool. Her oval-shaped tank is located on a rise of ground away from the large oak trees and the children's bedrooms. There's a small guest house and snack bar beside the pool, and this summer Ben plans to add a barbecue.

As a rule, Esther keeps the water at a comfortable 80° She swims an easy 20 laps a day. Benjie, at 21 months, fancies himself quite a swimmer, too. He can paddle along without help but Esther insists on two precautions. She's taught him to lie on his stomach whenever he comes near the edge of the pool, and he must wear an inflated tube so that he doesn't get tired and cramp up.

Almost any sunny afternoon from May to December you can stop by the Gages' and find them out by the pool. Benjie will probably be splashing and bobbing in the water while Kimmie bounces in his carriage in an effort to mimic his brother. Ben will undoubtedly be waging a losing battle with the leaves that blow into the pool. Esther's most likely taking a sun bath and keeping an eye on her active offspring. It's a refreshing and pleasant sight—worth stopping to watch.

"We always intended to build a modern farmhouse on the property we own in the Pacific Palisades," Ben reflects idly, "but I don't suppose we'll bother now."

"I don't suppose so," Esther echoes. "This is our home for good." THE END

Miss Williams' swim suit, dry-off suit and blue dress—Cole of California; children's dry-off suits—Cole of California.

APPLIANCES IN ESTHER WILLIAMS' HOME

Thermador stove
Hot Point dishwasher
Hot Point disposal
Hot Point refrigerator
Revereware cooking utensils
Coldspot freezer
Westinghouse laundromat
Countour chair—Marie Designers, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

what do they do with all that money?

(*Continued from page 49*) Few stars in that situation can face those stern facts. Few stars can ask themselves, "What money?"

Victor Mature is a good example of the rare, prudent actor. Although his income is as large as most, he has resisted everyone's efforts to make him live like a movie star. When he came back from the service, he lived for almost a year in a small bungalow on the studio lot, and kept his money in a metal box under a cot. This showed almost complete disregard for the money itself, but not the slightest inclination to toss it into the luxury market. Mature seldom lets anyone else take a dinner check or buy a drink, but he lives like a successful real estate salesman rather than a movie star.

The Mature home is on a middle class residential street and, according to Hollywood standards, is tiny. It is well furnished and nicely decorated. One day when he found out that the same news was in four daily papers, he stopped taking three of them. He has a bar in his home, but there is no line of fancy liqueurs on the shelf. He buys the same brand suit you do, and he thinks a Cadillac was built to last several years. He owns a radio and television store, not as a hobby, but to make money—which it does or the manager has a lot of explaining to do.

Sunset Boulevard gave the public a rather exaggerated idea of how movie stars, past and present live. No old time star lives so extravagantly, nor does a current one. The flashy present-day stars live in elegance almost as splendid but on a more modern plane. Gene Kelly, for instance, has a home that would be hard to beat anywhere. Van Johnson has a private theater in his. Bing Crosby's menage is a palace. And most of the top stars have anywhere from two to seven servants. It's hard to figure out how they do it.

To assist the reader in understanding why movie stars can't afford to live like movie stars and pay taxes, let us take four fictional movie stars and, without attempting absolute accuracy, see what happens to their dollars in a general way.

We will begin with Eric Lansdowne. He is of the era of Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, John Wayne and other stars who have been making big money for about 20 years. He is still a big star, very much in demand and makes two pictures a year for a total income of $300,000. He is married, has a daughter of 10, and is paying alimony to a former wife.

Because Eric can barely make out a laundry list, he has employed a business manager who picks up his checks, pays his bills and handles a hundred kindred matters for him. Therefore, Eric never sees his money, he just hears about it. The first thing the business manager does with Eric's dough is deduct the sum of

$16,000 as legitimate, off-the-top expenditures for charitable contributions, lesser taxes, interest paid and legitimate entertainment.

He figures up other deductible items which include $30,000 (10%) paid an agent; $15,000 (5%) paid a business manager; $5,000 salary for a secretary and another $5,000 for office expenses (supplies, photos, fan mail stationery, stamps, etc.); $5,000 retainer to his attorney; and $15,000 annual alimony to his ex-wife. He is also allowed to deduct $1,800 for himself, wife and child. These items amount to $92,800, a neat tax saving except that he hasn't got the money. He had to spend it to save it. He subtracts these amounts from the $300,000 and winds up with a net taxable income of $207,200.

If Eric ever looked at his books he would be delighted—until he looked further and saw that this income obliged him to give Uncle Sam a flat $130,000—and all he has left is a mere $67,200. What is bad about $67,000, you might ask, but Eric can tell you.

In the first place, Eric is not only a movie star but a man who makes $300,000 a year—and he must live like both. What does it cost him? Well, take his home. It's rather lavish; it has to be. However, in the interest of economy he has cut down to two servants, a cook and butler-maid. He pays them $400 a month or $4,800 a year, and lucky to get them for that. He has a gardener whom he pays $250 a month or $3,000 a year. Upkeep of the grounds and house, including such necessities as new plantings, a new hose or sprinkler once in a while, replacing faucets, painting a kitchen, etc. cost him $1,200 a year. He is feeding five regular eaters and the drop-in trade and his grocery bills average $750 a month or $9,000 a year. Then there is liquor, flowers for the house, broken lamps and ash trays after parties, recovering or replacing minor pieces of furniture and such and all this works out to another $500 a month or $6,000 a year. Household, then nicks Mr. Lansdowne for a fast $24,000 a year.

But that isn't all.

Eric never did get his mansion fully paid for, so he is paying $7,000 a year on a mortgage. His kid goes to a private school and that costs $1,500 a year. Clothing for the family runs $10,000 a year. He has a bad gall bladder, his wife is a hypochondriac and his daughter is susceptible to everything that comes along, so he pays the family doctor $5,000 a year to keep them all functioning. Eric himself carries $150,000 in insurance and sends the agent $6,000 a year to keep them in force. There are two Cadillacs in the garage and a Ford. The upkeep, gas, oil, washing, lubrication and trade-in cash paid out on these cars is never less than $7,000 per annum. He belongs to two clubs, doesn't patronize them much, but manages to work up a tab of $300 a month at them, including dues, so that accounts for another $3,600 a year.

Now you can begin feeling sorry for Eric, because the total of all these necessary expenses is $64,100. Uncle Sam left him with $67,000, so he has a residue of $2,900

These figures have not been exaggerated in the least, and have been computed after the careful examination of many confidential income and outgo reports on famous movie stars in Eric's bracket. At the rate figured here, Eric could, in 10 years of hard work retire on a capital of $29,000 at the age of 54 *but*, only if he forbids his wife to go to beauty parlors, buy lipsticks or other cosmetics, if he doesn't smoke, if his kid doesn't buy candy or toy balloons, if he never goes to night clubs, if he never takes his family


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farther out of town than the Cadillac will drive on a full tank, if his gall bladder doesn't have to come out, if he doesn't have another child, if, if, if. . . . One bad break in any direction could easily ruin Eric Lansdowne for life. And if he ever lags in his tax payments he's a gone goose, for the interest and added layout of cash to pay them up to date would be ruinous. If you feel unhappy for Eric now, shudder a bit, because these figures *do not include his state taxes.*

HAVE you ever dreamt that you'd like to get out of that advertising agency and come to Hollywood and be a movie star? Don't do it, young fellow. You might make good like, let's say Dalton Crewcut, the idol of the bobby-soxers, and really be unhappy.

Dalton is of the era of Van Johnson, Peter Lawford, Robert Walker and others. He is single, 28 years of age, lives simply in a nice home with a houseboy. He is a ladies' man and his salary is $3,500 a week. He's on top of the world, isn't he? Let's look at his books.

Because his contract calls for 40 weeks work a year, Dalton draws $140,000 in studio salary and another $12,000 for four radio shows, making a total income of $152,000. His business manager promptly knocks off $7,200 for contributions, interest, taxes, etc., $15,200 for his agent and $7,600 for his business manager, a total of $30,000 leaving Dalt a solid $122,000 in net income. The Crewcut lad is nice to his mother, sending her a few bucks now and then, but because Ma has another source of income, he is not allowed to deduct it, so he pays a tax of $78,000 and finds himself holding $44,000 to live on for the year. That shouldn't be hard, should it?

Now let's estimate what it takes to keep Dalton going in his fine, new life. A houseboy costs him $300 a month or $3,600 a year. The house isn't paid for, so that nails Dalt for another $5,000 per annum on the mortgage. The gardener gets $200 a month to jockey the lawn mower—after all a man can't live in a weed patch—and that's $2,400 a year. He doesn't eat in too much, so food and a little grog for the portable bar runs into $300 a month or $3,600 per fiscal. But, because Dalton dines out, mostly with glamor girls, and then takes them to swanky night clubs and shows (a very fair average for such pastimes in Hollywood runs to about $100 a night) the tab at the end of the year is $12,000.

You never saw a successful young movie star without a brand new convertible Cad, and Dalt has one that after oil, gas, servicing, a couple of minor accidents and a couple of grand lost on trade-in, costs him $5,000 for the year. He wants to get as much insurance as he can at a good rate while he is young, so he obligates himself for $5,000 a year in premiums. Then his club dues and expenses take $300 a month or $3,600 for 12 months. He is a sharp dresser, and when he figures it all up at tax time, he finds he has dropped $3,000 in haberdashery and tailor bills. He's pretty healthy, but even so, what with shots for hangovers, cold treatments and a lame back or two he pays a doctor $1,000 to keep him in acting shape for 12 months. We don't have to go any further to show you that Dalton Crewcut has worries, because he has spent $44,200 to live, on a net income, after taxes, of just $44,000.

These figures, too, do not include emergency loans to old pals, the dough to Mom, cigarettes, hair tonic, shaving stuff (the studio won't let him grow a beard), a couple of trips to New York, presents to girls, poker losses and other nonsense. Dalton is sometimes not so sure he did the right thing by enrolling in that little theater.

AND how about the lad who was picked off a bus two years ago and became an immediate smash with fan mail coming in by the truckload? They started him at $75.00 a week and now his salary is $12,000 a year. He is like Tony Curtis of some time ago, Rory Calhoun or Guy Madison, a couple of years after they got in the movies. Let us name him Laddy Washburn.

Laddy is not in too bad a shape, actually, because after he has paid his taxes, he has a balance of $8,100. He is a big star but he can't live like one—he hasn't got the money. When he came to Hollywood, his mother and father came with him and because their income is only about $100 a month from a small investment, they all move into a house together. It's a modest place, furnished, that costs $150 a month or $1,800 a year. Laddy has a small car a few years old, but it still costs $600 a year to keep it running. Ma is a sharp customer in a super market, so food for the family runs to $100 a month or $1,200 a year. Laddy keeps a small insurance policy on which he pays $150 a year. He belongs to an athletic club, lifts weights and such, and that drains $600 a year from his roll.

There is nothing Laddy would like more than to be a clothes horse like Dalton Crewcut, but he can't afford it, so he struggles along on $500 a year for garb. Medical care for the family—they don't call a doctor unless absolutely necessary—is $500 a year and the household utilities, gas, water, phone, etc., are kept to a small $300 a year expenditure. Laddy has one joy in life, really, and it is his biggest expense. He is in love with that glamorous young movie star Sally Singer. Everywhere they go they are photographed together and, being young, they go plenty. But, despite the fact they don't drink much and seldom order pheasant under glass for dinner, it still costs Laddy $2,500 a year to court his girl. Everything listed here runs into $7,900, and taken from his net of $8,100, Laddy has a neat $200 left with which to play the stock market or buy an engagement ring.

THEY'RE a lovely couple, Laddy Washburn and Sally Singer, and so obviously in love. The gossip columnists write about them all the time, and they are the pets of the photographers. Their romance has been going on for quite a few months now, though, and people are beginning to get a little impatient. Sally and Laddy *want* to get married. But do you know why they don't? *They can't afford to!*

They figured it out, so let us. Imagine they've been married for a year. We'll forget the wedding and honeymoon. Somebody had to pay for that and neither Sally nor Laddy's folks could afford it—so a few thousand dollars is a debt we will saddle them with.

Their combined incomes, her $30,000 and his $12,000 is $42,000 a year. Deductible items, before the tax bite are $12,000, leaving them $30,000. The tax, on a double return, is $8,000 and they wind up with $22,000 net.

Laddy and Sally are sensible, so they rent a furnished house for $300 a month or $3,600 a year. They find a couple who will work cheap, $3,600 for both. They've got a yard and a front lawn and the man with the hoe charges them $1,800 to take care of it for the four seasons. They market carefully, very carefully, and spend only $150 a month for food; that makes another $1,800 a year. They remember the courting places, but they only go out once a week. At a low $50 an evening, that comes to $2,500 a year—a big bite, to be sure, but they have to be seen around. Now they have two good cars, and that puts a nick of $5,000 a year into the budget for upkeep and trade-ins. Laddy keeps his clothing bills down and Sally slices hers a little, so it costs $1,200 between them for rags. Insurance comes to $150 a year and medical expenses $300. Sally still goes to the beauty parlor for $400 and still buys $300 worth of cosmetics. Two go to the club now, so the price goes up to $1,000; and, because they now have a household and accept invitations themselves, the Washburns spend $1,400 a year entertaining at home. Laddy sends his elderly parents $1,800 a year ($150 a month) to augment their tiny income, making a grand total of $24,250 worth of expenditures for the year.

Alone, Laddy and Sally remain reasonably solvent but frustrated emotionally; married, they wind up with a deficit of $2,200. And everybody wants to know why they don't get married. If Laddy and his bride want to enjoy their youth and go to shows, take trips, have hobbies, give presents, buy a small boat for weekends, go on picnics and do any of the other things young couples like to do, they will wind up in the poor house.

MOVIE stars in the main, believe they can't live on a strict budget because it doesn't look good. They can't economize too much or people will say they are cheap—people who can't add, that is. They have to maintain the honorable front of the idol, so they go in the hole.

It is obviously impossible to live in the proper manner and come out with enough to start an estate, so what does the star do? He doesn't pay *all* of his taxes, figuring to make it up later, and the first thing he knows he is in so deep he cannot get out. Uncle Sam is a kindly but firm creditor. His agents don't make the laws, they only enforce them, and they are sworn not to jeopardize the Boss's interests. Therefore, when a star gets to the point where current income won't pay present and back taxes, an Internal Revenue Bureau man sticks up a sign and takes away a house, or cars, or anything else that is owned (paid for in full or not) and sells them to settle the debt. This doesn't help the movie star too much. As a matter of fact, it might hinder him, for, as in the case of the DeToths, when the government moves in, all the other creditors, to protect their interests, file liens, too, and the panic is on. The star can't pay—and might have to go into bankruptcy. In the case of the DeToths again, their assets slightly exceeded their liabilities, but with everyone demanding payment at once, they were forced to go to court to ask a receiver to liquidate them peacefully.

A star's only chance is a business manager. There are two kinds; one the aggressive type, like Bo Christian Roos, Hollywood's most successful, who is a wizard at investments that pay a long profit; the other is represented by Joseph Wren, a conservative model—and one of the oldest-operating—who rules his clients with the temperament of a shrew. He saves and invests in only the soundest of enterprises, hewing to the thought that it isn't his money and he has to be careful with it. A few former tax agents are now in the field and doing well because of their experience in Uncle Sam's front office. One is Jack Schroader, a lad who, when he was an agent, once gave a star making close to a half million a year the choice of living on $100 a week until the tax tab was paid or recommending that the government sell him out. The star

paid off—and sends clients to Schroader.

When next you envy a star, think of this. If it is Cary Grant, and he makes $300,000 a year, he pays, more than likely, at least $130,000 to the government. If it is Howard Duff, and he makes $150,000 a year, he will likely drop $75,000 into the income tax kitty and have to spend the rest of it living up to the gross income and star status. If it is Shelley Winters, or Farley Granger—and the gossips say they average about $1,000 a week each—you can bet that after they pay Washington they hardly have enough left to buy a brace of beers. And if it is Tony Curtis, feel real sorry for him, or any of the kids like him. They come into the business at a salary a good deal less than a fair plumber, and even when they reach the top (in popularity—not income) they seldom get over $500 weekly, so that they are forced to spend their days acting like millionaires and their nights wrapped in the arms of fear and worry.

Gone is the era of fabulous jewels, hand-built cars, closets full of mink, magnificent mansions and underfoot servants. Now upon Hollywood is the era of the pinched penny, the wary credit manager and elegant, genteel poverty. THE END

candy 'n' cake

(*Continued from page 45*) she returned to the gate. Betty took me aside. "You know," she said, "I think Candy'll grow up to be another Emily Post. But for a while I had my doubts."

It seems that for weeks before the party Betty and the children's nurse, Kirshie, had been coaching Candy on the gentle art of being a perfect hostess. Candy hadn't appeared to be absorbing any of the rules. It wasn't until the time came to apply them that Betty realized she'd been paying close attention.

ONE glimpse of the backyard convinced me that the Big Top had set up headquarters on the spot. The color scheme was green and yellow. The trunk of a large olive tree was wrapped with crepe paper. Yellow ribbons streamed from the branches and attached to each ribbon was a gaily wrapped gift. A big sign labeled it *The Birthday Tree.*

An immense cellophane tent had been set up. Inside were favor-laden tables and small chairs.

"Lindsay had a western party on her birthday," Betty explained, "so we wanted Candy's to be different."

Betty and her babies have been circus-minded ever since she worked in *The Greatest Show on Earth,* and it didn't take long to find out that everyone had caught the spirit. I was heading in the general direction of the clown when I heard a scream. "Here comes my boyfriend!" Candy was shouting. In walked Bruce Tebbe, a handsome young gentleman who, rising to the occasion, planted a birthday kiss on her cheek, and proceeded to hug her so hard she fell down!

Most of the guests were too busy to notice this touch of romance, however. Some of the 30 small fry were friends whose families are movie-folk. There were Mimi and Monica Henreid, whose own birthday parties are looked forward to by the young set. Mrs. Don DeFore brought Penny, Dawn, and David. The girls and their mother were dressed in mother-daughter outfits, and Mom looked as young as her daughters. Sue Ladd and David were on hand. And Vincente Minnelli had escorted Liza and her nurse to the gate, and promised to return for them. The majority of the guests were from the Brentwood Town



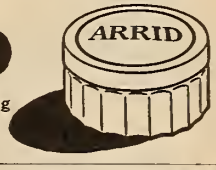


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and Country School which Candy and Lindsay attend.

On one part of the lawn, the organ grinder was working away as his monkey did tricks for pennies. Across the way, the clown was clowning. He'd brought along jars of liquid soap that produces bubbles, and the bubbles were sailing over a crowd of moppets' heads.

Ted Briskin had flown in from Chicago for the occasion, and he was everywhere at once shooting home movies.

When the last guest had arrived, we settled down on the lawn for the main events. First the clown appeared with an egg. No sooner had he put it up his sleeve than he pulled it out of his mouth. The biggest hit of the afternoon was the dog act. Betty had recruited the canine performers from studio casting. There were six tiny pups. And what professionals! They jumped through their trainer's arms, sat up, pranced on their hind legs, and had their audience begging for more.

BEFORE refreshments were served, the clown herded the children around the Birthday Tree. Heads bobbed like crazy as they jumped for presents. Betty and Ted helped those who couldn't quite reach the packages. Then the wrappings flew as the boxes were opened. Inside were toy animals—bears, elephants, seals, tigers. Candy's gifts were placed in a basket to be opened the next morning.

Things moved along at a mighty speed. "Isn't it wonderful?" Betty'd stop to say every so often. "Sometimes they get tired and start to cry, or want to go home—but they seem to be having too much fun!"

It was easy to see why no one would think of climbing over the back fence. The crowd was adjourning to the tent. Betty had had the local bakery make up tiny rolls. Cocktail sausages made perfect miniature hotdogs. The hamburgers were pint-sized, too.

The colorful horns and balloons gave the food a bit of competition. And there were jockey caps for the fellows and crowns for the girls. Candy drew all eyes when the birthday cake was brought out. The frosted production was set before her and she did her own slicing, after blowing out the candles and making her wish. She never told her wish, but a few minutes later she raced up to her mother. "Has it come?" she asked.

"I think so," Betty smiled. "It's a very special present," she told me.

"A weal wive wammy," Candy informed me.

"A what?"

"She means a real live lamb," Ted translated.

The lamb, it seems, was Candy's and Lindsay's hearts' desire. "But is it really for real?" Everybody had to be shown.

Came the journey to the nursery. The children were taken in a few at a time. There indeed was a real live lamb—all of two weeks old. David Ladd was enchanted. He knew just the place for the "wammy" and was all for taking it along to Alsulad, the Ladd's ranch.

"Wammy"—who later came to be known as "Nancy Frances," nearly stole the show from *My Friend Flicka*, who was only on film. The movie was shown in the living room to the group happily seated on the floor.

It was 7:30 when THE END flashed upon the screen. The only thing the guests were unhappy about was going home. "I had a wonderful time," I told Candy and right away I knew I'd made the understatement of the year. And from the twinkle in Betty's eye as she watched me skip out the door with my balloon and crown, I think she knew it, too. THE END

the low down on macrae

(*Continued from page 43*) (If you don't laugh ecstatically people think you've gone Hollywood. Going Hollywood means you're a stuck-up bum.) Gordon actually got named as "uncooperative" by the press last year, even though he gave 58 interviews, and every interview you give at home involves dressing up three reluctant children and making them act human until the nice reporter goes away.

Speaking of interviews, we're beginning to worry about running out of material.

"I'd like to stay in this business 15 years," Gordon said the other day, "and I don't know what we're going to tell them that they don't already know." He fixed me with an eye. "You'll have to have a dozen more kids, we'll make them into a Lacrosse team, and when you get your new mink coat, you can walk on it, like whoever that actress was."

I fixed him with an eye right back. "I'm going to put my new mink in the ice-box."

"Hmm," he said. "Good copy."

So far he hasn't bought me the mink, but I've got the ice-box, with a whole 11-room house around it. And a pool. We searched for a year and a half before we found this place. I wanted a house that looked like it came from the East.

When I told this to the owner (an artist who'd raised his own family there) he seemed surprised. "But this is a Southern Colonial house," he said.

"New England," I said.

"New Orleans," he said.

"Nouveau riche," said Gordon. "Here's a check."

That house is a dream. Our room is turquoise and white; white shutters, a white fireplace, beautiful polished mahogany floor, and a door that opens right out onto the pool.

The girls have a wing to themselves, with identical dressing-rooms and bedrooms and closets, and their bathroom has its own small size equipment. Heather likes the shady side of the house, so we've got her there, and we're decorating in blue; Meredith likes sun, so she's yellow with butterflies. Gar's room is on the ground floor, with a separate entrance, but since he's only three, he won't be needing it for a while. He's got wall paper called "Happy Valley," red, green, yellow, with farmers, apples, etc., and his furniture's big and washable, and his bath has roosters all over it. Since it's downstairs, we can use it as a powder room when there's company.

I picked out all the wall paper on our recent trip to New York (Gordon goes there twice a year to do personal appearances) and for several reasons this last jaunt is one I won't forget in a hurry.

New York City is full of mixed sensations for Gordon and me, nowadays. It's beautiful and exciting, it holds a million memories, but we don't have fun there the way we used to. Not that I'm unhappy over the fabulous success Gordon's having, or the things it's brought us. Only that I sometimes think you experience more thrills—or at least they mean more—while you're still struggling, and you have time for just the two of you. And you get to take a ferry ride once in a while.

This year, we arrived at the Park Sheraton Hotel, and the phone started ringing. Gordon was booked for several shows a day at the Strand Theater, and the record company thought it would be a good idea for him to guest on some disc jockey shows. Then there were various

benefits (which he *likes* to do), and after all, he wanted to see his mother who lives in Jersey, and he had to take a music lesson every morning. (He's crazy about subways; he'd taxi up to his teacher at 86th Street, then subway back.) And on top of that, interviews.

There were kids who hung around the Strand stage-door, too, waiting to have their autograph books signed. That took an hour after every show, but what are you going to do, turn 'em down, when they stand there with their hearts in their eyes?

And always, you insult somebody. "How come you can't see so-and-so's grandchild who's a very talented little tap-dancer? Huh?" is the way the chant goes.

But I remember when New York used to be different for us. I remember 1942. Gordon was making $65 a week. We owed half of it, and Gordon's brother-in-law (who bears the impressive name Duncan Van Cleef II) worked out our budget. The budget allowed a restaurant meal once a week, and the restaurant we haunted was a little place called The Epicure, over on the East side. It's narrow (about half a brownstone), and it smells like heaven.

Dinah Shore gave me the lowdown at lunch yesterday on why she, husband George Montgomery and daughter Melissa, three, are leaving that dream home of theirs in Encino.

"It's too expensive," Dinah, who is now a blonde for her role in *Aaron Slick From Punkin Creek*, confided. "Our business manager says we've got to cut down."

The Shore-Montgomery early American style menage, which he designed and built with the assistance of two friends, is one of the Valley show places. They've got six and one-half acres, four of them landscaped, and Dinah says it's rough just to keep the gardening crew.

"It's a luxury, we know that now," she admitted, "but after six and a half years there it's kinda hard to give up. But the only ones who can afford those kind of places any more are the coupon clippers. Certainly no salaried people like us can afford it.

"But whatever we do," promised Dinah, "we'll stay in the Valley."

Dick Williams in Los Angeles Mirror

We'd eat baked stuffed oysters, and chicken Tetrazzini, and converse sophisticatedly with Jack, the manager. He still remembers us, and we still remember him. The Epicure's our hangout when we're in town. "Sentimental, aren't you," my husband says to me. "Tonight I think I'll have shrimp cocktail." In the end, he orders baked stuffed oysters, and tries to look matter of fact.

There were other years in New York that I remember . . . Gordon fresh out of the army, and Meredith not quite a year old, and our whole future a question mark . . . We dumped the baby on my mother in Long Island, and started concentrating on rebuilding MacRae. He'd been away a long time, and all the contacts, the radio people we'd known, were gone, and CBS couldn't have cared less about the returning hero.

My husband's determined; I'm made of weaker stuff. "I wish we'd stayed in the army," I said. CBS seconded the motion.

"We don't need another singing baritone. We've got Jack Smith, Danny O'Neill—but we'll pay your old salary for a year—" (This was in line with the pro-

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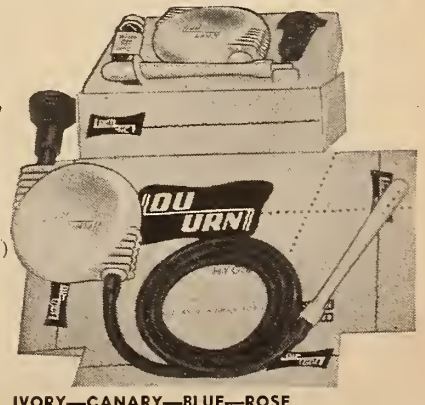
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gram that guaranteed veterans would get their jobs back, or at least come home to some measure of security.)

Gordon didn't care about the money. "We can live off what we've saved, or off my family, or even borrow. What I want is to get going, I want people to hear my voice again."

The powers shrugged. "If you can work out a format for some original program, maybe. Something different."

They never expected to hear from us again, but we decided otherwise. We got an idea for a show: songs, and some skit material involving Gordon and a girl we called Cathy (me) with whom bobby-sox listeners could identify themselves. Cathy was stuck on Gordon. It wasn't "War and Peace," but it was cute.

We took the idea to CBS, and told Wendell Adams we had it ready.

"Fine," he said. He picked up the phone and asked for Mr. Paley, the president.

"Okay," Mr. Paley said. "Put 'em in one of the studios. I'll catch it upstairs."

"Look," I said, clutching Adams' arm hysterically, "I said we have the *idea.* Nothing is written, nothing is on paper—*we have no script!*"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Adams, shoving us into a studio and closing the door.

We ad-libbed that show for 20 minutes. Gordon would say he had to buy a present for a girl, and Cathy would be properly nosey-but-heartbroken, and then the girl would turn out to be his mother, etc.

After 20 minutes, Paley called Adams. "Sign both of them," he said. "And whoever wrote the program." Technically speaking, this was also me. MacRae and I looked at each other, and like the song says, we saw blossoms though the trees were bare. This was the first step in his comeback and we knew it.

OUR show went on five times a week, and we got so good, if I do say so as shouldn't, that our time was moved up from five to seven in the evening. We were given a real professional writer (I'm no Mrs. Danny Kaye) and we even had an audience. (For the pre-audience shows, we used to let Meredith sit in the control booth. She'd watch with big sad eyes, and comment later, "Daddy sang. Mommy didn't sing." She never smiled; thought it was frivolous, I guess.) Everything was fine until I got pregnant. Three months later, we were still doing the show, and I was growing fatter and fatter and fatter.

Archie Bleyer (who's with Arthur Godfrey now) was in charge of our musical accompaniment. He came out with the subject of my figure one day. "You're getting fat," he said. "Or you're pregnant." Sort of as though he wondered if I knew.

I hunched down in my loose jacket. By then I was in the loose jacket stage. "It's true," I said.

"Sheila," Archie said. "You've got to tell them."

So Gordon and I were on the spot again. Pregnant bobby-soxers are looked upon with some disfavor, and we knew Cathy's days were numbered. But our luck held. Along came Stanley Gilkey, who was doing a Broadway musical, *Three To Make Ready,* and he wanted Gordon.

"Do you work as a single or a double?" he asked.

I looked at Gordon. "He's a single."

Gilkey grinned. "That's good. I don't know what I'd have used you for."

THAT afternoon seems a long time ago. I've got it packed away among my other New York souvenirs—opening night of *Three To Make Ready,* Heather's arrival, the funny days, the worried days, all the days when we were awfully young and awfully hopeful.

In New York, we went to bed late, we got up late, we had breakfast together. When we first came to Warners, we were plunged into a totally different kind of life, and we didn't like it. Gordon got up at seven, went to bed at seven, and was so dog-tired he was asleep by 7:02. The only time he saw the kids was in the morning, at breakfast, and I had to get used to the idea of literary evenings. A book's good company, but you can't talk back to it, and I'm a gabby sort of girl.

Gordon and I worked out a way to be together for at least part of every day by meeting for lunch. Not less than four times a week, I meet him and we eat in the Green Room at Warners, or we hop over to the Lakeside Country Club, which is right close by.

OFTEN, I take the kids over to watch the shooting on Gordon's set. They behave because they know they'll get whisked home if they make a peep. I once had to clap my hand over Heather's mouth at a crucial moment, and S. Z. Sakall, who was working in the picture, was horrified.

He came over to me later. "What a terrible thing to do to such a beautiful child." Heather's blonde, with fat legs, and people love her at sight. She returns the compliment. In fact, she'd have gladly gone home with Sakall that day.

I don't think I'm a tremendous disciplinarian, but I've got a healthy respect for the way my husband earns his living, and you can't have children messing up takes.

Marie Wilson is in the hospital with a chest cold. No comment.
Earl Wilson in The New York Post

Some picture people don't let their children know anything about "daddy's business." We don't believe in that. If daddy's a plumber, the kids know what he does; why not if he's an actor? Kids of people in show business often fail to make out on their own, in later life, and I think it's partly because the clothes, the toys, the money, have all been there, ready for them; things have come too easily, but they don't understand the effort that's gone into getting them.

Part of this I learned from Jack Haley, a real professional who sweated for years to achieve solid security. His children were always around the theater, seeing what went on. They learned that "Be quiet when I'm rehearsing" meant "Be quiet when I'm rehearsing," and it didn't hurt them any.

Once, in front of Haley, Meredith asked me, "Where's Daddy?"

"Singing," I said.

Haley held his head and moaned. "Singing!" he said. "*Working! He's working!* Let them respect it!"

Developing a respect for money in children is harder on the parent than on the child, I've found out. When I'm in New York, I'd like to go into Schwarz and buy the place out. It's a terrific temptation to get stuff for Meredith because she takes wonderful care of her belongings. But I know that young lady. We used to give her an allowance of 50 cents a week to cover the cost of comic books, Hoppy buttons, all such essentials. After a while, she figured she needed more, and she went and charged things at the local five and dime store. It was smart, but it wasn't very nice, so we had to come to an understanding.

She's a reasonable child, though. Very logical, and if she doesn't do what you tell her to every time, at least she's always got an explanation.

The mind-of-her-own doesn't keep her from being polite, even though she de-

clines to curtsey. I love it; she doesn't. I'm old-fashioned; she's not. Can I punish her for that?

Her biggest avocation is writing away for things she sees on television. She has a mania for cooking, and she's much more interested in the commercials than in the programs. An announcer will stand up and start burbling, "We have a special mix that makes biscuits—"

My daughter, pencil poised, copies down painstakingly, "Box 25, etc., etc.," in a large slanting hand, and then sends away for whatever it happens to be.

She made her first cake in honor of Gar's third birthday. It was a horribly soggy cake (she beat it so much) but to Meredith, the moment when Frances (our wonderful cook) turned on the oven for her was one of rare splendor.

Gar had three cakes for his birthday. Frances turned out a beautiful heart with strawberries, my mother brought over one she'd made, and Meredith's was right in the middle, tired, yet awe-inspiring.

Meredith and Heather both worship Gar, but they don't get on too wonderfully together. For one thing, Heather doesn't speak English. She's a very contented child, didn't talk at all till she was two. Now she says "Merediss," and "I doe wan to do dat," which her older sister views with contempt.

At four, Heather's in nursery school (Meredith was in kindergarten at the same age); they're geared differently. Not that Heather isn't showing signs of violent esthetic advance. She demanded that we bring her back toe shoes from New York. Miss Biscuit Mix, on the other hand (my daughter who lives by television commercials) wanted "a magic set that makes colors." Naturally.

I get a present from MacRae myself, now and again. He once bought me a gold charm bracelet, and adding charms has become a ritual. Every important event in our lives is commemorated by a charm. The wheels on the little train (that brought us to Hollywood) really run, and I've got a tiny movie camera (in celebration of Gordon's movie contract) with a heart on the side that says "you are the heart of my work."

For our eighth anniversary, he presented me with an 8-ball inscribed "option renewed with interest."

About the charm he chose when he signed his recording deal, I had reservations. It was a little bag of gold.

"What's that for?" I said. I'd been expecting maybe a record with his autograph.

"I don't know," said my bright husband. "I thought it would be nice."

"It seems a trifle mercenary, or commercial—"

"Well, for continued success or something, oh, you know—"

At which climactic point I leave you. If my husband had ever won an academy award, I'd have ended the story more thrillingly, but give the man time. I'm willing to give him the rest of my life. I'm funny that way. THE END

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We're paying higher prices than "a penny a kiss, a penny a hug" or even "a penny for your thoughts." The first 100 of you Modern Screen readers who tell us what you think will have earned yourselves $1.00. All you have to do is read all the stories in this August issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste, and we'll send 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Virginia Mayo—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ The New Mrs. Agar (John Agar)
- ☐ No More Playboys for Rita (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ A New Love for Coop? (Gary Cooper)
- ☐ Hollywood's Bedtime Manners
- ☐ Who Wants A Private Life? (John Derek)
- ☐ Brief Marriage? (Ruth Roman)
- ☐ My Son, Peter by Glenn Ford
- ☐ Liz Taylor Tells The Truth About Her Loves
- ☐ The Lowdown on MacRae (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ Candy 'n' Cake (Betty Hutton's children)
- ☐ Is Groble Quitting? (Betty Groble)
- ☐ The Perfect Happiness by Jane Greer
- ☐ Look Out For This Guy (John Wayne)
- ☐ Tony and Piper Meet The People (Curtis-Laurie)
- ☐ What Do They Do With All That Money?
- ☐ How Esther and Ben Live (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

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What MALE star do you like least?

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NO HIGHWAY

by Nevil Shute

Love and peril ride a giant airliner high above the dark Atlantic, as the passengers' tangled lives are menaced by the unknown. Monica Teasdale, Hollywood star; Mr. Honey, Royal Aircraft scientist; beautiful Marjorie Corder, airplane stewardess; all figure in Nevil Shute's thrilling love story of heroism, sacrifice, and a lonely man with a dream of perfection in his heart. It's "must" reading!

MESSAGE FROM A STRANGER

by Marya Mannes

This is the story of Olivia Baird, wealthy and successful writer, and the four men in her life. Olivia gave herself completely to those she loved—Brian, her first and greatest love—Whitney, businessman and man of the world—Max, the dreamer. And finally, there was her son, Philip. How Olivia loved too well, and what brought her true happiness at last, are high points in this tale of love and destiny.

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

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(*Continued from page 53*) in his love for you and his esteem for you. And you can't fake or storm your way to this. You can only earn it by giving of yourself as you yourself want to receive.

You couldn't have sold me this idea when I was younger. My hazy evaluation of things then was that a well-lived life must be more glamorous that that.

How I got to what I *am* from what I *was* I'll never know. To begin with, I started out with everything I needed to nurture a nice, fat neurosis:

A frustrated girlhood in which I persisted in trying to impress everyone that I was "different" . . .

A frantic teenhood trying to convince vocal teachers I could sing operatically and being absolutely rejected by them . . .

A constant series of slight gains and sharp losses in my fight to be somebody; "optioned" for Hollywood and then forgotten; finally installed in a studio and then ignored; tested for dozens of pictures and consistently turned down; auditioned for radio and "walked out on" by the producer.

Yet here I am today and my contract reads "starring roles." My husband has a smile for me every morning even before his coffee, and my two little boys have a thousand ways of telling me that nothing counts more than I in their lives. And this, even if it isn't so high a place in the world that all the rest of it has to look up at me, is the only place I want.

Happiness, in one form or another, was near me always. But I was always rushing past it. I had the kind of girlhood in which you keep saying to yourself desperately, "But nothing ever happens to me!" That was self-delusion.

Plenty was happening. While I was concentrating on myself, hopping from one dream-scheme or pretense to another, I was unmaking friends, influencing people to stay clear of me, and even unloading a good part of my troubles on my family.

Thus I ran in nervous, harried circles until one Hollywood day in my calmer twenties when I got the thought that maybe it would be interesting to be useful to someone other than myself. And, wonder of wonders, from that day on it seems that my whole world warmed up for me.

I think I got serious—and miserable—about my life as early as the age of nine. I heard Lily Pons and she fixed me good. I, too, would be a coloratura soprano! For five years I screeched everybody glassy-eyed around the house, and then insisted that mother take me to a vocal coach.

Maestro Papalardo, of Washington, D.C., where we lived, heard me. He had an honest face and at my first note the expression that fell over it was unmistakable. He was suffering from excruciating pain. His words were plain. A coloratura? Never! I didn't sing my high notes—I screamed them. Nor would I ever be able to sing them.

"But Maestro," I protested. "Let me sing just once more for you."

"No!" he begged. "Please, no."

On the way home with mother I sobbed—a broken-hearted 14-year-old girl (I didn't know then that I was also due to be a broken-hearted 15 and 16-year-old girl). Mother was sympathetic but, it seemed to me, not unduly concerned. Today I know why it is a good thing that mothers don't fall apart when their children do. Then there would seem to be no hope at all. As it was, her calmness suggests that there may be something left in life after all, even if you have just had a wonderful dream bubble punctured, and your life lay in pieces around you.

In my case I was to be shattered almost completely. Not six months later, after I had decided there was nothing left for me but acting, I suffered a unique malady which paralyzed the muscles on one side of my face! You couldn't think of a worse stroke of luck, at first, yet it turned out to be a great thing for me. After the doctors gave me up, I used to stand in front of a mirror and *will* my dead facial muscles alive. One side of my mouth was drawn up in a permanent smile by the paralysis. Month after month I worked on that smile and slowly, painfully, I began to get the curve out of it. Before a year was up I not only had conquered the paralysis, I had acquired control over all the principal muscles in my face. This was a decided asset for anyone who wanted to act. But I learned it takes more than Lon Chaney tricks to be an actress.

So, perversely enough, I went back to singing. I began using my voice, but in the lower register, trying it out on ballads. When I was 17 I embarked on a new *big* career. I was singing with Ralph Hawkins' orchestra in a night club outside of Washington, not getting home until 3 A.M., and feeling like a very special person indeed.

It was a little disconcerting that I would invariably get drowsy between numbers after midnight (often falling asleep on my bandstand chair). And it was very annoying to look so young that the only attitude of the boys in the band towards me was a protective one. Nevertheless, I quickly got back my old sense of *destiny* and lived up to it by playing the role of a very smart and sophisticated young lady.

My only difficulty was my family's attitude. Mother and Dad, and my twin brother, Donald, were interested in my career, but not feverishly. It was all right with them if I wanted one, but also all right if I didn't. How can you set the world afire when your own people are fond of you but hardly impressed? In the back of my mind I was always trying to overcome this.

One morning when I got home from the club I felt odd. Mother was waiting for me and I announced dramatically that something was wrong. I looked in the mirror and the face I saw seemed distorted, the eyes gleaming too brightly over dark circles, and the skin showing up red through the makeup.

"Mother!" I cried.

She just said, "Yes?" gently.

"Mother! I can't stand it! I'm going to have a nervous breakdown!"

"Yes," said Mother, peering at me closely. "You know, darling, it's hard to believe at your age . . ."

"But it's true!" I interrupted.

"It's hard to believe," she went on, quietly, "but you have the measles."

I know this is the kind of story that brings a laugh but to me it was pure tragedy. Just as the other "funny" stories I now remember were heartbreaking to me when they happened.

I was still just 17 when a movie scout for Paramount saw me and took an option for his company. I didn't know it was just an option. I didn't even know what an option was. I immediately announced to my family and friends that I was on my way to Hollywood. Everybody was thrilled, there were going-away parties . . . and then there came a letter from Paramount. Being overstocked with girls of my type, they were not taking up my option.

WHAT to do? I was still in Washington when everyone thought I was gone. I hid around the house for three days crying my eyes out. Finally, one afternoon, Mother forced me out of the house and I sneaked into a movie in downtown Washington. All through the picture I cried again because the girl on the screen should have been me. And when I stumbled out of the theater whom did I see walking towards me but two of my most "questionable" friends . . . real backstabbers. They nudged each other significantly the second their eyes fell upon me and I knew I was in for a bad time. Why, Jane! What are you doing in Washington? We thought you were in Hollywood by now. Well! Scratch, bite, scratch. That's the way their questioning would go. And it did.

It was awful. It was always awful with me then, I recall, because I was always leaping ahead of myself, of my actual accomplishments, which is the same thing as leaping into nervousness and wretchedness. Later, when I had actually been signed for movies by Howard Hughes, it was six months before I even saw him in person. And as for getting into a picture—I just didn't.

I couldn't stand it. I decided to get out of my contract because I was sure I would be signed by another company the moment I was free. I got out of the contract and I was signed by nobody.

Things were so desolate for me by this time that it was no wonder I began to get an inkling of my wrong attitude toward life. Yet I still wasn't cured and when, another six months later, I found myself under contract to RKO the old ego started sailing again. It was either the top or nothing for me. If I got a script to read I automatically saw myself in the starring part. Consequently my fate was sealed. In my first picture I had exactly nine words, six initials and a throat-clearing business as my speaking part. The picture was *Pan-Americana* and my lines were:

"Yes, J. D.

"No, J. D.

"Yes, mam. I mean, yes, sir.

"Yes, J. D."

The throat clearing came when I said "mam" instead of "sir."

Oh, those mixed up days! I used to pay great attention to my wardrobe. I had no pictures to dress up for, so I dressed up for the commissary. I believe I have made some of the finest commissary entrances in the history of that lunch room. I would sweep in regally, producers would look up disinterestedly and then go back to their goulash. And I had primped for hours!

I was so hungry for recognition . . . even if I was the only one to recognize myself. And poor mother! I dragged her out to see *Pan-Americana* with me about 25 times. She had three shows to sit through, four

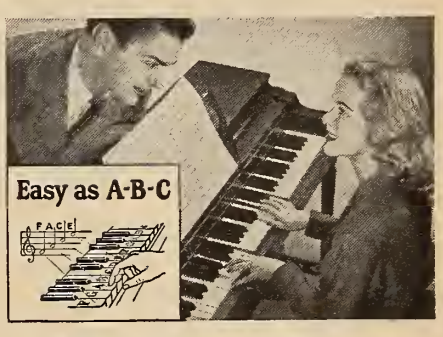
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Abbreviation: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.





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if she didn't revolt. Once, in the Hollywood Pantages theater, just as my scene was due on, a woman in the audience missed her purse and started up a cry about it. Other patrons misinterpreted her yelling and thought there was a fire. A scramble to get out followed but I sat tight. "I won't move until I actually smell smoke," I thought to myself. I just wasn't going to miss my scene!

With my career going hit and miss, I got married to Rudy Vallee and that missed, too. I think I learned a lot as a result of it, but not enough. I was still overly opportunistic about myself. I needed further awakening and I got it.

I recall the time when a big advertising agency asked me to test for a top singing role in a coast to coast show. I appeared with my accompanist, the executives retired to a darkened control booth, and I sang. When the number was over there was silence. I spoke into the microphone and asked if they wanted me to sing another. No answer. I went to the booth and looked in. It was empty. In eloquent criticism they had all just taken themselves a walk!

Another time I got a fairly good role in a western. Halfway through the shooting I caught the flu and for the next 10 days I tossed and worried on my bed at home because I was holding up the entire production. So I got well, went to the studio and found that the picture was finished without me!

"No trouble at all," they said. "We just rewrote it a little."

Rewrote it! In the last scene they had taken of me I was hanging by my hands from a tree and yelling for the hero to catch me. That's where I stayed all through the last half of the finished picture. Every once in a while they would cut in the same scene again, showing me hanging and still yelling, and then go on with the rest of the story. It was a big laugh, they assured me. But I didn't laugh.

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I just crawled away sick with mortification.

It was about then that I decided to stop feeling sorry for the little pieces of my heart that were lying around and start seeing if what was left of it couldn't be of use to someone else. The man who is now my husband had slightly edged into my life by then.

I wasn't completely sure of things when Edward Lasker asked me to marry him. I remember wanting his promise that our marriage must not interfere with my career. But I think that was the last really egotistical thing I ever did.

I found that I not only loved Edward, I loved wifehood. When the time came I loved motherhood. I think I am going to love grandmotherhood—though that need not hurry itself along. The big thing is that with marriage, I took on the interests of other people.

And with this, my career no longer was the vital driving force in my life. It had to take its proper and lesser place in the whole framework of my existence; certainly after my marriage and my children.

You may just consider this a character development stemming from a better social adjustment, yet it has a spiritual significance to me. I began to look at everything with different eyes, with a faith that was comfortingly strong in its reassurance that everything would be all right with me . . . so strong that it was like walking in the protective shadow of a Great Presence. And within this protection I now live; as long as I remember that my business in life is to be a wife, and mother, and friendly person I am certain happiness will always be with me. If I can also be a good actress there will be added a special satisfaction. But special satisfactions are no longer essential to my happiness. I am so happy about that.

THE END

(*Jane Greer will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's* Friendly Island *with Bill Lundigan.*—ED.)

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modern screen

Sept. 15¢

AUG 10 1951

Why Tony and Janet had to elope

page 38

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liz taylor

You'll have a clearer, softer skin with your first cake of Camay!



This radiant Camay Bride is
MRS. DAVID CONANT FORD—the former
Bette George of McKeesport, Pa.

She's all fire and sparkle—this radiant bride with the dancing brown eyes . . . the alert, alive expression. But it's Bette's complexion that really takes your eye. It's a thing of beauty—a miracle of soft freshness. Her *first cake* of Camay made a thrilling difference!

And Bette doesn't keep her beauty secret to herself! "Why, Camay is simply wonderful," she writes. "I can't help raving about it, since my *first cake* gave me a fresher, smoother skin. I changed to regular care—and Camay did the rest! Camay is my beauty advice to any girl!"

Yes—new beauty is ready and waiting for you—with your *first cake* of Camay! Change to regular care—use mild, gentle, creamy-lathering Camay. Never let a lesser soap than Camay touch your skin. You'll find Camay will wake your sleeping beauty!

There's no finer beauty soap than Camay

Camay is so mild and gentle—and it gives you such a quick, abundant lather. Always use the Beauty Bath Size—that's Camay at its best! It's a big, handy, thrifty cake. It offers more luxury—more lather—more of everything you like about Camay!





Lovelier you—head to toes!

Make Camay your bath soap, too. Give your arms, your legs, your shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. You'll rise from your daily Camay Beauty Bath—a lovelier, daintier you—touched with the flattering fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

Camay

the soap of beautiful women

AUG 15 1951

How Sparkling can you be?



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The answer is Ipana

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

Life itself sparkles for those with a sparkling smile—that's so true! Use Ipana, and see for yourself. Ipana gets teeth cleaner, uncovers the full sparkle of your smile—and helps prevent tooth decay. And how that sparkling Ipana taste and tingle refresh your mouth, sweeten your breath! Get Ipana today for your Smile of Beauty!

For a breath that's Sparkling fresh!..The answer is **IPANA!**



For a smile that's a-Sparkle with appeal... The answer is **IPANA!**





A Product of Bristol-Myers

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1. TEETH. Brush all tooth surfaces thoroughly with Ipana. To reduce tooth decay effectively, no other tooth paste—ammoniated or regular—has been proved better than Ipana.

2. GUMS. Brush teeth from gum margins toward biting edges . . . Ipana's active cleansing foam helps remove irritating debris and soft calculus from gum margins—where they can lead to gum inflammation and disease. . . . Yes, cleaning teeth with Ipana helps keep your whole mouth healthy.







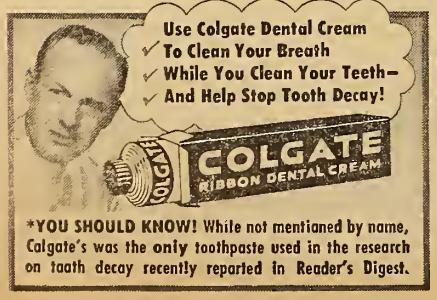
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

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Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

SEPTEMBER, 1951

modern screen

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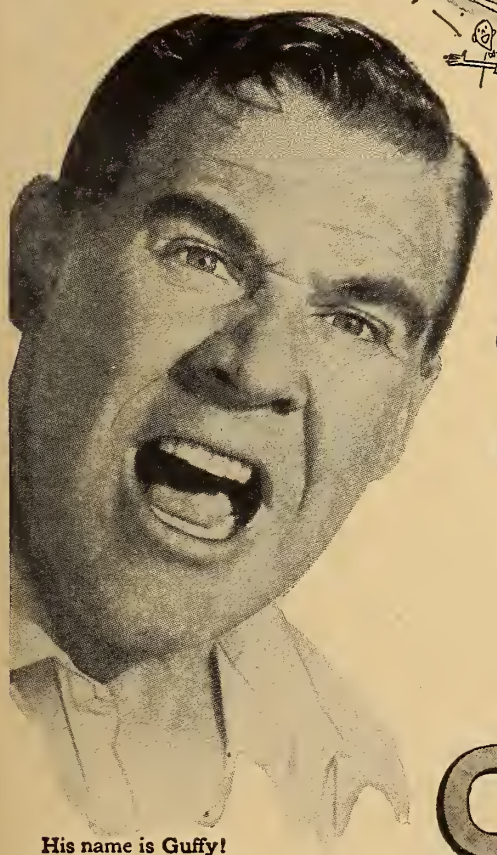
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Based on a story by Richard Conlin

Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN AN M-G-M PICTURE

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THE INSIDE STORY

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. How much alimony and what kind of a financial settlement is Sylvia Gable seeking from Clark?
—T. W., Pensacola, Fla.

A. *Mrs. Gable is not asking for alimony or a settlement, only a divorce. She would prefer a reconciliation, but Gable wants a divorce and insists that he's finished with marriage.*

Q. Is it true that Aly Khan settled $3,000,000 on each of his sons? Is that why Rita asked for $3,000,000 for Yasmine? —T. C., Dallas, Texas

A. *Rita was told that Aly had settled that sum on each of his sons, but according to people who know Aly intimately, that figure is a great exaggeration. Rita will be lucky to get even a small part of that sum; she herself wants no alimony.*

Q. Who are the richest actors in Hollywood? —R. O., Toronto, Canada

A. *Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant.*

Q. I read that Elizabeth Taylor admitted she had a child's mind and a woman's body. Is this true?
—G. T., Duluth, Minn.

A. *Miss Taylor said that she had a child's emotions, by which she meant that she was emotionally immature. As a matter of fact, she's an intelligent girl.*

Q. Why don't June Haver and Betty Grable appear together in any more pictures? —B. D., Chicago, Ill.

A. *There's a small feud between them.*

Q. Is it true that Gary Cooper contributes large sums to the Catholic church and is devoutly religious?
—V. C., Denver, Col.

A. *Cooper is a Protestant who contributes 5% of his earnings to charities of every kind. One of his favorites is the Brandeis Camp Institute for underprivileged Jewish boys; no one religion receives any greater contribution than another.*

Q. Was Janet Leigh's marriage to Tony Curtis her first or second marriage?
—N. P., Phila., Pa.

A. *Her third.*

Q. Can Lana Turner ever again give birth to a baby?
—S. O., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *Medical authorities have advised Lana that because of a blood deficiency, she "probably" cannot give birth to another child.*

Q. In the Liz Taylor divorce testimony, your magazine gave Liz Taylor's marriage date as March 1, 1950. Wasn't she married on May 6th, 1950?
—A. V., Hartford, Conn.

A. *May 6th, 1950 is correct.*

Q. Isn't it true that Judy Garland and Sid Luft were secretly married in Europe a few months ago?
—B. C., Durham, N. C.

A. *No. Judy's divorce from Vincente Minnelli won't be final for some months. Any such marriage would be considered illegal in California which is the official residence of both Judy and Sid.*

Q. How old is Ronald Colman, and why hasn't he made any motion pictures lately? —S. C., Miami, Fla.

A. *Colman is hitting 60. He hasn't found any movie roles he'd like to do. His radio show, "The Halls of Ivy," is one of the best.*

Q. Which of the movie stars have twin children?
—D. E., Ellenville, N. Y.

A. *David Wayne, Susan Hayward, Jimmy Stewart, Bing Crosby, Joan Crawford.*

Q. Is it true that all three of Doris Day's husbands have been musicians or connected in some way with the music business?
—V. Y., Columbus, Ohio

A. *The first two were musicians. Her present, Marty Melcher, is an agent-manager.*

Q. When Vic Damone was drafted into the Army, under what name did he register? —T. O., Dover, Del.

A. *Under the name of Vito Rocco Farinola—his real name.*

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Story by ROBERT RISKIN and LIAM O'BRIEN · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Hedy Lamarr's three children go along on her honeymoon . . . Sonja Henie's dinner-dance sparkles with jewels . . . disregard Aly-Joan Fontaine rumors . . . your reporter turns actress!



LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news



Ann flew to Dublin from London. Her Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat Tobin (who live with her in California) arrived soon after by boat to help her explore Eire.



Ann stops to chat with a passing Franciscan monk. She prayed at the church in which her mother was christened; visited all the places she'd heard about.

WHO, but Hedy Lamarr would take three small children along on a honeymoon? I mean outside of a movie plot?

In typical fashion, Hedy packed her three youngsters and their two pups in the back seat, and with bridegroom Ted Stauffer at the wheel, took off for her Carmel honeymoon.

"I promised the children a trip up the Coast before Ted and I made up our minds to get married," said Hedy as though that explained everything.

Of all the surprise happenings of the season, Hedy's sudden marriage to Stauffer ranks No. 1. So sudden was their decision to take the big leap that they awakened the marriage license clerk in Santa Monica and asked her to open the office at 11:00 o'clock at night!

Stauffer is not entirely new to movie fans. At one time, just prior to her meeting Aly Khan, he was Rita Hayworth's most persistent beau. He was once married to Faith Domergue. He was also a very successful orchestra leader before taking over the management of one of the most successful resorts in Mexico.

Ted has made a lot of money in Acapulco with Don Carlos Bernard. They bought an old hotel and made it over into one of the most fashionable resorts south of the border. It was while Hedy was vacationing there seven years ago that she met her bridegroom.

I had the tip that their romance was more serious than anyone realized and announced on my radio show that they had plans to wed. But no one thought it would happen so soon.

I must say that Hedy is starting out her marriage to Ted with a clean slate.

She turned over everything she owns—furniture, silver, clothing, books, records and paintings—to an auctioneer telling him to get rid of all of it.

SONJA Henie and Winthrop Gardiner's dinner-dance—the first of filmland's summer social events—was a dazzler in all departments, including the wonderful jewels worn by the women, and the brilliant moon hung out by Mother Nature as though just to illuminate the gorgeous gardens, and the gay balloons.

When little "Skatie," as the people who love Sonja call her, gives a party—it *is* a party, my friends.

She has the gift for creating such a wonderful setting that all the women guests seem to be more beautiful, and the men more handsome than ever. I've never seen our beauties look more radiant than at Sonja and Winnie's party.

The hostess wore white lace and exquisite emeralds. She was the picture of elegance.

Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra arrived together without escorts and, laughing, said they were each other's "dates." But they hadn't been there two minutes before they were surrounded by all the eligible bachelors.

Dan Dailey, particularly, seemed to be moon-struck by Barbara who looked wonderful in a bouffant gown with her famed gardenia-diamond necklace adding to her sparkle. Barbara and Dan twirled around the floor dance after dance.

It was the first chance Tyrone Power and Linda Christian had to greet many of their old pals, and it was like a welcome-home convention to them. Linda, who is expecting a baby, confided to me that she was disobeying doctor's orders by coming—"But I so much wanted to see all our friends again," she confessed.

Ann Sheridan's red hair blazed brightly over a silver-cloth sheath, the shortest evening gown of all.

Evelyn Keyes, who was with Greg Bautzer, looked very smart with her new short haircut and an eyelet evening gown.

Janie Powell, with her Geary Steffen, looked cute as a button in a gold maternity coat. Jane made two trips back to the laden buffet

RST TIME, AND FINDS IT'S NO BLARNEY WHEN THEY SAY THAT THE LAND OF HER FOREBEARS IS A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN.



This Duleek cottage, where her mother was born, has been in Ann's family for 700 years. Uncle Dill plays bagpipes for Ann, his wife and Ann's cousin, Betty.



Ann and her Uncle Peter O'Connor inspect the barrels of Dublin's Montjoy Brewery, where her uncle has worked for 42 years. Ann met over 100 relatives.



Ann's exciting two-week visit was climaxed by her personal appearance at Dublin's Royale Theater. All her mother's relatives, who'd seen Ann only on the screen, came. She was thrilled when one said, "Your mother had the face of an angel—like yours."

tables. "I know I shouldn't do it," she whispered, "but I'm hungry all the time."

Loretta Young's gown was an Adrian—bouffant and decorated on skirt and bodice with pastel organdy flowers. Her best fella, Tom Lewis, was in New York.

Mrs. Louis B. Mayer was a vision in an Orry Kelly creation, wearing her fabulous diamond necklace.

Marion Davies' blonde beauty was set off by a black gown with a white lace top that would cause any style-conscious woman's heart to miss a beat. She wore gorgeous rubies worth a king's ransom.

William Powell and "Mousey," his cute wife, drove up from Palm Springs, and I thought I had never seen Bill look so well. He has put on a few pounds which are very becoming, and he is very suntanned from all the outdoor desert living.

I saw Mildred and Harold Lloyd among those dancing every dance to the strains of the lovely, haunting Hawaiian music that went on and on into the wee hours of the morning. No one wants to leave little "Skatie's" parties early.

Nicky Hilton was dining with his favorite date, Mona Knox, at the Tallyho when a reporter tracked him down to ask what he thought about Montgomery Clift meeting Liz Taylor at the plane in New York on her way to Europe.

"I don't think anything about it," said Nick. "Should I?"

I'm inclined to share Nick's nonchalance about this much publicized meeting between Elizabeth and her co-star in *A Place in the Sun*.

My spy in New York (who knows Monty) says Clift was at the airport seeing off another friend when he accidentally ran into Liz's brother and her mother and father out to meet her plane from the Coast.

So Monty just stayed on to say, "Hello," as any old friend might do.

It strikes me funny that their meeting attracted so much attention. All the time they were making the picture together at Paramount, Monty went out of his way not to become involved in a "publicity romance" with lovely Elizabeth.

He flatly refused to escort her to a premiere because, he said, "it would stir up a lot of fuss about nothing,"—and Elizabeth agreed.

Rita Hayworth is going to have plenty of trouble getting $3,000,000 or any amount of money out of Prince Aly Khan for a couple of good reasons. One, the Prince is quite short on cash. Two, his wealthy father, the Aga Khan, isn't going to kick in with a cent.

The "inside" on why pappa, who likes Rita, won't help, is because Rita and the Begum, the Aga's current wife, never hit it off and she will see to it that the Aga keeps his purse closed. I might add that Aly and the Begum aren't any too friendly, either.

I don't put a dime's worth of stock in the gossip that lovely, blonde Joan Fontaine is Aly's new heart interest or vice versa. The Prince is trés charming and he has always paid attention to glamorous women.

But I can't see Joan marrying Aly—or he her.

Clark Gable, who planked out $350,000 to get his freedom from Rea Gable, can relax. Sylvia wants not a cent from him—nor any part of his property. She sent word to me from Honolulu where she had fled after the bitterness of their parting. "Why should I ask for part of his 20-acre ranch in Encino when I own 4,000 acres in Del Mar?" Sylvia asked.

Although Clark remains as mum as an oyster, he told a mutual friend that he has never spent as much money in his life as he did during the year-and-a-half he was



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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

married to the former Lady Ashley. He says he built a studio and made all sorts of improvements on the ranch at her insistence, plus redecorating the whole house. As for clothes—well, Sylvia is a gal wot likes to dress.

Maybe Clark has been a bachelor too long to get used to paying a lady's bills—especially when the lady has a million dollars of her own.

No visitor to Hollywood in years created so much social furor as Perle Mesta, Minister to Luxemburg, famed as the Washington "hostess with the mostest."

Theda Bara, vamp of the silent screen, was the first to honor Madame Minister with a cocktail and dinner party.

At socialite Dolly Walker's party the next night in Perle's honor, Mal and Ray Milland disclosed that they have bought part of Dolly's Beverly Hills estate, and are going to build their new home there.

I sat next to Gene Markey and whispered in his ear that the paper had just telephoned me that his ex-wife, Myrna Loy, had remarried in Virginia.

"Why doesn't she tell me these things," said Gene, who is always witty and composed.

One day last month I grabbed my portable typewriter in one hand and my secretary by the other and took off over the hills to Warner Brothers studio to emote in *Starlift.* Yes, I am turning actress in this musical based on Travis Air Field where our fighting boys take off and return from Korea.

Many Hollywood stars entertain there and several months ago I took up a troupe including Shirley Temple, Pat O'Brien and Margaret Whiting to the base near San Francisco. When they got around to making the picture, Jack Warner asked me if I would play myself.

By golly, I may not win an Oscar playing Louella Parsons, but I ought to be natural!

Frankly, however, it isn't easy for a non-professional to stand in the spotlight and "emote" even when just called upon to play one's self.

It was so pleasant to find such welcoming friends on the set as Doris Day, Ruth Roman, and Janice Rule. The girls presented me with a gold-topped rabbit's foot for good luck, and the attached card read, "So very nice to have you with us."

I'll be happy if they feel that way when I have completed my scenes. I've studied my "lines" and tried to be up on the script so the visiting lady columnist won't hold up the scenes.

When you realize from first hand experience what hard work movie acting is—well, I wonder if Critic Louella Parsons will ever again have the heart to "pan" any acting performance?

Celeste Holm tells me that the big thrill of her singing engagement at La Vie En Rose in New York is when she peered past the spotlight into the audience and saw General Douglas MacArthur sitting ringside.

She was even more delighted when, after her stint, she was invited to the table to meet the General and his charming wife.

"I told the General that Jack Benny had invited me to go with his show to Korea," said Celeste. "His eyes twinkled for a minute, and then he said:

" 'I don't think you will like it there, Miss Holm.' "

Jane Russell has a wonderfully placid disposition and so has her husband, Bob Waterfield.

But Jane came close to blowing her top because Bob admitted they have plans to adopt a baby. She had so hoped to keep it a big secret until the baby had been in their home three or four months.

So it *is* true that the Waterfields will soon have a little stranger in their home, but everybody is helping Bob keep mum by not telling when he or she arrives.

The Letter Box: Shirley Newman, age 12, of Norwood, Ohio, wants Shirley Temple to keep on writing to her even if her "dearest, darling favorite" has retired. Are you listening, Mrs. Charles Black, now busy being a Navy wife in Washington, D. C.? (Many, many letters asking about Shirley in this month's mail. Her fans certainly have not forgotten. Nor have any of us here in Hollywood.)

Answering D. V. of Saint Louis, Missouri: Yes, Tyrone Power and Linda Christian are expecting a baby. He is very glad to be back in Hollywood again but he would be "gladder" if he weren't on suspension at 20th—he told me so.

Lots of letters wishing the best of luck and health to Dan Dailey. He is much admired for his frank and sensible outlook on his recent illness.

A clever Japanese boy in Tokyo who can write English tells me: "We see American, English, French, Italian, and Russian movies—and we like best the American. A recent poll here in famous Japanese movie magazine voted *Little Women* most popular American movie here, with *Letter To Three Wives* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* second and third." Very interesting, my Tokyo friend—write again.

That's all for this month. See you again!



With Patti and Jerry Lewis as attendants, Janet Leigh became Mrs. Tony Curtis on June 4th. Judge Knox of Greenwich, Conn., officiated.



Jimmy Stewart, named Screen Father of the Year, poses with his family: Ronald, Gloria, Michael, and the new twins, Judy and Kelly.



GREGORY PECK VIRGINIA MAYO

IN

"Captain Horatio Hornblower"

color by TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY RAOUL WALSH

Screen Play by Ivan Goff & Ben Roberts and Aeneas MacKenzie

From the Novel by C. S. Forester

"A Streetcar Named Desire"

AN ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION

PRODUCED BY CHARLES K. FELDMAN

STARRING

VIVIEN Leigh · MARLON Brando

WITH KIM HUNTER · KARL MALDEN

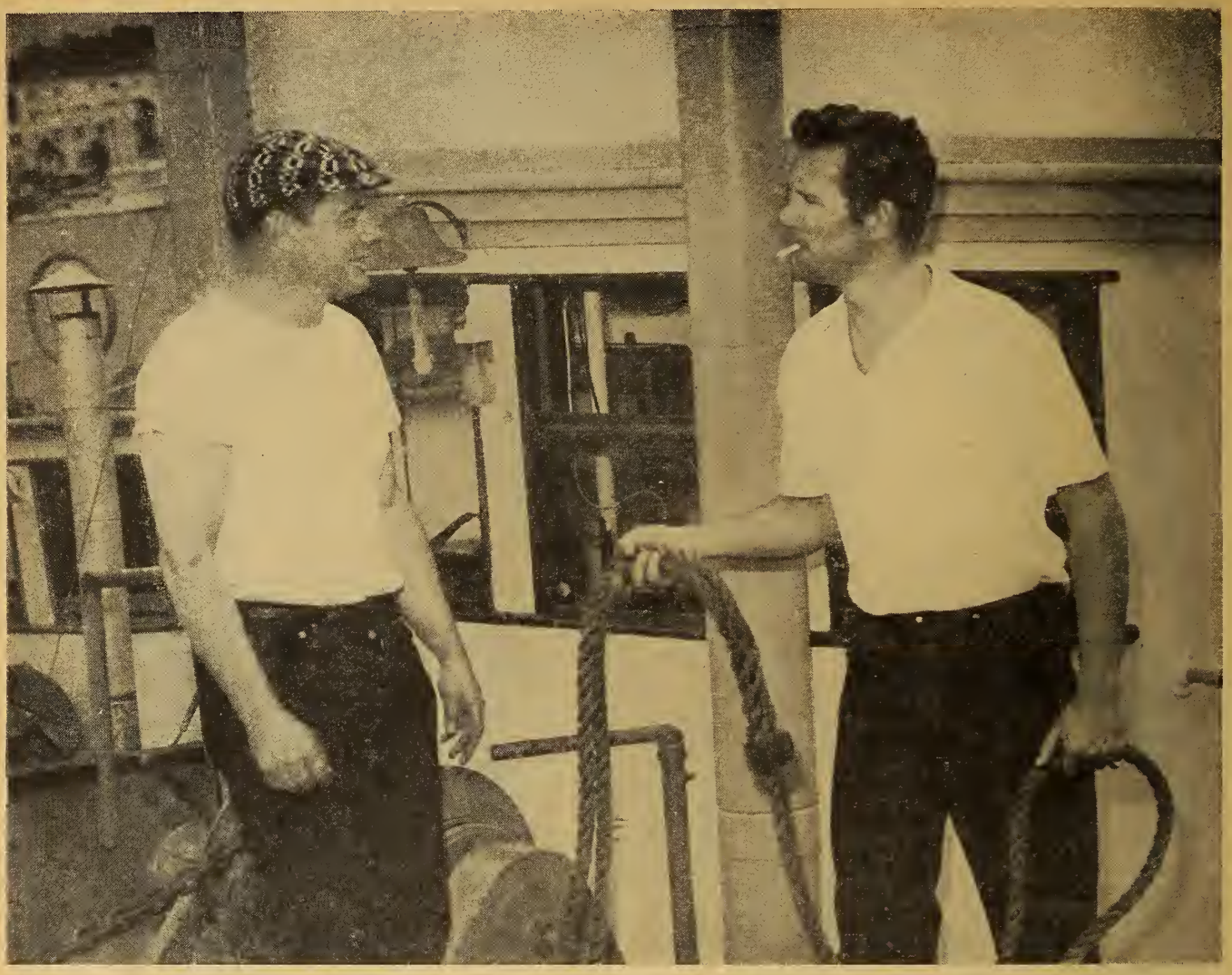
DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS. PICTURES

Screen Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Based upon the Original Play "A Streetcar Named Desire," by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

As Presented on the Stage by Irene Mayer Selznick

Look Forward! DORIS DAY · GORDON MacRAE in *'ON MOONLIGHT BAY'* COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR ☆ *'JIM THORPE-ALL AMERICAN'* STARRING BURT LANCASTER · CHARLES BICKFORD · STEVE COCHRAN · PHYLLIS THAXTER *'FORCE OF ARMS'* STARRING WILLIAM HOLDEN · NANCY OLSON · FRANK LOVEJOY ☆ *'STARLIFT'* WITH A SCREENFUL OF STARS ☆ JAMES CAGNEY in *'COME FILL THE CUP'*



Aboard the "Mike" Howard Duff gets some boating know-how from fleet-owner Ernie Gann. Howard signed on as an ordinary seaman.

His pay: two bucks a week. His companions: dead fish. His reward: a suntan, and a new slant on women.

duff's gone fishin'

BY JIM BURTON

■ A few weeks ago, right after he'd finished *The Lady From Texas* with Mona Freeman, Howard Duff decided to get away from it all.

This meant no more dates with glamor girls—like Ava, when she was angry with Frankie, and no more beach parties with Ida Lupino, and no more premieres with Marta Toren. No more Hollywood for a while, because Duff had things to think over. Marriage, for instance.

Howard Duff isn't the happiest man in the world. He's an introvert, who's always studying his own soul, and right now the sight depresses him. He thinks, though, that he'd be very happy if he were married and had a family. "After all," he says, "that's what counts most in life." But he can't find a wife.

During the war he thought he'd found one, but when he was shipped overseas she went off and got married. Today she has two children. Is Howard carrying a torch for her? "Don't be ridiculous," he says. "That's all done and forgotten."

In June of this year, Duff started looking for a place to mull over his problems. What place is more conducive to long thoughts than the ocean? No place, thought Howard, so he signed on as a hired hand aboard a fishing vessel for two dollars a week. The name of the vessel was "Mike." It was 50 feet long and headed for Mexican waters to find albacore. (*Continued on page 12*)

"My hair must shine at every show... so I shampoo with Drene!"

SAYS JEANNE BAL,
RISING STAR OF BROADWAY



"MY HAIR SHINES ITS BRIGHTEST when I shampoo with Drene!" says sparkling Jeanne Bal, of the hit musical Call Me Madam. Jeanne keeps shining through eight performances a week by shampooing at least twice a week! She uses Drene for the shine it reveals, and also, she says . . .

"NO MATTER HOW OFTEN I SHAMPOO, gentle Drene never dries out my hair!" And Jeanne likes the natural silky softness of her hair when she uses today's wonderful Drene with Conditioning Action. "Try Drene yourself," she suggests, "and you'll shine too, tonight!"



"I LOVE the gorgeous highlights Drene reveals in my hair," Jeanne says. And you will, too. For Drene's exclusive formula cleanses in a special way. It never dries out your hair—always leaves it naturally soft and shining!



"MY HAIR is so soft, so easy to manage, I thank my lucky stars every night for Drene," says Jeanne. Your first Drene shampoo will show you how soft and shining Drene Conditioning Action leaves your hair. Try Drene today!



I dreamed I was an artist in my

maidenform bra®

I'm dabbling in dreams... with the whole world at my doorstep! The critics come to look at my work, and then stay to look at me! They say I've a genius for line, an absolute mastery of form. Could it be they mean my Maidenform figure?

Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture in white satin; also available in nylon taffeta and broadcloth... from 1.75*

There is a ***maidenform*** *for every type of figure!*

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Costume: Cacciola-Broillet*

duff's gone fishin'

(Continued from page 10)

(Albacore is a long-finned tunny, closely related to the tuna. Like tuna, it's highly valued for canning and brings a good price over the grocery counter.)

When Duff signed up as an ordinary seaman, he also signed to receive a percentage of the catch. "Mike" departed from Point Loma, outside of San Diego. and stayed on the high seas for 18 days.

Once aboard, Duff was treated like any member of the crew. He asked no favors, and he got none. He pulled watch, swabbed down the decks, hauled in the catch, worked 'round the clock.

"When he first came aboard," one of the regular crew says, "we thought we were going to have a Hollywood dude. We didn't know who he was, but when those photographers came around and started taking pictures, we figured he must be somebody.

"Anyway, he didn't pull any airs with us. He told us right off that he was a landlubber and didn't know the bow from the stern, but he sure learned. I used to think those Hollywood actors were a bunch of fancy pants. But that sure ain't true of Duff. That kid can sail with us any time he wants.

"Matter of fact when Ernie (Ernie owns the boat) told us that Duff was an actor, a lot of the boys wouldn't believe it. He sure doesn't look like an actor. He looks like a regular fisherman, I mean, a human being."

How Duff came to sign on the "Mike" is a pretty interesting story in itself.

Having finished his picture at Universal, he was lying on his shoulder blades at home one Saturday evening when the phone rang. It was director George Sherman.

"Some of the boys are coming over for a while," George said. "Why don't you drop in?"

"Thanks, I will," Howard said, and, since he didn't have a date, he drove right over.

At Sherman's, Howard ran into Ernie Gann, a writer and flier who also owns a fleet of fishing boats out at Monterey.

"A funny thing," Howard said. "I was going up to San Francisco in a few days, and I was going to call you there."

"What for?" Ernie Gann asked.

"I want you to give me a job on one of your boats," Duff said.

"You kidding?"

"No, I'm dead serious," Howard asserted. "I'm a little fed up, hanging around town. I'd like to get away. You know, get a chance to think things out. How about it, Ernie?"

"How soon could you leave?"

Duff thought for a moment. "Practically any time."

"That's fine," Gann said, "because I have a boat pulling out of San Diego tomorrow morning at nine."

"Whom do I see to sign on?" Duff asked.

"You see me," Ernie said. "I'm the skipper."

"Okay," said Howard. "I want on."

"I want to warn you, this is no pleasure cruise."

"I know," Duff said. "I can work as well as the next guy."

"Okay," said Gann. "We're going out looking for albacore. You'll get a cut on whatever the catch is worth."

Duff and Gann shook hands. The next morning, they both flew down to San Diego and boarded the "Mike." A short circuit in one of the motors delayed the boat's scheduled departure but after a

clearance from the insurance company, the "Mike" took off.

But on the ocean, pulling watch at night, Howard Duff had time to think, to evaluate his life, to find out whether it had any meaning for him or whether he was aimlessly drifting.

"I decided," he says, "that if I don't get married within the next two or three years, the chances are I will probably never get married."

"Once a fellow hits 35 (Duff's 33 now), he becomes pretty set in his ways. Then, too, how good are the chances of marrying a girl who's 28 or 29? By that age most of the girls have been grabbed up, so that usually, a man in my spot marries a girl who is 20 or 22. That's too great a difference in age I think.

Out there in the Pacific, I had a pretty good chance to work things out. I love Hollywood, and I think it's been great to me, but in order to get any perspective, a fellow's got to get far away from it once in a while.

"When you're at sea, things become pretty elemental. Problems that were complicated on land seem to reduce themselves to essentials.

"Take me, for example. I'm ready for marriage. People make me out to be a recluse, but I'm nothing of the sort. And I'm not that moody, brooding guy you read about.

"I'm very much in the market for a wife, only Hollywood is a very tough spot to find one. Naturally, I meet a lot of actresses, but unless they give up their careers, actresses usually don't make good wives. Two acting careers in one family rarely mix. So where am I? I can't go beating around the U.S., announcing that I'm looking for a wife, and there's no sense in proposing to the first girl who comes along.

"Some of my friends have suggested that perhaps I'm afraid of marriage. Well, that's true of some bachelors, but I honestly don't think it's true of me.

"As soon as I find the right girl, I'm proposing. And say—if you know someone, let me have her number. One thing I can assure you. Howard Duff isn't hard to get."

THE END

IT HAPPENED TO ME



Sometime ago I went to LaGuardia Airport with my sister and a friend to meet another friend who was coming in at 11:30 P.M. on International Airlines. We weren't sure whether the plane was to land at Gate 2 or 4, so we went to Gate 2 to ask. A man and woman were standing at the gate and the woman caught our eyes because she was wearing a beautiful fur coat and carrying a lovely bouquet of red roses.

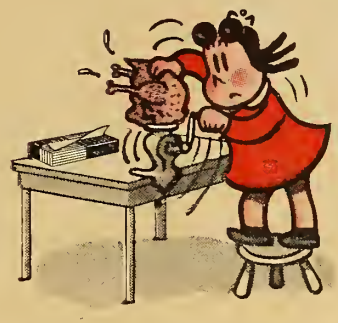
She must have felt us staring at her, for in a moment when she turned to go through the gate to the field, she paused, came back toward us and said, "Would you like to have these?" Then she handed me the flowers.

I gulped my thanks and watched Laraine Day rejoin Leo Durocher and board her plane.

Miss Annette De Gaetano
Brooklyn, New York

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



What's best to limber meat grinders?

☐ *Chicken bones* ☐ *Salad oil* ☐ *Bacon fat*

Balky meat grinders get back to work—when you dose 'em with salad oil. Keeps the food taste-worthy. Speaking of grinders, there's no ground wood in Kleenex! It's a *pure* tissue; perfectly uniform. Free from weak spots, hard particles!



How to foil a dripping faucet?

☐ *Try a cork* ☐ *Attach a string*

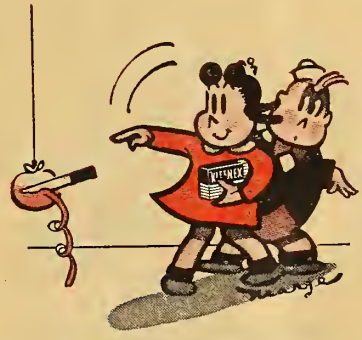
Can't sleep for that "bloop-bleep"? Tie a string on the faucet . . . water slides down, silently. And see how *Kleenex tissues* save your nerves—for Kleenex serves one at a time (not a handful). No fumbling! No waste. Saves money.



Chair marks on carpets call for—

☐ *Cleaning fluid* ☐ *Steaming*

Cover furniture-flattened spots with damp cloth, then steam with hot iron. Lifts nap, saves carpet. Let Kleenex tissues give *you* a lift in your household tasks. Extra soft! So absorbent; sturdy! And *no other tissue* has that handy Kleenex box!



To peel peaches quickly, try—

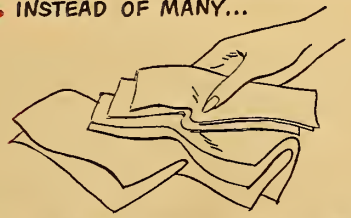
☐ *A teakettle* ☐ *Steel wool* ☐ *A scout knife*

Peaches will shed their skins pronto; just pour boiling water over them. Likewise, save *beauty-care* time, trouble—use gentle Kleenex to peel off clinging makeup. Because this tissue has the *perfect balance* of softness and strength.

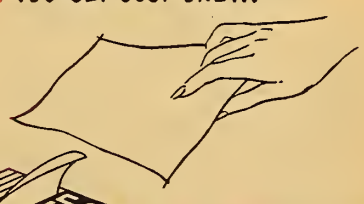
Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

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This Kleenex "window" shows you when It's time to order it again

Get several boxes when you buy—
You'll always have a good supply



As the giant Goliath fell before the boy David, so did David the King fall before Bathsheba, the adulteress!

SOON
20th Century-Fox brings you
DAVID AND BATHSHEBA
captured in color by TECHNICOLOR
STARRING
GREGORY PECK
SUSAN HAYWARD



with RAYMOND MASSEY • KIERON MOORE
and a cast of many thousands!
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by HENRY KING
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FREE! COLOR BROCHURE WHICH TELLS THE FASCINATING STORY BEHIND DAVID AND BATHSHEBA! WRITE TO "DAVID and BATHSHEBA!", P.O. Box 292, DEPT. FM, CHURCH ST. STA., N.Y.C.

picture of the month



Kim Hunter and Marlon Bronda recreate their Broadway hit rales in Tennessee Williams' dramo.

by Christopher Kane



MOVIE REVIEWS

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

■ William Saroyan, one of our better playwrights, was represented on the screen by a movie called *The Human Comedy* some years ago. Now Tennessee Williams, another top-flight dramatist, has had his *Streetcar Named Desire* film-treated, and I keep thinking of it as "the human tragedy." Saroyan and Williams are both concerned with life, death, and the dreams between, but Saroyan's note has almost always been one of hope, and Williams' note has almost always been of despair. *Streetcar* is the story of Blanche Du Bois (Vivien Leigh), a woman who can't face the bright light of day, or her lost youth, or the terrible fact that everyone is not kind and well-mannered. She comes to New Orleans to stay with her married sister (Kim Hunter), and finds the sister's husband (Marlon Brando) crude, antagonistic, bestial; the place where they live a slum. Her brother-in-law, discovering various sordid facts about Blanche's past, sets out to destroy her, and succeeds quite thoroughly. It's a saga of rape, insanity, loneliness, rejection, man's inhumanity to man. The locale is authentically old South, the music is magnificent, and a cast which simply could not be bettered has helped to make a masterpiece. I thought Vivien Leigh had a little trouble with her Southern accent (in her zeal to slur authentically, she lost her "r" altogether) but as I said before, Warner Brothers has an honest-to-God masterpiece here, and I haven't got the heart to quibble.



THE FROGMEN

Up until recently, the whole thing was a secret, but it seems that in World War II, we had what was referred to as "paddlefoot commandos," or UDT's (Underwater Demolition Teams) "spearheading every invasion from Sicily to Okinawa."

These incredibly brave men, wearing swimming trunks and flippers on their feet, and Buck-Rogers-looking masks, went slithering around under enemy waters, blowing up mines, making notes of defense installations, etc. Richard Widmark, as a commander who has to win over his crew (they've been crazy about his predecessor); Dana Andrews as the chief man he has to win over; and the rest of the cast outdo each other in feats of bravery and heroism.

The whole company spent so much time in ice cold water—they were on location in the Virgin Islands, and off Cape Hatteras—that they all caught cold. It's a fascinating picture, entirely unusual in theme, and execution.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill.—20th Century-Fox.

NIGHT INTO MORNING

This picture is exceedingly well done, and so grim you wonder why they did it.

Roy Milland's wife and child are blown up in a freak accident. And Ray, an English professor, in an effort to find escape, once his life has been thus desolated, toys with drink, with suicide, with reckless driving. He's mean to his students, and he worries his friends, Nancy Davis and John Hodiak, both of whom are fellow members of the English department.

Hodiak and Davis are engaged, and Davis, herself having sustained a widowhood, does all she can to alleviate Ray's pain. According to Hodiak, she begins to do a little too much, even, but that's really neither here nor there.

As the story of a man plunged into a very terrible reality, and his adjustment to that reality, *Night into Morning* has good moments. But since they're mostly suicidal or otherwise depressing I think you'd hardly call them entertaining. If you're a student of the drama, though, go see.

Cast: Ray Milland, John Hodiak, Nancy Davis, Lewis Stone, Jean Hagen.—MGM.

"I was shipwrecked 5 times in one day!"

says **EVELYN KEYES**, co-starring with Jeff Chandler in **"SMUGGLER'S ISLAND"** a U-I release, Color by Technicolor



"If sweeping floors is rough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for 'SMUGGLER'S ISLAND.' The heavy oars made my hands sting.



Learning the ropes on a sloop left my hands raw again . . .



But between scenes, I used soothing Jergens Lotion . . .



It kept my hands lovely for romantic closeups!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10c TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color



Blonde hair gleams with bright gold



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Red hair takes on a burnished glory



Gray, White hair shines with silver

Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

A DAZZLING LIFT! New lanolin-enriched Shasta Cream Shampoo glorifies your natural hair color. It does not add artificial color to your hair, but gives your own true color a dazzling lift.

"SUPER" CLEANS HAIR! New Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair. This super cleansing action is the secret of the shining, sparkling color after your Shasta shampoo. For Shasta leaves each strand so radiantly clean the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA IS SAFE! Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe. Lathers *out* color-dulling grime. Leaves *in* precious natural oils your hair needs to be soft, healthy, glamorous.

MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST TODAY

BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a lock of hair. Put this lock aside while you shampoo the rest of your hair with new Shasta.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is dry, compare the unwashed lock with your soft and radiant Shasta-washed hair. If not convinced that new Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.



Big economy jar 4 full ounces 89¢

Regular size . . . 57¢

NEW COLOR-SPARKING *Shasta* ***"SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY***

DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS



SHOWBOAT

The newest version of the beloved old show, and it's warm and corny, and beautiful and perfect—for both those young enough to be new to this Hammerstein-Kern classic, and those who know it by heart. Ava Gardner's the luckless riverboat entertainer, Julie, who falls in love with a white man; Kathryn Grayson's Magnolia, the captain's daughter, who loses her heart to that dashing gambler, Mr. Gaylord Ravenal (Howard Keel); and Joe E. Brown plays Cap'n Andy. There's never been such soft, melting Technicolor, and all the great songs—"Old Man River," "Make Believe," "Can't Help Loving That Man"—are staged with loving care. Ava goes to her tragic end gallantly; Kathryn and Howard pull a happy ending for themselves out of a messy middle (he comes back to get a look at the child he's never seen, and Kathryn forgives him); and there's a dance sequence involving said child and Joe E. Brown which is reminiscent of Shirley Temple-Bill Robinson numbers. If I've seen a more enjoyable picture recently, I don't remember it now.

Cast: Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel, Joe E. Brown, Agnes Moorehead. —MGM.

HER FIRST ROMANCE

Small, super-charged Maggie O'Brien, who could bawl as quick as look at you, seems to have grown into a pleasantly easy-going adolescent, and Columbia's fashioned a pleasantly easy-going picture around her. Maggie's got a crush on Allen Martin, Jr., and so has a girl named Lucille. All the kids are off at summer camp and there's a prize for the kid who builds the best money-making project. Maggie steals money from her father's safe in order to help Allen get the cash he needs to build his project. There are complications having to do with a valuable paper which means fortune or disaster to Maggie's pop, which disappears from his safe the night the money is taken, but the plot's secondary. The kids are all cute; the laughs are mild but many.

Cast: Margaret O'Brien, Allen Martin, Jr., Jimmy Hunt, Sharyn Moffett.—Columbia.

PEKING EXPRESS

A Chinese train, traveling from Shanghai to Peking, has various personalities aboard: Joseph Cotten, a United Nations doctor, is off to perform an operation on General Chiang, and spends his spare time wondering who's diverting U.N. medical supplies into the Chinese black market. And Corinne Calvet, a spy for so many different folks she can hardly remember who she's spying on. (She and Joe were once in love, but he didn't trust her.) Then there's a Chinese man—Marvin Miller—who tries to stab his wife in Corinne's compartment. This man is eventually revealed as the leader of an insurgent military group, and king of the black market in medical supplies. He wants Corinne. Corinne wants Joe. Edmund Gwenn, a priest about to be shot by Marvin's men, wants peace on earth. Also Marvin is trying to get his son back from the underground Nationalists. Do you follow all this? It's not easy, but it's very picturesque.

Cast: Joseph Cotten, Corinne Calvet, Edmund Gwenn, Marvin Miller.—Paramount.

SIROCCO

In 1925, in Damascus, the French were so unpopular that the Syrians kept shooting them. As this picture opens, the Syrians are getting their guns courtesy of Humphrey Bogart, a profiteer who runs stuff through the French occupation troops to the headquarters of Emir Hassan, head of the natives. Lee J. Cobb, a French officer, doesn't approve of this, but his good-for-nothing girl friend, Marta Toren, admires Humphrey in a big way, once she discovers the size of his wallet. Cobb goes to reason with Emir Hassan (Humphrey's shown him the secret way, in return for a free pass to Cairo, instead of a bullet in his head). But then a French general starts working on Humphrey, and first thing you know, he (Humphrey) is doing an unselfish thing. He's making an attempt to save Cobb's life. He gets a grenade in the face for his pains. And as far as I'm concerned, I still don't know whether the French belonged in Damascus.

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren, Lee J. Cobb, Everett Sloane.—Columbia.

PHOTO CREDITS

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"Who can concentrate on food?" says Charlie McCarthy as he admires Liz Taylor. Liz is modeling one of the outfits that won the votes of the stellar board. (*See text*)

Not everyone can wear Paris gowns . . . but everyone can afford star-selected clothes—especially picked by MODERN SCREEN'S Hollywood board of judges.

MODERN SCREEN'S

Hollywood Fashion Party

■ The editors of MODERN SCREEN looked into their wives' wardrobes and had a thought. It was, "Who can afford Paris creations?" Their answer almost choked them. It was, "No one." Meditating along this vein, they got very excited and still another thought crossed their minds. It was, "Why should Paris be *the* fashion center of the world when Hollywood is just around the Rockies and loaded with style experts and best-dressed women?" And finally, they asked themselves, "Why not bring the stars' knowledge of fashion and their valuable advice directly to our readers?"

Right away they contacted Loretta Young, who's received innumerable awards for being Hollywood's best-dressed actress. "What do you think of the idea?" they asked Loretta.

"It's wonderful!" she said. "What could be better than having the stars, who've learned about fashions from the finest designers, share their knowledge with your readers?"

The editors beamed. "You'll share?" they asked.

"I'd be delighted," she said.

Now Loretta is a lady who has a way of doubling a person's enthusiasm for any worthy project. That's what she did to ours, and before long we'd planned a fashion show—and a luncheon to go with it. Then we got down to the business of setting up an Advisory Board of Experts comprised of representative stars. As the fall fashions paraded past these members of the board, they would select and recommend the clothes which they considered the best buys for MODERN SCREEN readers.

The time and place for these events to occur were rapidly chosen. The time: noon. The place: the spacious lawn beside Edgar Bergen's pool. Frances Bergen is a former model and one of the most fashion conscious young matrons in our town. Mr. Bergen, as you may know, is employed as straight man for Charles McCarthy, who provides the laughs on the Coca-Cola radio show. Edgar also approves of Mrs. B.'s gowns and writes the checks for them and is quite aware of what goes on in the style world. Charlie, of course, will tell you that McCarthy's an expert on everything.

The remaining members of the board were selected. Ricardo Montalban ac-

cepted the invitation with pleasure. Ricardo's married to Loretta's sister, who's a fashion plate in her own right. And as a young husband, he's an authority on what young wives should wear.

Every girl is interested in a beau's opinion of her clothes. Consequently, we called on Peter Lawford and Howard Duff, two of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors —both noted for taste in clothes and ladies.

ELIZABETH Taylor, who has shopped in stores all over the world, seemed like an ideal choice for the board. Also perfect were Diana Lynn and Mona Freeman of Hollywood's young married crowd. They've had considerable experience in balancing wardrobe budgets and always manage to look as though they just stepped out of bandboxes.

Last, and far from least, there was Walter Pidgeon, well-traveled, noted for his charm and sophistication.

The day of the show began as a cloudy one. However, around noon, the sun came out to see what was going on. The Brown Derby had taken over luncheon arrangements and the lawn was a beehive of preparations. Dainty finger sandwiches and a variety of salads were on the table, and everything, done with great flourish.

Howard Duff was the earliest arrival. "It's my first fashion show," he said, happily looking around at the lovely models. "And it won't be my last."

About that time Mona Freeman walked up. "Aren't you slightly out of character?" she wanted to know. The last time she'd seen him he was a cowpoke on a Western set. The two co-starred in *The Lady From Texas.*

Others soon followed. And this was quite a feat. Edgar and Frances live on a Hollywood hilltop. It may not be the highest, but it's the most difficult to get to. Edgar usually sends out small maps when folks are coming to call. In case this only proves confusing, there are signs along the way. But you still need the intuition of a mountain goat. For instance, Walter Pidgeon was driving up the road and took a sharp left turn. Seemed logical enough because a sharp right turn would have sent him hurtling down a mountainside. He reached a house and saw that Nancy Davis and Phyllis Kirk (she's in *Three Guys Named Mike*) had arrived. They were going to model winning clothes. *"This* is *Bergen's?"* Walter asked, surveying the sight. There was a patio all right, but it was filled with boards—as the house was in the process of being built.

"*This* must be where Charlie keeps his relatives," grinned Nancy, glancing at the lumber.

Phyllis was nose deep in a map, trying to figure just where they'd gone wrong.

"Follow me," said Walter as he backed down the steep incline.

He almost backed into Ricardo Montalban. "Follow *me*," Ricardo suggested.

Several hilltops and one phone call later, they reached the Bergens'.

THE event was taking on a festive air. Beside the pool, Peter Lawford conferred with Jeanne MacDonald, who'd dropped by for a few minutes. And Liz Taylor was absent-mindedly swinging her foot in the direction of the water. Suddenly her shoe came off and there was a small splash. But fortunately she was sitting near the shallow end where the shoe could be retrieved. "Guess I should have worn a bathing suit," she laughed, as Frances fetched her a pair of slippers.

Several of the men nearby were heard to sigh.

Time came for the judges to adjourn to their tables, upon which there were favors for the ladies and for the men, too (for *their ladies*)— (*Continued on page 93*)

CHEERS for the World's most Popular Girdle!

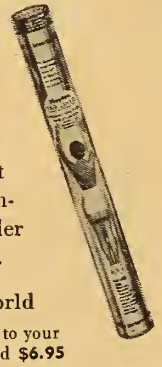


For Fall Fashions and Back-to-Campus!

New Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC NEXT TO YOUR SKIN

It's the first new kind of girdle in 11 years —the girdle praised by top fashion designers, the girdle that's caressed millions of women to new slimness in new comfort! Just see how the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle gives *your* figure a slim new future for fall. With a cloud-soft fabric *fused* to the smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone, it's invisible under sleekest clothes, allows complete freedom.



The 3 most popular girdles in the world

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE. With fabric next to your skin. In SLIM, golden tube . . . . **$5.95** and **$6.95**

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLE. So light, so cool, dispels body heat. In SLIM, shimmering pink tube . . **$4.95** and **$5.95**

PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE. With more figure control, greater freedom than girdles at three times the price. In SLIM, silvery tube . . . . . **$3.95** and **$4.95**

(All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries)

Sizes: extra small, small, medium, large; extra large size, slightly higher.

At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

TV **DAYTIME HIT!** PLAYTEX presents ARLENE FRANCIS in *"Fashion Magic."* CBS-TV National Network. See local papers for schedule.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N., Playtex Park, Dover Del., PLAYTEX LTD., Montreal, Can.



The "tissue test" proved to Alexis...



that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Alexis Smith that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams.* Alexis is co-starring in the Paramount production, "Here Comes the Groom."

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains **Penaten**

a Special Service for Modern Screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ You can sit right back and shop from home, because now Hollywood stars are doing the footwork for you. They scout the stores from coast to coast, and what they don't see they ask for. You can be sure they know what's new in styles and ideas, and get the most value for the least expense. That's a good trick if you can do it—and our glamorous, smart shoppers can!

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only personalized merchandise cannot be returned.

anne baxter

your hollywood shopper

for september



Anne shows John Hodiak her clippings for *Follow The Sun*. She keeps a book for him, too.

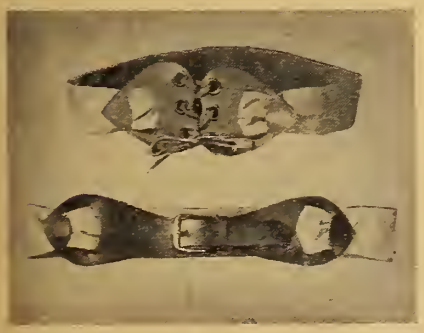
■ A MODERN SCREEN editor recently asked me to plunge into fall shopping for their September issue. I was an easy mark. I've a passion for shopping and bargains are my meat. Ask John . . . he's in charge of my budget.

Thrilled with my mission, I planned my strategy as though I were bidding for an Oscar, to be sure I'd cover the finest shops all over the country for special buys for all of us. I turned many a town topsy-turvy looking for last minute travel tips, personal and household items.

As you can imagine, I was looking particularly for smart fall fashions to wear after our "bambino" arrives. Besides, all of us gals want something new to pep up our wardrobes now that fall is practically here. Whether it's back to work, back to school or back home from a vacation, you'll want to get these smart new clothes.

Take your pick, then order directly from the store mentioned below each picture.

Lots of luck with your shopping. Hope you'll have great fun!



BEST USE OF "WAIST" MATERIAL. *Either of these belts has the makings of a whole wardrobe. They're leather front belts with detachable sailcloth backs in mixed or matched shades. Gimmick is that you can substitute another material for the sailcloth anytime. It's an easy switch too! Leather fronts in red, black, natural, brown, navy; sailcloth backs in same or contrasting shades. Give waist size, color, belt choice. $3.50 ea. Thea Bag, 333 E. 79 St., New York 21.*



I "STOLE" THIS FOR YOU *because it's the neatest piece of sorcery I've seen in many a moon. Of lacy crocheted rayon, edged in fringe, 72" x 18" it does tricks to make it your pet fashion accessory. Wear it over your shoulders, hair, tied around your waist as a sash, or criss-crossed and tucked under your belt. "Siren stole" wraps you in glamor day and night. In beguiling black, white, navy, pink, yellow, red, blue. $3.98. Ronnie Sales, 487 B'way, New York 13.*



KNIT YOUR OWN EVENING GLAMOR. *Original design for a hand-made, ribbed sweater that I found a cinch to knit. Bare-topped bodice with separate sets of puffed or straight cuffs to give it the effect of a short-sleeved sweater. Moth-proof, fast-dyed yarn in black, white, red, beige, grey pastels. Yarn and instructions for sizes 12-14 (bodice, 1 set cuffs) $8.75. Sizes 16-18 $9.75. Add $1.75 for second set cuffs. Couture Fashion Yarns, 107 E. 60 St., New York 22.*

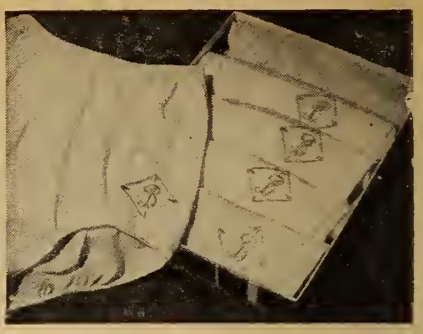
anne baxter

your hollywood shopper

for september



John put an enthusiastic okay on this fall wardrobe, so gals, after Junior arrives, watch me go!



STRICTLY PERSONAL . . . IZED PANTY WARDROBE. *Set of 7 brief snugfit panties in resist-run rayon tricot jersey. Wear a different pair each day of the week in one of several dainty shades. Your initials worked into a smart triangular monogram on the pant leg. Double re-inforced crotch, seams; elastic waist band. Sizes S, M, L. 7 for $4.99. 7 matching initialed Lovable rayon satin bras $6.99. Jonas Shoppes, Dept. LMP, 62 W. 14 St., New York 11.*



JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH CORDUROY. *Lucky me to find this wonderful horseshoe neckline jumper. Snug waist and flared skirt give it a smart shape—and you too. Belted, with tiny self-covered buttons at the waist. Slash pockets over each hip. Mostly you'll wear it with blouses—a change of blouse changes its personality. Try it minus blouse for a really chic dressed-up air. Red, green, rust. Sizes 12-18. $7.99. Jonas Shoppes, Dept. SMJ, 62 West 14 St., New York 11.*



IT'S LOVELY, IT'S NYLON, *it's engaged to go to the hospital with me so I can look really fetching after Junior's arrival. Nylon-rayon robe's designed to meet every situation gracefully. Washes, dries in a jiffy, so it's always fresh. Tailored but feminine, it's piped in white with a white tasseled sash. Smart chevron embroidery on lapel balances a roomy right hip pocket. Fuchsia, blue. 12-18. $8.99. Jonas Shoppes, Dept. LMR, 62 W. 14 St., New York 11.*



"AN APPLE A DAY" *does wonderful things for you, that's why these cuddly sleeping or TV-ing pajamas are covered with them. Soft flannelette top in all-over apple print on white, has long sleeves, patch pockets. Bright, bright red collar matches peddle pusher pants that taper to below the knee. Or, if you prefer, take the all apple print and ruffle-neck instead. Both in sizes S, M, L. $4.95. Blackton Shops, 398 Fifth Ave., New York 1.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



YOURS FROM AN ANGORA KITTEN. *This frothy pull-on sweater is part wool, part softest angora, looks and feels divine. Little-boy collar and neck opening edged in white, and smart rhinestone buttons stud the front. Short sleeves. Sweater's sweet under suits, or do as I will, and take it out for a gay evening, teamed with a dressy skirt. Worn the year round. In luscious pink, white, maize, baby blue, aqua. Sizes 34-38. $3.99. Ralph H. Miller, 505 8th Ave., New York 1.*



YOU'LL LOOK REALLY "TWEEDY" *in this novel all-wool cardigan knit in a heather mixture to resemble sporty tweed. Smartly tailored with a trim peter pan collar, shoe-button closing, and short cuffed sleeves. I'd call it a smart match for any suit or skirt in your wardrobe, and it will follow you faithfully right through Spring. Sizes 34-40. Comes in heavenly heather grey or beige. $3.99. Ralph H. Miller, 505 8th Ave., New York 1.*



HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME! *Here's a high-necked, dolman-sleeved and truly handsome striped pull-over. Stripes are cleverly spaced to do the most for you and the sweater. Slimming dark side panels and waist band are contrasted with a white center bound by sets of stripes. I've found it as dressy as I make it, depending on my skirt and accessories. 34-40. Navy, dark green, or purple striped with white. $3.99. Ralph H. Miller, 505 8th Ave., New York 1.*

Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where personalized.

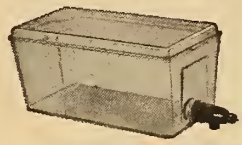
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CUTS 25 "FRENCH FRIES" IN ONE STROKE!



Just insert whole potato, press handle, and *presto!* —you have 25 perfect "French Fries" all ready for cooking! Mrs. Damar's Food Cutter is wonderful for dicing other foods and salads, too. Made exclusively for us in rust-proof, gleaming plated steel. Sold by mail only. Price, $2.98, plus 25c for postage.

COLD FRESH DRINKS ON TAP!

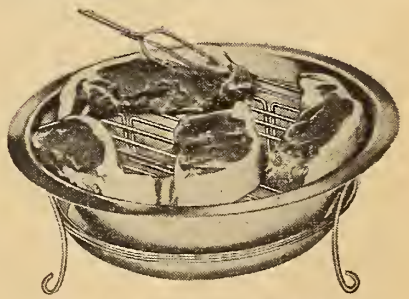


Just fill Tap-a-Glass with water or lemonade, soda, etc. and place it on your refrigerator shelf. You'll always have a cold drink "on tap." Easy to use—especially for youngsters. Holds over a gallon—fills a glass in seconds! 5"x5"x13" with tray lid that supports other items. Made of unbreakable clear plastic. Only $2.95, postpaid.

NOW! Wash Delicate Lingerie, Nylons, etc.—in your washing machine



Now you can safely launder even the most delicate washables in your washing machine—with Mrs. Damar's Softi-Bag! Just hang as laundry bags—one for handkerchiefs, one for lingerie, etc. When filled, snap shut, toss into washer—*that's all!* This cotton mesh bag prevents small articles from tangling, tearing in machine—eliminates sorting, hand washing. $1.69 each, 2 for $3.25, ppd.



HOME CHARCOAL BAR-B-Q FOR INDOOR OR OUTDOOR USE!

A new *low-priced* charcoal-broiler that requires no matches, no kindling. Just place a few pieces of charcoal in the bottom, set it over stove—it ignites in seconds, then burns for hours! Steaks, chops, fish, fowl have all that tantalizing charcoal-broiled flavor sealed in! And because *Charcook* has been proven *over 90% smokeless*—you can use it indoors, *at your dining room table!* Nickel-plated steel, 10½" grill. Ash and drip pan eliminates dirt, grease. Bag of charcoal included. Only $5.95, ppd.

COPPER CLAD 7" SKILLET



Yes, a hard-to-get copper skillet with satin chrome inside! .035 extra-thick sheet of copper outside assures *fastest, most uniform heating.* Acid, stain, rust resistant. Cannot dent or chip in ordinary use. Very easy to clean. Firm-grip handle, metal hanging ring. A rare value at only $1.98, ppd.

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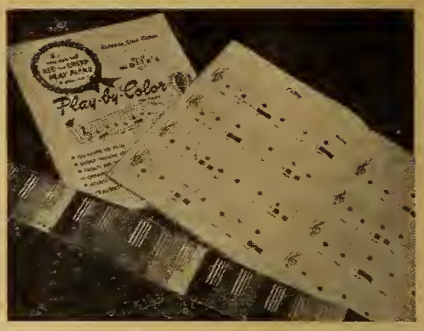
anne baxter

your hollywood shopper for september





KEYED TO YOUR FAVORITE SCREWBALL. *Here's a key ring that's a cute gadget to own or give to someone special. Gold-plated flexible snake chain is closed at each end with a tiny ball. Balls unscrew so loads of keys may be added—enough for even a Bluebeard. Around 3¼" long, it's lightweight and easy to handle. Screwball key ring, besides doing its job, will get many a chuckle. I've ordered several. Only $1.00. Seth & Jed, New Marlborough, Mass.*



ANYONE CAN PLAY BY COLOR. *Anyone who knows red from green can sit at the piano for the first time and play his favorite melodies with* both *hands—chords too, without reading a note. Book of 14 hymns shows all notes in color; comes with color chart to stand behind keyboard. Kids or grownups can play in minutes. Book of hymns or Book of Christmas carols $2.00 ea. Wolfe's, Dept. MS, 986 Sanford Ave., Irvington 11, N. J.*



YOU'LL LOOK POSITIVELY DAZZLING *in this stunning set of rhinestone sparklers. The cluster earrings dangle fetchingly as you greet your man of the evening. A pendant necklace on a non-tarnishable white metal chain completes the pretty picture. With this glamorous glitter you'll have all the guys agog. It does exciting things for you and your costume. (Screw-type earrings.) Whole set only $2.40. Consumers Mart, 127 W. 33 St., New York 1.*



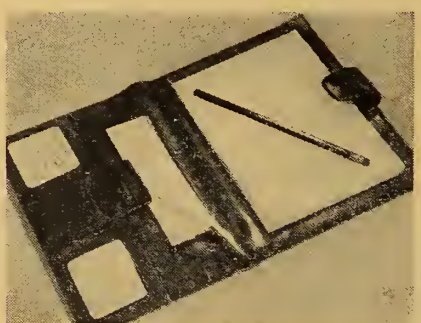
TAKES A SHINE TO METAL. *"Tect" is a new protective coating for your metal possessions; keeps them free from tarnish, rust or corrosion. Get out your copper, brass, chrome and silverware and give them a treatment with this liquid coating. They'll positively sparkle and will* stay *sparkling. Comes with a bottle of "Tect" solvent which removes oil, grease, or "Tect" coating for metal surfaces. Both 3 ounce bottles for $1.00. Tect, Inc., Englewood, N. J.*



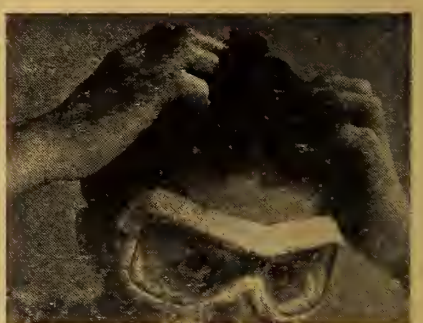
FLEET OF ANTIQUE AUTO MINIATURES. *Back to "horseless carriage" days for these authentic scale models of the colorful 1909 Stanley Steamer, 1910 Model T Ford and 1903 Packard. These tiny buggies are completely handpainted and will thrill any collector of miniatures. Oldtimers will find them sentimentally appealing; the rest of us consider them quaint and cunning. Only $1.50 ea.; set of 3, $4.00. Sally Graye, 80 E. 11 St., New York 3.*



TO BAG YOU MANY FRIENDS! *Here are two stunning suede handbags with eye-catching insignias of the big fraternities and sororities. On campus or off I think they're smart accessories. In supple beige suede leather with hand-blocked terra-cotta insignia. Envelope bag is trim and fabric-lined with zipper closing. 10"x6", $4.73. Pouch bag, 9½" deep, leather-lined, draw string, $11.94. Walter Thomas, 716 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.*



SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS. *A wonderful writing case to take back to school. If those carefree days are over, it's still wonderful! Of plastic, with no seams, it's a real portable desk. Comes with a writing tablet, pencil in holder, bound address book, envelopes, identification card and more. A place for that special photo and pockets for correspondence. Maroon, navy, brown, royal, green, red, tan. $2.95. Otto Ulbrich, 386 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.*



NO SUDS IN MY EYES! *If you're "gonna wash that man right out of your hair", or just shampoo it, these terry-rimmed goggles are a big help. Elastic back makes them fit snugly, comfy terry-cloth cushioning keeps liquid from seeping in. It's grand to have both hands free for action. Use during home waves or hair-tinting to keep chemicals out of eyes. Made for kiddies too. Reg. or Jr. sizes. $1.65. Finders' Keepers, 160 E. 38 St., New York 17.*

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In just 50 seconds Your Complexion can be looking... Smooth, Glamourous, Lovely





Would you like your complexion smoother looking...with more natural color...with a lovelier softer glow? Pan-Cake, the complexion secret of Hollywood's loveliest stars, is your answer...because in just seconds Pan-Cake Make-Up veils your skin with the lovely complexion beauty you've always dreamed of. Never drying...it hides tiny complexion blemishes... stays radiantly perfect for hours on end. No wonder more women use Pan-Cake Make-Up by Max Factor than any other make-up in the world. In the Color Harmony skin tone for your type. $1.60, plus tax.

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP *by* MAX FACTOR *Hollywood*

—the greatest flatterer of them all!

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Please send me my trial size Pan-Coke... also, my personal Complexion Analysis, Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 32-page, color-illustrated book, "The New Art of Make-Up." I enclose 10¢ in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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Fair ☐	Creamy ☐
Medium ☐	Ruddy ☐
Sallow ☐	Freckled ☐
Olive ☐	Dp. Olive ☐
SKIN	
Dry ☐	Normal ☐ Oily ☐
EYES	
Blue ☐	Hazel ☐
Gray ☐	Brown ☐
Green ☐	Black ☐
LASHES (Color)	
Light ☐	Med. ☐ Dark ☐
HAIR	
BLONDE	
Light ☐	Dark ☐
BRUNETTE	
Light ☐	Dark ☐
BRDWNETTE	
Light ☐	Dark ☐
REDHEAD	
Light ☐	Dark ☐
GRAY HAIR	
Check here ☐ also check former hair coloring above	

651-18P

*PAN-CAKE (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CAKE MAKE-UP



New Beauty Miracle!



New Prell







Now—at your favorite shampoo counter!

CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

—leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'

...actually more radiant than cream or soap shampoos!

More Radiant! Procter & Gamble's New Prell has a marvelous new cleansing action . . . ounce-for-ounce it leaves hair *more radiant than any shampoo known!* The first time you use it you'll see new sparkling high lights in your hair, no matter what soap or cream shampoo you may have been using.

Softer! New Prell solves the age-old shampoo problem. Here is a shampoo that washes *really clean*—yet leaves hair so soft, so smooth, so easy to manage. After Prell, your hair is so easy to set and curl, too . . . looks so much more *glamorous!*

Younger-Looking! New Prell is truly the shampoo of youth. After Prell, your hair looks younger, more "*radiantly alive*"—even though it seemed dull and "lifeless" before. Try this thrilling new shampoo miracle today . . . you'll find New Prell at your favorite shampoo counter—and you'll *love* it!

Procter & Gamble makes you this "Extra-Radiance" Guarantee

Try one shampoo with New Prell—and if you can't see how much more sparkling and "*radiantly alive*" your hair is . . . return the unused portion to New Prell, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, and you will receive *double your money back.*



New Prell —for that 'Radiantly Alive' look!

Share deodorant secret of Stars!

5-day DEODORANT PADS!

Deodorant magic in a pad! Dainty, moist pads you just apply and throw away!



dab a pad!

Nothing to smear on fingers. No drizzle! No clammy, sticky feeling! Not a spray, cream or liquid. No trickle down your sides. Complete penetration just where you wont it.

Throw it away

With it throw owoy hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacterio thot other types of deodorants leave under your orms. It's sheer magic!

Better than Creams, Sprays, Liquids!

For stars of the screen, TV and radio, dry, odorless underarms are a professional *must*. That's why so many of these popular women welcome the quicker, easier, cleaner 5-DAY PAD WAY that gives the certainty of longer-lasting protection.

HARMLESS TO SKIN AND CLOTHES

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Save on cosmetic tox. Only 6% tox instead of usual 20% on other types of deodoronts



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hollywood air conditioned



Presenting selected tid-bits from MODERN SCREEN'S "Hollywood Editor" program, heard Monday thru Friday over the Liberty Broadcasting System:

■ It is a pleasure to report on a really happy marriage, that of ex-Army ski trooper, Geary Steffen, to 22-year-old, 95-pound dream girl, Janie Powell. When Geary was asked what sort of present he was going to give her on her birthday, he said he'd been thinking about a recording machine. But when he asked her what she thought, she exclaimed, "What a horrible waste of money. How much of a ham can I be?" Geary was stuck for awhile. But on the day, he got up early, cooked breakfast and yelled for his bride to come and get it. Then he hid in a closet—and when Janie walked in—so did a small duck. Around the duck's neck was a yallar ribbon—together with an expensive gold and pearl necklace. Well, Janie laughed until she cried. They're a really happy pair.

■ *You'll see plenty of romance in Paramount's new movie,* A Place In The Sun. *In two nights on location for the picture, counting rehearsals and actual shooting, Montgomery Clift kissed Shelley Winters 132 times. And she never complained once. Not only that, but in this picture, Elizabeth Taylor is going to be seen wearing a bathing suit for the first time.*

■ A writer swears he saw columnist Sidney Skolsky lying in a gutter in Beverly Hills.

"Why Sidney," he exclaimed, "I never expected to find you lying in a gutter, drunk!"

"I'm not drunk. I don't drink," Sidney retorted. "I'm just saving a parking space for Darryl F. Zanuck."

■ *Who are Hollywood's best poker players? Well, as selected by people who have had to write them big checks . . . Poker Player No. 1 is Glenn Ford. Runners-up are—Clark Gable, Robert Walker, Brod Crawford, Charles Ruggles, and Van Heflin. And while we're making lists, Terry Hunt, the famous guy who keeps movie stars in top physical condition, names his idea of the 10 most powerful men in Hollywood. For pure brute strength, he rates them this way—John Wayne, Victor Mature, Paul Douglas and Johnny Weissmuller. The toughest little man in Hollywood is Dick Widmark. Actor Bob Stack can chin himself a number of times—with one arm only. Paul Lucas at the age of 65, could pick a man in a chair up with one hand. Western star Tom Tyler was once named the strongest man in the world. Bob Ryan and John Payne round out the list of Hollywood actors you'll never want to meet in a dark alley.*

■ Judy Garland's big hit in Europe is going to make her okay for good. One man and one man alone deserves most of the credit. While Judy was busy taking advice from psychiatrists, it was Bing Crosby who put her to work several times on his show. It gave her back her courage. Thank you, Doctor Crosby!

Let Your Beauty be Seen...



Palmolive Brings Out Beauty

WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!

36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285 SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVED THAT PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for yourself—as women everywhere have discovered—that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting complexion loveliness.

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, three times a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out *your* beauty while it cleans your skin.

SO MILD . . .
SO PURE!



For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!

Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!

ANN BLYTH IN "THUNDER ON THE HILL"—A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



ANN BLYTH, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Ann Blyth uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World

is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Ann Blyth says . . . "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo". . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ann Blyth, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. Is the best too good for your hair? For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the most beautiful hair in the world"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



A love like Nancy's

Memories were not enough for Frank, but Nancy knew that because of them, her love was strong enough to let him go.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ Telling about it later, Nancy said that when Frank came to the house to ask for the divorce, he was like a little boy—humble and defenseless.

It was towards the end of May. He'd flown in from New York, to visit his three children and talk to her.

Their relationship had long since cooled (they'd legally been separated for more than a year) but there was sincere deference and respect in Frank's attitude.

"Nancy," he said simply, "I'd like my freedom. How about a divorce?"

Nancy looked at this man who through the years had brought her great happiness and great heartache, and in a sweet voice which hardly broke the silence, she said, "If a divorce is what you want, Frank, you most certainly may have it."

She smiled a little, and the expression in her eyes was gentle.

"Thanks," Frank Sinatra said. "Thanks very much, Nancy." (*Continued on page 98*)



by Lana Turner

SEX is not enough!



A STAR WITH SEX APPEAL TO BURN SAYS IF FACE AND FIGURE ARE YOUR ONLY ASSETS, YOU'LL GO BANKRUPT FAST!

■ When I was a teen-ager I was known as whistle-bait.

According to one writer, I possessed "the kind of figure men looked at twice, because they didn't believe it the first time."

I was physically precocious. Men found me attractive; boys considered me pleasant; and my ego found the combination completely satisfying.

More important still, my physical charms were responsible for my getting into motion pictures.

Back in 1937, when Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the Hollywood Reporter, saw me sipping a coke in a drug store across from Hollywood Boulevard, he was not impressed by my mind. He felt that I had the kind of photogenic face and figure that belonged in motion pictures, and he insisted that I go see Zeppo Marx, an agent.

Zeppo thought I had possibilities, and turned me over to one of his assistants. For five months, we saw the casting director at every studio in town. They all turned me down, which was when the (*Continued on page 81*)



◀ Mitzi Gaynor has that electric spark which makes her a publicity "natural." She attracts attentian even in mavie gatherings.



▲ Hattest capy amang the new crap af men is Tany Curtis whose intelligence and charm make him mare than a mere babby-sax idal.



▲ Unpredictable—Shelley Winters is constantly gaod capy. Na matter haw many jams she gets into, there's warm human interest abaut her.



▲ Not oll stars moke good reoding, but stories obout Forley Gronger ore olwoys populor. His romonce with Shelley hosn't hurt any either.

Who says today's
stars can't hold
a candle to yesterday's
hot personalities?
There's more news in
Hollywood than ever—
and here are the people
who make it!

HOT COPY-COMING UP!

BY LOUELLA PARSONS



▲ Elizobeth Toylor's slightest move is of such interest to the public that she is now in the well-estoblished *very* hot copy brocket.





▲ Avo Gordner has thot extro somethlng beyond the line of talent thot mokes her personal life exciting.

◀ There's more to print obaut Jeff Chondler thon o compliment or two, which is why he's as hot todoy os the young Gable ance wos.

■ I hear them say, "Oh, sure—these new kids coming up are attractive and some of them can really act.

"But where among them are the personalities with the excitement of a Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, John Gilbert, Dietrich or Garbo? None of the newcomers can hold a candle to those stars for *news* interest."

Strawberries, say I! Not yet, maybe—but believe me—there are some fascinating candidates coming. up.

Nobody loves *hot copy* like your girl friend. I've been making a most pleasant living for more years than I intend to tell writing about screen stars who make *news* as well as movies, and who are exciting personalities to *write* about.

From long experience, I can sight a newsworthy personality the moment I spot one on the screen, or better still, as I interview him or her in my playroom.

In a paragraph or two I'm going to tell you about these newcomers who, in my opinion, have enormously exciting possibilities for making hot copy.

First, I want to say that not all *stars* are hot copy by a longshot. As popular as they are with the fans, as a reporter I cannot list Jeanne Craine, Doris Day, Peggy Dow, Nancy Davis, Kathryn Grayson and even Betty Grable as *hot* copy. (*Continued on page 36*)

hot copy coming up! continued



For 20 years Joan Crawford has been the darling of the press (sometimes referred to as its meal ticket). She's hot copy queen.

On the other hand, already established as hot copy personalities are Ava Gardner, Farley Granger, Elizabeth Taylor and Lana Turner (the latter not as hot as she used to be).

I'm not implying that slightly scandalous copy makes the most interesting reading. Neither Ingrid Bergman nor Rita Hayworth are hot copy today. (Ask Ye Ed of MODERN SCREEN, Chuck Saxon, how many stories he's buying this season on either girl.)

Then, take John Agar—who has been hitting the headlines regularly with several drunken-driving arrests and his recent almost shockingly casual elopement to Las Vegas. Barbara Peyton is another who gets in print regularly, and so does Sonny Tufts. The best that can be said for this type of copy is that it is "too hot" to handle.

The question, then, is—what *is* hot copy? The answer is: It is that extra something beyond the line of talent—that electric spark which (*Continued on page 77*)



Public interest in Anthony Dexter (Valentino) belies the critics who say he's a "one-role" star. Tony packs a wallop all his own.



Steve Cochran didn't steam up much notice until he turned into a ladies' man with Ginger Rogers. That poid off in hot copy.



In her hey-day, Lana Turner fairly sizzled. Now she isn't as hot as she used to be for the press, but still outdoes stars like Grable and Crain.



Newcomer Dole Robertson sloys reporters with his sexy voice. *Take Care of My Little Girl* should estoblish his fever-rating for good.



A news photogropher first spotted the "different" quality possessed by Phyllis Kirk. Now a series of colorful roles has created warm interest in her.

STORIES IN
THIS MODERN SCREEN
SPECIAL SECTION

why Tony and Janet had to Elope P.38
they made fun of love P.40
we swam our way to Ciro's P.42
the truth about Hollywood wolves P.44
marriage and Joan P.46
who'd marry me? P.48
what I'll tell my sons about women P.50

hollywood's young lovers

■ Love never used to stand a chance in Hollywood. There were too many beautiful people having a fling. Parties had to be wild; houses had to be huge; and marriage had to be short and snappy. There wasn't any time or desire for lasting emotions. The stars had everything else, and life in the limelight was too short and fast for them to stop and consider their values.

It was not really very long ago that Hollywood emerged from that era of wild and gaudy extravagance. Some actors still bear the scars. Every day you read bulletins of divorces, of four-time losers at marriage, of husbands deserting wives, of ugly scandal.

Around the world goes the sad news of famous Hollywood lovers whose bright promises have failed, the news of unbalanced emotions and inadequate human beings.

But what of the young lovers in Hollywood today, the ones who were babies when Hollywood was out carousing? Will they suffer from the hangover? Will love and happiness, too, shuttle in and out of their lives?

Ask them. Ask the kids like Tony Curtis, Ann Blyth, Marilyn Monroe, Jane Powell, Joan Evans. The first thing they'll tell you is, "Hollywood isn't what it used to be. Lucky for us!" They mean that Hollywood isn't a circus any more, and the people in it don't have to act like sideshows.

These youngsters have proof that a normal life doesn't mean poison at the box-office. And they know that marriage is even nicer when you have a family. In short, love and the homely virtues are sacred to them.

Never before did young people in Hollywood have the chance for lasting happiness that they have now. Will they muff it? They don't think so. They're too sure of what they want, and they're too tired of ballyhoo. You can read for yourself, on the next 13 pages, what these young lovers feel, and why they have faith in their own futures.



Tony and Janet had been hazy about wedding plans, but their elopement to Connecticut, on June 4th, put an end to speculation about their romance.

Why did Hollywood's most popular lovers have to steal away for the wedding the whole world was expecting? Here's the true, inside story.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS



The newlyweds had a one-week honeymoon before Tony went on tour, and Janet returned to the Coast.

why Tony and Janet had to Elope

■ A few months ago Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis confided to friends that they would be married late in August or early in September.

"By that time," Tony said, "I'll be finished making a personal appearance tour with Piper Laurie. You know, for *The Prince Who Was A Thief*. Janet'll have some time off, and Jerry Lewis—he's my best friend—will be back in California. Janet and I will be married in his house. Nothing big. A small wedding. Just friends and family."

As you all know, Janet and Tony didn't wait until September. They eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut, on June 4th, and were married in the Pickwick Arms Hotel. Judge John Knox, an old-time actor who once played with Francis X. Bushman, performed the honors, and while he referred to Janet once or twice as Florence, the ceremony came off without a hitch. Jerry Lewis, the best man, turned up two hours late, but his wife, Patti, who served as Janet's bridesmaid was on time. A few minutes after Lewis arrived, Jeanette Helen Morrison Carlyle Reames Leigh legally became Mrs. Bernie Schwartz.

Why did Janet and Tony advance their wedding date? Why did they get married when both of their families were far away in California? Was this an impetuous, spontaneous decision?

It was not.

Tony and Janet eloped because certain persons, powerful persons, were opposed to their marriage. Tony's (*Continued on page 70*)



Is their romance a put-up job—or do Shelley



and Farley mean it when they say, "I love you"? BY STEVE CRONIN

they made fun of love

■ Shelley Winters and Farley Granger stood side by side on a huge sound stage at RKO, surrounded by the cast and crew of *Behave Yourself,* and cut a huge cake. It was their party, given by the studio to announce their engagement. Photographers were called in, and they took hundreds of pictures of the stars, the cake, the other actors, and of the ring Farley had given Shelley a short time before. At long last the engagement everyone had been expecting was *practically* admitted. It was a great day for love.

A day or so later the lovers skipped down the steps of an airliner in New York and were met by a crowd of reporters. The flash bulbs popped and then the reporters moved in.

"What about this engagement?" one reporter asked. "When are you getting married?"

"Who, *us?*" said Farley or Shelley. "We're just good friends."

"But what about the ring?" queried a newspaperman. He pointed to the circle on Shelley's finger.

"A friendship ring," said Shelley. "Like I said—we're really just good friends."

To the cynics and, unhappily, to many fans it seemed like an old story. It seemed like a publicity romance, a device which uses young love to ensnare the trusting fans, to lure them to the side of a pair of stars.

The publicity romance has long been defended by movie salesmen on the grounds that throughout literary history, people have desired to escape their own sterile existences by reading of the loves of the heroes and heroines of mythology and actuality. This is true. Love stories have always been popular. But think of the kickback if almost any of the classic love tales had been proven a fake. If Edward, King of England, had made his historic renunciation of the throne for his love of Wallis Simpson—and a few days later when asked about it by a (*Continued on page 75*)



Nick Savano, Mala Powers, Marilyn Monroe and Craig Hill looked more like chilly Indians than water babies in Herman Hover's ample towels.



Craig and Nick wanted to see if Marilyn's 24-karet gold suit, by Rose Marie Reid, would rust. Of course it didn't—consider the healthy goldfish.



Host Herman Hover, owner of Ciro's, continued his famous hospitality at home. Cokes and sandwiches were served; orange trees provided dessert.



Craig and Nick weren't sure they approved of gilding the lilies. But after Marilyn and Mala finished the job they agreed there weren't two prettier mermaids in town. Nick also approved Mala's suit; business manager of many stars he's expert at figures.

we swam our way



The "mirrar mirrar an the wall" at Cira's wauld have a hard time naming the laveliest af all when three ladies like Mala, Marilyn, and Carinne Calvet stap to freshen their makeup before it.



Marilyn and Craig didn't miss a dance all evening. Carinne and her husband, John Bramfield, jained the gang at Cira's after the swim fest. They had ta skip the paal party; Jahn was an lacatian.

to Ciro's

Come on in, the water's fine! And so is Ciro's Herman Hover. He led us from his pool-side to his ring-side in one blissful afternoon.

BY BEVERLY OTT

■ You've heard of Ciro's. It's the nightspot where everybody who is somebody goes to have fun. And even folks who've never had their names in lights end up having a whale of a time. I did—along with Craig Hill, Marilyn Monroe, Mala Powers, Nick Savano, Corinne Calvet, and John Bromfield. You might say that we swam our way to Ciro's, but if that sounds fishy let me explain. The last time I went there it was for a MODERN SCREEN party. I grew right fond of the place. "This is the life," was my unique comment to its owner, Herman Hover.

"You'll have to come back sometime," he invited. However, months passed before I ran into Mr. H. at lunch one noon. "What are *you* doing *here?*" I wanted to know. Because if I owned Ciro's I wouldn't leave it even in the daytime.

But it seems that Mr. Hover has a fine house and a lovely pool in Beverly Hills, and he lives in both. In fact, that's *his* idea of living. "Come see what I mean," he suggested. "Bring a crowd over tomorrow for swimming and later we'll adjourn to the club."

"You mean I can really bring people?" I said.

"Yes, of course," he replied politely. "People."

This was my day for running into people. I saw Craig Hill at the corner drive-in later in the afternoon. Between pictures, he does construction work—to keep in shape physically as well as financially. He'd dropped by the drive-in for a coke. "This is no day to work," I told him. "Neither is tomorrow—how about going swimming?"

I'm not terribly dumb. Craig was the handsome lifeguard in *Cheaper By The Dozen.* He's also been a lifeguard for real. And since I swim like a ton of bricks I figured he'd be nice to have around. Besides, he's one of the best looking young actors in Hollywood (see *Detective Story*). (*Continued on page 68*)

Is a girl safe in Hollywood, or had she better take her mother along when she dates an actor? Read this surprising report on West Coast Romeos.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

the truth



Scott Brody can't wait to try out his new numbers. When Tony Curtis married Janet Leigh in June, he gave his buddy his "little black book."

There are plenty of wolves in Hollywood—not enough to be alarming, but annoying nevertheless. There are male wolves and females, too. It's hard to say which is the deadlier variety.

The important thing about wolves is to be able to spot one, or else you're courting disaster. There was once a young and naive actress in Hollywood who ran into a wolf so experienced and subtle that she was helpless to fight back.

This girl—you may call her Mary—had a nice contract with one of the major studios. She was married to a very personable boy who worked for an investment corporation. It seemed like an ideal arrangement. She would become a big star, and he would become her financial manager. And also—they were in love.

One day Mary had trouble on the set. She couldn't put the right emotion into the lines she was delivering, and after fruitless coaching by the director, the director took a stand. He told her she'd better improve or else he'd get another girl. Mary left the stage in a great depression. To add to that—it was raining. So, naturally enough, Mary started to cry.

Suddenly the associate producer was at her elbow, with a big handkerchief and a friendly (but not flirtatious) smile. He persuaded her to come back to the studio where he'd coach her on the next day's scenes.

She was grateful, and he was really very nice. He seemed honestly interested in helping her. But when Mary got home that night, her husband was wild with worry. "I called your set," he said. "Your company broke at six. I thought you had an accident."

Mary explained the situation to him, and although he didn't like the idea of the lessons too well, he understood.

But he grew less understanding when night after night Mary was late because she had been coaching with the associate producer. Since it was all so extremely innocent Mary was furious because her husband was suspicious. So they had bitter quarrels. And all the time the associate producer, so immaculately dressed in sheep's clothing, was biding his time.

The husband became the heavy in the girl's eyes. She thought he was unreasonable, foolishly jealous and distrustful. So they separated, and she turned to the associate producer for comfort, as he had known all along she would. And after that it was not so innocent.

A few months later, when the producer had tired of her and was "helping" another pretty girl Mary was bitter and disillusioned. She tried to return to her husband, to tell him he had been right all along but he didn't want her.

Was that a wolf for you! And the interesting thing is that he was so subtle and patient in his campaign that studio executives couldn't pin a thing on him. They would have liked to, though, because they do not approve of wolves.

That's one approach. What about the wolf howls of the younger set—boys like Scott Brady, Peter Lawford, Robert Stack, Farley Granger, Rock Hudson, Howard Duff, Vic Damone—to name a few. Are they wolves? They've all dated a lot of different girls.

The truth is that young men in pictures are good, healthy American males. Certainly they are excited by girls. But they are much busier than the average young man. They work on the set sometimes 12 hours a day and they have to look alert early in the morning. They don't spend their lives in night clubs. In fact, the big complaint of Hollywood news cameraman when he covers the night clubs is, "Where is everybody!" You may think they nightclub often because you see so many candid shots of them, but that's because a photographer shoots (*Continued on page 67*)



The steam room is to men what the beauty parlor is to the ladies. Here Scott Brady, Hugh O'Brien, Rock Hudson and Tony Curtis hash over women.

about hollywood wolves



"I'm all for marriage," says Joan Evans. "But marriage isn't for me until I'm positive that my head agrees with what my heart says."

marriage and joan

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

Miss Joan Evans was mad. Real good and mad. But she didn't tear up the newspaper and jump up and down on it. When Joan gets mad only her eyes let you know it. Those big black eyes flash fire. That's a cliché, I know, but there's no getting around it—when Joan Evans is mad her eyes flash fire.

Another symptom of the Evans' rage is silence. Joan usually talks 90 miles an hour. Ask her what she thinks about the soul of a canary or the policy of the United Nations and 5,000 words later you make a telephone call to say you'll be late for your next appointment.

But on this day Joan said, "Listen to this column. 'If Joan Evans will say "yes" she and Carleton Carpenter will be married soon.' " She folded the paper and commented quietly, "This I wasn't prepared for."

You see, when Joan signed her contract with Samuel Goldwyn—at the age of 14—she was prepared by her background and her own good common sense for a lot of the occupational hazards of being in the movies. She was prepared for public criticism—and she certainly got it. Her evening dresses were cut too low. Her makeup was two inches thick. (Except for lipstick and a little powder Joan doesn't wear makeup.) How dare she call her parents by their first names! (This was her parents' choice, not Joan's.)

She was also prepared for the items in the local columns stating that she was seen at a restaurant to which she had never been with a boy she didn't know. In fact, the item which announced that Joan and John Barrymore, Jr. were a big item gained such widespread circulation that hundreds of girls wrote Joan to ask what young Jack was like, and was it true that they were in love. Joan and John met for the first time a couple of weeks ago. They laughed about the item. They could laugh because both of them, brought up as they had been, knew what to expect.

Joan laughed longest when she met a young actor with whom, according to a columnist, she had been "a duo." She saw him for the first time long after the item appeared. At the same time she met his wife and his two children.

This was all very funny and she was ready to laugh because she expected it. But she was not prepared for the marriage rumors. She didn't think it was a bit funny when several papers announced that she would be married to Carleton Carpenter. At almost the same time a story ran saying that she would marry Lee Kirby, the handsome young advertising man. When that item came out, she lost her sense of humor for sure.

After Joan's eyes stopped shooting off fireworks she said, "I honestly think it's about time that I have a chance to talk about how *I* feel about marriage and me."

Joan feels violently on every subject. Her feeling about marriage is deep and sincere and very important to her. Her opinions are logical and ordered.

"In the first place," she said, "when people ask me if I'm going to say 'yes' to this or that boy they should stop to remember that it's not my decision. I'm still a minor. Before I could marry anybody my mother and father would have to say 'yes.' But that's beside the point. That's just a little technicality. The big thing is that I respect marriage, and when I marry I want it to be forever.

"You see, I've had a fantastic example of what true marriage is in my own home. My mother and father have been married—let's see—it will be 20 years in September. It is the only marriage for both of them. Since I've said how long they have been married, Katherine would (*Continued on page 91*)







who'd marry me?

He'd have to hold me awfully tight to keep me home. Because I'm a girl who wants to go places . . . and who'd put up with a footloose, fame-hungry female?

By MARILYN MONROE

■ As a wife I wouldn't be completely unprepared. I can broil chops or make a salad. I can make a bed. I can sew something simple and darn socks. I can iron a shirt, and I can actually bake bread. I can do all these things and would—if my heart were in it. But it isn't. The safest place for my heart, I have found, is all wrapped up in a breathless, interesting thing called a career. The boy would have to tear off all this wrapping . . . and probably without any encouragement from me at first. Who would take the trouble to marry me?

These are my reasons now, but right from the start of my life I wondered about it, it seems. I remember my first "romance" . . .

He was 22 and I was not yet 14. He lived across the street from me, and I know now that I was just a kid as far as he was concerned. I should have known that from the way he would pat me on top of the head when he came home and I *happened* to be standing near the fence on his side of the road. But I didn't. To me he was the center of my thoughts, my feelings, my whole world.

One day he came out of his house and was already in his car when he noticed me (there I was hanging around again!). "Hey! I'm going to a movie," he called, impulsively. "Ask your Aunt Anna if you can come along. It's a good picture."

Aunt Anna, who was my guardian, and who liked him, said yes, and I flew out to join him. When I sat down beside him my heart was pounding, my head in a whirl, and an inner voice kept whispering to me, (*Continued on page 86*)



Kirk's devoted to Joel (the sleepyhead) ond Michoel—children of his first morrioge. He tells them no mon ever won an orgument with o womon.



what I'll tell my

"The only way to live with women is to love 'em. The only way to keep on lovin' women is to leave 'em alone. And who calls that livin'?"

■ Women. God bless them!

Since the beginning of time, the subject of women has confounded the philosophers, confused the poets, and mystified the common man. Myself included.

All of my life, women have confounded, confused, and mystified *me*. And it hasn't helped that I have known quite a few of them. If anything, the variety has only added to the confusion.

The subject of women has always weighed heavily on the mind of every man—in every age bracket. Just the other day, I was looking out into the front yard at my two sons playing cowboys and Indians with the two little girls next door. Suddenly an argument started (I later heard four versions) and the girls left in tears. Their departing blast to the Douglas boys was, "You can't ever play in our yard anymore . . ."

I couldn't help but think to myself, "There it is, the battle of the sexes starting already."

For it won't be long before the pattern of eternal confusion begins for my sons. Perhaps what I can tell them will save them from some of the problems I had. On the other hand, five years from now they may read this and laugh their heads off at the crazy ideas the old man had back in 1951.

In any event, I think my boys are pretty smart. *(Continued on page 89)*



Kirk feels qualified to talk about women since he grew up surrounded by six older sisters, all of whom were "infinitely wiser" than he. Here he is with Kay, Ruth, Marion, Betty (on couch) and twins, Fritzi and Ida.



"Love's the web that traps us all," says Kirk. But his much publicized romance with Irene Wrightsman is reportedly still "on."

sons about women

By KIRK DOUGLAS

Hollywood Approved Fashions



At Edgar Bergen's home Modern Screen's Hollywood Fashion Board makes selections. (Seated clockwise around the table:) *Mrs. Bergen* (back to camera), *Diana Lynn, Mona Freeman, Howard Duff, Peter Lawford, Liz Taylor, Walter Pidgeon, Ricardo Montalban, host Edgar Bergen, and Loretta Young. All of the award-winning fashions can be bought in person or by mail at May Company stores, Los Angeles (Downtown, Wilshire, Crenshaw) and throughout the country as listed— as well as at other stores also named on page 80.*



Hostess turns model as Frances Bergen shows prize coat to Loretta Young.



MGM's Diana Lynn takes her turn in her pet of the show, an After-Five black taffeta.



RKO let Jane Greer have the afternoon off to model this prize corduroy sports dress.

* *For the complete story of Modern Screen's fashion party see page 18*

for Fall *

Presenting a brand new idea of fashions for you—Modern Screen's Hollywood Fashion Board! At a festive luncheon a star-studded panel selected glamorous clothes by secret ballot. On these and the four following pages are their award-winning choices.



This suit was high on Peter Lawford's ballot, and MGM's Phyllis Kirk shows why.



When she saw it, Nancy Davis put in her bid to cut a figure in this black net formal.



Liz Taylor fell in love with this sports ensemble. She was justified —it won the grand award

WINNERS ALL exciting sportswear in plaids



Hosts Edgar and Frances Bergen serve punch and Hollywood chit-chat over the punch bowl to Ricardo Montalban . . .



Voting over, Diana Lynn and Mona Freeman chat with a happy award-winner. Willys of Hollywood. Howard Duff ogles models . . .



Duff and Mona, who recently co-starred, cast an eye at the models passing in review and ponder their balloting choice . . .



Beautiful Loretta Young, who has won many fashion awards herself, and who is now in the 20th Century-Fox picture Half Angel, *chats with Mrs. Edgar Bergen who poses in the award-winning coat—a Lassie Maid original. It is made of a large block plaid in 100 per cent virgin wool with velveteen collar and cuffs. Colors: Gold and grey, or royal and black. Sizes 8-18. $55. A plaid coat is a wonderful contrast for all your monotone sport dresses and town costumes.*

THE AWARD WINNING FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL AT THE MAY COMPANY STORES, LOS ANGELES (DOWNTOWN, WILSHIRE-CRENSHAW) AND THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AS LISTED—AS WELL AS AT OTHER STORES ALSO NAMED ON PAGE 80.

checks, and plain fabrics



Elizabeth Taylor, now appearing in MGM's Love Is Better Than Ever, *models the grand award winner—a two-piece sports costume by Junior House of Milwaukee. The skirt and stole is all-wool Houndstooth check—the stole is lined with Sinbad red to match the belt —the white blouse is all-wool. Also available in brown, beige and white check with white blouse—kelly green stole lining and belt. Sizes 9-15. About $40.*



RKO's Jane Greer, next to be seen in the 20th Century-Fox production Friendly Island, *is pretty as a picture in Henry Rosenfeld's award-winner—a one-piece dress of pin-wale corduroy. Colors: Red, green, brown, beige, grey. Sizes: 10-18. $17.95. Jane carries an exceptionally smart red handbag from the large, award-winning Julius Resnick collection.*



Bill Campbell of MGM poses with Leslie Caron, who stars in MGM's American In Paris, *as she pertly models the "separates" award-winner by Morlane Sportswear. The jersey blouse comes in black with red, royal blue, or kelly green trim and matching plaid scarf. Sizes 10-18. About $15. The velveteen skirt also in black with red, royal blue, or kelly green trim. Sizes 10-18. About $19.*

Hollywood Approved Fashions For Fall

WINNERS ALL



Dapper Charlie McCarthy watches Walter Pidgeon mark down a vote while Edgar Bergen mulls choices.



"Let's have another cuppa coffee," says Ricardo Montalban to sister-in-law Loretta Young. The Brown Derby provided plentiful refreshments.



Phyllis Kirk sips her Coca-Cola and chats with Peter Lawford while being photographed in Rosenblums' award-winning five-button classic suit of all-wool menswear flannel. Colors: Grey or oxford blue. Sizes: Regular, 10-20; Petite (five-foot-four and under), 10-20. About $45. On the suit lapel—an exciting fake baroque pearl and gold finish pin chosen from Coro's award-winning jewelry collection. Phyllis wears "Moongold," a double-woven nylon slip-on from Kayser's award-winning glove collection.



Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy look approvingly at Nancy Davis wearing the award-winning evening gown original by David Klein. The bodice of the imported net gown is highlighted by illusion embroidery. Colors: Black, white, dream blue. Sizes 10-16. About $40. Nancy is appearing in MGM's Rain, Rain, Go Away. *Fashion-wise Edgar and Charlie wear new resort dinner suits by Don Loper.*



The models, who were all lovely enough to be stors themselves, do the usual pre-appeoronce chores before taking their turns outdoors.



Jeff Richards, (left), *and John Lupton of MGM applaud the Junior Towne of Milwaukee sports dress award-winner so smartly worn by Monica Lewis, next in MGM's* Excuse My Dust. *This one-piece dress has an authentic clan plaid skirt and scarf combined with a solid contrasting wool top that buttons down the back. This dress is available in the following authentic clan plaids: McLeod plaid—brown plaid with gold top; Princess Mary plaid—red and green with red top; McLean of Duart plaid—green and red with green top. Sizes 9-15. About $18.*



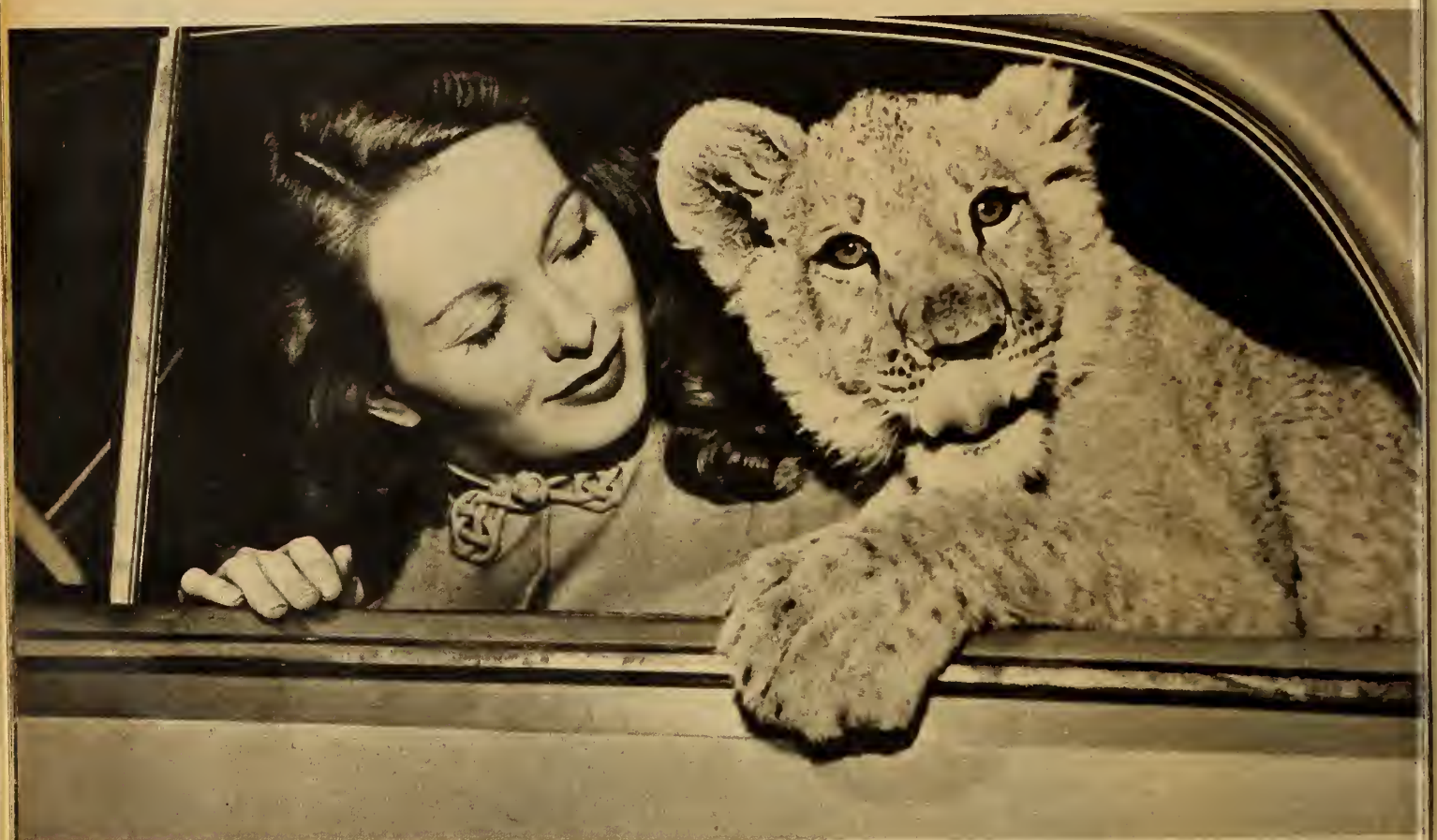
Liz Taylor compliments Mona Freeman, of Paramount's Darling, How Could You, *on the award-winning Junior House of Milwaukee "after five" sensation. The taffeta skirt has appliqued bands of jersey to match the Wyners all worsted jersey top. Crinoline petticoat. Black only. Sizes 9-15. About $35. "Sparkler" stockings by award-winner Willys of Hollywood.*



Diana Lynn, currently appearing in MGM's The People Against O'Hara, *is charming and ready for any date in the Junior Towne of Milwaukee award-winner—a one-piece rustling taffeta dress appliqued with velveteen, and sparkling with rhinestone buttons. Beneath the frock—a crinoline petticoat. Black only. Sizes 9-15. About $18. Black faille box handbag from the award-winning Harry Levine collection.*

THE AWARD WINNING FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL AT THE MAY COMPANY STORES, LOS ANGELES (DOWNTOWN, WILSHIRE-CRENSHAW), AND THROUGH OUT THE COUNTRY AS LISTED—AS WELL AS AT OTHER STORES ALSO NAMED ON PAGE 80.

Its reigning cats



Jeanne Crain's lion, Shah-Shah, was one of Hollywood's more bizarre pets. Now he lives at the zoo, and the Brinkmans have a dog for their three boys.



Poodles are high on the Hollywood pet popularity list. Specially trained, Betty Grable's well-monnered Punkin never barks on the set.



Joan Crawford's white poodle, Cliquot, is every bit the fancy French lady. She's equally ot home on the tennis court or in the drawing room.



Like master, like dog. Most populor actor, Alan Ladd, chooses the most popular breed, boxer for a pet. He has seven of them on his ranch.

and dogs

Anybody would want to live a dog's life in pet-happy Hollywood where many a poodle has his master jumping through hoops.

BY JOHN MAYNARD



Gregary Peck sometimes wanders what hamsters have that his white German Shepherds dan't. Every time he turns around they present him with a litter af 12 ar 13 pups.



Jahn Agar can laak as taugh as he pleases, it wan't scare Ragmap. The anly thing that frightens this Christmas gift ta Jahn is his awn faur-legged reflectian in the mirrar.



Daris Day swears they're paadles, but the dags aren't sure. Beany is a fella wha likes aranges; Smudgy's busy all day snubbing his mistress' husband, Marty Melcher.

■ Once upon a time the phone rang in a West Los Angeles police station and the caller wanted to know what the local ordinance was about peace-disturbing lions.

"Did you say *lions?*" asked the desk sergeant politely.

"That's right," said the caller. "There is a roaring lion in the yard next to me and I can't sleep. I," he added thoughtfully, "am a lion-hater."

"You're a lyin' something," murmured the sergeant, who had practically cut his teeth on Joe Miller. "but we'll be around."

Since lions are a little better than par for the course even in pet-daffy Hollywood, the sergeant was inclined to jocularity as he contacted the handiest squad car. The squad car was similarly lighthearted as its team poked their flashlights into the back yard of Paul and Jeanne Crain Brinkman. Naturally there was nothing there except a roaring lion. Slightly taken aback, the policemen sprinted for the front where they fell against the Brinkman doorbell. Presently the masters of the house emerged.

"Uck," said the senior member of the law, loosening his necktie a trifle.

"Uck to you," said Mr. Brinkman courteously. "But surely you didn't wake us up just to say that? There must be something meatier on your mind, something—"

"Lion," gurgled the law, a word extremely difficult to gurgle.

"Lion," said Mrs. Brinkman encouragingly. "Keep going and we'll ask questions when we're stuck."

The law recovered its dignity. "You have a roaring lion in your yard," it said, "and you can't have. I think."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Brinkman firmly. "Shah-Shah doesn't roar."

"Must be some other lion," said Mr. B.

The law pushed its cap back on its head and ran its hand down its face in a gesture made classic by the late Edgar Kennedy. "It's *this* lion," it said with ominous quiet. "There is an ordinance about it, too. There has to be. In fact, I ain't sure there's not an ordinance against just *being* a lion. But roaring—definitely."

Oddly enough, the law was correct. Shah-Shah was a lion all right and still is—a female acquired by the Brinkmans at a Hollywood party. They'd raised her from a cub, principally in a three-room West Los Angeles apartment. Now, when they snapped the cuffs on her she was crowding 500 pounds. Regretfully, the Brinkmans handed her over to the curators of Griffith Park Zoo, where Shah-Shah has lived happily ever after, except for an occasional urge to break out and get the rat who sang on her.

The Brinkmans later settled for a dog, which is more like it as Hollywood pet preferences go. Right now, dogs are running ahead of cats about seven-to-two. And cats are (*Continued on page 94*)

In the real-life drama at Dana's house, he tries to play the "heavy" but his four kids won't let him.

dana andrews: **problem father**

by Jane Wilkie

■ When Dana Andrews was in his young and hopeful twenties he went to college and studied child psychology. Thus armed with knowledge he faced the world bravely, certain that if he should ever become a father he'd know exactly what to do.

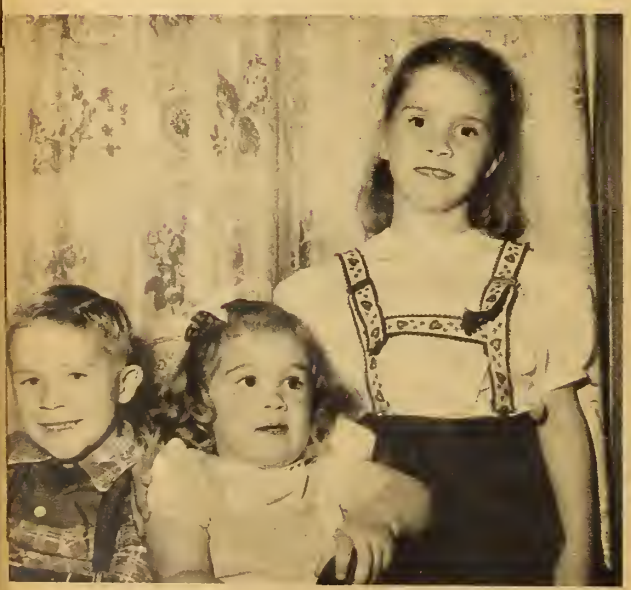
It was not long after the birth of his first child, David, that Dana realized there's very little you can learn about children from books. In the first place, the books said that a father and his son should be pals. Dana was willing, even anxious, but every time he flexed his muscles for a little roughhouse with David, David eyed him as if he were crazy.

As David grew, so did his supply of baseball bats and gloves, fishing rods and basketballs. But none of this interested him. He cared only for music—all kinds.

When David got to be about four years old, Dana began to fear he'd have an introvert on his hands. But that was before a certain Sunday School program when David, who was not scheduled to perform, strode onto the stage and sat down at the piano.

"I will now play 'High and Low,'" he announced in his baby tenor. Then he struck three high keys

(Continued on page 96)



Stephen, Susan and Kathy are the youngest, but very influential. When teen-age brother David grew a mustache, they laughed it off.



Though Dana is a strict disciplinarian, the house is usually full of kids. Here's Stephen (in the Eton collar) at his birthday party surrounded by his pals. Kathy is spellbound on the couch, while David, in back, looks a little bored to be among the small fry.

Mary and Dana met while working at the Pasadena Playhouse, were married in 1939. She's the relaxed one, tells Dana not to worry.



Dana studied opera for seven years and David shares his enthusiasm for classical music in general. However, David's an ardent be-bop fan, too, and puzzles his father with jazz lingo.

The resemblance between Dana and his luncheon companion isn't accidental. They're brothers. Dana has seven of them. Charles is the uncle the Andrews kids love to confide in.



abba-dabba-DEBBIE



Debbie and Carleton Carpenter's "Abba-Dabba" record sales hit the million mark. They performed so well together that now many fans always think of them as a team.



Debbie dates infrequently and when she does, prefers neighborhood boys.

SHE CAN SING; SHE CAN DANCE; SHE CAN DO *ANYTHING!* THAT'S

■ Gene Kelly stopped whirling the little featherweight doll in his arms, stepped back and frowned. He was patiently rehearsing the new numbers for *Singing in the Rain* and right in the middle of a romantic waltz, this crazy kid had tossed back her head and gone limp with laughter. Gene's an exacting dance master; he doesn't like foolishness mixed with business.

"Listen, Freshie," he barked. "You know this is a sweet dance. The scene is love—not comedy. Why the yaks?"

"Oh, dear," sighed Debbie Reynolds, "I'm sorry. But—well—I used to practically fall off my seat when I saw you on the screen. And here I am—actually dancing for a picture



Debbie was a dud in high school dramatics; entered the contest that won her a screen test because contestants received free blouses.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THIS SCREEN-STRUCK KID WHO STILL CAN'T BELIEVE SHE HAS A CONTRACT. by Kathley Baskette

with Gene Kelly! I mean, it's absolutely the *end*, don't you see? I can't believe it. I'm losing my mind! Isn't it all just too *killing?"*

Gene leaned back against a ladder they used in another routine to digest this outburst before he grinned. But Debbie's green eyes stared back in horror. "Don't move!" she yelped. "My gum!" Kelly felt a few precious hairs leave his scalp as Deb leaped to the rescue. "I won't park it there again," she promised.

Gene Kelly didn't really mind losing the hair, or the rehearsal time either. Like everyone else at MGM, he knows that just being around Debbie Reynolds is like having a double-shot from the Fountain of Youth—and what slight hangovers result are well worth it. As for Debbie Reynolds, she was making true talk; she's having herself a real ball—and so is everyone even remotely exposed to her around Hollywood.

It was barely two years ago that a sputtering '32 Chevvy sedan rattled through the formidable gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and skidded dust on the elegant, fish-tailed Cadillacs parked inside. This ancient heap was a sight to behold. It sported a flashy dragon radiator cap, whirlaway hubs, a raucous truck horn and Venetian blinds. One door flopped open when the brakes *(Continued on page 72)*

ROY'S RANCH

by Marva Peterson



Roy's "wide open spaces" are overrun with children and animals, which is just the way he likes it.

■ Roy Rogers is an animal-lover. When he acts with a squirrel in a picture, he brings the squirrel home. When he acts with a possum, he brings the possum home. A few weeks ago, Roy strode into his ranch-house with a beautiful German Shepherd named Bullet who plays opposite him in *Pals of the Golden West*.

"I felt," Roy says, "that if Bullet lived with me a little, both of us would develop a closer working relationship—like the relationship I have with Trigger."

The first night the dog stayed at the ranch, five-year-old Junior, better known as Dusty, began calling his father. "Hey, Dad," he shouted. "Come here and see what Bullet is doing."

"In a minute, Son," Roy answered from his small home office.

"You'd better hurry!" Dusty yelled.

"Take it easy," Roy said.

"Okay," Dusty agreed. "Only he's chewing your best hat to pieces."

Roy was on his feet in a flash. Two more seconds, and he was in the billiard room where Bullet was finding a cowboy hat tough to digest. One sharp Roy Rogers command, and Bullet dropped what was left of the (*Continued on page 66*)



The Rogers' blue-green living room is set for cozy family life most of the time. But an extra couch and two day beds are moved into the fireplace group for entertaining. Roy, planning a show himself, is fascinated by TV.



In the pine-panelled billiard room Roy has collected his pet outside interests. There are 16 mm movies, recorded music, and trophies for hunting and horses. Many of the furnishings are gifts from fans.



A lazy-susan dining table is Dale's solution to feeding a family of five hungry Rogers peacefully and speedily. The beautifully mounted pheasant is a memento of one of Roy's many happy-hunting trips with Dale.



The leather upholstered breokfast nook in the kitchen of their low Sponish ranch house is seldom empty. Dale carried over the ranch motif in her chinaware from the Hanover Fine China Company.



Only the wallpaper is new in the master bedroom. Dale chose a green and beige plaid because the colors and design reminded her of one of Roy's shirts. They've had all the furniture since their marriage in 1947.



The children's wing, with private bathroom and seporate entrance, is off the kitchen. Three bedrooms open onto this large ployroom. Baby Robin, who is froil, lives in onother building with her nurse.

more pictures on the following page



Here chick, chick! Roy is teaching Dusty the skills of good farming. These 150 pullets were raised by Roy; will go from the freezer to the family table.



Roy and Dusty exchange an Eskimo kiss before a riding session. Dusty, Cheryl and Linda Lou all get lessons from Roy who insists they learn bareback first.

roy's ranch continued

hat at Roy's feet and waited patiently for a pat of praise. There was no praise. Neither was their punishment. Roy knew that the dog was unfamiliar with his surroundings.

"Bullet's gonna have to learn about hats," he announced, "if he wants to stay here. Come on, Dusty, let's show him around."

A stroll around the Roy Rogers estate, five acres in the San Fernando Valley, is a tour of four separate houses.

The main building, a low-slung, irregularly-shaped Spanish ranch-house, has five bedrooms, an office, a billiard room (shooting pool is not a talent exclusively reserved to city slickers), a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen in perennial use.

Out back, five running steps from the kitchen door, is the baby's quarters. Robin Rogers was born 10 months ago. She came into the world with a congenitally weak heart and needs rest and extreme quiet so that she can grow without straining it.

The doctors suggested that Robin be kept in the hospital or in a special nursing home, but Roy and Dale wouldn't hear of it. They wanted their baby at home.

Even though it meant added expense, another $10,000 to be exact, they constructed a private clinic for Robin and her nurse on their own property.

"I just had to have her near me," Dale says. "I knew



Ride 'em, cowboy! As if there weren't enough real horses around, Dusty tries "breaking" Roy while Dale and Bullet watch.

I couldn't have her in the main house. After all, we have three other children, and it wouldn't have been fair to them—shushing them all the time. So we built a little house for Robin. While she's sleeping, Roy and I tiptoe in and look at her. We pray that in the years to come her heart will grow stronger, so that she can play freely with the others and even use the swimming pool."

Next to the Rogers' swimming pool are some dressing rooms, a large outdoor barbecue, and a food locker which Roy insists, "I couldn't live without."

Whenever he and Dale aren't working in pictures or making personal appearance tours, they like to hunt. They take their dogs, go up into the mountains, and come back with a load of rabbit, pheasant, wood ducks, deer, and occasionally even a bear or two. The edible game is preserved in an 18-foot Amana freezer. It's an upright job. "That's the best kind of freezer," Dale says. "You don't have to break your back bending down to get out a carton of peas."

ACTUALLY, the home the Roy Rogers family currently occupies isn't the house Roy likes best. "This one is a compromise," Dale explains. "It's as rural as we can make it and still act in motion pictures. If Roy had his way, we'd live on a real working ranch and fly down to the studio every morning.

"As a matter of fact, we do co-own a real ranch near Marysville, California. Roy has a partner and they raise wonderful cattle, white-faced Herefords. Whenever we can arrange it, we try to spend a weekend up there. But between weekends, we stay down here in the Valley where Roy raises as many animals as the zoning laws permit. He keeps two horses, a pony for the children, 150 chickens, half-a-dozen dogs and cats, a possum, and four squirrels. That's as of right now. Tonight, it might be different. He's liable to come home with two or three rabbits.

"Roy was born in Cincinnati, you know, but as a child he was raised on a farm in Duck Run, Ohio, and he can't get the animals or earth out of his blood."

To prove her point, Dale is always taking friends out to the land behind the tennis court to show them Roy's "Farm." It consists of a back lot planted with vegetables and a border of fruit trees.

Roy and Dale have a system. She credits him with the outdoor beauty of their home, and he credits her with the interior. "She's fixed our place up real swell," Roy says, "and without spending a fortune."

"When we moved into this house six months ago," Dale points out, "I used as much of our old furniture as possible. No sense in letting that go to waste."

For her blue-green living room, Dale did buy a new swirl-pattern carpet, new draperies, and two sectional pieces. She placed the chairs by the fireplace, a fine seating arrangement for the family, but when friends drop in, the fireplace grouping is expanded to include a sofa and two upholstered day beds placed end to end.

The remainder of the furnishings in the room—the spinet piano, the hearth rug, the blond coffee table, the two floor lamps, and the painting of Roy by Evan Soward are all part of their former house.

Roy insists that Dale knows some cute decorating tricks. The lamps on the spinet piano are samples of her handiwork. These had ordinary glass shades until Dale saw some hand-painted ones in an antique store. She went home, cut out some cowboy figures from a wall-paper sample and pasted them on her old lamp shades. The effect is the same as the the hand-painted variety, only much less costly.

AS in the other rooms, most of the furniture in the Rogers' master bedroom comes from their previous home. The king-size bed, the dressing table, the chaise, and the desk are all pieces they've owned since their marriage in 1947. Only the wall paper is new. "I couldn't very well take that with me," Dale says jokingly. "But in selecting the new bedroom paper, I chose a green and beige plaid because the color combination reminded me of one of Roy's shirts."

A bathroom separates it from the bedroom, but Roy's office is almost part of the master suite. Roy works here surrounded by a life-size portrait of Trigger, a dozen plaques naming him the Western star of the year, and his own Philco television set.

Roy makes an honest effort to answer all his fan mail. He sends out autographed photos and acknowledges gifts as he receives them. When the job gets too much for him, he presses Dale into service. She keeps the typewriter she's had from her secretarial days ready and open on her own bedroom desk, and whenever Roy cries for help, she sprints into his office, shorthand book in hand.

The Rogers have one standing rule in their house. Everyone must be home for six-thirty dinner. Guilty persons are put in the doghouse. A miniature doghouse stands on the kitchen wall. It contains five tags with the names of the various family members. The only way to get your name out of the doghouse is to help Emily with the dishes, or some other household chore.

Dale and Roy both feel that this is an important rule because it brings the whole family together at least once a day. "It gives the children a feeling of family solidarity," Roy says, "which is pretty necessary these days when just about every other solidarity is shaking."

Every Sunday, the entire Rogers household attends the St. Nicholas Episcopal Church in Encino.

Sunday night also finds them eating around the circular dining-room table. All other meals, however, are served practically continuously in the kitchen-breakfast nook. This leather-upholstered corner had to be added to the kitchen to satisfy the lusty appetites of Cheryl, eleven, Linda Lou, nine, and Dusty, five.

"Those kids eat all the time," Emily Warren, the cook, says, "but I like that. I also like them to bring their friends. The nook looks small but it can really seat eight quite comfortably."

The children's section of the Rogers house is next to the kitchen. Known as the children's wing, it consists of three separate bedrooms which open onto one large playroom. The wing has its own bathroom and a separate entrance, and the little guys can raise hallelujah while the rest of the household moves at a quiet pace.

The room Roy himself likes best is the billiard room. Pine-panelled, tiled-in-red, it boasts a friendly fireplace, a three-way exposure to the valley, a billiard table, twelve shelves of books, a 16 mm. sound projector, and dozens of hunting trophies. The maps and ash trays are gifts from admirers; a pair of Roy's boots which stand by the door, are cast in bronze. All the furnishings are typically masculine and designed to please the master of the house.

At night, after the children go to bed, Roy and Dale usually come into this room to discuss family problems, the day's work or just to chat the way married folks usually do.

Only the other night, Dale was recounting an amusing anecdote. Coming out of the studio, she heard a little boy say to his brother, "There's Dale Evans." "That isn't Dale Evans," the brother said.

"Oh, yes, it is," repeated the first little shaver. "I recognized her at once. Her hair is the exact same color as Trigger's."

THE END

the truth about hollywood wolves

(*Continued from page 44*) a lot of pictures at once and keeps circulating them in a hundred different publications.

As for chasing girls, these fellows are so good looking and sought after they don't have to. Whenever they want a date all they have to do is take out the little black book, start thumbing through it, and pick up the telephone.

The other day the room-mate of a pretty important star snitched his friend's telephone book and dialed a number. It was the number of a girl. But who was she? She turned out to be a middle-aged lady who worked for one of the important fan magazines. Was the kid embarrassed! And that's another thing that keeps the Hollywood wolf from howling even if he wants to. He's afraid of publicity. For everything that goes on in Hollywood is public property.

You ask a girl who's been out with him if Scott Brady is a wolf, and she'll say, "You bet!" What is she doing? Trying to make herself seem important and desirable, trying to cash in on his fame. Scott's no wolf. Ask Ann Blyth.

Scott and Ann appeared at the press photographer's ball together. Ann was dressed as Sadie Thompson and Scott was the lamp post she leaned on. "What's happened to our Ann?" everybody asked. They should have been asking what had happened to Scott.

Scott's favorite forms of entertainment are baseball and boxing. So everybody was very amazed to see Scott all done up in a dinner jacket at the Ballet Russe with Ann. When someone asked him how he liked it he said fine, and added, "Ann was crazy about it." Which is certainly a case of Little Red Riding Hood leading the wolf around by the nose. And, this is for sure, if Scott showed any wolfish traits around Ann she would never go out with him again.

Peter Lawford has dated so many girls over a period of years that there's no space to list them all. One of the girls complained about him—but not the way you think. Elizabeth Taylor, who was 16 when Pete took her out, wailed, "He treated me as if I were just a little girl." She may have been 16 but she was still the most beautiful creature in town—and a wolf wouldn't have let age come between them. Pete is much too much of a gentleman to ever let himself fall into the wolf category.

Incidentally, a little known fact is that one of the big loves of Pete's life was a tall, charming society girl older than he. And when Gloria McLean married the inveterate bachelor, Jimmy Stewart, Pete was broken hearted. But even his best friends didn't know, and he went right on dating—a different girl every few weeks. Not because he's on the prowl; he's just looking for his ideal.

Bob Stack is another like Pete—the perfect gentleman. His taste is so perfect that when he made a date with Barbara Stanwyck shortly after her separation

from Bob Taylor, he invited Barbara's friend, Helen Ferguson, to join them. He knew it was wrong for a woman to be seen in public so soon after a separation.

Not all of Hollywood's young stars are perfect gentlemen. One of them owns a little bachelor house tucked away in the hills of Hollywood, and it's as much as a girl's reputation is worth to be seen there. The parties go on until all hours, and would shock the most sophisticated and worldly. But this is a fellow who has a weakness for tramps. Tramps are easy to find in any state of the union. And the kind of men who like them don't always live in Hollywood. Nice girls have been warned about this guy and simply steer clear of him.

Actors like Rock Hudson don't have the money to spend on a lot of girls. Besides, Rock is so much in love with Vera-Ellen he wouldn't look at anyone else.

So check them off the wolf list. And make another check for a certain very well known star who was dating a girl not so well known. He liked her a lot. She was crazy about him. Undoubtedly they talked of marriage. But because she was a most neurotic girl, the actor postponed marriage. Then he met another girl, fell in love with her and married her. This neurotic friend started telling everybody what a horror he was and what a wolf. She told her story in every bar on Sunset Strip and undoubtedly a great many people believed her. But a guy can jilt one girl for another whether he lives in Hollywood, East St. Louis or Montgomery, Alabama. Unfortunately this poor neurotic girl killed herself.

The female wolf pack in Hollywood (and elsewhere) are the kind who'll do anything for a job or publicity. There are a certain group of extra girls—and you can spot them when you see them time and again on the screen—who go on the make for men in the casting offices. If the studio executives knew about this, the men would be fired. But the casting men are only human. And very few are immune to the charms of a pretty girl when she is willing to give them away. Actually, these girls do not just *give* their charms away. They make a trade, and wind up getting a lot of bit parts.

Then there is the predatory female who latches on to the big new personalities. When Jeff Chandler burst upon the Hollywood scene and became "the hottest thing in Hollywood," he was married. The lady wolves left him alone because they're not poachers as a rule. But now Jeff and Marge have separated, and the gals find him fair game. When it is known that Jeff has accepted an invitation to a party the hostess' telephone rings all day long. The calls are from the girls—trying to chisel an invitation.

While there's no denying that some potential actresses have been literally chased around the desk by casting directors and producers, the wolves give up easily enough when they know they're chasing the wrong girl. And, when dealing with a very young girl they are more protective than the average man. It is simply not true that in order to get a contract a girl has to compromise herself. The Hollywood producer knows that sex is a salable screen commodity, and is therefore highly aware of sex. But he also knows that sentiment is a salable screen commodity and is, therefore, extremely sentimental.

Joan Evans was 14 when she played the romantic lead in *Roseanna McCoy*. People who knew nothing about Hollywood asked her parents, "Aren't you terrified of the Hollywood wolves?" Joan received more protection from so-called wolfish producers than she would have from any other group of men. One studio executive said, "If any guy so much as makes a pass at Joan, I'll knock his teeth in." The studios try to take good care of their young stars. After all—they're more than just girls, they're money-making properties!

In what category can a man like Cesar Romero be placed? "Butch" as he is known to his friends, has dated the best known glamor girls—Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Sothern. But Butch is no wolf. Despite his villainous looks he is always the old family friend and when there's trouble in the house it's Butch's shoulder that the girls cry on. When Ann Sothern's marriage went on the rocks, Butch listened and sympathized. And even if there is no trouble, Butch is the perfect escort. Whenever Jack Benny is out of town Butch takes Mary out with Jack's knowledge and consent.

Very often, as is the case of Butch Romero, the guy who looks like a wolf isn't at all. Often the fellow to watch out for is the quiet, not extremely attractive type with the halo ringing his head.

A popular young female star was once dating a big male attraction, when she had to make an appearance at a premiere and he had to be out of town. She told her beau, "I'll ask anybody you tell me to ask." Her fellow suggested little milk-toast juvenile. So the juvenile took her to the premiere, and now he's her steady beau. He was the real wolf—he handed her the big line and now her first beau can't understand it.

Farley Granger is the big swoon boy of 1951. When he's on a personal appearance tour fans tear him apart. Once when he was leaving a theater, the kids rushed the car that was taking him to the hotel and literally bashed in its hard top. You'd think that this kind of adulation would make him so conceited he'd say to himself, "Why, I can have any girl I want," and start howling. It has the opposite effect. Female devotion reached the saturation point with Farley. And now, he either dates Shelley Winters, or spends a quiet evening at his or a friend's home.

In a recent survey a reporter, interviewing 25 young Hollywood bachelors, asked the question, "Do you want to get married?" All answered, "Yes." Various times were set—"when I can afford to," "when I find the right girl," "if my next option is picked up." If they were wolves, they would have laughed that reporter out into the street.

So the truth about Hollywood wolves turns out to be the truth about wolves anywhere. There are wolves in Hollywood, of course. But there are even more sheep who just *look* like wolves to the undiscerning eye. The End

we swam our way to ciro's

(*Continued from page 43*)

Craig thought I had an excellent idea. "See you around two," he said and headed his truck for the highway.

Then I went back to the office and called Marilyn Monroe. Who looks as good in a bathing suit as Marilyn? Mala Powers. I invited both.

Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield were next on my list. "Johnee's on location, but he should be back by tomorrow night," Corinne said. "We'll meet you at Ciro's."

Well, the day came. Herman met us at the door—the way he does at Ciro's, and in no time at all we were ready for the water. Marilyn emerged from the dressing room in a real creation of a suit. It was a glamorous Rose Marie Reid number—24 karat gold, imprinted with a black chantilly lace pattern!

Mala was an eyeful in an aquamarine suit that fitted her form—as we say in Hollywood—*dee*vinely.

The boys dove right in. Mala and Marilyn were slightly more reluctant. "Cold," shivered Marilyn, testing the water with her toe.

"You'll get used to it," said Craig as he and Nick pulled her toward the pool.

"Look at our two Tarzans," shouted Mala, who should never have made the statement. She was dunked next.

Marilyn proved to be a beautiful swimmer. "Lessons," she explained. "I used to be scared silly. Fell into a pool when I was little, and almost drowned."

Mala had taken lessons, too. At four-and-a-half, she was the world's youngest diver. She used to scare people silly by performing tricks from the board.

"Yaah," Craig yelled at her—"I'd like to see you dive *out* of the pool." Mala took him up on that, and nobody knows quite how she did it. They'll never find out, either, because our photographer got so excited he almost dropped his camera in the water. When he asked her to do it again, she said, "Nix! I'm saving this stunt for when I'm old and grey and have no other way to make a living."

The high point of the day was an exciting race between Craig and Nick. We never did figure who won, because Herman Hover awarded the trophy—a convenient flower pot—to Mala and Marilyn.

In mid-afternoon Mr. Hover had cokes and sandwiches served to us, with Nick adding the final touch by picking oranges off a nearby tree.

And so on to Ciro's. "What a relief!" Nick sighed. He had an idea he was going to see another Western movie. That's because Mala's making one called *Rose of Cimarron*, for 20th Century-Fox. It's her first horse opera, and she won't let Nick forget it. "It's got to the point," he says, "that every time I call for her on a date, I want to saddle up Old Paint."

Ciro's was the perfect cure for this fugitive from the they-went-thattaways. Nick refused to leave the dance floor once he got on it. Corinne and John came to meet us as she'd promised. "It's a funny thing," Corinne said, "but this morning I bent over to pick up our dog, and I couldn't straighten up again. I thought I had a broken back. But I came to Ciro's—and zut! Everything's fine!"

Nobody knows how Herman Hover seems to do it, but time goes faster at Ciro's than at almost any place in town; that is, for everybody but the men when their girls take off for the powder room. When we went to straighten up our makeup there were many, many mirrors where we could check every detail from head to toe.

Marilyn had to leave us early because she had a script to read the next day, so Craig ran her home in his car.

When they began to stack up the chairs, Herman Hover came by, and asked impishly, "Having fun?"

It was a superfluous question. "Having fun?" I chortled, "why, nobody will believe me if I tell them I swam all the way."

And with that my head went under for the third time in my ginger ale! The End



"Easy to be LUX LOVELY—"

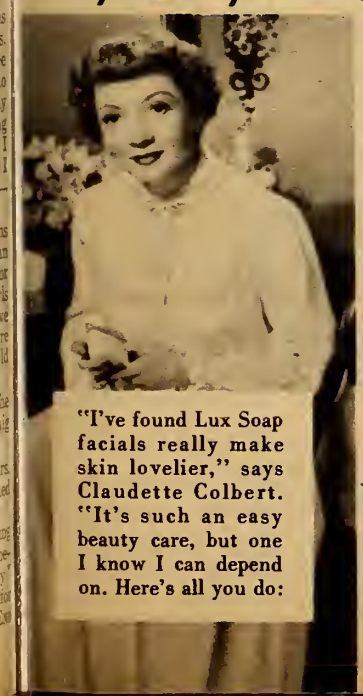
says CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Starring in

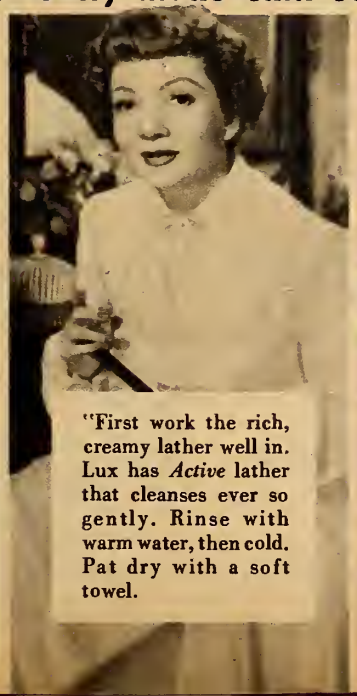
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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(*Continued from page 39*) folks and Janet's parents were all for it; they gave their blessings. But a few of the big shots in Hollywood felt strongly that 1951 was no year for a Curtis-Leigh wedding, and they tried to postpone it indefinitely.

First they approached Jerry Lewis, the irrespressible comedian who knows Tony and Janet better than any other person does in Hollywood.

"You're interested in the welfare of these kids, aren't you?" Jerry was asked.

Jerry nodded.

"Then, why don't you tell them that they shouldn't get married for a while?"

Lewis cocked an inquisitive eyebrow. "I don't get it," he said.

"Janet and Tony," he was told, "are a couple of kids who are new in the business. Tony has a big following with the bobby-soxers. Janet has a big following among single men. If these two get married, their box-office value will go down. It'll be no good for business, and it'll be no good for their careers."

For a fast second, Jerry Lewis thought it was all a gag. When he realized that the words were spoken in dead seriousness, he got mad. "You out of your mind?" he demanded. "These two kids are in love. Why shouldn't they get married? I'm married. Dean's married (Dean Martin). We don't hurt the box office."

"It's not the same thing," Jerry was informed. "You fellows are comedians. Janet and Tony are players; they act at love.

"The girls who watch Tony on the screen like to feel that he's single and unattached, that he belongs to them. The men feel the same way about Janet."

Jerry was firm. "I think you're nuts," he insisted. "This is a free country. If Janet and Tony want to get married, they should get married."

"Don't get excited," Jerry was told. "We don't want you to plead our case. All we want is to use you as a messenger. Just go to the kids and tell them we think that maybe the marriage should be postponed. Just for a little while, maybe until Tony's picture has had a complete release. Believe me, we ask you to do this, because we think it's best for Janet and Tony."

Jerry Lewis saw Janet and Tony that same night. "Look," he began, "I completely disagree with this, but I promised to transmit the following message." Whereupon he repeated what had been told him.

Janet and Tony were, of course, enraged. "We'll get married whenever we want," Janet announced. Tony corroborated her sentiments in more earthy phrases.

When word of their decision to elope leaked out, one of the studio producers called on Janet personally and tried to dissuade her.

If Janet really loved Tony—the argument went—if she really, deeply, and honestly loved him, she wouldn't marry him—not yet, anyway.

After all, Tony was scheduled to embark on his first personal appearance tour with Piper Laurie. He had just finished his first starring role in *The Prince*. Who would be interested in Tony and Piper if Tony got married to Janet Leigh?

"I felt so angry," Janet later confided to friends, "that I wanted to scream."

Later that night, before she left for New York and Tony left for Chicago, they decided that they would get married somewhere in the East. They would get married before any more pressure was brought to bear on them.

"I realized," Tony said, "that I would have to find out once and for all whether people would like me as an actor. I knew I couldn't live my life to satisfy the whole world. I would have to satisfy myself."

Late in May when Janet Leigh arrived in New York, she was taken in tow by two publicity experts, John Springer of RKO for whom Janet had made *Two Tickets to Broadway*, and Dorothy Day, who represented Janet's home studio, MGM.

They were having lunch in Danny's Hideaway, a restaurant on East 45th Street, when Janet happened to ask, "I wonder if there's any place around New York where people can get married in a hurry?"

The love-light was flashing in her eyes, and Springer had a pretty good idea of what was cooking in her mind.

"You been talking to Tony?" he asked.

"Why, yes," Janet said. "I spoke to him on the phone in Chicago. He's coming in next week. I just can't wait to see him. I wonder if some night, maybe after we've seen Dean and Jerry (Martin and Lewis) at the Copa, we can't just drive off somewhere and get married."

"Tell you what," said the RKO publicity man. "I'll look into the situation and let you know."

Springer spoke to the authorities in Connecticut, and the kind people there agreed to waive the 5-day residence requirement, providing Janet and Tony filled out all the necessary papers, took the blood tests, and so forth.

A week before Tony arrived in New York, Janet drove up to Greenwich and took her blood test.

The woman who supervised it—Janet couldn't remember whether she was a doctor, nurse, or lab technician, said, "I recognize you. Yes, I do. This blank has your name as Jeanette Reames, but I know who you really are."

Janet grinned.

"You're Vivian Leigh," the nurse announced.

Once back in her suite at the Waldorf Towers, Janet put in a long-distance call to her groom-to-be at the Hotel Ambassador in Chicago.

"Darling," she said, "the nurse told me I had some of the richest blood she's ever seen."

"As soon as I hit that crazy city," Tony shouted, "we're getting married. Do you hear? I don't want my girl alone in New York with all those metropolitan wolves."

lana turner—
more beautiful
than ever—
on the cover
of the
october issue of
modern screen
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Tony was true to his word. The morning after he arrived in New York, RKO and MGM arranged for a fleet of three Cadillacs to transport the bride and groom to Greenwich. The manager of the movie house in Greenwich, Al Pourtnoy, hurriedly arranged for the ceremony to take place at the Pickwick Arms.

At 9:30 A.M., the wedding party arrived. It consisted of Janet, Tony, Patti Lewis, the bridesmaid, Paula Stone, Dorothy Day, Joe Abeles, a photographer-friend of Tony's, John Springer, Mac David and Jerry Livingston, the song writers, and one or two other friends.

Once all the papers were in order, the party waited until Jerry Lewis, the best man, appeared. A few moments later, Janet had promised to take Bernie for her husband, and Bernie had agreed to call Janet his wife.

There was much kissing—Jerry Lewis almost broke Janet's back in one of the great kissing exhibitions of all time—there was much frivolity, and much unrestrained joyousness.

Then the wedding party re-entered the three Cadillac limousines and headed for New York.

Tony and Janet were in the first limousine. When they hit the Bronx, they stopped kissing long enough for Tony to recognize that they were traveling on Bruckner Boulevard.

"Unless I'm mistaken," Tony said, "I have an aunt who lives around here. Her name is Klein. She lives on Bryant Avenue. This is the time of day she should be sitting out in front of the apartment house. Would you like to meet her?"

"I'd love to," said Janet.

In a matter of minutes, three limousines pulled up in front of the building. Sure enough, there was Tony's aunt sitting on the steps. Tony ran up to her and kissed her soundly.

The poor woman was amazed. She looked at Tony, then at the three Cadillacs.

"Bernie," she cried, "you're coming from a funeral?"

Her nephew roared and introduced his beautiful bride. There were many "ahs" and expressions of wonderment, as other tenants of the apartment building looked out from their windows. Tony and Janet stayed with Mrs. Klein for a few minutes, then rode back to their bridal suite at the Waldorf.

Later that night, there was a small wedding party at Danny's Hideaway just for friends of the newlyweds. Tony made speeches. Janet, the happiness bursting out all over, kissed everyone. Champagne flowed freely. It was a wedding dinner not soon to be forgotten.

Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin were there, of course. Towards the end of the party, Jerry jumped to his feet and called for a toast. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I should like to propose a toast, if I may, to those two very wonderful, very charming"—and he looked directly at Tony and Janet—"to those two very happy young people—Shelley Winters and Scott Brady."

After the party, Janet and Tony had a one-week honeymoon in New York. It wasn't really a honeymoon. They spent most of their days working. Then Tony left for Boston to continue his personal appearance tour, and Janet returned to California to find them a house.

When Janet was asked if she didn't regret not having a large wedding instead of a tumultuous elopement, she grinned.

"There's only one thing about our marriage," she said, "that Tony and I both regret. It should've happened a whole lot sooner."

THE END

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abba dabba debbie

(*Continued from page 63*) squeaked on, revealing seats covered with sporty chintz, and floors of flowered carpeting. Out stepped a pint-size 17-year-old girl with homemade curls piled on a head that seemed a little too big for her body. Her wide open eyes wore a startled look.

Clutching a brown paper sack of lunch in one hand, and a phonograph record in the other, she stepped right into the front office as if she owned the joint. And to tell the truth, since that memorable day, Debbie Reynolds practically does.

Not since Mickey Rooney shook that dignified studio loose back in his adolescent days, has MGM seen anything like Debbie. Like the wads of chewing gum she plasters at all strategic junctures, Debbie's irresistible personality spreads, sticks, gathers friends, and influences people. Staid stars copy her, quote her, ask eagerly every morning, "What goes with Debbie today?" Debbie-isms buzz around the lot like flies.

Did you hear what Debbie said when she met June Allyson? "My," she asked, "who's *that* little girl?" Did you catch Debbie's size-up of Pinza? "He may send the old ladies," she stated, "but he doesn't send *me!*" Have you heard what Arthur Loew got when he called Deb for a date? "I'm sorry," she told him, "but I'm going to Girl Scouts tonight." Listen to Debbie's description of her girl friend, Camille: "She's beautiful, she has big *walnut* eyes." Debbie's nuts about doing *Singing in the Rain.* "It's a *period* picture," she says, "1928." When Debbie lugged her lunch to the set, Jane Powell and then Gene Kelly started bringing theirs, too. She introduced stately Louis Calhern to dill pickles and before she ditched her jalop, Clark Gable told her he'd trade her his Jaguar, even. That's the way the Debbie madness goes. But, it's not all as crazy as it sounds, nor Debbie Reynolds either.

DEBBIE hasn't come, seen and conquered strictly because she's cute. What's really making Debbie Reynolds' stock soar in Hollywood is the solid conviction that she's a natural bundle of relaxed talent, a girl Bing Crosby.

Debbie had never warbled a note professionally until *Two Weeks With Love.* But that "Abba-Dabba Honeymoon" she did with Carleton Carpenter rocketed right onto the Hit Parade, and the record they cut headed for the million-sale mark. She hadn't danced either, but she was so smooth with Carleton that Gene Kelly asked for her, and Arthur Freed cast her without a test for Gene's partner in *Singing in the Rain.* She hasn't had a dramatic lesson worth mentioning, but she's set to co-star with Carleton in *Twenty-One Days,* play a lead with Spencer Tracy in *Years Ago,* and make *Everybody Swim* with Esther Williams. At Metro, producers are lining up for Debbie Reynolds like stags for a Park Avenue debutante at the Ritz.

By now it's taken for granted around MGM that Debbie Reynolds can handle anything you can throw at her. Just the other day producer George Wells, getting *Everybody Swim* ready to roll, with Debbie cast as a channel swimmer, thought he'd better check. He called Jack Cummings who made two of Debbie's pictures. "By the way, Jack," he said, "can Debbie Reynolds swim?"

"Listen," he got back, "Debbie Reynolds can swim, float, or fly, if necessary. I'd bet on that gal to play the flugelhorn, walk a tight wire or bulldog a steer. Debbie can do anything. She's sensational!"

Like a lot of sensational people, Debbie's a transplanted Texan, from El Paso, where she arrived one April Fool's day in 1932. "She came along about dinner time," her mother recalls, "and she's been hungry ever since." Debbie still snaps off five to six meals a day, ranging from dill pickles and crackers to a triple jumbo strawberry malt. In *Everybody Swim* they have Deb eating all through the picture. "We can probably work faster if we just write her snacks into the script," realistically concluded the producer. But where all the calories go, nobody knows.

Because, after 19 years of growing, Debbie tips on the light side of 100, rises only five feet above her kicks, shops for her jeans in the kids' department, and mama has to make all her dresses because she can't ever find a thing in size seven.

As a moppet, this peewee chassis earned Debbie nicknames like "Runt," "Peanuts," "Shrimp," and "Squirt," although the genteel tag was "Frannie," her real name being Mary Frances. It also handed her an unrepressed urge to show the world that she was rough, tough, and hard to bluff. "Deb was just as ornery as a baby as she is now," her mom sighs. The girlhood—or tomboyhood, to be more accurate—of Mary Frances Reynolds is studded with violent rebellions against the ignominy of skirts.

She built a fire under her house when she was just a brat, and only the lucky arrival of the neighbors in the nick of time saved the place from cinders. One boy who called her "sis" got knocked out colder than a cucumber against the schoolyard wall. She played basketball, baseball, yep, football, too. She was all-sex tetherball champ at an early age, and a whiz on the parallel bars. She glowed when the kids said, "Gee, she's fun—just like a guy!"

Did you hear the one about the ham who was called into the director's office and asked, "Are you now or were you ever an actor?"

—Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

Once the principal hot-footed it out to her house with some shocking news. "Mrs. Reynolds," he began solemnly, "are you aware that Mary Frances swears?" Mrs. Reynolds nodded. "What happened," she asked, "was some boy pushing her around?" That was the case, the master admitted. Mrs. Reynolds wanted to know something else. "Did she do a good job?" The principal said Frannie's swearing was inspired, even artistic. "Her uncle taught her how," explained her mom; and the principal retired with only that satisfaction.

But Debbie's declared admiration for boys turned to undeclared war at a certain point in her development. When the tender passion stirred others along about ninth grade, Deb told off her suitors rudely. With some other misanthropic girl chums she founded the "NN Club." "NN" stood for "Non-Neckers," and her mother made little pottery pins with the initials which Debbie and her colleagues wore proudly on their militant bosoms. "When the boys asked us to go out," she remembers, "we just answered, 'What for?' That stopped 'em." But fairly soon the "NN" had to add an initial. One traitorous girl defected and fell in love. "After that," sighs Deb, "we changed the name to "*Nearly* Non-Neckers."

Instead of mooning and making eyes, Dauntless Debbie channeled her atomic energies into other female fields. At John Burroughs High in Burbank, she became a Big Operator and Activity Girl. "If there was anything around I wasn't mixed up in," she says, "I don't know what it was." Debbie was either president or some high brass of the Girls Athletic Association, the Tri-Y, Tennis Club, Job's Daughters, and an all-out Girl Scout, which she still is. She sang baritone—that's right—in the Choral Society and tooted the French horn in the Youth Symphony and the BHS band. "You couldn't see me—just the horn," admits Debbie, "but you could sure hear me." She was also a demon baton twirler, and leader of Dick Layland's Batoneers, a precision marching group of 60 prancing fillies, who paraded all over Southern California and collected trophies which still clutter up Debbie's closet.

WITH that background, it was obvious that nothing could be staged around Burbank without Frannie Reynolds, and have any bounce at all. So when the big "Burbank on Parade" fiesta loomed, back in 1948, her girl friends talked her into the "Queen of Burbank" contest. It was about the first thing Debbie had ever had to be talked into, but the way she figured, this was a little out of her line.

The princesses were picked for Beauty, Talent, and Personality. That last tag was all Debbie figured she could possibly rate. No one had ever called her beautiful, and oddly enough, the one activity where she definitely dudded was school dramatics. She couldn't win even a bit part and hustled scenery cheerfully, convinced that stage glamor wasn't for her. "But kid," the girls told her, "every girl who enters this deal gets a free blouse. Don't be stupid!" Debbie could always use a new blouse. There wasn't any money to spare and never had been around the Reynolds house.

She signed up with 28 other BHS belles, just for the blouse, but to earn it Debbie dug up a cutie routine that always wowed the drop-in trade at her house on Sunday afternoons. Deb liked to twirl a record of Betty Hutton's and mimic the Huttontot's gymnastics without singing a word. She could be Betty all over the place, and it was always good for a laugh. She packed up the platter of "A Square in a Social Circle," curled her hair for once, and submitted to a glamor gown her mom had whipped up for Easter. For the final touch she borrowed Mrs. Reynolds' white high heeled shoes, the first wobblers she'd ever worn in her life. They almost threw her. When she stepped out to spin her Betty Hutton disk and make with the act, she just couldn't move around. Debbie stopped the music and, in her easy fashion yelled, "Can I take off my shoes?" The crowd roared, "Sure." So she shook loose her hair-do, eased the glamor gown here and there, and kicked the high heels out into the crowd. Then she knocked herself out—and they liked to died clapping. She gathered that she'd earned her shirt—but that was all.

"I was leaning against a piano in back because my feet hurt, figuring how I could sneak out, go home and get something to eat," recalls Debbie, "when I heard this man call off the winners. 'Princess Beauty—Princess Talent—Princess Personality'—none of them me, of course. Then what does he say but 'And Queen of all Burbank—Miss Mary Frances Reynolds!' Well, that was the *end,* simply the *end!* They shoved me out on the stage and—for the first time in my life, I couldn't say a thing. Imagine!"

She got enough voice back to say, "Yes," when Solly Biano, a Warner Brothers' talent scout and a contest judge, offered all the lucky winners screen tests. Debbie had heard "awful things about the movies" but decided to take a chance, since Warners was right around the corner in Burbank, and she reasoned she couldn't go wrong that close to home. She did a skit from *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer*—in other words, acted herself—and came up with a stock contract. She got $65.00 a week, which after court deductions, left her with $29.00 each Saturday. First thing she did was buy a second-hand player piano, and a French horn of her very own.



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At Warners she also collected the name "Debbie" which seemed to fit (even her mother calls her that today), two weeks of dramatic lessons, and finally a bit part as June Haver's sister in *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady*. But mostly Debbie just polished off her junior year at the studio school, and poked her inquisitive nose into every corner of the lot. "I knew everyone around the place," she says, "even the cats. I used to take visitors on studio tours." But they don't pay contract salaries forever for that, and there was really nothing on the lot for Debbie to do. After a year she learned the news—not necessarily bad, because she was eager then to get back to Burbank High, go on to college, and be a gym teacher—that she was out.

But when Warners dropped Debbie she didn't have time to bounce back toward Burbank High. MGM caught her on the fly four days before her option expired. Solly Biano knew about MGM's search for a tiny cutie to impersonate Helen Kane, the old "Boop-boop-a-doop Girl" of the 'thirties in *Three Little Words*, so he sent Debbie over to Producer Jack Cummings with her Betty Hutton record. Jack had to look only once. He used Helen's bonafide boops and Debbie's gestures. It was just a spot—but with Debbie Reynolds, spots spread, like measles.

All this popularity and progress hasn't turned Debbie Reynolds' head one notch, or changed her private life very much. Instead of a star, which she soon will be officially, she looks like somebody's kid sister, which she is, too. In Washington on her tour, she was mobbed for the first time and one girl blurted, "But she looks so *human!*" And just the other day, making a futile stab at shopping for an evening gown, Deb invaded a swank Beverly Hills shop, picked out a glamor rag she kind of liked. "I'll take—" Deb began, but before she could finish the sentence, the lady whisked it out of her hands. "It's a hundred dollars, honey," she explained. "You couldn't afford *that.*"

Until Deb sold it to get her "blue bottom Pontiac," she was perfectly content with her sensational dolled-up jalopy. Debbie scared up the decomposed '32 Chevvy, as old as she was, for $20.00. Her dad, who can fix anything, made the motor run. Her Mom, who can sew anything, upholstered the tattered seats and made sofa pillows. Debbie added the carpets, the dragon radiator cap, and truck horn. But nobody could do much about the brakes.

Herding it into Hollywood one night with a couple of girl friends, Debbie weaved and swerved each time she touched the pedal and finally a cop wailed her down. "What you been drinking, sister?" he asked. "A malt," answered Deb honestly. He flashed the light in the girl friends' faces. "How about you?" "Cokes."

The cop wagged his head. "You kids get home before I call the truant officer." Debbie had already made two pictures.

As yet, Debbie's never had a drink (she doesn't smoke either) partly because she needs stimulants like a hole in the head, but mainly because it's against her religion. There's not a drop of liquor in her house, and that house, along with the people who live there, is still the center of her world.

The little FHA cottage her dad built on Evergreen Street is all paid for by now, which was project Number One after Debbie got slightly in the chips. Project Number Two was fixing up her room with a new salmon-pink rug, ruffled curtains, and blond furniture. Next comes fencing the back yard and building a barbecue. Then, "I'd like a small swimming pool," dreams Debbie, "so I won't have so darn much grass to mow."

Debbie's chosen chores are cleaning up the yard, helping her dad hammer things into shape around the house, and taking care of Chip, a shaggy dog, and Mike, a crotchety cat. Inside the house, though, Deb's a flop. It's rough to get her to wash any dishes, cook or tidy up. She's the type who steps out of things and leaves them where they lay. Her mother, Maxene, a cheery youngish woman, long ago despaired of endowing Deb with many dainty feminine graces. Perfume, makeup, jewelry, and dressy doo-dads are anathema to her, and Deb frankly admits, "I hate baths." "Sometimes," chuckles Mrs. Reynolds, "I think I had two boys." Lately, a ray of girlish hope came along with Debbie's collection of monkey dolls which now festoon the house, brought about, of course, by that "Abba-Dabba Honeymoon" craze. Then there's the baby she's expecting.

It's really her sister-in-law's (her name's Joyce) baby. Joyce lives at the Reynolds' now while her husband Bill's at camp. The blessed event is expected in the fall. But when Joyce explained that to Debbie she answered, "Well you'll just have to hurry up. I can't wait that long!" The facts of life are slightly confused in Debbie's mind. Way back last winter when she was on her p.a. tour, she was interviewed on the "Welcome Stranger" program in Chicago and they asked about the most exciting event in her life. "Oh," replied Deb, "I'm going to be an aunt almost any minute!"

Hal Goodman, speaking about a no-talent producer said, "That guy is nothing—and he originated it!"
Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

But there's no confusion in Debbie's mind about the fierce loyalty she maintains for her family and friends. Already "her" baby has enough blankets and woolly gear stacked up to keep it warm in Alaska. Last Father's Day she surprised her dad with a new runabout. And when the preview of *Two Weeks With Love* came up last year, the studio ticket machinery almost broke down. Deb asked if she could bring someone with her, and got a yes. The "someone" turned out to be 20 kids rounded up in the neighborhood. Or, as a harassed Metro press agent moaned, "All Burbank."

For Debbie's heart still belongs to Burbank, not Hollywood. By now she's a sort of civic fixture. Whatever's cooking in her home town, whether it's decorating a float for the Tournament of Roses, or plugging the Youth Symphony, Deb's right in on the act. "There's not a cop in town I don't know," Debbie boasts.

Debbie's favorite all-out activity is still the Girl Scouts. She was a "Curved Bar" Scout herself, which corresponds to an Eagle Scout, and today she's Co-Leader of the Burbank troop. Every rare studio recess she's off with the outdoor girls to their camp at Frazer Park in the mountains. Debbie recently contributed $300 of her movie earnings to rig up an outdoor theater. At Frazer she cooks, scrubs, builds fires, and washes dishes with a fervor that would make her mama swoon with surprise at home. But Debbie thinks it's a salutary hobby. "Getting down to earth with those teenagers," she says, "keeps me from going off the track with all this Hollywood jazz."

Right now there doesn't seem to be much danger of Debbie Reynolds going off her trolley about any kind of "Hollywood jazz," particularly the variety called "Hollywood romance." Hollywood gossips find it rough going indeed with Deb, and so do Hollywood wolves.

"Oh, I can go along with a good-night kiss," she'll tell you, "but frankly, it doesn't do anything for me." This is her way of

saying she's not in love. In fact, she has 10 five dollar bets spread around MGM that she won't get married until she's 24.

Debbie has dates, but she scatters them like buckshot. Most are young fellows around Burbank and Hollywood who don't pack the kind of money to take her whirling off to the Mocambo or Ciro's. She'd rather go bowling anyway, to a movie, or the circus—"I lose my *mind* at the circus," Deb sighs. Most nights, though, she sits contentedly at home, writing letters to the 60-odd GI's in Korea who are her pen pals, reading Western two-gun thrillers, or entertaining her dates with records. Janet Leigh's ex-boy friend, Arthur Loew, Jr., is nearest to a Hollywood glamor suitor. But half the time—because of Girl Scouts and things—he can't get a date with Debbie. When he does and arrives decked out for a big dine and dance evening, he winds up eating enchiladas with the folks.

There was a time, in fact, when Debbie Reynolds was firmly set on being a spinster, but she's changed her plans about that. She loves kids, and by now she knows you can't have kids by yourself. "I'd like 20," says Debbie, "but I guess I'd settle for six. Imagine—six kids, most of them boys! Wouldn't that be the very *end*?"

That's just Debbie Reynolds' manner of speaking, of course. Right now, it's pretty hard to imagine anything actually being the end for Debbie Reynolds, the way she's steaming along. Anyone who knows anything about Hollywood or Debbie will tell you that this is just the beginning. And for a beginner, Debbie Reynolds, to put it mildly, is doing strictly okay.

THE END

they made fun of love

(*Continued from page 41*) London Louella Parsons had said, "Who, me—and her?" he might well have been stoned by the true lovers of the world.

Someday when the photographers have left and the newspaper boys are home in bed, Shelley may look at Farley and see the dashing qualities in him that she has looked for in a man for so long. And he may look at her and see the woman he has been wanting for his wife. Then they both may realize that life is short and they may look for love in vain, away from each other. It may be then that they will try to make it a real love. And everything will turn out all right. But shortly before their engagement announcement, they were guests on the show of a prominent radio reporter and the conversation went something like this:

REPORTER: "Well, I understand you two kids are in love."

SHELLEY: "It sort of looks like it, doesn't it?"

REPORTER: "Is that an engagement ring you're wearing, Shelley?"

SHELLEY: "It does look like one. Is it Farley?"

FARLEY: "That is for the lady to say. . . ."

REPORTER: "Now come clean, you two, are you going to get married?"

SHELLEY: "Everybody keeps asking us that . . ."

REPORTER: "Well, why don't you answer them?"

FARLEY: "We might do that one of these days."

REPORTER: "Well, will you deny you are engaged?"

SHELLEY & FARLEY: "That wouldn't be fair, now, would it?"

It seemed then that Shelley and Farley were making fun of love. But maybe they were just having fun, because not long



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after that, Louella Parsons wrote that they were planning to marry in Paris.

It is true that the romance between Farley and Shelley has been one of long standing. It began more than three years ago, shortly after Shelley became a smash hit at Universal. They met, and almost instantly became fast friends.

When their names were linked in the columns, press agents decided it was a natural. Instead of planting a story that the two had had a pleasant date, they began feeding the columnists lines like: "Shelley Winters and Farley Granger held hands all during the first show at Mocambo." And a romance was born.

A year or so ago, when Farley returned from a tour of Europe, the columnists thought he was staying an awfully long time in New York for a fellow with a sweetheart in California whom he hadn't seen in a few months. They said so. Soon the word was out that Shelley was packing to go to Farley's arms. A bit later, she'd bought the tickets. Then she was on her way to the airport. It was dramatic and in sequence, except for one thing, Shelley was making no such moves. She was living a normal routine right where she was.

"When are you going to see Farley?" someone asked her.

"When is *he* coming to see me?" Shelley is reported to have replied. "It's the same distance both ways, isn't it?"

This gave the cynics plenty of material to work with—because, after all, did that sound like the beginning of true love?

It would be a sad thing, indeed, if the romance between them were phony, for despite all you hear about them, Shelley and Farley are the loneliest kids in Hollywood. You will find proof of this buried in the scores of magazine stories written about them in the last couple of years. Farley, for instance, told a magazine writer not many months ago that he was going to live either in New York or abroad, and return to Hollywood only when he was needed for a picture. He gave as his reason that he had never found real happiness or contentment there. And Shelley Winters has wept publicly on the lapels of writers and others because the man of her dreams has not yet come along to claim her.

It is the considered opinion of those who know Shelley best that she is not only in love with Farley Granger, but downright predatory in her search for a legitimate romance. She wants true love so badly that she spends a good deal of her time when not being photographed with Farley, seeking it out. One of the first things she usually says upon arriving at a party is: "Where are all the single men?" And a standard Winters crack at lunch in the Universal commissary is: "Who's the guy over there in the corner? Is he a bachelor?"

Shelley Winters' genuine crushes have not been nearly as highly publicized as her present one, mainly because they have been directed at men who have not been big names. There have been a number of them since she met Farley, the most important to her probably being Liam O'Brien, Edmund's brother, and one of the handsomest lads in Hollywood.

Farley, on the other hand, with the possible exception of Shelley, has apparently not been severely smitten to date. Being one of the most dashing of the young blades around Hollywood, he has naturally had lots of dates, but he has yet to be poleaxed by passion for a doll.

Shelley and Farley's fans run into the millions. Many of them are fanatically in support of these youngsters. But in the main, they will be hurt if the bubble that is being blown up now bursts and proves that the whole thing was a sham.

People on the inside can tell you now that the situation is wearing on those concerned. Farley was at a night spot recently with Shelley, and he sat for hours glumly watching the dancers, not speaking. Somebody asked him if he was having a good time. He said he guessed he was. Shelley, across from him, seemed anxious to be someplace else. Presently, a couple of columnists walked in and sat at nearby tables. It might have been coincidence, but Farley and Shelley leaped to the dance floor—and for an hour or so seemed to be the gayest, most carefree couple in the place. Maybe they were—and again maybe they were just playing the game.

The majority of movie fans are in the impressionable age group, youngsters who believe what they are told by older people. If they are told that Farley Granger is going to appear in a certain movie, and he doesn't appear, it is not terribly important, although a breach of truth. If they are told that Shelley Winters has 12 mink coats in her closet, and she only has one, that, too, is not so bad. But when it comes to love, there is a sincerity in the teen-ager that mustn't be toyed with. If these fans are told that their idols adore one another and in a week or so they find the idols in love with others, it destroys a bit of faith in a very precious thing. It isn't fair—and it isn't neccessary. There are other ways to build popularity.

A number of years ago, a magazine editor had this proved to him the hard way. Romances were scarce in Hollywood at the time. It just seemed that nobody was falling in love. The editor decided to grow one of his romances, figuring it would have the added feature of being exclusive with his magazine. Working through the right connections, he arranged to have Lana Turner, then a newcomer to pictures, and Victor Mature pose in lovey-dovey attitudes for his cameramen. He sent off the pictures and, after it was too late for the opposition magazines to cut in on his romance, he had stories planted in the papers about the big Turner-Mature romance.

Shelley Winters on the status of her on-and-off merger plans with Farley Granger: "We'd like to get married, but so many of our good friends who got married got divorced, that we're afraid to. Maybe we'll just get divorced."

Walter Winchell in The New York Mirror

The boy and girl were doing as they were told, for they were not stars then. They went out together, called each other pet names in public and so on. Things were going great, it seemed, until one day, just 24 hours before the editor's magazine appeared on the newsstands, Lana grew tired of the whole business, and took off. She flew up to San Francisco to see the man she was really interested in—and the next day papers all over the nation carried the headlines: LANA TURNER TO WED TONY MARTIN.

She didn't marry him, it turned out, but the editor didn't sell many magazines that month, either. And if you were to ask Lana today, she would tell you it was probably one of the most foolish things she has ever done. She may have gotten her name linked in print with a good many men in later years, but you can bet your shirt they were all genuine pulse-racers.

Farley Granger certainly has no need for phony publicity to further his career. His ability as an actor is more evident in each picture he makes. He has the respect of the kids and the grown ups because of his work and his talent. He is, in private life, young America personified, handsome, virile, and chock full of the joy of living. If he were none of these things, but an untried, ambitious fledgling then it might make sense to try any device just to popu-

larize his name and possibilities as a lover.

Shelley Winters is also a star, established and properly renowned. There is no doubt that she is one of the best actresses in Hollywood. Her latest picture, *A Place In The Sun,* proves that. She is such a character in so many respects that all she has to do is appear someplace, or open her mouth and say something and it gets in the columns. A combination of extreme ability and color in private and public life is enough for any star. Shelley Winters doesn't need a put-up romance to further her career or earn her new fans.

An accurate check of the past activities of the biggest stars today, the ones who have lasted the longest, that is, discloses that very few of them ever went for the phony romance gag. Those who were forced to, abandoned it for better things after a very short time. That goes for the old steady types *and* the glamor category.

The word glamor may be the key of the whole situation. It seems to be accepted that, to have glamor, a man or woman must live like a single rooster in a yard full of hens—or vice-versa. That just isn't true. Glamor, actually, has little to do with romance, and practically nothing to do with real love.

When Farley Granger and Shelley Winters were in New York a few months ago, just after their engagement party, they appeared together in public quite a number of times. But they were by no means together *all* of the time. Away from the gay spots where the press gang hang out, they found old cronies of their very own and renewed old friendships.

There was no rush to buy a trousseau, or to set a wedding date. There may have been many legitimate reasons for this that have nothing to do with a phony romance. Certainly, Farley and Shelley are genuinely fond of one another and, as has been said, they are in the market for marriage.

If they make a monkey out of love, they may hurt themselves by losing the faith of the fans who believe in them. But if they do marry, the unpleasant charges that they're playing up the romance for what it's worth in publicity will die an immediate and just death. THE END

hot copy—coming up!

(*Continued from page* 36) makes certain players more exciting to read about than others.

They are the actors who, by some projection of their personalities, create an almost fictional-type character off-screen that is oft-times as interesting as the heroes and heroines they play on the screen. They have the ability to create unusual curiosity about everything they do and say.

A STANDOUT among these, I believe, is Shelley Winters.

Oh, she isn't always tractable—or even polite to the press—this erratic Miss Winters.

Frequently, she is not above "lifting" a witticism or a bon mot from Noel Coward or Shaw and revamping it in her own words for an interview. (That she is usually caught at it doesn't stop her!)

She breaks appointments now and then.

She is frequently bad tempered on the set and moody in public.

But there is something very human and warm and down to earth about Shelley that makes us forgive her, and wait with interest news of the next "jam" she gets herself into.

Completely unpredictable, she is constantly good copy.

Not long ago, when she was in trouble with her studio (trouble?—she had managed to get herself suspended!) she long-distanced me from New York.

"I'm in Dutch," she said with that innate honesty that is so much a part of her make-up. "I want to come back and make the picture with Frank Sinatra after all. Won't you fix it for me with my boss, Bill Goetz?"

If that isn't typical!

First I took a minute to tell her off about what a naughty girl I thought she was to get herself suspended in these difficult times. But, my reporter instinct came to the fore—and I couldn't scold her too much.

By being the first to know that Shelley wanted to make up with her studio, I was the first to reach Bill Goetz with the news and to get myself a "first exclusive" for the radio, and the break for my papers that this much publicized studio battle had been called off.

Looking at it less selfishly—while Shelley frequently poses as the dizziest of blondes, she has a lovable side that gets under our skins.

As flippantly as she may wisecrack about serious things, her romance with Farley Granger and marriage in general, I happen to know that she doesn't mean half the stuff she spouts. I think that she is deeply in love with Farley and that she has a real respect for marriage.

Behind all of her antics as a zany, continually in hot water, the fans sense that there is a great deal more to this explosive girl. When you see her deep, emotionally stirring and honest performance in *A Place In The Sun* you will be sure of it.

But whether Shelley is popping off like a comedienne, or letting us in on her really finer side, she is a personality who is sure to hold our interest as she zooms higher and higher up the ladder of her career.

If Shelley is the hottest copy among the new corps of girls, to my way of thinking Tony Curtis holds that honor among the men.

This boy is far more than a romantic, soft-eyed young screen lover who has caught the attention of the bobby-soxers.

He has enormous personal charm. When he talks for publication there is nothing of the over-night-success "ham" about him. Surprising in a boy so young, when he talks he has something to say. Tony is delighted with the way he has zoomed to the top in a short time, but he is wise to the hazards beyond his years.

Frankly, I had put off meeting young Curtis and deliberately postponed several interview appointments with him. I had just had a run of interviews with some of the new screen gents, many of whom I could very well do without.

So, he had a strike or two on him when he came to my house. We hadn't talked more than a few minutes before I realized how mistaken I had been, considering him just another good-looking boy for the teen-agers to squeal over.

He is a fascinating conversationalist about many things, and what I particularly liked about him is that he isn't bored—just the opposite—when the subject veers from himself.

Tony is intelligent enough to know that an honest and cooperative approach to publicity will greatly aid his career and help put it on a solid basis long after the squealers may switch to someone else. This, combined with his natural charm and dignity, will keep him out in front as good copy for many years.

Not for a minute do I think that his recent marriage to Janet Leigh will di-



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minish his popularity one whit. There's more to this lad than his being a mere bobby-sox idol. Wait and see.

Also high on my list of hot honeys to watch is irrepressible Mitzi Gaynor—a publicity "natural" if I ever saw one. One of the best indications that she is hot copy coming up is that one has only to see her in a gathering to ask, "Who is that girl? Where's she been hiding all that pep?"

The first off-screen glimpse I had of Mitzi (she had played a brief part in *My Blue Heaven* with Betty Grable) was at the private party at Romanoff's following the Academy Awards.

The place was jumpin' with "greats," the most vivid personalities of the screen.

And, yet, as Mitzi danced by (and *how* she danced—very dreamy-eyed and yet electric in the arms of an assortment of partners using, I noticed, the same technique on all) everyone was asking, "Who's *that?*"

It isn't that she is so beautiful, either. Many people think she looks like a pretty Jane Withers. But the sparks fly when Missy Gaynor is around, whether she is acting for the cameras or just talking to reporters.

Not long ago I got a close-up of Mitzi in action again. It was at a party given by the Darryl Zanucks for their 17-year-old daughter, Susan. Mitzi was asked to sing—an invitation she accepted with such alacrity and electricity that not only were the wolves whistling over her—all the young kids crowded around her. Later, they asked me question after question about this new star of musical comedy.

I told Darryl, "You've got a new star in that girl."

The boss of 20th Century-Fox laughed. "You're right," he agreed, "this girl has got it." And IT with capital letters say I.

Steve Cochran is hot copy for the reason that he deliberately makes himself thatta way. Unlike Shelley, Tony, and Mitzi, he is good to interview and to talk about not because he can't help it—but because he works at it.

I was most conscious of this when I interviewed Steve soon after he started going around with Ginger Rogers. He extracted every whit of publicity that "romance" could stand, and some that wasn't in the cards. He knew that Ginger's interest in him and vice-versa gave him new importance to the press.

Steve had been knocking around Hollywood quite a while without stirring up much dust in a publicity way. He gave good performances, but so do many other actors. He didn't seem to have that "something" to make people talk about him and wonder what he was up to after seeing him on the screen.

But Steve kept his eyes and his ears open. He began to realize that the spotlight is most frequently turned on those gentlemen who seem to have particular allure for lovely ladies.

I don't mean to insinuate that his romance with Ginger was calculated on his part. But after the spark ignited—Steve was no bashful violet about his feelings. He talked to all and sundry, with the result that he got more publicity than has ever come his way from a good screen performance.

There are some loud whispers that Ginger became so annoyed by his ardent and oral admiration that she nipped whatever romance there might have been between them in the bud. But even this made good copy—as the columnists guessed in print almost daily whether Ginger and Steve were "hot" or "cold."

Yes, I think Mr. Cochran, he of the virile screen roles and the fatal attraction to the femmes, will continue very much in the fore, now that he has learned that "good copy" pays off at the box office and in his career.

Jeff Chandler feels that I do not like him. He told a friend I don't write about him in the "complimentary" way I write about other actors.

He doesn't know how mistaken he is! I like him exceptionally well because there is much more to say about him in print than a mere colorless "compliment" or two. I think that Jeff has some of the same great potential publicity punch that first helped put Clark Gable over as a big star.

Right now, Jeff is going through an unhappy phase of his life. His home is broken up. He will soon be divorced from his wife, and he misses his children.

Clark Gable weathered this same kind of unhappy marital publicity just as he was becoming a star. I mean his unfortunate marriages to both Josephine Dillon and Rhea Gable.

But if there is anything that intrigues the ladies about a man or a movie idol—it is the hint that one of these rugged-masculine charmers is suffering secret sorrows! I think the psychiatrists call it bringing out the "maternal instinct" in feminine hearts.

Esther Williams was going out the studio gate at noon and an autograph fan stopped her sighing: "Oh, Esther, my ambition is to swim as well as you do." Esther snapped, "Then why aren't you in a pool working at it instead of wasting time getting autographs here?"

Jeff should realize that all "good copy" does not have to be of the happy hearts-and-flowers-goody-goody variety to create interest.

I think Jeff will live to realize that the Sunday feature I wrote on his broken marriage rather than on his manly charms will do him more good than harm. In my book, Jeff is a he-man who will be worth writing about for many years to come.

I am greatly influenced in making my selections of hot copy by my fan mail. And I can tell you that Tony (Valentino) Dexter has just about been burning up my mail.

Of the entire brand new crop of stars, I am convinced that this boy is potentially torrid from a publicity angle. I do not for a moment think that he is a "one role" star as so many have hinted.

True, his resemblance to the late, beloved Valentino is startling. It is the main reason that this young man, whose real name is Walter Craig, was selected by Edward Small to create the popular idol.

But—and it's a big *but*—to a whole world-wide group of new fans who do not remember the original Valentino, Tony packs a wallop completely his own. To the new young fans, Tony is excitement *plus* in himself, and is in no way an imitation of an actor idolized years ago.

Another young actor with strong possibilities to rate reams of copy is good looking Dale Robertson. Out of the blue, as it were, my attention was attracted to this six-foot good-looking character because of his sexy speaking voice. You can close your eyes and believe you are listening to Clark when Dale talks.

I have noticed that a sexy speaking voice (singing voice, too) is a very good indicator of a gentleman who will get good publicity. We lady reporters can be just as susceptible to a voice as you fans, and are prone to write up what the Voice says in our best hot copy style.

Dale has made a number of films for

20th and before that he was at Warners. After you fans see him in *Take Care of my Little Girl*, I'm sure he will be on my list to interview over and over. He is just starting his popularity climb with the squealing set, but once they pick out a man as their own there is no satisfying their insatiable curiosity about him.

One of the candid camera photographers who cover the night clubs was the first to call my attention to Phyllis Kirk as hot stuff.

"Louella, she's the only one of the new kids with something really *different* about her. Believe me, I know. I photograph them all."

Not long after, one of the national magazines that specializes in Hollywood's new hot copy gals came forth with an enchanting picture of Phyllis on the cover.

That's quite a break for any newcomer, and from that time on I started watching Phyllis.

HER career started in 1949. That year she appeared with Ann Harding at the Westport, Connecticut, summer theater in *Yes, My Darling Daughter*.

Then came a series of pictures at MGM, not with star roles, but with parts colorful enough to create an interest in the Kirk cutie.

She may not exactly be hot copy now—but take my word for it—she's coming up.

Of course, some players do not develop into the hot copy you first expect of them. Corinne Calvet is a girl who started out like a house-afire as far as copy is concerned, and lately seems to have simmered down.

When she first came to Hollywood, she furnished one human interest angle after another. She behaved like a playgirl and for not taking her career seriously, Paramount fired her. It made good copy, indeed, as Corinne wept and wept over her lost opportunity, and promised to behave herself.

The second stage in her publicity campaign was when she did a serious right-about-face and applied herself so diligently that she not only got another chance, but is now a star for Hal Wallis on the same lot that fired her.

That's good story material. Makes for interest in a gal.

But lately it seems to me that the press does not give her quite so much attention—not because she is happily married to John Bromfield, either. Rather, I believe she can set it down to the fact that she doesn't particularly exert herself to be colorful copy these days. (You can't keep it up, Corinne, by merely posing in some good-looking bathing suits in front of your beach house.)

Something of the same may be said about John Derek. After starting out as very good copy from a writer's standpoint, he got hooked on the subject of how difficult it is to be "too handsome" and harped on that one idea through almost every interview he granted. Somewhere along the line, many of the columnists decided to let him fight out that problem by himself.

I guess if you were to ask me the *all time high for hot copy*—the prize would have to go to Joan Crawford who has been the darling of the press (sometimes referred to as its meal ticket) for over 20 years. And Joan has never lived to regret it!

If I have forgotten or overlooked some shining new player whom you believe deserves a place on my "tops" list of exciting new people to write about, I wish you would drop me a hint.

As I said before—there's nothing I love more dearly than a good hot personality to write about, as well as to admire for pure *art's* sake. THE END

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Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



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If there is no store listed near you, write to the Fashion Dept., c/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Playtex Girdles available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country. Cutex nail polish and matching lipstick available at leading department, drug and variety stores throughout the country.

sex is not enough!

(*Continued from page 33*) realization first started to dawn on me that sex or sex appeal isn't enough.

The casting directors wanted to know if I could sing, if I could dance; what sort of dramatic training I'd had; what pictures I'd played in. Had I ever been in summer stock?

"Sure, you have loads of sex appeal," one casting man agreed, "but so have a million other girls."

Fortunately for me, Mervyn LeRoy at that point in his life and mine, needed a young girl for one scene in a picture called *They Won't Forget.*

This girl was to be a high-school girl dressed in a tight sweater. She was to walk down the steps of her high school, the camera panning with her, revealing her every curve. Later on, she was to be ravaged and murdered.

Mervyn gave me the part. I had the physical endowments to play it.

The role was a small bit, but from that point on I became typed. Lana Turner became synonymous with sex.

I AM neither anti-Freudian nor a debunker of sex. But I should like to go on record as saying that sex isn't everything in life, and that a girl who has only sex appeal to offer won't keep a man very long.

As a matter of fact, she won't keep a screen career very long, either. The best quality for longevity on the screen is talent. There is no other substitute.

I found that out during the making of *Love Finds Andy Hardy, Dancing Co-ed, Ziegfeld Girl, Johnny Eager, Honky Tonk,* and all the rest of the pictures that went to make up my apprenticeship.

I have also learned from my three marriages that there is infinitely more to love than physical attraction; love is basically a state of mind.

Every day I receive dozens of letters from young girls who are sick at heart because they lack beauty or sex appeal.

I'm not going to get into trouble by naming names, but here in Hollywood there are many actresses who have neither beauty nor high sex quotients. What they have most of all is personality.

Beauty without personality, sex appeal without substance, are tempting come-ons that upon examination, fade into nothingness.

I know, because in my time I have dated some of the most handsome men this world has to offer. Sex appeal oozed from them. They were built like Apollos, but they were about as interesting as laundry lists.

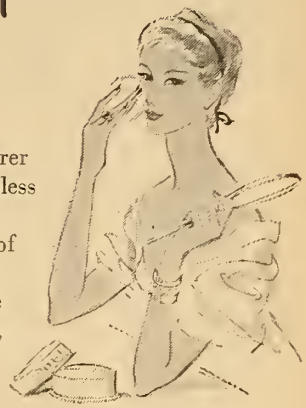
I remember one young actor I dated when I was single, largely because his studio thought the publicity might do him some good. We'd go dancing at a night club, and he'd keep asking, "How do I look?" When he wasn't worried about his looks, he was either running a comb through his hair or grimacing to attract the attention of other patrons. He suffered from a Narcissus complex, spoke only about himself, and while occasionally, he stumbled over the truth about himself, he always recovered and rambled on as if nothing had happened.

On the other hand, take a man like Spencer Tracy. Spence isn't the most handsome guy in the world, and maybe he doesn't exude sex—but what a personality! What warmth! What interest! What kindness! What gentleness!

These are qualities that last longer than sex, because a positive correlation exists between sex and passion, and passion as everyone knows, (*Continued on page 85*)

If you dislike a **heavy** "made-up" look...

Choose this filmy-light greaseless base



Keep your complexion looking *flawless* with this sheerer foundation! Smooth on just a glimmer of soft, greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering. The light mist actually *disappears*, leaving only the suggestion of a smooth finish, never a trace of oiliness. Make-up blends on easily—powder clings longer! The invisible veiling protects your skin! Flattery for *any* skin-tone, transparent Pond's Vanishing Cream gives such a lovely, *natural* look to your complexion!



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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Making friends isn't half as hard as keeping them —here's how to do both easily.

FOUR girls from Wierton, West Virginia—their names are Bernadine, Agnes, Carol and Caroline—asked me a good question: "We were wondering if you could tell us about a real friendship and what makes it stick." I've had a lot of letters, too, from girls who say, "My girl friend is always making cracks at me, particularly in front of boys," and another kid complained, "Whenever we double date, my girl friend makes a big play for the boy I'm with."

So I got to realize that the whole subject of what makes a friendship last is very important. Girls are always worried about how to be popular with boys, and how to act towards them, but they take the girl friends for granted. And it's just as vital to have girl friends as to have boy friends. Believe me, I know.

When I first came to California to work for Mr. Goldwyn, I was just 14. I didn't go to a regular school but had a tutor at the studio. I was the only one in my class. The Goldwyn studio is small and Gigi Perreau, then age seven, and I were the only girls under contract. So I had no chance to meet other boys my age and I was terribly lonely for girl companionship.

When I began coaching with Bob Paris I met one of his pupils—a girl named Palma Shard. She is a wonderful singer and has done a lot of work on television. She has also played a couple of parts in pictures. I knew I liked her right away and I hoped we could be good friends. Well, the happy ending is that she's my best friend now and I wouldn't take anything for that friendship. But one of the reasons it has stuck is because we both work at being friends. We are considerate of each other. We make a point of seeing each other at least once a week and we talk on the telephone every few days. She is as interested in what I am doing as I am in her, and I can honestly say that if Palma gets a good break I'm just as excited as when I do. There just couldn't be any professional jealousy between us any more than there could be personal jealousy. We have no secrets from each other, and I know that Palma would cut her throat before she would try to take a boy friend of mine away from me. And vice versa.

You see, I'm able to appreciate a good friend. Before Palma, I met a girl I liked a lot, but pretty soon I discovered that I was always on the giving end. I was the one who always called her. I was the one who always asked her to my house. In other words, I was working at the friendship and she wasn't—and that's no good.

So the way to make a friendship stick is to work at it—not to sit back and always expect your friend to seek you out. You have to do some seeking out yourself. I'm not for that silly business of counting calls or invitations, and saying, "Now it's her turn to call me," or, "It's her turn to have me over." But if you have been to several parties at a girl's house—or even been invited to them—you have to return the favor.

And while I'm on the subject of parties I'm going to stick my neck out (and maybe get scolded). I have a lot of letters from kids who say that their parents never let them have friends over; never let them give a party. I would like to shake those parents. Honestly, what are they thinking about! Don't they know that their children can't grow up into well adjusted human beings unless they learn how to entertain in their own home? Don't they know they are driving their kids away from home by denying them a home? I think kids who aren't allowed to entertain at home should rebel.

Another very important thing that makes a friendship stick is honesty.

But by honesty I don't mean rudeness. Just because you bave a "best friend" you are not supposed to treat her like an old shoe. And you sbould not be too frank. If she asks your advice about sometbing she's done and you think she's done wrong there are so many different ways of saying it. You can hurt her by saying, "Are you crazy? Don't you know you acted like a fool?" Or you can be tactful and say, "Well, I don't know, honey. It seems to me I would have done so and so, but tben you and I are different people."

You certainly can't make a friendship stick if you go around hurting your friends' feelings. Remember you don't bave a corner on being sensitive. So think before you say something thoughtless and cruel. You can apologize later and even be forgiven, but sometbing is gone. So why not stop the cruel, thoughtless word before it is said? It's so much better.

Just because someone is close to you is no reason wby she should have less consideration tban someone you don't like nearly so well. In fact, the girl close to you should have more consideration because tbere is more affection between you. I'd like to tell you sometbing very cute tbat Palma once did. She'd done some kind of publicity stunt for a television show and she was given, among other tbings, a dinner for two at a cbarming little restaurant. Well, she asked me to go witb ber. "But look, Joan," she said, "if something better comes up I intend to break tbis date, and I trust you to do the same." Now that's what I mean by bonesty. We both laughed because we both knew wbat she meant by "something better." Tbe "sometbing better" was an exciting bid from a boy friend.

Tbere's one more thing that I think is terribly important about making a friendship stick. You should never bold a grievance against your friend. I mean you sbould never keep it bottled up inside. If sbe does something that hurts you, come right out and say so. On the otber band, I don't believe in tbe old saw, "Never apologize—your friends don't need it and your enemies won't believe it." Tbere's no such tbing as blind understanding. You might say something that is perfectly innocent and yet be misunderstood by your friend. If you explain what was meant, the wbole thing can be cleared up.

Everybody sbould treasure friendsbip. Good friends are hard to come by.

And now here are some more letters.

"Dear Joan: Is it all rigbt for a girl to call a boy first—that is, on the telephone?—E. S., Bridgeport, Conn."

It's all right for a girl to call a boy when sbe has sometbing specific to say—like asking him to a party or, if she has been away from school, asking bim something about the home work providing she can't get the home work from a girl. But it is wrong to pursue a boy on the telephone. Your call should be legitimate or he'll think you're chasing him.

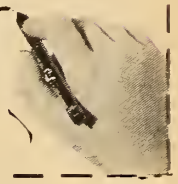
"Dear Joan: My problem is jealousy. I know it isn't right, but I just can't belp it.—Tex, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif."

Wouldn't it help if you would tell yourself how silly jealousy is? If you're going with a girl you can tell wbether she likes you or not.

I like FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS because



MY PLAYCLOTHES LOOK SO PRETTY AND BRIGHT



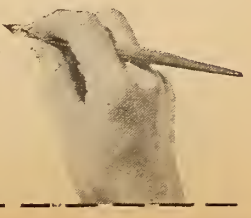
Joe's shirts and my sheets look so white and my whole wash smells so sweet and fresh!



The gang at the shop kids me about always wearing clean overalls, but I notice a lot of 'em ask me what kind of soap Mary uses!



Good Gracious! I can't begin to tell you how long I've used Fels-Naptha but my children and their children depend on it just like I do.



PAINFUL FEET?

Many parts of the body feel the ill-effects of painful feet. That is why, when your feet hurt, you hurt all over!



GET *Dr. Scholl's* FOR

FAST RELIEF

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted authority on the feet, has formulated and designed over 100 Remedies, Appliances and Arch Supports for the relief of all common foot troubles. Their cost is very small. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ Stores everywhere.

CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve and gently remove corns; stop painful shoe friction; soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive spot. Help prevent corns, sore toes, blisters. Also sizes for callouses, bunions.



HOT, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves, refreshes feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet, due to exertion or fatigue. Puts you right back on your feet—comforted, rested, refreshed. Economical!



TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed, sensitive feet. Soothes minor skin irritations; eases new or tight shoes; helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Cultivate this fine foot health habit.



SEVERE BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. For wear over the stocking, ask for *Dr. Scholl's Leather Bunion Protector.*



ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Solvex quickly relieves itching feet and toes; kills fungi of infection it contacts; helps heal red, raw, cracked, peeling skin of Athlete's Foot. Liquid, Powder or Ointment.



RELIEF—PROTECTION

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, soft, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster, relieves shoe friction and pressure on corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots on feet and toes. Cut it to any size, shape and apply.



Dr. Scholl's

FOR ALL COMMON FOOT TROUBLES

And if she likes you better than anybody else there's no reason to be jealous. If she is some other fellow's girl, there's no reason to be jealous either because she is the other fellow's girl. You know what jealousy is? It's an inferiority complex. It's not being sure of yourself. Just say to yourself, "This girl likes me or she wouldn't be going out with me," and if you have self-confidence you can't be jealous. Some girls are flattered when a boy is jealous. Not me. I think it just shows a lack of faith.

"Dear Joan: A boy I used to go with went into service a few months ago. As yet I haven't heard from him, and I was wondering if I should write first.—J. E., Lenexa, Kansas."

You bet you should! Remember that he may have written. Letters have been known to be lost in the mails. Or he may have been too busy to write. But I know he would like to hear from you. I get hundreds of letters from servicemen. Mail is one of the most important things in their lives. And while I'm on the subject, I wish the girls who read this column would make a big effort to write to the boys in service. It's very important. So do write to this boy, J. E. And don't count letters, either. Write him whenever you have something interesting and newsy to say.

"Dear Joan: I used to be very sweet and even tempered and now I am nasty and talk mean to everyone. Is this a part of growing up?—R. C. G., Trafford, Pa."

You know something. Acting mean and being nasty is not a part of growing up. But the very fact that you know you're acting mean and want to control your nastiness proves that you can. That's a big step. That silly old rule of counting 10 before you speak if you're angry is pretty good. Actually all it means is just, "think before you speak." You know perfectly well when you feel a mean remark coming on. So just bite your tongue, think to yourself what you might have said, think how you might have made the other person feel, and either say something else instead or don't say anything.

"Dear Joan: People have been telling me things about my fiancé going with other girls. I found a picture of another girl in his bill fold. We have quarrels once in awhile about these girls. What should I do?—B. W., Barberton, Ohio."

The first thing is to remember that marriage never reformed a man yet. Be thankful that you know about this now before you marry him. But be very sure that he isn't kidding you about the other girls and getting a kick out of making you jealous. You should have a real, honest talk with him and not a quarrel. Quarrels never solve anything. Ask him to tell you why, when he is engaged to you, he sees other girls. If you are convinced that he is not kidding you, that he really does see other girls then, of course, there's nothing to do but to break the engagement. And, by the way, why were you looking in his bill fold?

"Dear Joan: I have very oily hair and in order to keep it soft and shining I wash it every four days. Is this too often?—J. W., Tucson, Arizona."

I think so. Most beauty experts will tell you that too much water dries out the hair. You can keep the oil out in a couple of ways. There are several good "dry shampoos" on the market. They are not really dry, as you probably know. Actually they are liquid cleansers. If you tie a piece of cheese cloth around your brush and brush your hair with that you can get a lot of the oil out. Try it and see. I, personally, think that once a week is often enough to shampoo hair with water.

"Dear Miss Evans: I read your diet. I would like to know if you can have vegetable juice or orange juice instead of grapefruit juice. Can you have a green or yellow vegetable instead of salad occasionally? Do you have to drink skimmed milk?—S. S., Orlando, Florida."

On a reducing diet, orange juice is no good. The grapefruit juice is actually thinning. Occasionally, you can vary the grapefruit juice with tomato juice. You should have enough salad but occasionally you can substitute a green or yellow vegetable, provided that there is little butter used. Yes, you have to drink skimmed milk. Regular milk has cream in it and cream is fattening. I know just how you feel, but you must have perseverance.

"Dear Joan: I am 15. I want to be a model. Could you please tell me if I need a high school education?—C. G., Fall River, Mass."

I'm sure there are some successful models who do not have a high school education, but that doesn't matter. You should have one. Everybody who possibly can should have at least a high school education. Not just for your job, either, but because an education is important to you as a human being. I wish I could shake those kids who want to quit school while they are in high school. If you do, you certainly will regret it.

And that's it for this month, kids. Thanks for writing. And thanks for all the nice things you say about this column.

DO YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM?
WRITE TO JOAN EVANS, BOX 93,
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

IT HAPPENED TO ME



One afternoon on an ocean liner en route for Hawaii, I decided to do a little swimming in the ship's pool. I was only seven years old at the time and didn't know much about it.

After I got into the pool, the rocking water frightened me and I was trying to hold onto the rope that went around the side of the pool. A few minutes later, an attractive girl in a white bathing suit and cap noticed my struggle to keep my head above water and she came over to see about me.

"Get on my back and hold on tight," she said.

Then she swam around the pool with me and we got out to dry.

I was informed later by my mother that the nice lady was a movie star named Joan Fontaine.

Carol Gardt
Kingsville, Texas

sex is not enough

(*Continued from page 81*) fades with the years. But personality, warmth and gentility are enhanced by time.

These are the traits most young girls should cultivate. These are the traits I try to cultivate in Cheryl, my own daughter.

Sex appeal is important, sure. But as any married couple will testify, it takes more than sex to hold a marriage together.

It takes children, mutuality of purpose, self-sacrifice, understanding, a sense of humor, and the ability to put up with little idiosyncrasies.

I, for example, have more than my share. For some strange reason, I feel frightened at large social gatherings. Put me in a room with more than 10 or 12 people, and I'm uneasy. I know I shouldn't be, but I am. Invariably, the last thing I say to my husband before we step into a crowded room is, "Darling, don't leave me."

Bob understands my uneasiness and puts up with it. By the same token, I understand his love for deep-sea fishing. As a result, I've become a deep-sea fisherwoman myself. A few years ago down in the Bahamas, I pulled in a tuna that weighed more than 300 pounds. When I was a girl, you couldn't get me to go fishing for love or money.

I believe that a realization of the relative importance of sex is a part of growing up. When a girl is young, sex appeal is probably the most vital thing in life to her. She imagines that her face and figure are her paramount enticements. Boys, she will tell you, are not interested in her scholarly attainments, her athletic ability, or her knowledge of languages.

That, at least, is what I used to think. I know now that I was wrong. I know now that if I'd had the proper dramatic training to go with my physical endowments, my motion picture career would have progressed at a faster rate than it did.

Boys are interested in anything a smart girl wants them to be interested in. Girls with brains and personality marry men of stability and good will. Girls who offer nothing but beauty and sex usually wind up in the divorce courts.

I am not running sex down. I agree that it is an underlying motive in all human conduct, but I happen to feel that too much emphasis has been put upon it not only where I, personally, have been concerned, but in our day-to-day living.

Only recently, I read a book entitled, "The Folklore of Sex," in which the author said: "The American public will not take a work of fiction to its heart if the story does not imply that unconventional sex behavior is the nastiest and tastiest business imaginable."

Much the same thing has been said about motion pictures. I just don't believe it.

Sex alone will sell nothing.

Sex appeal is helpful in gaining entry either into a man's consciousness or a man's business, but sex alone will never capture any man's heart permanently.

Some of you will undoubtedly say that ever since Adam, men have been interested in sex, and that around your particular neighborhood that still holds true.

Maybe so, but it's been my experience that men fall hardest and quickest for girls who are pleasant, cheerful, witty, and good-natured.

You've all read a good deal about Marlene Dietrich, how even though she's past 50 she still has men pursuing her every Tuesday and Thursday. The reason Marlene is so attractive to men is because she's good-natured. She's always been good-natured even in the days when her legs were featured more than her wit.

Myrna Dell, a young actress who was recently married, is another Hollywood girl who always had plenty of beaux. And for that same reason, too. She knew how to swap gags with the boys and remain feminine in the process.

Janet Leigh, before she was married to Tony Curtis, was popular with most of the young Hollywood eligibles, because she, too, is sweet, perennially cheerful, and the possessor of a wonderful sense of humor.

Ann Sheridan and Ava Gardner are two more cases in point. Each of these girls offers charm, personality, and good humor before sex appeal.

I've seen Ava walking around Hollywood in glasses and blue jeans, looking as simple and plain and unrecognized as the girl next door. Despite her sex appeal —and it's considerable—men go for Ava because she has a mind like lightning, quick and flashing.

Even in Hollywood where sex supposedly is all-important, it has always taken a backseat to talent.

Give any casting director or producer the choice between an intelligent, not-so-pretty girl who can act, and a pretty, not-so-intelligent girl who can't—and the talent will always win.

Debbie Reynolds, Mitzi Gaynor, Pier Angeli, Leslie Caron—all of today's newcomers are young girls who have specialized talent.

It's not that sex has gone out of fashion, because it definitely hasn't. It's just that here in Hollywood, we've come to realize that the trouble with sex appeal is it's only skin-deep.

For lasting happiness, a girl needs something much more solid and enduring than that. THE END

(*Lana Turner can be seen in MGM's* Mr. Imperium.—*Ed.*)



87% of College Women

who were interviewed said:

"CAVALIERS are MILDER than the brand I had been smoking!"

College women learned what real cigarette mildness is when they compared Cavaliers with the cigarettes they had been smoking. Hundreds of smokers were interviewed in four leading women's colleges. Their report speaks for itself!

87%—imagine it!—87% of these college women who smoke said Cavaliers are milder than their previous cigarettes! And they'd been smoking all the well-known brands!

In group after group—servicemen, airline hostesses, nurses—80% or more of the smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder!

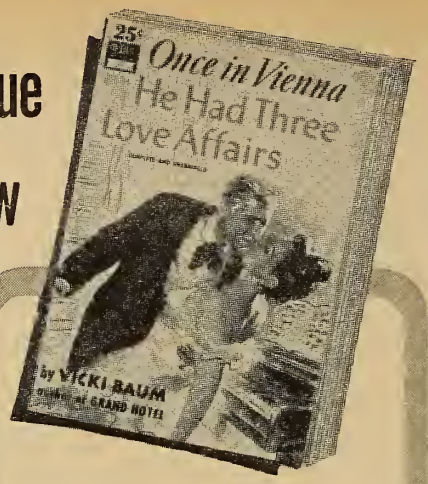
Enjoy king-size Cavaliers—for mildness and natural flavor. They cost no more than other popular cigarettes! Get a pack—or a carton—today!

Cavalier

KING-SIZE CIGARETTES — EXTREMELY MILD

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Fatal love and intrigue in these thrilling new DELL BOOKS





She was beautiful, fascinating and vicious as a . . .

HELL CAT
by Idabel Williams

Even as a girl in high school, Scoot Frazier knew that her beauty was irresistible to men. They worshipped her for this beauty and she dominated the lives of the ones who fell for her. When she was older, Scoot took diabolic pleasure in luring married men from their wives and breaking up the homes and hearts of her rivals. Scoot's biggest triumph was in the making when she enticed Bret, her sister's husband, away from his bride. It looked like another conquest for Scoot until her enraged father turned the love affair into the most brutal, horrible lesson in Scoot's life. Here is a story that moves like a cyclone . . . the story of a beautiful temptress who was really a hell cat.

In his search for pleasure he left the ruin of three lives

ONCE IN VIENNA
by Vicki Baum

For Hannes Rassiem, star tenor of the Vienna Opera, neither wine nor women could blot out the memory of his wife, Maria, who had left him. Hannes still loved her and wanted her love in return. It was this desire to be loved that finally led to his reckless search for pleasure and a series of amorous adventures that ruined three lives. To one of the women he turned to in his wife's absence Hannes brought despair and suicide, to two others heartbreak and disillusionment. Finally, unsavory rumors of his wild love affairs almost ruined his life too. Don't miss this vivid, exciting portrayal of the life of a tempestuous musician and of the women who sacrificed themselves to gain the love of a man they could never hold.

Ask for these Dell Books, too

THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY by Helen McCloy

Dr. Basil Willing trails a phantom killer to solve the murder of a beautiful patient.

NO HIGHWAY
by Nevil Shute

A movie queen and a scientist play a game with life and death in a speeding Trans-Atlantic airliner.

DON'T FORGET TO GET THESE NEW DELL BOOKS

only **25c** *each at your local newsstand*

who'd marry me?

(*Continued from page 48*) "You shouldn't have gone. You won't know how to conduct yourself. He will never bother with you again."

THAT voice was right. I not only tried to act like an older girl and failed, but I was too far affected by being out with him to even act my own age. I was gawky. I was giggly. I was stupid. When I had been sitting too long in the car without saying anything I got nervous. Not being able to think of an idea of my own, I read an advertising sign we passed, read it aloud and mispronounced practically every word! When he made a driving error and I should have kept mum till the incident was forgotten, I laughed and earned an annoyed look. When we pulled up in the parking lot of the theater and he was coming around to open the door on my side, I not only opened it myself first, but closed it again quickly so he could open it after all! When we got inside my feet went rubbery and he had to save me from stumbling a half dozen times. And all through the picture I was in a daze.

He still said hello after that night, but no more smile, no invitations, not even a pat on the head! I cried off and on for weeks and that was the first time I thought—"Who'd ever marry me?"

Maybe my worrying about it that much was why I *did* get married when I was only 16. But that was so unwise and short-lived a marriage that it was as if it had never happened. So the old thought still comes back to me every time I meet someone I like. And now there are other reasons that keep popping up in my head making me wonder. When I was 14 it was silly to worry about it; maybe it still is silly, but I can't help it.

Of course, all girls get vague fears like this at times. I think something of this nature accounts for the fact that I had two periods in my life when I stuttered every time I tried to talk. Naturally shy to begin with, this affliction made me withdraw into myself altogether. I would start to say something and my lips would get fixed into an "O" shape, a lost feeling would come over me, and I would stand there frozen. One day when I was attending Van Nuys High School in the San Fernando Valley, I auditioned for a school play. I had memorized my lines perfectly. The other kids were standing around when the teacher gave me the cue. I opened my mouth—and nothing! There was a long silence and then curtain!

THE fear was not one that I analyzed then as concern over being "wanted," but it certainly bore a close relationship to this. I worried about being left out of things, being passed up by the "crowd" as a goof and all that. I never could get over how glib the other kids could be, standing around the school yard and rattling away whole streams of merry talk. Like everyone else with a handicap, I worked hard to get the best of mine and I improved. But not sensationally then. And the other girls were fast to point up my deficiency whenever they could.

I'll never forget the little items in the school paper on this subject. Any boy who took me anywhere was reported as having "drug" me . . . the implication being that I was a dead weight, of course. Well, so I didn't talk the ear off a boy when I was with him! There were some, I found, who didn't mind silences between sentences. One was the boy who always played the lead in school plays. We could just stand or sit together, and have just as good a time as if we were yakking away.

I started dating by drifting into it. After that one bad experience with my "dream man" who lived across the street, I classed myself as a bad prospect for any boy. But there would be fellows who walked me home from school and we would stand outside the house and talk a while. Other kids would come along, and before long there was such a group of us that my Aunt Anna said we resembled a mob. She would invite us in just to get us out of the eyes of the neighbors. And sometimes one of the boys would suggest our going somewhere, and that way I sort of slid painlessly into going out.

I cured my stuttering, which was really an inability to get the opening word out. And after that I slowly learned to be myself and not act like a stick when I was out with someone. But there were other problems to lick. I remember that when I left school and got work as a model, it was terribly difficult for me to work in front of people. It was bad enough professionally, and it was awful for me socially. Suppose there was someone present who might be interested in me . . . what would his reaction be to a girl who could hardly hide her nervous state?

I remember modeling once at Bullock's big store. My job was to pull down little roller signs. Painted on them were illustrations of the wardrobe accessories a designer was discussing for some buyers.

"Now here is a very versatile scarf that can be made to do for almost any occasion," the designer would say, and I would pull down an illustration of a leather belt!

The practice of putting women on pedestals began to die out when it was discovered that they could give orders better from that position.—*Betty Grable as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

I started going to cocktail parties. Next to me would be the fellow who brought me, and around us a sea of strange faces that would move closer and closer, and talk, talk, talk! What to say? What to answer? What were they thinking of me for my nervous laughter? What about the fellow who brought me? If he had had ideas that he liked me . . . weren't they gone forever? That little voice of mine used to give me the answer. "Better learn to live alone and pretend to like it."

I didn't want that. I kept going to cocktail parties and, by determining to conquer my fears, I did attain some ease of mind. A cocktail party is still not my idea of the best evening's entertainment in the world, but neither is it the worst.

Maybe the easiest feature of a cocktail party (or a dance) to handle is the stag line. That's probably because there is so little originality in the "approach." One night seven men talked to me and it was as if all seven of them were reading from the same script. Their lines (leaving out mine which probably were no brighter) ran something as follows:

"Well! The moment I saw you come in the door I knew I had to meet you."

"You know, you're like something I've never seen before."

"I'd like to call you up some time. If I had your number."

These days, now that I've been in some pictures, the only variation is:

"I saw you in *The Asphalt Jungle.* I'd call you up some time, if I had your number."

Or—

"I saw you in *All About Eve.* I'd like to call you up some time, if I had your number."

The future dialogue will be the same except that the pictures referred to will probably be my new ones, *As Young As*



Dry Skin. "My skin had been dry, before I tried Noxzema's Home Facial," says beautiful Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. "This beauty routine helped my skin look so much lovelier, I follow it daily now!"

LOOK LOVELIER in 10 DAYS with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base . . . the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal, soften and smooth—*and leaves no greasy film.*

Money-Back Offer! Try the Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn't show real improvement, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

**externally-caused*

Save these directions for the Noxzemo Home Facial . . . follow them doily to look lovelier!



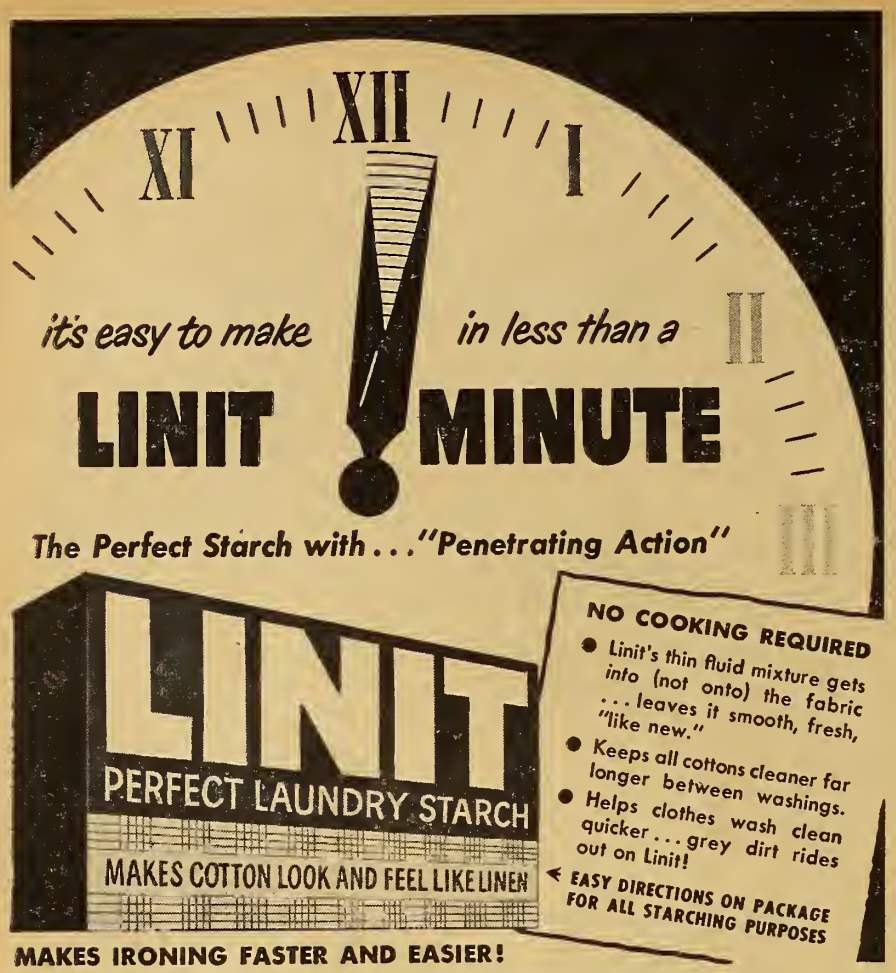
Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. It not only holds make-up beautifully, but also helps protect your skin *all day!*

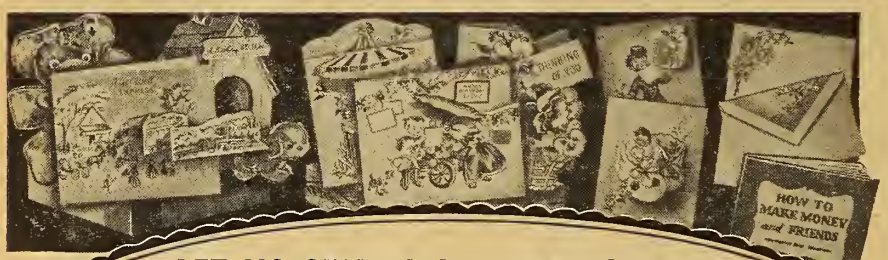


Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin to help soften and smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Noxzema's greaseless—no "smeary" face!

Get your jar today! Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema Skin Cream at any drug or cosmetic counter—40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax. See how much it can help *your* skin!

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Greeting Card Sampler

Many folks use it to make good money— without taking a job, or putting in regular hours

MAY we send you this handsome greeting card Sampler? It contains actual boxes of famous Doehla Christmas and All Occasion Greeting Cards, which you may have on approval; also FREE SAMPLES of popular "Name-Imprinted" Christmas Cards, and easy money-making plan.

Your friends and neighbors will enjoy looking through the cards. They will admire the glowing colors, rich novelty features, heart-warming verses. And they will want to order several boxes right away—because folks constantly have a need for sending the friendly, thoughtful messages of sentiment and cheer these greeting cards provide so perfectly.

You make as much as 50¢ to 65¢ on each box. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. Our FREE BOOK (also included in Sampler) shows ways *any beginner* can make money. Mail coupon—without money—to get your Sampler. If friends don't "snap up" the approval boxes—return them *at our expense.* Mail coupon NOW. *Harry Doehla Co., Studio D19, Nashua, N. H. (If you live west of Rockies — mail coupon to Palo Alto, Calif.)*

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Beginner Gets 10 Orders in ½ Hr.



"I received these ten orders in about 30 minutes. Everyone just 'ah'd' and 'oh'd' over your cards. It's going to be very easy and enjoyable."—Rita J. Shaw, N. Y.

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio D19, (Nashua, N. H.)
(If you live West of Rockies, address Palo Alto Office) **(Palo Alto, Calif.)**

Please rush me—for FREE TRIAL—sample box assortments on approval and money-making plan. Also send me Free Samples of "Name-Imprinted" Christmas Cards and Free Book, *"How to Make Money and Friends."*

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....State.....

You Feel, A WAC In His Life, and *Let's Make It Legal.*

The barriers between romance and myself are still up. If I were a fellow, I don't think I'd be foolish enough to get serious about a girl like me. If it isn't one difficulty to overcome it's another, and now it's my work—or rather that I am just at the beginning of my career and so deeply set on making good. If there were a boy—where would we find the time to learn to know each other well enough to want to marry? And how could I be sure enough about our future to give up my career for it? Because . . . for the sake of marriage alone, I know I wouldn't.

ONE day a few weeks ago, I made a date for dinner and a show. I was to be ready at seven in the evening. On the morning of the date I was due in the studio at 8 A.M. to pose for publicity stills. Just before lunch I was interviewed in a session that lasted two hours. A car was waiting then to take me to my apartment for some "home" photographs for a magazine. At a little before five I was back in the studio to discuss a test with the director of my next picture. When we got all set on it the director called in the writer to suggest certain changes. He thought it would be a good idea if I stayed and rehearsed them right then and there. I did.

My date had just rung my bell for the twentieth time and was on the way back to his car when I drove up. He took one look at my face and shook his head.

"The night is young," he said, "but do you care?"

I shook my head. I felt as I looked—beat.

Yet, I am not consistent. Sometimes I have a hard day, and when evening comes I want to go out. If I haven't a date I go out anyway—alone. And I like it this way. Just a few days ago when I left the studio I thought I would go for a little drive instead of heading home. When I saw a drive-in restaurant I stopped and had a hot dog and a coke. A little while later I was passing a tiny movie house in Hollywood which shows old time pictures, and went in to see an early Charlie Chaplin comedy. I laughed myself silly and went back to the car still feeling restless. I had no idea which way I was heading when I started off, but found myself stopping at Will Wright's in Beverly Hills for some ice cream. Inside I met a friend who told me he was just about to drop in on a farewell party for a couple he knew, and asked me to come along. That was the last event on the schedule for the evening, an evening I hadn't planned, and a very satisfactory one as far as I was concerned.

Even if I were married I think I'd have a yen every once in a while to spend some time like this by myself. What boy that I married would permit it? What would he say about the other things my moods sometimes drive me to? Sometimes if I can't sleep, I'll get up and play records in the middle of the night—or take a walk, or go out for a drive. I know this sounds as if I am spoiled, but all my life, because I was orphaned as a child, perhaps, I have had to be my own best friend.

When I am working I have to go to bed early. But when I have no picture I revert back to late hours. Sometimes the two different bedtimes are as much as six hours apart. It would be a habit I don't think I could change if I were married. Who would put up with it?

Oh, a lot of friendships begin these days but they never get anywhere. Most times when I go to a party there is someone who indicates he wants to see me again. If I don't encourage him, if I don't give him my phone number, it's not always because I don't like him. It's more likely because I can see far ahead, and the whole thing seems so futile. Men think I am playing

exclusive. I'm really saving them a lot of time, and maybe trouble.

If I were married I would often be up and gone before my husband was awake. I'd be home ready for sleep right after dinner, while he'd be ready for a big evening. Then, suddenly, the whole thing would go into reverse. I would get up late and want to stay up after he got sleepy.

If I *did* marry, I don't think the boy I'd choose would be an actor. That's the way it seems to me now. And that, I notice, often spells trouble to Hollywood romances. It's hard for a non-professional to become accustomed to the ways of picture people, no matter how many times you read that it isn't. It's not only a matter of jealousy, it's the feeling that you really haven't full rights to the time and interest of your wife or husband if she or he happens to be in the public eye.

No, right now I have a one track mind—screen work. I want to be a real actress and I don't want to be causing anyone any pain or heartache while I am at it. Who would want to take a chance and marry me? Someone, someday, I hope. But he seems so far away now. THE END

what I'll tell my sons

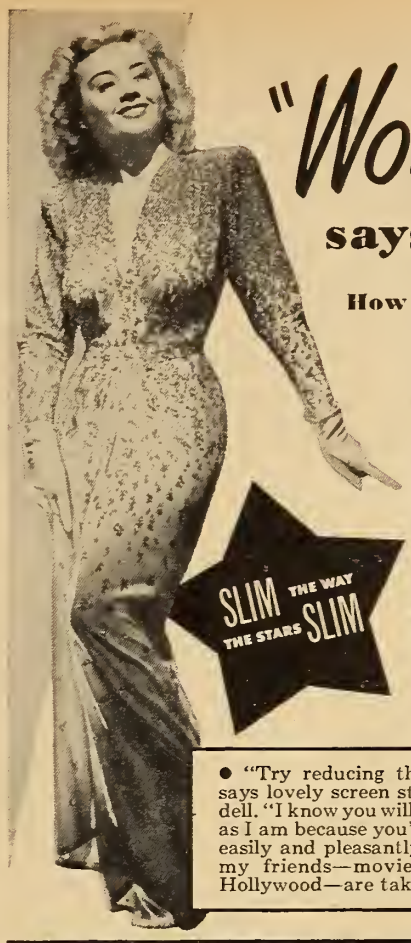
(*Continued from page 51*) And if they develop into the kind of young men I hope they will, they will be able to separate the sense from the nonsense in what I say, and apply both to their own lives. I certainly hope so.

As the saying goes, those who can, do; those who can't, teach. Being thus qualified, I plunge into a subject which offers unlimited opportunities for making a fool of myself.

Women. I started my life surrounded by women—six of them, to be exact. They were my sisters, and each was older and infinitely wiser than I. Whenever I think of my sisters, singly or collectively, I am pleased to remember that they loved me and always tried to help me. One of my sisters taught me how to dance. Another one taught me how to tie a bow tie without looking in the mirror. Still another, my sister Betty, taught me how to fight. Really, she *did*. All of my sisters were wonderful.

Offhand, you'd think that my early life should have given me a head start over the other fellows in the task of understanding women. Well, it didn't. Actually, the things I learned from my sisters only mixed me up, and it wasn't until years later that I realized how badly.

PERHAPS the most virulent piece of misinformation circulated around our house was the notion that women are the weaker of the two sexes. I don't know who gave birth to that priceless phrase, but I am absolutely convinced that that myth was started by a very clever woman who was kidding everyone but herself. Superior women have been selling it to their inferior mates ever since. In fact, it has been the greatest tactical weapon since the Trojan Horse. Personally, I don't believe I will ever get over the inferiority complex which started when my sisters outran me, won all my marbles, and beat up the neighborhood bullies I didn't have the nerve to fight. Honestly, when I was about five I watched my sister, Betty wallop the daylights out of a mean kid who'd taunted me all the way home. Then she took me into the house and spent an hour showing me how to keep my guard up. Things like that leave their mark on a man. One of the subconscious reasons, I believe, why I took up wrestling in college was because there were no women



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wrestling on the team.

When I was a young man, a great deal was said around the house about woman's desperate struggle for equality in the modern world. I went away to college with the sincere belief that I should never be guilty of taking an unfair advantage of girls. My sisters could not have made me more of a sitting duck if they'd chopped off both my arms. My first college debate, on the subject, "Should Women Take an Active Part in Politics?" proved that to me. My worthy opponent was an attractive girl who (although I had carefully avoided any of the forceful, old-line arguments against women in politics) so passionately accused me of rank masculine prejudice that even *I* was convinced that I had been guilty of it. Of course, she won the debate. I didn't mind that so much, as I was still inexperienced. What killed me was our talk afterwards, when I asked her why she had concentrated so hard on the prejudiced views she suspected I had, instead of squashing the obviously weak points I had limited myself to.

"Oh," she said innocently, batting her beautiful brown eyes at me, "I was so sure you would use the old argument about women's inferiority that I didn't bother to prepare for anything else. But it didn't make any difference, did it?"

Since then, I have lost dozens of similar arguments—enough to convince me, forever, that women are not battling for equality; but rather, for the right to battle for equality. And on their own terms. Today, I think that if more men realized this, there would be no battle at all, for they would have enough sense to stay out of the fight altogether. As long as they don't, they will be born victims.

Not long ago, my oldest boy, Michael, came to me with the complaint that, "Mommie doesn't understand me." His feelings were hurt because Diana, for good reason, had not allowed him to wander down the street to play cowboys with some other kids. "Of course, she does, Son," I told him, reassuringly. I meant to say further that he would never know *how well* she understands him. But Mikie is still too young to be pondering about such things. Perhaps he will come to me later in life with a similar complaint about his girlfriend, and then I can tell him the whole truth.

"Son," I will say, assuming a paternal scowl, "men will always worry about women not understanding them. But it is not true. In only seems so because men are so totally incapable of understanding women. But don't worry about it, Son. You never will know the way a woman's mind works. Just give up."

I honestly believe that if you could take a picture of a woman's mind it would reveal a pattern of tangled thought trails, with pitfalls lurking at every turn. By this, I do not mean that women are lacking logic or judgment. Generally speaking, a woman's judgment is much sounder than a man's, for usually he is caught up in his dreams. For this reason, the right woman can always bring tremendous insight into a man's life. But try as he may, he will never understand her, even when she is pleading for him to do so. A man can't shift that fast.

It reminds me of the story of the wife who came home with a lamp which had been reduced from $79.50 to $54.00. She also had a new bathing suit that cost, she said, only $29.50 on sale, too. Her reasoning was that since she had saved $25.50 on the lamp, the suit had only cost her $4.00, and wasn't she the thrifty one? It took her husband some time to figure it out, but almost at once he knew that her thrift was sure to cost him dough.

To my knowledge, no man *ever* won an argument with a woman. Whenever it seems that he has, he should merely consider it the first round. He has been conceded that one in order to lose less painfully the next, more important, round. Thus, I fear, it will be to the grave. And if my sons or anyone else reading this detects a note of bitterness—well, I confess that I don't know another way to swallow the unpleasant truth.

There was a scene in *Champion* that will illustrate what I mean. I remember it because it was handled so subtly. Maybe you will, too. Remember the scene where the blonde girl insists that the Champ get a new manager or else? "No," he says. "No," he repeats, in answer to her pleading. "Absolutely not," he says, with finality. Then the scene fades, and the next shot we see is the Champ, sitting in the office of his new manager, discussing terms.

Why did he give in? Some people would call it love. You know, the web that traps us all.

Groucho Marx, who detests autographing, was seized on the arm by a gal who said:
"I want to send you a present. Would you tell me your birthday?"
"Certainly," said Groucho. "January fortieth."

Earl Wilson in The New York Post

I can hardly bear looking at my boys when I realize that it won't be long before some beautiful little girl with pigtails will be the cause for their front teeth being knocked out. My heart falters when I think of them standing in front of a mirror, shaving a non-existent beard, and tying and retying their ties in order to make the best possible impression on their girlfriend of the moment. And I know there will come a time when a particular girl will, for each of them, be the cause of real heartache.

Unfortunately, there is not much concrete advice I will be able to give my boys on that score. But I can remind them that while the heart is the center of our whole existence, it fortunately has greater recuperative powers than any other part of our body.

I remember how I found that out. When I was in the second grade, I fell horribly in love with a little girl who was in the third grade. She was the most beautiful girl in school, a dream with rosy cheeks, blonde hair, and the bluest eyes I've ever seen to this day. I gave her a ring I'd made out of a nail, and she promised me faithfully that she would wait for me until we both grew up. She didn't. She married some character before she even finished high school, and it nearly killed me. Until I met another girl, that summer, who had brown eyes, dimples, and the smoothest black hair I've ever seen.

When your heart is broken, it takes another woman to pick up the pieces and put them back together again. That is why, in spite of all the confusion they cause, women are here to stay.

And, you know, it's not so bad. Women, in addition to being a part of the education of every man, are really wonderful when they are wonderful. But when they're bad, there's nothing worse.

In closing, I would like to say I know that when my boys grow up and read this they will take it to their mother. She will undoubtedly rip it to bits and give them the *real* truth. And I know one other thing for sure. *I* won't argue with her.

THE END

(Kirk Douglas is currently starring in Paramount's Ace In The Hole.—*Ed.)*

marriage and joan

(*Continued from page 47*) would kill me if I told how old she was when she and Dale faced the minister. I'll just tell you she wasn't 17 and let it go at that. Both of them were old enough to know what they wanted. I've seen that marriage work. I think it's the most wonderful thing in the world. And I just couldn't settle for less.

"As a matter of fact," Joan continued, "I really think it was because I feel so strongly about this that Chuck Saxon, the editor of MODERN SCREEN, asked me to do a teen-age column for this magazine. I'm trying my level best to give good advice to those teen-agers. And where would I be with those kids who say they believe in me if I did anything so irresponsible as getting married now?"

BUT what will happen to Joan if she falls in love?

Joan has been in love. And it is this very fact that makes her afraid of marriage. If this seems ambiguous, listen to the story.

The first time Joan thought she fell in love was with a man 15 years older than she. The psychologists will tell you that this is right on the nose of normal. The Freudian pattern, in a nutshell, is that the young girl, afraid of the parry and thrust of boys her own age, transfers from the security her father has given her to what she thinks is the security of an older man.

The man thought she was a bright child—and so pretty to look at. He flattered her, and teased her, and Joan mistook this for love.

When she learned that he loved her only as a person loves a child, she was emotionally shocked. Joan, like all good actresses, is intense. She felt life was over for her. She felt her youth had betrayed her. She was convinced that she would never smile again; never be interested in anybody else for the rest of her life.

Then one day on the set she was introduced to a boy who had come for an interview with the director. He was tall and young and very charming. He liked Joan immediately. He asked her for a date. Joan found herself laughing with this boy and thinking he was—well—quite cute. For a moment she drew back for a little self analysis. "I must be pretty superficial," she thought. "Why, I'm having fun. I'm laughing. And just a little while ago I was in the throes of an impossible love."

So she had a couple of dates with this boy. He was a young actor and they had a great deal in common. They liked the same movies or they didn't like the same movies. It didn't matter. They could argue about them either way. The older man was forgotten, and Joan found herself with a real crush on the boy.

But, because she believes that a girl who ties herself to one boy until she has known several and has some basis for comparison is foolish, they didn't go steady. So, time, youth, and nature took their course. Nothing climactic, nor dramatic happened. Just eventually she was not in love with the boy any more, although she managed to keep him as a friend.

It was then that Joan began to think. She was sunbathing in the charming patio of her parents' home when she told me about it. "I began to think, then, about marriage and me," she said. "And I thought well, for heaven's sake, if I can fall in and out of love so fast, I'd better wait until I'm sure. I began to wonder what would have happened if I had been able to marry someone I had a crush on—and then didn't have the crush any more. Why, I would be married! What if I fell out of love after I was married! Then where would I find all my plans for making my marriage stick? And that's when I knew that marriage is a grown-up business and that you have to be pretty adult to accept all the responsibilities that go with it."

As she was talking I had forgotten that Joan had her 17th birthday in July. For she was very serious and making very good sense. She sat up straight on the chaise. "There are exceptions, of course," she said. "But look at a lot of Hollywood teen-age marriages. Well, for that matter, look at a lot of teen-age marriages anywhere. How can a teen-ager promise her adult life to a boy or a man until she is adult? Honestly, marriage is the most serious thing in the world. And, believe me, I'm not going into it, even if my parents would let me, until I'm sure it's real and not just a crush. And when you've had a lot of crushes how can you be sure?"

THERE was, of course, the inevitable romantic gossip about Joan and Farley Granger. Never has there been any romance between them. She has gone out with Farley no more than five times. When Joan and Farley met she was a frightened, confused kid. Picture the scene. She was 14 years old, wanting desperately to play the leading role in *Roseanna McCoy*. Farley was already an established star. He wasn't worried about getting his part.

While Joan was making a test for *Roseanna*, suddenly Farley kissed her. She was the most surprised girl in the world. It was part of the scene they were playing, but Joan didn't know until later that the director had told Farley to surprise her.

Well, Farley was charming to Joan all during the filming of *Roseanna McCoy*. Not only did they have a good basis for friendship, but they found they could laugh together at so many things.



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But they have never for a moment been in love. Don't ask Joan why. He is a handsome, exciting young man. Joan is a beautiful girl. But their relationship has been one of friendship only. That's how it is and it could never be any other way.

Same way with Carleton Carpenter—or Carp, as he is known to his friends. Joan said, "I know it's an old gag to say a boy is 'like a brother to me' but I honestly feel as if Carp were my brother." For one thing Carp is very close to Joan's family. When they first met at a square dance Joan said, "You have to meet my mother and father. You'll love them."

He met Joan's parents and, sure enough, he did. He's a real show business kid and likes to gossip about Broadway. Besides, he plays a good game of bridge. One of Joan's complaints is that whenever she brings a new beau home the first question Katherine and Dale ask is, "Do you play bridge?" If the beau says, "Yes," then Joan says, "There goes my evening."

Not only do Carp and Joan have a lot of fun together, they also share confidences. The year before last Carp took Joan to the Academy Awards presentation and they made a date right then for the following year. But a week before the big shindig, Carp said to Joan, "Look, honey, it's been a year since we made this date. If you'd rather go with somebody else, I'll understand."

Joan said, later, "Well, of course, I would rather have gone with Carp than anybody. We had such fun! But honestly did you ever hear of anything so sweet—his letting me off the hook if I wanted to get off it? Now that was a real brotherly thing to do."

One of Joan's favorite phrases is, "I just love So-and-So." But she knows the difference between "loving" and "being in love." "Or do I?" she mused. "Maybe I've never been in love. I don't know."

Whatever it is, at the moment the Number One boy is Lee Kirby. She met Lee when she worked with her dramatic coach, Bob Paris. Lee, although an advertising man, is very much interested in acting and has done little theater work. Joan says, "he's one of the nicest persons I've ever known." Joan and Lee have many things in common. They like to ride horseback and they both crave the beach, and are excellent swimmers.

"But when people ask me if I'm going to marry Lee I have to laugh. Even if we wanted to, how could we? Wouldn't it be foolish if we did? No sir, I'm not getting married until I'm sure.

"And here's something else that you can count on. My statement about marriage is for real. I'm not going to get married until I positively know how I feel and—more important although maybe not so romantic—until I'm sure it's practical."

And that's Joan Evans, sticking her neck out as usual. This time, as always, she's on the level. THE END

(*Joan Evans will soon be seen in* On The Loose.—*Ed.*)

easy money!

The next time somebody tells you a dollar bill is covered with germs, just soy, "Don't be silly . . . not even a germ could live on a dollar these doys." However, germs or no, we think you'd like to have a free dollar on us. So the first 100 of you Modern Screen readers who tell us what you think of this issue will hove eorned yourselves $1.00. All you have to do is read all the stories in this September issue, fill out the questionnaire below—carefully, then send it to us with all possible hoste. We'll send 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we heor from.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second ond third choices. Then let us know what stors you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Anne Baxter—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ Duff's Gone Fishin' (Howard Duff)
- ☐ A Love Like Nancy's (Nancy Sinatra)
- ☐ Sex Is Not Enough! by Lana Turner
- ☐ Hot Copy Coming Up! by Louella Parsons
- ☐ Why Tony and Janet Had to Elope (Curtis-Leigh)
- ☐ They Made Fun of Love (Farley Granger-Shelley Winters)
- ☐ We Swam Our Way To Ciro's
- ☐ The Truth About Hollywood Wolves
- ☐ Marriage and Joan (Joan Evans)
- ☐ Who'd Marry Me? by Marilyn Monroe
- ☐ What I'll Tell My Sons About Women by Kirk Douglas
- ☐ It's Reigning Cats and Dogs
- ☐ Dana Andrews: Problem Father
- ☐ Abba-Dabba-Debbie (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Roy's Ranch (Roy Rogers)
- ☐ Hollywood Fashions for Fall
- ☐ Modern Screen's Hollywood Fashion Party
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stors would you like to reod about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

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What MALE star do you like least?

_____

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hollywood fashion party

(*Continued from page 19*) boxes of Willys of Hollywood hosiery; Cutex nail polish and matching Fire Engine Red lipstick; the new Duolin Enzyme all-purpose face cream; Playtex girdles; Lentheric Red Lilac cologne, and Luciene of Beverly Hills cosmetic preparations and lipsticks. All of these gifts were wrapped up in May Company hat-boxes.

On the sidelines were some of Hollywood's most noted columnists and stars who came to see the show and model the winning selections. Leslie Caron, MGM's new French star, was excitedly telling Jane Greer of her interest in American fashions. And Nancy Davis, Phyllis Kirk and Monica Lewis were in a conference, wondering which dresses they would be wearing.

The show was put on the road—rather around the pool. And as the models appeared, the male members of the board looked somewhat perplexed. "It's hard to decide which to choose," Peter smiled. "The beautiful girls or the beautiful clothes."

"The girls, you fool," McCarthy piped up.

Charlie wasn't much help. A model strolled by wearing a blue and white plaid skirt, white sweater and plaid stole combination. "Ahhhh . . ." murmured Howard Duff in obvious appreciation.

"Huh . . ." replied Charlie. "Take a look at the blonde that's coming our way."

As a matter of fact, Charlie was no help at all. Luncheon was continuous and served between sets by the Brown Derby waitresses in their stiffly starched dresses. "Who can concentrate on food?" Mr. McCarthy remarked. "But I will have another slug of coke, if you please, Bergen."

"Aren't these dresses just a little expensive?" Peter Lawford asked a MODERN SCREEN editor.

Said editor gave him a proud smile. "Frankly, they cost very little. The price range is in a low bracket that all young girls can afford."

"Amazing," said Pete. Then he nodded toward a black net evening gown. "That dress looks like a million dollars."

"So do the rest," added Howard. "And Peter, my boy, if and when I marry, I shall suggest that my wife take a look at the pages of M.S."

THE members of the board stayed deep in thought and their page-size ballots during the show. No one told anyone else which dress he or she was voting a favorite. However, occasionally an unguarded comment such as, "That's lovely," would involuntarily escape Loretta Young's lips.

The ballots were tabulated at the conclusion of the show and everyone anxiously waited to hear the results, and to see the winners modeled by the stars. As it turned out, after the winners were announced, some of the judges wanted to model. Early in the show, Ricardo Montalban had studied one of the outfits and turned to Liz Taylor to tell her how wonderful she'd looked in it. When it was declared a winner, Liz promptly asked if she might try it on.

"May I model the black taffeta?" asked Diana.

"I liked the other black dress," Mona said.

"Poof," said Charlie. "You haven't lived till you've seen my new outfit."

"Just a minute, Charlie," Bergen told him. "We'll model later. Right now I've duties to perform as landlord and host."

CHARLIE and Edgar had identical dress suits, but no one noticed that until Edgar toured the lawn to make sure the guests were having a fine time.

"Some view you have here," said a columnist.

Bergen smiled, and pointed out into space, where you could glimpse John Barrymore's former estate, "Chinatown Settlement." "See that tree?" he asked. There was a tree all right, but it had only a few branches.

"John was a great hunter," replied Bergen, "and he shot off the branches with his deer rifle."

All talk of far-away scenery was forgotten when the girls came out in the winning dresses. Nancy Davis wore the black net formal. Diana Lynn was in the black taffeta. Liz Taylor looked like at least a hundred thousand in the outfit she'd chosen. Jane Greer wore a red corduroy dress with matching accessories. Peter Lawford was admiring Phyllis Kirk in a smart grey suit. And on into the afternoon . . . Dresses weren't the only winners, though. The MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board gave special awards to *Cutex*: "For fashion in color, excellence in quality and popular price;" *Playtex*: "For the most revolutionary girdles in a decade —power control with action freedom;" *Willys of Hollywood*: "For excellence in the design of hosiery. First—Stockings for the Stars—and now for the women of America."

The women of America don't have to go to Paris any more. THE END

(*Ricardo Montalban can be seen in* Across The Wide Missouri, *Walter Pidgeon in* Thin Knife, *and Peter Lawford in* Just This Once.—*Ed.*)



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(*Continued from page 59*)

two-to-one over such peculiar choices as hamsters and possums, although the cats might not have been doing so well if it weren't for James Mason's much-publicized crew jogging the ratio. In fact, Hollywood's taste in pets is all-embracing, covering chimpanzees, ponies, camels, one alligator and an armadillo. The late John Barrymore was deeply fond of an aged and incredibly ugly vulture but when he found it sitting on the foot of his bed eying him speculatively during one of his serious illnesses, Barrymore expelled it in a fit of rage.

But dogs are king, and nowhere are they more widely and dotingly maintained than here in Hollywood.

In other parts of the country it is possible to keep pets without being suspected of anything more than normal humanitarianism, but not here. Indeed, a Los Angeles psychologist solemnly explained not long ago that with stars, keeping pets is a compulsion, for their egos must feed on the mute devotion of animals.

One famous actress took the trouble to refute this psychologist pretty thoroughly.

"If you want to go into it on a clinical basis," she said, "it may be principally that we're lonely. I don't really want to make it clinical. I've never tried to analyze it. If I'd been asked offhand, I just would have said that we like pets, the way other people do. But now that you've brought it up, it definitely isn't ego. Our egos are saturated as it is. You can get terribly lonely in the midst of friends—*if* they're friends—whose motives you're never quite sure of. You know, it's the same as a wealthy person living behind a protective armor of distrust. But a pet just loves you because you're you. He doesn't want anything except to eat and play and stay alive. He doesn't know you're a star and he doesn't care, and he wouldn't know a house in Beverly Hills from a shanty. If you were washed up tomorrow, your friends wouldn't know your name, but your pets—they'd still be there."

ALTHOUGH, nationally, cocker spaniels seem to have taken over the No. 1 spot in public dog fancy, they do not rate better than fifth in Hollywood. According to a loose survey conducted recently, the stars prefer in order, boxers, French poodles, collies, police dogs, cockers, and dachshunds.

Among the more ardent boxer devotees are the Alan Ladds, who keep two in their West Los Angeles home and seven (at last count) at their ranch. They are enamored in particular of an aging, heroic female named Jezebel.

Jezebel, Ladd sadly calculates, may not be long for this earth due to her zeal for biting automobile tires while the tire is doing 50 miles an hour. But so long as Jezebel is around, she gets the triple-A treatment with horsemeat on the side.

It was Jezebel, who saw a delivery truck backing in the Ladds' drive while the Ladds' little daughter Alana stood gravely in its path looking the wrong way.

Jezebel did all that she could. She bounded into the child, knocked her clear and took the blow herself. By the time Ladd got her to the vet's she was as close to dead as a live dog can be, and she will never be in fighting trim again. But that has not stopped her where tires are involved. She can bite tires standing still but she prefers them on the wing, and if one of these days she tackles the enemy head-on instead of from the flank, Jezebel's chances of a clean-cut decision will be very bad.

Jezebel's masters served interne duty at the arrival of Macdonald Carey's water-spaniel. Neither mother nor pup needed medical assistance, but Carey did.

Word of the pup's arrival reached Carey at the Ladd ranch. And inasmuch as he'd been anticipating the event for some time and was duly joyous, he leaped into the air and continued straight on up until he met a rafter, at which point he naturally started down. He came down for a long time as unconscious as anyone ever gets, and had to be given scalp first-aid by his hosts before being rushed to a hospitial for minor surgery. The spaniel shortly was named Stitch.

Stitch, according to his bemused master, has put a most fearful dent in the theory that Dogs Always Know. Stitch likes burglars and does not care a hoot for many kindly, upright, and dog-loving visitors who come to the Careys' bearing him bones. (He doesn't like bones. He likes Royal Crown Cola and chocolate eclairs.) Stitch adores the furtive type of gentlemen interested in selling Carey salted gold mines, but he has an antipathy toward powerful executives interested in furthering Carey's career. Stitch doesn't bite but there is still a vague suspicion chez Carey that the hand that feeds him had better be quick.

"The only time Stitch ever got real enthusiastic about me," says Carey, "was when I was playing heavy parts and came home bearded and skulking like the dog of a rustler I was. He loved me then. If a prowler ever does get into the house, Stitch is going to give him coffee and sandwiches, show him the key to the silverware and slip him the name of a good fence. *Whose* best friend, I ask you?"

Eve Arden, who wears a short cropped haircut . . . goes to the same hairdresser who does Joan Crawford's French poodle, Cliquot.
Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

Carey's problems are not unlike those of Doris Day, the proud but puzzled possessor of two black poodles named Beanie and Smudgy. Beanie, who hasn't the faintest idea he's a dog, eats oranges whenever he can get into striking position at his owners' modest grove, whereas Smudgy has developed a violent anti-social bent. Smudgy likes nothing quite so much as snubbing Marty Melcher, Miss Day's husband who adores him; jumping happily on the laps of guests who break out into nervous scrofula at any proximity to a dog, and wrecking the silk-lined antiques the Melchers lately have acquired. He is likewise devoted to soaking his feet in motor oil against the day when someone will turn up in a white flannel suit.

YET some feel that the mantle of dog's most tireless martyr belongs rightfully to Victor Mature, who is stubbornly infatuated with an obese German shepherd named Nicky.

Nicky has never yet been booked for forgery, embezzlement or assault with a blunt weapon, but she has been jugged so often that the local pound officials are thinking of giving her a monthly rate. The charge generally is running around without a muzzle, but not long ago she faced the stiffest rap yet: she was said to have bitten the postman. The postman so said. There were added mutterings that Nicky had long taken a dim view toward uniforms and their wearers, notably police, postmen and commissioned officers.

Mature was outraged. He invited all and sundry to behold the riot of Nicky being systematically pulled apart by the neighborhood children, an ordeal to which she does indeed submit with boundless tolerance. And for a while the day was saved.

Among the more harassed owners of small-fry dogs these days is Ava Gardner, whose Welsh Corgi puppy, Rags, has established squatter's rights to a pair of silver evening slippers Miss Gardner had always figured were hers. An absurb idea. The thing began one night as Miss Gardner was about to set sail for an opening and couldn't find the sandals anywhere. It wasn't until the next day that they turned up in Rags' bachelor suite in the backyard. Patiently they were restored to a closet and just as patiently Rags preempted them again. There is nothing furtive about the thefts. Rags simply drags the shoes one at a time through the house, caches them in his own joint and then sits on them. Won't go near any other article of the boss's apparel. It's silver slippers or nothing.

John Agar's poodle, Ragmop, has a bit of larceny in him, too, although his heart's in the right place. He's forever delivering toys to Agar, whose only problem after that is finding out which of the neighbors' children the toys belong to and returning them with apologies.

You can say this much for Ragmop, however: his besetting vice is not vanity, which is nice going for a poodle. If there's any object in the world Ragmop regards with undisguised fear and loathing, it's the four-legged black party in the mirror. The most casual glimpse of himself is enough to scare Ragmop for hours.

IN HOLLYWOOD as elsewhere, multiplication of pets is not the sole monopoly of rabbits.

Anne Baxter's poodle Shoofly once populated Anne's tiny apartment beyond all reason. Anne and her husband John Hodiak were waiting to move into a house under construction, but there was plenty of room and no hurry.

Then all of a sudden it wasn't like that at all. Shoofly startled everybody, including herself, by becoming the proud mother of six.

Compared to Gregory Peck's two white police dogs, however, Shoofly was simply indulging in light exercise. Greg's dogs have developed the cordial habit of delivering litters of 12 and 13 at a time at fairly regular intervals. It got so people couldn't ask Mr. Peck for the time of day without being offered as many white police dogs as they could carry.

Although in Hollywood, properly cared for pets are often expensive to maintain, the cruelest single economic blow of the year thus far probably fell to Mitzi Gaynor, who acquired for $14.14 an intriguing animal believed to be half beagle and half buffalo. For a good many weeks Miss Gaynor was patrolling the lot chortling over the bargain and decrying the foolishness of laying down large sums of money for purebreds. Then one dark day the beagalo, to dignify it with a kennel name, came down with distemper. The vet's bill: $120.

Once in a while a Hollywood animal, as in the case of Lassie, Leo, and the cat Rhubarb, will pay a modest return on its investment, but the stars themselves have had very little luck in this respect.

Betty Grable, for instance, has a French poodle named Punkin' whom she trained assiduously not to bark on the set, inasmuch as poodles that *do* bark on the set are not looked on with any more favor than Bright's disease. But then came a mildly momentous day when the script called for a French poodle named Punkin' (or anything else) to come through a door and bark. Just like that, Miss Grable turned into an agent and Punkin' was coerced through the door as the cameras rolled. But bark? Fat chance. Punkin' knew only one score on that subject and it was the wrong one.

Joan Crawford's toy poodle Cliquot is set-trained, too, as is Linda Darnell's

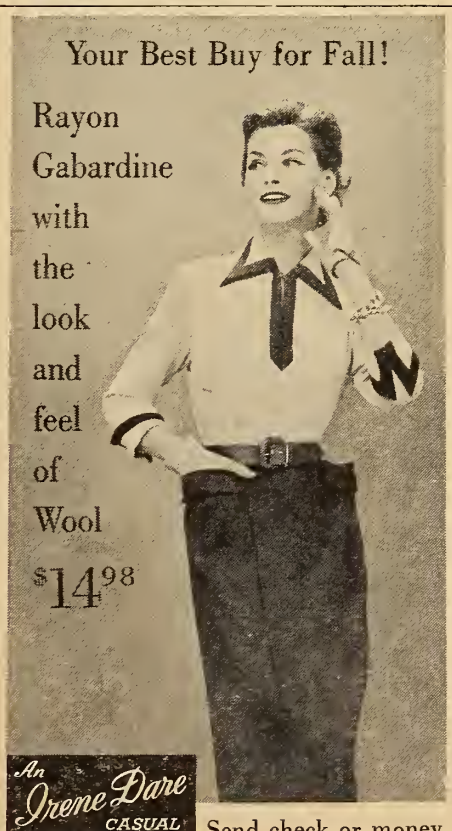


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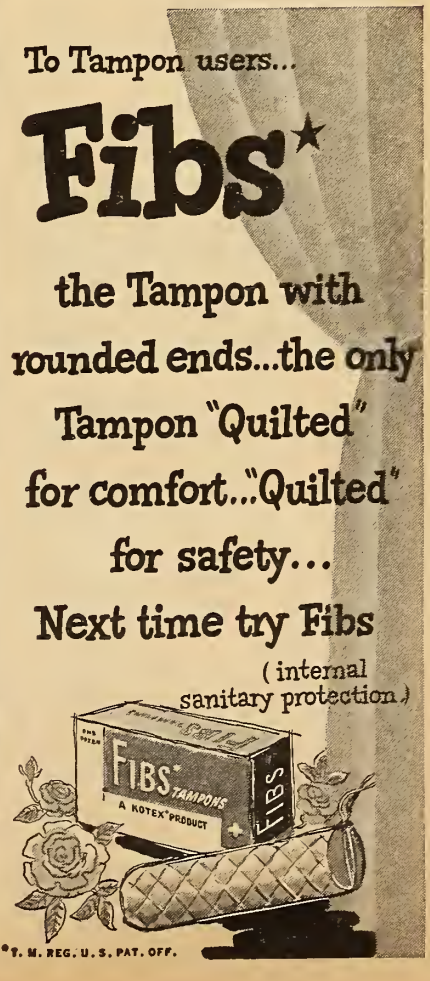
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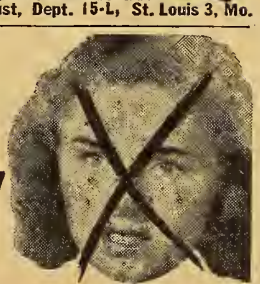
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Schnoopsi, a dachshund with a great fancy for green sweaters. Schnoopsi, however, is not much of a hand with a knitting needle so Miss Darnell, while she was Mrs. Peverell Marley, was ever the one for grinding out tiny garments on the set and answering lots of foolish questions.

The era of the Russian wolfhound and the leashed leopard is dead so far as Hollywood is concerned, although Betty Hutton did come up lately with a lamb. And very recently, there's been a move toward huskies, the wonderful Eskimo dogs that can be bred to great gentleness and appalling size.

On the whole, though, Hollywood's dogs and cats are like everyone else's—purebred or haphazard. Siamese, Persian and Angora dominate the cat element, but there are more than enough alleys to go around. And for the aristocrats, there's a Motel for Cats out on Ventura Boulevard.

No amount of trouble, expense or patience is too much for the stars to make sure their adored animals are healthy and comfortable. Special doors are cut within doors to allow untrammeled comings and goings. Bronze plates are affixed to baronial entranceways for scratching purposes. And there is a thriving turnover in dog and cat gadgets, including pillows, special hammocks and fur-lined catnip bags.

Let a cat cry or a dog hiccup and you have a million dollars' worth of concentrated glamor throwing the mink coat on over the silk pajamas, and steering the Jaguar straight for the vet's. The veterinarians in Hollywood are prosperous fellows indeed.

For it seems that Hollywood is in love with the animal kingdom—large, small or in-between. And happily enough, the animal kingdom returns the compliment.

THE END

dana andrews: problem parent

(*Continued from page 61*) followed by three low keys, made a bow and walked into the wings.

While Dana sat flabbergasted, a small girl with a violin took her place on the stage. No sooner had she drawn her bow over the strings than David was heard to inquire in a loud voice, "How do you play that thing?"

In much haste and in mild confusion Dana rushed backstage to retrieve his son.

Dana's next child was Kathy. Dana was delighted to have a daughter, for he himself had been overwhelmed by seven brothers. He prepared himself studiously for a personality like David's, but Kathy evolved into a shy and self-conscious girl.

"Now what do we do about *her?*" he wondered.

Kathy went through her early years as though the weight of the world were on her shoulders. She studied hard, and was often on the honor roll. And if David weren't David, he would have been shamed by her report cards.

"Why are you always at me to do my homework?" he asked Dana. "You're always telling Kathy to *stop* studying. I don't get it."

"If you were more like Kathy—" Dana began, but he gave up.

However, now that she's eight, Kathy has developed a delightful sense of humor. When Dana went to England to make a picture he took his entire clan along, and Kathy was captivated by the accent of the English children. Dana took her to see an Edgar Kennedy comedy one night. In this epic, Mr. Kennedy was having a hard time laying linoleum on his kitchen floor. After the linoleum had rolled back and whipped him in the breeches, Kathy leaned toward her father.

"My," she said in clipped British tones, "isn't he a mad fellow?"

STEVEN was number three in the Andrews family. He came along 11 years after David, and much to Dana's chagrin is a born athlete. Watching a football game was fine, but after 12 hours' work at the studio Dana wasn't ready to kick a pigskin around the back yard.

"Why not, Daddy?" Steven wanted to know. "David told me you used to play with *him.*"

"That was a dozen years ago, Son," Dana told him. "It's something you wouldn't understand. Now, how about a game of croquet?"

Steven was three years old when Susan was born and he didn't take kindly to the idea of a new baby around the house. His limelight was shattered, and to focus attention on himself he reverted to baby talk.

"Why can't one boy be like the other?" Dana wanted to know.

David had never talked baby talk. There was the time when he was not quite three and a strange woman had approached him on the street, cooing unintelligibly at him.

"You'll have to speak more distinctly," said David. "I can't understand you."

Now here was Steven at three, talking like a mere infant.

"He'll get over it," Mary said. "Just pay more attention to him and less to the baby."

Dana took her advice, and concentrated on Steven to such an extent that he didn't realize there was a hellion in the house. This was Susan, who hasn't a shy or inhibited bone in her small body. David asks for things and accepts the answer one way or another; Kathy coaxes and weedles; Steven uses logic; but Susan—she just stands up and demands things. Dana's reasoning goes over her head like a flying saucer, and in all probability she considers him the man who never, never says yes.

Even Kathy, who has taken over as a lead mare with the two younger children and repeats Dana's lectures verbatim, is unable to convince Susan of the sanity of being deprived of something. And if Kathy can't do it, no one can, for in the circle of her own family her self-consciousness disappears and she bosses the children like a construction foreman.

Their respective opinions of Dana are different, but they agree in one instance. They think he's too stern. Dana says maybe he is, but his own father was a Baptist minister who brooked no shenanigans from his offspring. Dana feels that discipline never hurt a child.

"CAN I go out with the fellows tonight?" David wants to know.

"Where are you going?" asks Dana.

"Oh—around."

"No, you can't go."

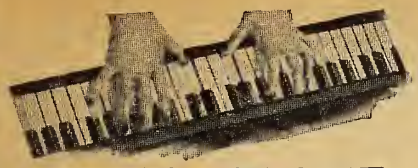
"But gee whiz, Dad, why not?"

"Because I don't want you floating around a city where you can get into all sorts of trouble. I want to know where you are."

"But Dad, just because we go out at night doesn't mean we're a wolf pack!"

"Tell me where you'll be, and you can go," says Dana. And that is that.

Dana has been strict in the matter of allowances According to the books, this training is supposed to teach a child the value of a dollar. It taught David nothing. His interest runs to radios and recording machines, anything with a motor, anything, Dana says, that is expensive. David thinks



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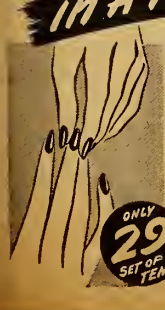
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nothing of requesting $200 from his father. He never gets it, but he doesn't give up trying. When he had his heart set on a motor scooter, he had a proposition ready that he figured would melt Dana.

"I want the scooter," he said, "so if you'll throw in a little something, I'll take a paper route to make up the rest."

"What do you consider a 'little something'?" asked Dana.

"Well, if you'll throw in $100, I can make the other $50 within two months."

"Very interesting," said Dana. "You go right ahead with your paper route, and figure you'll have the scooter in six months."

David's latest yen is a pipe organ. Dana likes to encourage his love of music, but he feels that a few thousand dollars is an intensely unreasonable request. So even though David can play an organ, and play it well, he is confining his music at home to the piano.

Music is one thing that father and son have in common. Both like symphonic music, but David gets carried away by be-bop, too. "I don't get it," Dana says.

"You're not hep, Dad. You've got to have wheels."

"Wheels?" asks Dana, confounded.

And when David tunes in his short wave set and gets a dreamy sentimental tune, he says, "Boy, listen to that make-out music."

"What," says Dana, "is make-out music?"

"For make-out. You know—pitch woo—I guess you used to call it necking."

There is something about children, Dana feels, that makes you wonder if you're old before your time. There was the night he was amusing some of David's schoolmates by telling them of his own experiences at school. They listened appreciatively for a while and then one of them piped up, "Gee, Mr. Andrews, how can you *remember* all that?"

David has been on the receiving end of long talks about the feminine half of the populace, but the advice didn't sink in at first. Once he brought home a teen-ager about whom Dana still groans. "A real tomato," he says in an unfatherly way. David didn't appreciate his father's criticism until this particular tomato relieved him of two months' allowance in one short afternoon. Now he agrees that Dana's advice about women is 'pretty good.' Nevertheless, Dana is happy that his son attends a boys' school. "There are no girls available at Webb," he says with great glee. And David throws him a dark look.

Steven and Susan are too busy vying with each other to pay any attention to the opposite sex, but Kathy's interest is blithely fickle and frank. Every two weeks she comes home filled with admiration about a different boy at school. Her rapturous descriptions leave her two brothers openly disgusted.

The quartet has been made quite aware of proper social behavior—so acutely aware that Dana has decided not to show any of his movies at home any more. In the last movie he screened for the family, he made a rather definite pass at Susan Hayward. There was a sharp intake of breath from the three youngest, and Steven let go with a shocked, "Oh—*Daddy!*"

With the exception of David, they are all too young to realize that their father is a movie star, and Dana worries that it might affect them through the warped attitude of other children. So far, it hasn't affected Steven, who told Dana recently that he considers him almost as good as Tim McCoy. And it certainly hasn't affected David, who passes his days attired in a disreputable pair of levi trousers, a costume which irks the naturally neat Dana.

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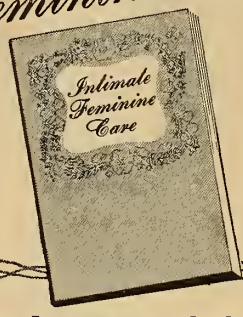
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"What's the matter with levis?" David demands. "All the guys wear them."

"Do all the guys wear them so low that they look as though they're going to fall off? And what about your hair? There's a year's growth there. They *do* have a barber at Webb, don't they?"

When David sheds his levis, he usually makes a trip to Dana's wardrobe closet, with the result that Dana never can find the exact slacks or tie he wants. Most of his favorite articles are in David's locker at school.

Steven's problem is that he goes at everything like a house afire, and then he slows down to an almost complete stop. In the morning he takes a flying leap out of bed, races to the shower, and then dawdles until he's late for breakfast. The other morning he had just managed to get downstairs when the horn of the school bus sounded outside the house.

"But my waffle!" he moaned. "I want my waffle!"

"That's just too bad," said his father. "The next morning we have waffles, you'd better get dressed faster."

THAT the foursome has spirit is undisputed. Take Dana at home after an average day at the studio. David wants to talk about a second-hand power boat he saw somewhere for a mere pittance, and the three youngest are clamoring at Dana's feet for some romping.

"Not now, kids," Dana says. "I'm too tired." But after he's taken a short nap and had dinner, they're at him again.

Kathy goes for his shoulders, Susan latches on to his trouser legs, and Steven runs for the boxing gloves. Then they all start pleading for a camping trip, knowing that if they can once get him to promise, they'll certainly go, for Dana never breaks his word to them.

When playtime is over, Dana points to the array of toys on the floor. "All right. Now everybody clean up his own mess."

Kathy and Steven simultaneously point to small Susan. "She did it," they chorus, and Dana delivers another lecture.

Dinner time is chaotic at the Andrews' house. The only distinguishable conversation consists mostly of Dana's voice booming out over the babble. "Quiet! QUIET!"

David came home the other day after six weeks at school and put in his first appearance before the family at the dinner table. On his upper lip was a rim of soft brown fuzz which was losing its battle to resemble a moustache. Dana took one look and was about to offer a suggestion about razors, but the three youngsters saved him the trouble. They greeted their big brother with hoots of derision. David shaved as soon as he'd finished his dessert.

After the kids were in bed, Dana put down his book and looked at Mary. "You know," he said, "I think I'll relax from now on. It's beginning to dawn on me that they can all train each other." THE END

(Dana Andrews will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's The Frog Men.*—Ed.)*

a love like nancy's

(Continued from page 31) They talked then about the children, the house, the financial settlement—but they carefully avoided the subject of Ava Gardner.

"After all," said Nancy, "I felt that I had no right to ask him *why* he wanted his freedom. It was none of my business. My business is looking after our three children."

There has been much gossip and many stories about Nancy Sinatra's refusal to



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give Frank a divorce. All of it has been completely false.

"The first time he came to see me," Nancy says, "and asked for his freedom, I gave it willingly. What I would not do, what I could not do, was discuss divorce with Frank over the long-distance phone. It was too important a subject. It involved not only our personal lives but the lives of our children."

SEVERAL times during the past year, especially after Ava had flown to New York to see him, Frank had phoned Nancy from the Hampshire House or The Drake.

"Want to talk about a divorce," Frank would say. Ava, sitting across the room, would wait expectantly, only to watch Frank put down the phone receiver in disappointment.

Sensible Nancy, gallant Nancy just would not discuss divorce on the telephone. He would have to call on her in person.

Until this May, Frank Sinatra never did. Thousands of fans wrote Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons demanding to know why Nancy wouldn't give Frank a divorce.

"Is it because of her religion?" they asked. "Is she just being spiteful? Is it out of sheer meanness?"

These were the uninformed, the misguided, the Sinatra fans, the Gardner hopefuls. These were the people who thought they knew all there was to know about the triangle—and yet, knew nothing.

Nancy was never spiteful or mean. Maybe way back when Frank was guilty of his first indiscretions—maybe then, she had felt slighted, cast aside, and bitter. But not during the past five years.

She and Frank had separated previously. She knew all about Frank's infatuation for Lana Turner, his pursuit of Judy Garland; but she knew, too, that he was basically a kind man, that his talent for entertainment was tremendous, that the children loved him deeply. And she accepted him as he was with all his obvious weaknesses and his many strengths.

She did this because she loved him. As any honest man in the entertainment world will tell you, Frank's greatest strength, in his meteoric rise as a crooner, was the simple and honest love of Nancy Sinatra. In all his moments of defeat, and despair—she stood by to give him courage.

She felt always that he was a wandering little boy, and that like most truants he would eventually straggle home.

"When he is all through playing around," she once said, "when no one else wants him, I will take him back."

Nancy felt that time, and the children, and the marital memories, mostly the memories, were on her side, and would weigh heavily in Frank's mind. She thought that try as he might, he would never forget them, and they would always bring him back.

After all, hadn't she and Frank grown up together? Wasn't it she who was earning $20 a week at the American Type Founders in Elizabeth when Frank was singing at the Rustic Cabin outside of Englewood for $15 a week?

Wasn't it she who told him to go on the road with Harry James, and not to worry about her even though she was pregnant? Because $65 a week was better than $15.

Wasn't it she who rented the cute little apartment in Jersey City with the furniture they paid for on time? And that Christmas when there wasn't any money in the house and Frank was deathly ill in Cleveland, wasn't it she who sent him a pair of gloves with a dollar bill stuffed in each finger?

When Frank got the gift he cried like a baby. And years later, he said, "There I was 600 miles away from the girl I loved, alone and sick and dying—and then this thoughtful gift came. Somehow I knew I'd just have to get well and work for my Nancy and make her proud of me. And by heaven, I did! My temperature began to fall, and in the morning I was my old self once more."

AVA may have Frankie now, but Nancy still has those unforgettable memories—of Frank's triumphs, of his amazing growth from a kid who collected bottles for the deposit money to a singer who collects $10,000 a week and up.

Neither Nancy nor Frank can ever forget that year when he was all of 25 and earning $4,500 a week at the New York Paramount. That was the year Frank bought a little house for Nancy and his daughter in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. It was a cute little Cape Cod cottage, located at 220 Lawrence Avenue, and it was the first house they'd ever owned.

That, too, was the year Frank bought Nancy an engagement ring. "I was too poor to buy her one at the time of our engagement," Frank explained, "so I made it up to her. I also bought her a fur coat."

Nancy realized almost two years ago that these memories, in the final analysis, were not strong enough to bring Frank home. At that time, Frank packed a wardrobe trunk, moved out of his house into his office, and began presenting Ava Gardner with a dazzling assortment of gifts ranging from diamonds to a spinet piano.

Betty Hutton can't tolerate the tick-tock of a clock anywhere in her bedroom. On the other hand she is vastly soothed by the assorted and unpredictable noises emanating from a sound box on her bedside table, which amplifies every pin-drop in her little daughters' nursery.

Dorothy Kilgallen in The Journal-American

For a while, Nancy hoped that this would prove to be a short-lived infatuation. It wasn't. It was the real McCoy. Ava had made sure of that.

She wasn't walking out on a limb. She wanted Frank's definite assurance that he and Nancy were contemplating a divorce or a legal separation.

Ava Gardner is an honorable girl. She made it unmistakably clear to Frank that she would never come between a man and his wife. This romance had to be for keeps.

Frank assured Ava that it was. He had his lawyers draw up a legal separation document. Nancy signed it at once, because that's what Frank wanted.

There are some persons who, knowing Frank well, say that he used the legal separation as a device to test his love for Ava and vice versa; to see if their feelings for each other would continue the same if both were free.

That Frank is madly in love with Ava at this writing there can be no doubt. In his diary, 1951 will go down as the year of trans-continental commuting. Every Saturday night, after his television show in New York was over, Frank would dash to La Guardia Airport and catch the American Airlines Mercury to Los Angeles.

"It got so," one airline stewardess reported, "that we looked on him as a homing pigeon."

Once in California, Frank would rush to Ava's house or they would meet at Palm Springs, but always they were together.

A few weeks before she started to work with Clark Gable on *Lone Star,* Ava flew to New York to visit Frank. At the time, she'd been going with him over a year.

Ava asked Frank how good the chances were of his (*Continued on page 101*)



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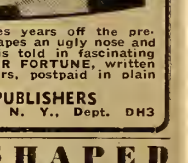


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(*Continued from page 99*) getting that divorce they had talked so much about.

Frank said he had spoken to Nancy on the phone and that Nancy had refused to discuss the subject.

Ava was insistent. Why didn't Frank fly to the Coast and talk to Nancy about it? After all, Nancy was a reasonable woman. Ava had met her some years before at a party in the Sinatra house. Nancy seemed to have hundreds of friends. Surely, such a sweet, friendly person couldn't be unreasonable?

Frank said he knew Nancy better than anyone in the world, and that he would handle the problem in his own way. Ava and Frank quarreled, and Ava flew back to the Coast.

AVA had endangered her career to fall in love with Frank. She had ignored the counsel of her best friends. If Frank made no effort to marry her, she'd seem to be a silly person who had let her heart rule her head.

It wasn't only public opinion that made Ava fly back in a huff. Ava will be 30 years old this Christmas. More than anything else in life, she wants a family. She is willing to give up her career for a successful marriage. She feels strongly that she and Frank can love each other happily ever after. Only they'd best get a legal start in a hurry.

Back in Hollywood, she began dating Howard Duff again, a titled English visitor, and a few of the local boys.

Quicker than you could say Jack Frost, the news wafted back to Frankie Sinatra ensconced in the Hotel Drake, New York. Frank taxied out to La Guardia and caught the first plane to Hollywood, where he joined Ava on the set of *Lone Star* and lunched with her at the commissary.

He told Ava that he was going to ask Nancy for a divorce.

True to his word, he did, and Nancy agreed to give it to him. The announcement made headlines in June.

If the divorce is obtained in California, one year will have to elapse before it becomes final, and Frank can marry again.

If the divorce is obtained in Nevada, a Gardner-Sinatra wedding is a distinct possibility by October of this year.

Nancy Sinatra says she will do everything she possibly can, "to make things happy for everyone. I feel absolutely no bitterness," she repeats. "Frank has had his freedom for some time now, and what he does is his business alone. He is a wonderful person, and while I don't know Miss Gardner, I'm sure she is, too. I have lived in Hollywood for years and I've only heard the very best spoken about her.

"With all my heart, I wish the both of them only happiness."

A love like Nancy's is rare, indeed.

THE END

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Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Barbara Dahm's Toni (on the right) with her sister Beverly's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.



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"At curtain time my hair must shine — so I shampoo with Drene!"

SAYS BETTY GILLETT,
RISING STAR OF BROADWAY



"I MAKE SURE MY HAIR'S DAZZLING *eight shows a week—I shampoo with Drene!" says pretty Betty Gillett, of the Broadway hit South Pacific. "I love the sheen I get with Drene! Being a blonde, I shampoo often—every five days—so Drene's gentleness is a must for me. In fact," Betty says . . .*

"I COULD SHAMPOO EVERY DAY *because Drene never dries out my hair!" The glowing, natural softness of Betty's hair owes much to Drene, with its Conditioning Action. "No other shampoo leaves my hair so well behaved, so shining," she says. "Make Drene your shampoo— and you'll shine, too!"*

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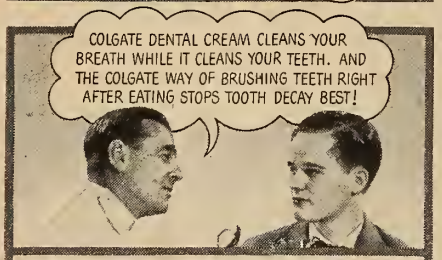


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You'll star in his eyes...
with **Drene-shine** in your hair!







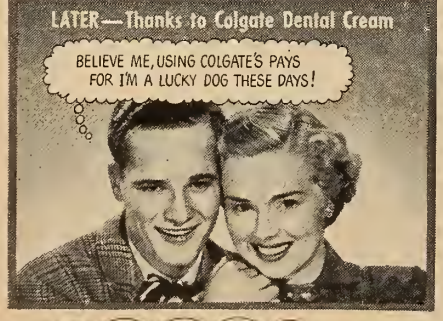
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

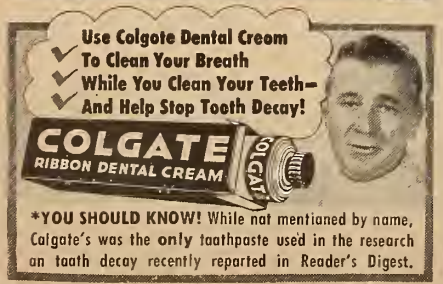
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LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

OCTOBER, 1951

modern screen

A SPECIAL REPORT ON HOLLYWOOD HONEYMOONERS:

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Adventures of an Ex G. I.
in Gay Paree!

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The gorgeous showgirl spectacle of "Stairway To Paradise"... artists and models at the Art Students Ball... 80-piece orchestra in Gershwin's Concerto... the world of Paris art glorified in the American In Paris Ballet!

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HEAR! EMBRACEABLE YOU ★ 'S WONDERFUL ★ BY STRAUSS ★ LOVE IS HERE TO STAY ★ I GOT RHYTHM ★ *And other Gershwin hits!*



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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Has Clark Gable been dating anyone since his divorce from Sylvia Ashley?
—G. W., Evansville, Indiana

A. *Elaine White, a secretary in the legal department at MGM, also his former girl friend, Virginia Grey.*

Q. Is there a feud between Bette Davis and Celeste Holm?
—R. T., Denver, Col.

A. *They were none too friendly when they both starred in* All About Eve.

Q. Is it true that Scott Brady is one of the wealthiest young actors in Hollywood? —T. Y., Pawtucket, R. I.

A. *Brady recently declared bankruptcy.*

Q. I understand that a few weeks ago David Wayne and a party of friends were arrested at the bullfights in Tia Juana, Mexico. Is this true or a publicity stunt? —B. S., Boston, Mass.

A. *Wayne was not arrested. A Hollywood agent sitting alongside Wayne, tossed a pillow into the ring and was apprehended by the Mexican police. For $25 Wayne secured the agent's release.*

Q. If Judy Garland and Sid Luft aren't man and wife, how come they traveled all over Europe together this past Summer? —S. O., Lewiston, Idaho

A. *Luft went along as Judy's business manager. When Judy's divorce is final, he will undoubtedly progress to husband.*

Q. How come Betty Grable, Lana Turner, and Judy Garland add so much weight when they're not making pictures? —V. C., Toronto, Can.

A. *They love to eat.*

Q. Does Lana Turner plan to adopt any more children? —A. O., Chapel, N. C.

A. *Lana will adopt one or two providing Topping gives his okay.*

Q. Will Larry Parks and Betty Garrett ever again make motion pictures?
—K. P., Ft. Worth, Tex.

A. *No one knows at this time.*

Q. Wasn't Mrs. Alan Ladd, the former Sue Carol, married to actor Nick Stuart? What is Stuart doing now?
—M. H., Laurel, Miss.

A. *Yes, she was. Stuart is now an orchestra leader.*

Q. Is Audie Murphy an orphan? Doesn't he have a father somewhere?
—V. S., New Orleans, La.

A. *Murphy's mother died about 10 years ago. His father, now re-married, is currently employed as a caretaker at Echo Lake on the North-South Expressway outside of Ft. Worth.*

Q. I understand that Gary Cooper's fondness for Pat Neal is not the first of his little escapades. Wasn't he sweet on Ingrid Bergman when they made *For Whom the Bell Tolls?*
—B. B., Butte, Montana

A. *So, too, was writer Ernest Hemingway. Many men have been attracted to Ingrid Bergman.*

Q. Is it true as I read in a column that Harry James, Betty Grable's husband, is the great grandson of the outlaw, Jesse James? —Y. E., Oakland, Calif.

A. *It's not true.*

Q. Every year, for the past three years, Shelley Winters seems to be getting younger. In 1948, I read that she was 27. Now, I read that she's only 24. Isn't she pretty close to 30?
—M. R., Las Vegas, Nevada

A. *Yes.*

Q. Are such pictures as *Valentino* and *Caruso* true stories? Are they accurate biographies? —D. G., Tucson, Ariz.

A. *They are not accurate biographies, although there is some truth in them. They are made primarily to entertain, not inform.*

Q. Since his divorce, what has Jeff Chandler been doing?
—S. A., Richfield, Utah

A. *He's been making films, dating Ann Sheridan, and others.*

Q. Why won't Bing Crosby let any of his boys star in a movie?
—S. I., Rome, N. Y.

A. *He will when they finish college. Not before.*

THIS IS A PICTURE OF A **GUY** MAKING LOVE?

(That's what he thinks!)

THIS IS A PICTURE OF A **DOLL** TAKING OVER!

(As every woman knows!)







He has a girl...a date at the altar...and a radio program! She's got a program that's older than Eve's!





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"How can a girl send $100 a week home on a $50-a-week salary?

"This is the story of Operation Mink --and how to get one! (Never mind the gag about how the minks get them!)"

Did Nancy Sinatra have a nervous breakdown? . . . Big doings at Barbara Stanwyck's surprise party . . . Johnny Johnston and Kathryn Grayson settle divorce squabbles.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Clork Goble steered cleor of heort interests when he went to the *Show Boat* opening. He orrived with close friends, the Wayne Griffins.



Newlyweds Janet Leigh ond Tony Curtis joined Hollywood's procession to the Egyption Theoter for the golo premiere of MGM's *Show Boat.*

THE RUMOR had swept Hollywood that Nancy Sinatra had suffered a complete nervous breakdown. They said that Nancy had gone all to pieces after making the big decision to give Frank his freedom via the divorce courts.

I've just talked with Nancy—and here is exactly what she told me:

"I've had severe palpitations of the heart. Naturally, I was worried. My doctor put me to bed and told me to stay there until necessary tests could be made.

"Louella, it was a happy day for me when the report came back that there is nothing organically wrong with my heart. My trouble stems from nervous indigestion. All I need is rest—and, well, just not to be nervous."

Nancy laughed, "So I'm just going along trying to be Little Miss Sunshine taking everything easy."

I think it is a wonderful thing that any bitterness there might have been between Nancy and Frank at the time of their porting is now a thing of the past.

Ever since Frankie has been on the Coast making *Meet Danny Wilson* with Shelley Winters, he frequently stops by his former home to visit his children whom he adores.

Sometimes he stays on for dinner with the kids. On these occasions, Nancy usually dines with Barbara Stanwyck or Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis.

But several times, she has cooked the spaghetti Frankie Boy loves so much just the way he used to like it—before leaving the house.

When she and Sinatra do come face to face—it is always very cordial and friendly and they chat about their three youngsters.

Speaking of Nancy—she got out of a sickbed to play hostess at a surprise birthday party honoring her best gal-pal, Barbara Stanwyck.

The first gift Barbara opened was from Bob Taylor who had left it with Nancy before he left for London.

It was a diamond-heart on a platinum chain for the wrist copied after a larger diamond pin Bob had given Barbara several years ago.

The Joe Cottens gave "Missy" Stanwyck a gold lipstick case.

Mary (Mrs. Jack) Benny gifted her with a diamond-topped swizzle stick—a little gadget to stir all the bubbles out of champagne.

The most amusing gift was from Loretta Young and Tom Lewis who gave an Insomnia Kit with eye and ear pads and lots of other things to help Barbara, a famed insomnia-sufferer, get her needed rest.

DON'T be discouraged all you 'teenagers who have fallen for Carlton Carpenter, new sub-deb hero of MGM movies. He has been dating Diana Douglas, Kirk's ex-wife, pretty steadily—but I doubt if it is anything serious.

Of course, Diana is a young woman and nobody expects her to sit home knitting. But Carpenter is just a kid, and I'm sure she likes him more for the laughs and fun they have together than anything else.

WITH the way Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston were hurling charges and countercharges at each other as the one being responsible for holding up their divorce settlement—I never thought that *I* would turn out to be the peacemaker in the battle.

Several months ago when I said that Kathryn couldn't get her freedom because Johnny



Still beaming over *Show Boat's* reception, Louis B. Mayer stops to chat with Esther Williams and Ben Gage at the after-theater party in Romanoff's. Esther's new MGM movie is *Texas Carnival.*



Ladies-man Scott Brady (*he writes about them all on page 50*) showed up at the *Show Boat* premiere with Ann Blyth. But Dorothy Malone was on his arm at the *Bright Victory* event a few nights before.



Romanoff's party-goers made a bee-line for Kathryn Grayson's table to congratulate her on her *Show Boat* performance. Here she's with Lisa Ferriday, who'll dance with Astaire in MGM's *Belle of New York.*



The *Bright Victory* premiere at the Carthay Circle Theater was another night for celebrities. Peggy Dow—one of its stars—arrived with orchids and her favorite beau—Tulsa oilman, Walter Helmerich.

was making impossible demands on her financially, he called me up from New York, fairly sizzling.

"All I want from her is *my* car," he said, "*Honest*—that's the truth. Just my car and the right to see my baby, Patty Kate, at reasonable times."

So-o-o, when I printed *his* side, friends of Kathryn's called me to indignantly deny what Johnston had said and to give me an earful, to wit: Although Johnny is doing fine on the stage on Broadway, a big hit in the musical, *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn,* he was refusing to contribute one cent to Patty Kate's support.

After I aired that as gospel—came another frantic call from Johnny denying the denials!

Frankly, I was getting pretty groggy over the marital troubles of K and J when word came out of the blue that because I had so faithfully reported the battle between these two (who haven't been speaking)—they now both realized the other's side and peace had been declared!

As I write this—I'm looking at a wire from New York stating that negotiations are in good order; Johnny has just signed his part of the agreement and the papers are on the way back to Hollywood for Kathryn's signature.

THE very pretty Negro girl who cooks for Errol Flynn and Pat Wymore is named Esther Williams!

When Errol was away doing USO shows with Jack Benny in Korea, Pat's family arrived from the mid-west and she planned a big party to introduce them to her Hollywood friends.

"But, I can't cook that Saturday night," Esther Williams wailed. "I'm getting married Sunday!" It was the first news that Mrs. Flynn had had of this interesting development—and she was really beside herself what with the invitations out and so many guests having accepted.

Several hours later, Esther came to Pat and said, "Don't you be upset now. I called my fiance and he said its okay with him if we postpone our wedding for a week.

"Besides, ESTHER WILLIAMS is such a fine name and is shared by such a fine movie actress, I don't mind hanging on to it for seven days more!"

With that all settled—Pat's party came off in fine style. Gary Cooper was there with his new heart, Patricia Neal—and believe it or not, big Coop did a wonderful Hulu with Gene Nelson and his wife!

The Andrew Sisters were so impressed that they started singing Island melodies and the fun went on until the wee hours.

P. S. Esther Williams got an extra special wedding gift. The Andrews made a home recording of "Here Comes The Bride" for her!

EVERYONE has been asking Anne Baxter and John Hodiak how they happened to choose the name Katrina for their baby daughter.

John smiled as he told me, "When I was a little boy about seven years old, still living in Pittsburgh, I went skating one day and fell through the ice.

"The girl who rescued me and is entirely responsible for my being alive today was named—Katrina.

"Of course, I have told Anne many times about my misadventure and about the pretty girl who saved my life and I have always said, 'Next to Anne, I think Katrina is just

(*Continued on page 10*)

YOUNG ENOUGH TO LOVE...

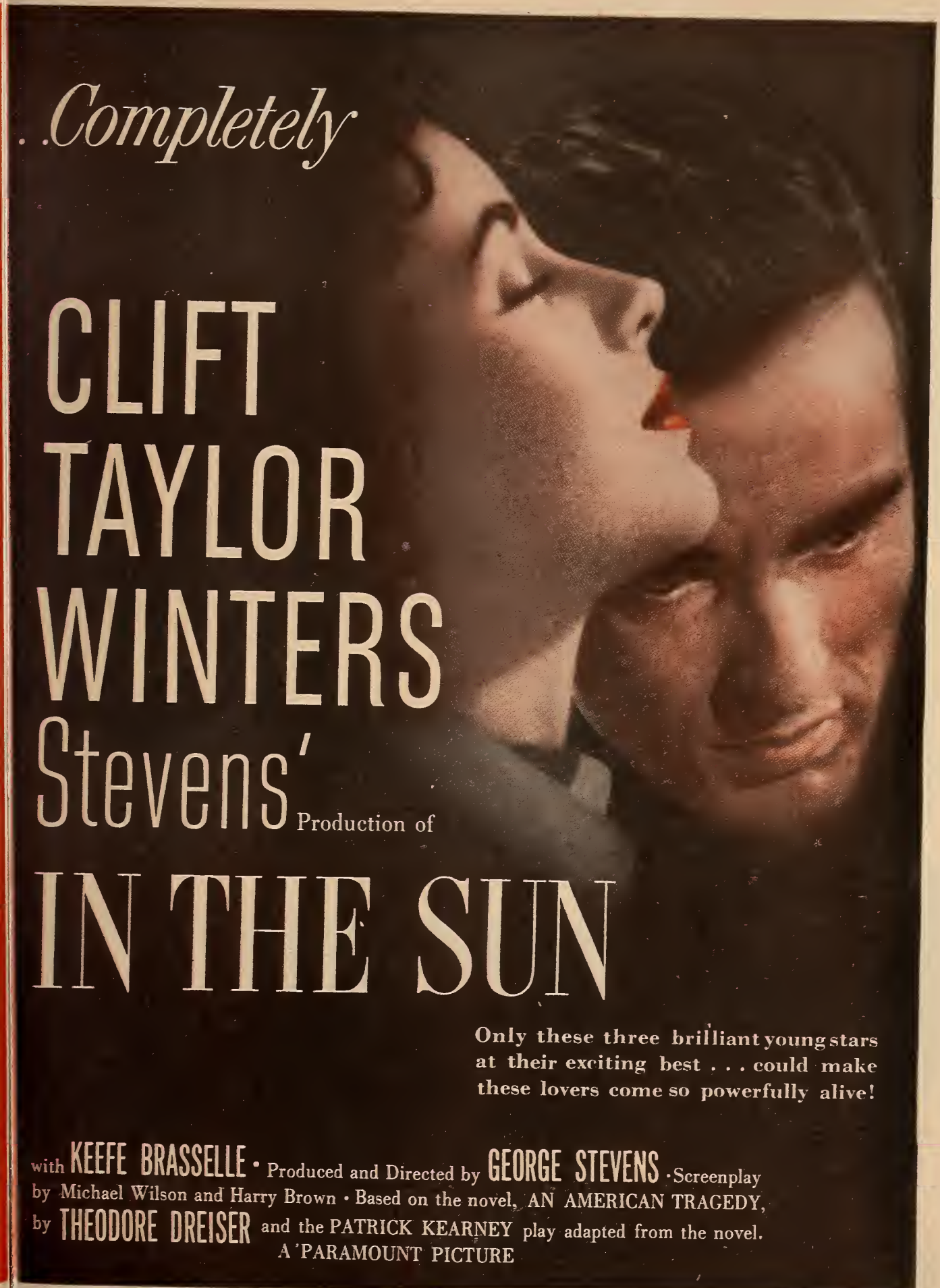
Only the truly young in heart ... asking so much of life...giving so much of love–can know the full thrill of this experience!

MONTGOMERY ELIZABETH SHELLEY

in George

A PLACE




..Completely
CLIFT
TAYLOR
WINTERS
Stevens' Production of
IN THE SUN
Only these three brilliant young stars at their exciting best . . . could make these lovers come so powerfully alive!
with KEEFE BRASSELLE • Produced and Directed by GEORGE STEVENS • Screenplay by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown • Based on the novel, AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by THEODORE DREISER and the PATRICK KEARNEY play adapted from the novel.
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"For this woman—David, the Lion of Judah, conqueror of Goliath, broke God's own commandment!"



Soon 20th Century-Fox presents the Warrior... the Woman... the World of



DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

captured in Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring

GREGORY PECK

SUSAN HAYWARD

with

RAYMOND MASSEY · KIERON MOORE

and a cast of many thousands!

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK · Directed by HENRY KING

Written for the Screen by PHILIP DUNNE

FREE! COLOR BROCHURE WHICH TELLS THE FASCINATING STORY BEHIND DAVID AND BATHSHEBA! WRITE TO "DAVID and BATHSHEBA", P.O. Box 292, DEPT. FM1 CHURCH ST. STA., N.Y.C.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

about the most beautiful name in the world.'

"Before the baby was born, we had decided whether it was a boy or a girl we would not name it after ourselves—or after family names on either side.

"Our baby was just a few hours old when Anne said, 'Have you seen little *Katrina* Hodiak yet?' The name was all her idea from the moment they told her—'It's a girl!'

"Pretty swell of my wife, isn't it?" You are both pretty swell people in my book, John, and this little girl who has been born to you is lucky indeed.

I DOUBT if the President (of the U.S.A.—not MGM) could get Mario Lanza on the telephone! So secret is his number that even his friends and studio-coworkers first have to call his agent and then wait for Lanza to call back—*if* he wants to. And most of the time, apparently, he *doesn't*.

What cooks with Mario? His newly developed temperament seems so odd in a boy who was such a regular guy during his climb to the top.

Ever since his record-breaking hit in *The Great Caruso* it's been a different story. Rumors are that he is giving MGM one headache after the other because he would like to be free of his contract.

True, he could make a fortune touring this country and Europe on the concert stage. But doesn't he realize that his value as a star is based on what he has done on the screen?

Isn't he business man enough to realize that the company which has poured a fortune into building him into what he is today is entitled to realize something on *their* investment, too?

Reluctantly, he remained in town to star in *The Big Cast*—but it's obvious to his associates that he is peeved. He does little to cooperate in the matter of portrait sittings or interviews.

And, he was practically the only top figure on the MGM lot who refused to attend the premiere of *Show Boat*—the studio's biggest night in Hollywood in years.

THE real reason behind Rita Hayworth's attempt to sneak into Hollywood before anyone realized she was here is because she wanted to get Rebecca and Yasmin, her children, settled in a "secret" home before the Princess took on the press.

Rita has been frightened out of her wits about kidnappers ever since that scare at Lake Tahoe. In fact, the Reno Chief of Police preceded her entourage by several hours into Los Angeles and had guards posted at the Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow where she was trying to hide out!

Oh, Rita, Rita—can't you realize that everything you do is NEWS and that there's about as much chance of you doing anything secretly as there is of a circus tip-toeing into town.

For the first few hours, while she was still pretending she wasn't here, the press was getting pretty hot under the collar about the run-around.

But, her boss, Harry Cohn came to the rescue (before the hot and weary reporters could get out their mallets) and told her she would have to see the press unless she wanted to run into a lot of criticism.

I hope Rita continues to listen to Harry. She made her greatest success under his guidance. Mr. Cohn of Columbia is a very smart gent.

Guess who has it bad for Joan Evans—and is afraid to tell her? Steve Cochran! Cochran? Timid? That's the score at the present writing.

What's even funnier—he hasn't yet met Joan. When he came back from Kentucky on location, he happened to drop by the theater where Joan was starring in the L.A. stage version of *Peg O' My Heart*.

Just like any other fan—Steve got a big crush on Joan and wants to date her but he's scairt to ask. How about that?

Don't let anybody kid you that Farley Granger hasn't dined quietly a couple of times with socialite Janet Thompson, the belle of Southern California social circles. When Janet was recently in England, she was presented at Court.

That should have been pretty exciting.

But it's nothing to the excitement Janet will experience if she ever comes face to face with Shelley Winters!

(*Continued* on *page 14*)



Joan Crawford attended the *Show Boat* premiere with director David Miller. Later, was mobbed by autograph hounds outside Mocambo.



Milo Fronk and Solly Forrest (who set the wed ding date for August) were among the man Hollywoodites at the *Bright Victory* openin

Are you in the know?



When dining out, would a smart doll—

- ☐ *Disregard prices*
- ☐ *Wipe the silver*
- ☐ *Swipe the silver*

All wrong? You're right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy's wallet; doesn't filch tableware "souvenirs." And unless she's dining at the Greasy Spoon she won't wipe off the silver; there's no need, and it's bad manners. As for "certain" needs, it's smart to have just the right answer, protection-wise . . . so try the *3 absorbencies* of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how very right you'll be with Regular, Junior or Super!



What type is the best dating material?

- ☐ *Fun-ta-talk-ta*
- ☐ *Big time spender*
- ☐ *Lover bay*

Just being a Good Time Charlie or a cuddle cookie doesn't mean he's the best date mate. Snag a squire who's fun to talk to; has the same interests. Chatter you both enjoy helps avoid smooching sessions. Keeps you at ease. You'll always find "those" days easy to get along with—once you let Kotex help you stay really *comfortable*. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives downy softness that holds its shape.



If you're a high-brow, should you—

- ☐ *Conceal the fact*
- ☐ *Spurn jazz*
- ☐ *Languish in the library*

Fooled you! We're talking about foreheads—not brains; and a different hair-do can change your looks. If a lofty brow worries you, bring it down with a bang—or with a concealing half-bang or wave. And why not down those *problem day* worries? With Kotex you get extra protection, because this napkin has a special *safety center*—not to mention soft edges that resist moisture, outlaw chafing. (Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!)



When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

- ☐ *The better laaker*
- ☐ *The lad who asked first*
- ☐ *Via the cain-flipping methad*

Both stags ask to be your leading man—so what should a doe do? Choose the one who spoke up first; even if the other bid seems more alluring. You can't lose by playing fair—and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question, next dance. And next time your calendar says "Don't go", on date night—speak up: ask for Kotex. Because those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines, you needn't know a self-conscious moment. Confidence is sure to follow—when your choice is Kotex!



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ *Circle your calendar*
- ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe*
- ☐ *Buy a new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. (Why not buy two—for a *change?*)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



KOTEX, KLEENEX AND DELSEY ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY

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1926-1951

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ALL THE SEAS OF THE WORLD ARE ITS STAGE!

GREGORY PECK VIRGINIA MAYO

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



DIRECTED BY
RAOUL WALSH
Screen Play by Ivan Goff &
Ben Roberts and Aeneas MacKenzie
From the Novel by C. S. Forester





EVERYONE'S HERO--AND ONE WOMAN'S IDOL!

"JIM THORPE -ALL AMERICAN"



STARRING
BURT LANCASTER
AND CHARLES
BICKFORD STEVE COCHRAN PHYLLIS THAXTER

DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCED BY EVERETT FREEMAN
Screen Play by Douglas Morrow and Everett Freeman
Music by Max Steiner Jim Thorpe, Technical Advisor

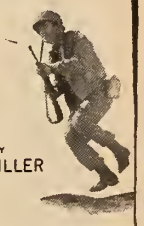
THE LOVE STORY THAT RINGS VICTORY BELLS IN YOUR HEART!



"Force of Arms"

STARRING
WILLIAM HOLDEN NANCY OLSON FRANK LOVEJOY





WITH GENE EVANS • DICK WESSON
DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCED BY ANTHONY VEILLER
Screen Play by Orin Jannings Music by Max Steiner

"SEIZES A PLACE AMONG HOLLYWOOD'S RARE GREAT MOVIES!"
Look Magazine—typical of the praise pouring in from all sides!

"A Streetcar Named Desire"

AN ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION PRODUCED BY CHARLES K. FELDMAN
STARRING **VIVIEN LEIGH MARLON BRANDO**
WITH KIM HUNTER · KARL MALDEN
DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS. PICTURES
Screen Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS Based upon the Original Play "A Streetcar Named Desire," by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS As Presented on the Stage by Irene Mayer Selznick



From The Pulitzer Prize and New York Critics Award Play!



Do *You* Know About This Newer Effective Technique FOR FEMININE HYGIENE?

Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Action. Send for FREE Book!

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Zonitors come ready for immediate use! No embarrassing mixing or clumsy apparatus needed. These greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous ZONITE and continue to do so for hours. Positively non-irritating. Absolutely safe to tissues.

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Zonitors eliminate odor. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can DEPEND on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ. A perfect answer to women who have long desired daintier yet *effective* hygiene.

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*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Show Boat's premiere marked Ava Gardner's first public appearance with Frank Sinatra. His wife had already announced divorce plans.



Joan Bennett presents MODERN SCREEN's television award to Ken Murray, "Hollywood's Ambassador to New York," on Ken's TV show.

(Continued from page 10)

Sweet Ann Blyth's heart is in her eyes when she gazes at Scott Brady these moonlit nights.

Before Scott came along—most of Ann's beaux were just kids—Roddy McDowall and Vic Damone.

But there comes a time in every girl's life when she thinks she's in love with an "older" man (he's 27), and I guess this is it for Ann.

Right now, Brady is being very sweet to her but he looks on her as just a lovely, lovable kid.

Who knows? Didn't teenage Jean Simmons get sophisticated Stewart Granger. And didn't the girl in *Daddy Long-Legs* get her man?

Dixie Crosby laughed so loudly at the sneak preview of *Here Comes The Groom* that she sounded like a paid press agent. When she came out, she said she thought this comedy with Jane Wyman was the funniest picture Bing has ever made.

This should please der Bingle. He has always said that Dixie is his most honest critic.

Another happy Crosby is Gary. He's just out of the hospital following a shoulder operation and for his graduation present his old man gave him a car—his first.

My nomination for the next sensational screen team: Marge and Gower Champion.

Those dancing darlings were a sheer delight in *Show Boat*. They are so scrubbed-looking, young, fresh, in love with life and in love with each other.

Their exhilaration comes straight through the screen and hits you square in the heart.

Yep—I predict that soon MGM will be buying star stories for them as they are bought for Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly and Gene Nelson.

There's a run on the name, Kelly, for Hollywood babies.

The Jimmy Stewarts named one of the twin-girls, Kelly—and it's also the name of the Brod Crawford bambino.

Although Brod and Kay are estranged and there's not much chance of their getting back together—it was Brod who drove his wife to the hospital when the baby was born and they are just as delighted over it as they would be if divorce weren't staring them in the face.

Something sad about this, isn't there?

The baby of Janie Powell and Geary Steffen and the baby of the Marshall Thompsons are going to have exact duplicates of the silver rattle-spoon "Bonnie" Prince Charlie of England eats and "rattles" with.

And they are from the same donor—"Aunty" Elizabeth Taylor.

Liz ordered this spoon, which is also a toy, from one of the world's leading silversmiths, Phillip Paval, and gave it to Princess Elizabeth soon after little Charles was born. She had become friends with the Princess while she was making *Conspirators* in London.

Now Liz has ordered exactly the same presents for the babies of her two best Hollywood girl friends—and once again, Paval has been commissioned to make the spoons.

The Letter Box: For years, fans have written me asking, "How does Lana Turner take off all the weight she gains between pictures so quickly before starting a new movie?" Truthfully, I've always wanted to know the answer myself.

So we'll devote the entire letter department this month to Lana's answer:

"There is no secret about it, Louella," she told me. "I don't believe in pills and medicine or in taking off excess weight with freak diets.

"Here is what I do: I eat nothing but lean meats, in small quantities; all I want of green salads made of lettuce or romaine, tomatoes, hardboiled eggs, raw carrots, celery and, yep, green onions (if we aren't having guests!). And I drink lots and lots of unsweetened fruit juices."

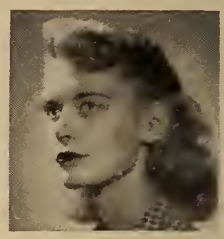
Lana says after 30 days of sticking rigidly to this diet—the weight just pours off her.

That's all for this month. See you next issue!


THIS BODY FOR SALE!
MEET THE "KEPT MEN" OF BIG TIME COLLEGE FOOTBALL!
See the body-buying racket... the boy who beat the system... the girl who made him a man ... the never-before-told football story —from the wrathful Cosmopolitan serial!
Columbia Pictures presents
SIDNEY BUCHMAN'S Production of
SATURDAY'S HERO
starring JOHN DEREK - DONNA REED with SIDNEY BLACKMER ALEXANDER KNOX
Produced by BUDDY ADLER - Directed by DAVID MILLER
Based on the novel, THE HERO, by Millard Lampell
Written for the Screen by MILLARD LAMPELL and SIDNEY BUCHMAN
THIS MAN... WOULD SACRIFICE HER... OR HIM... FOR AN EXTRA POINT!

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

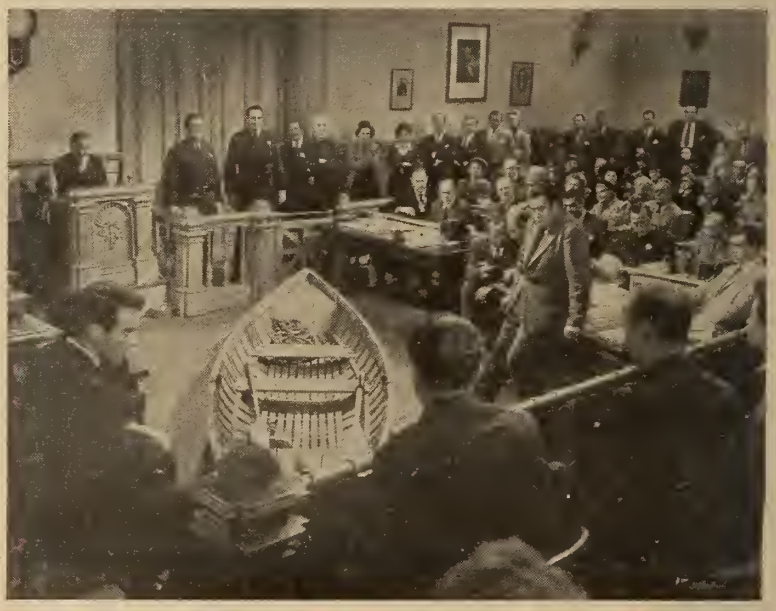




Paar bay Mantgamery Clift gets o jab in his wealthy uncle's factary, is attracted to ca-warker Shelley Winters, and becames invalved with her.



Clift falls in lave with heiress Elizabeth Taylar wham he met thraugh his uncle. He wonts ta marry her, succeeds in winning aver her family.



Clift had planned ta drown Shelley, but last his nerve. However, the canoe they were in accidentally averturned and Shelley drawned anyway. The prasecuting attarney calls it murder, and Clift must wait far the jury's decision.

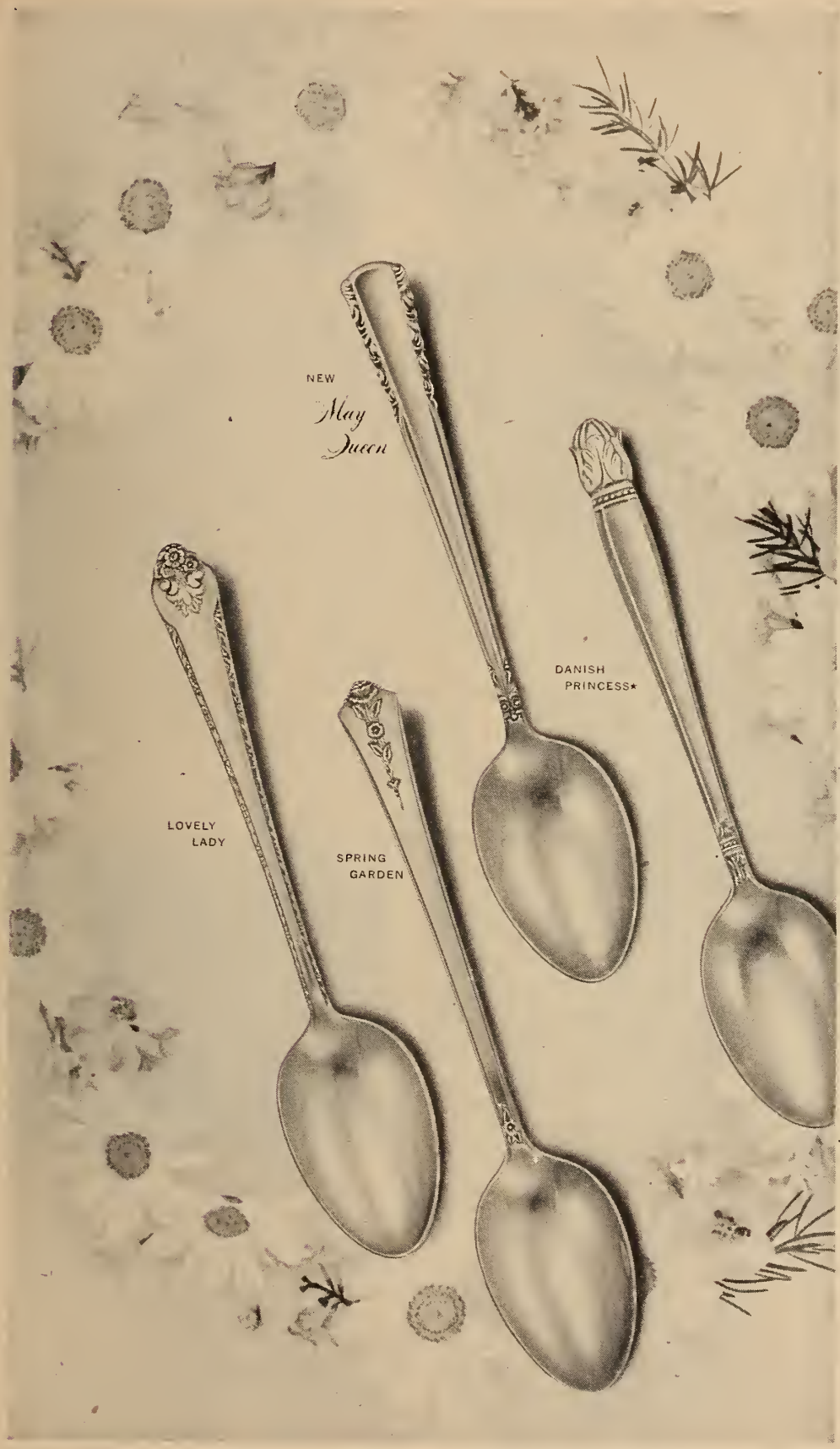


Shelley threatens ta expase Clift if he daesn't marry her at once. He cansents, but plans ta take her to a lonely place and murder her instead.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

■ One of the classics of American literature, Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" becomes a motion picture very much worth the seeing, if you don't mind being mortally depressed. The story of a poor boy, eager for the "better things," believing in the ancient and honored American myth that a plumber's son can easily marry an Astor's daughter, and willing to commit murder to achieve his dream—a dream sired by greed, out of sensationalism in the Sunday supplements. Montgomery Clift, as the weak but understandable and all-too-human George Eastman, Shelley Winters as the factory hand he gets into trouble and then tries to ditch, Elizabeth Taylor as the beautiful daughter of the rich, are more than good, and so is the fine, fresh-sounding script. But the chief credit has to go to Dreiser for his merciless yet compassionate view of the animal called man. He says we aren't nice, but he says it with love.

Please turn to page 18 for more movie reviews.



Imagine!

There! On your table tonight is the rich gleaming beauty of the loveliest, the finest of all silverplate.

There! On your table because... for all its famed beauty of design and workmanship, Holmes & Edwards is yours far easier than you dreamed.

A six-piece place setting costs but $8.50...a complete 52-piece service for 8 with chest but $74.95.

And imagine this! Your dealer has a Club Plan that will let you take home immediately that complete service...practically for pennies!

So wonderful to know how Holmes & Edwards can soon be yours. But wonderful, too, to know why of all silverplate Holmes & Edwards is your wisest choice.

HOLMES & EDWARDS IS STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE, SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER KINDS.

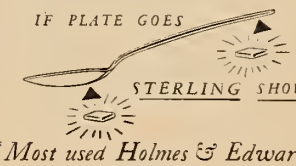
ORDINARY SILVERPLATE—

IF PLATE GOES WEAR SHOWS



STERLING INLAID* SILVERPLATE—

IF PLATE GOES STERLING SHOWS



*Most used Holmes & Edwards spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at the points where they rest on the table. Thus should wear occur—there's Sterling underneath

The loveliest patterns of all...

HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Inlaid Silverplate

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I dreamed I was bewitching in my ***maidenform bra***



Every little star is winking—even the man in the moon is carrying a torch! They're enchanted, entranced by a magic someone. "Who-o-o-o?" All the night owls know the answer... me... bewitching everyone in my charm of a Maidenform bra.*

Shown: Maidenform's Allo-ette in black satin. Also available in broadcloth and nylon taffeta, marquisette or lace... from $2.00. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N. Y. 16.*

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THUNDER ON THE HILL

Melodrammer, courtesy of Universal-International, with Ann Blyth the convicted murderess who gets detained in a convent, during a flood (she's with keepers, of course), on her way to be hanged by the neck. She's a real fierce murderess, spits bullets, practically, at anxious-to-please Sister Mary (Claudette Colbert) and plays the piano savagely, defiantly, majestically, do you hear? The music was written by her dead brother, whom she did *not* murder, no matter what you and the rest of the world, including her own dearly beloved fiance, thinks. Well, the flood's really a blessing in disguise. Gives Claudette a chance to uncover the real murderer (an oily slob) despite warnings from her Mother Superior to keep out of it, and mind her business. The villagers, seeking refuge from the flood in the convent and its hospital, hate Claudette for sticking by a murderer at first, and applaud her for freeing an innocent girl, at last. I don't see why she spoke to the whole nasty lot of them.

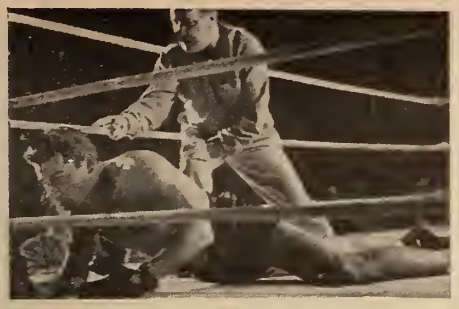
Cast: Claudette Colbert, Ann Blyth, Robert Douglas.—Universal-International.



HERE COMES THE GROOM

Jane Wyman, who's been stood up once too often by newspaperman Bing Crosby, gets herself engaged to millionaire Franchot Tone, and when Crosby returns from France, having adopted two war orphans, he finds his girl's not his girl no more. In fact, she hates him. In fact, she wants to force him to croon "Oh Promise Me" at her wedding. "He likes to think he can sing," she explains to Franchot, airily. Fortunately for Bing, Franchot's cousin, Alexis Smith, is in love with Franchot, and Alexis helps Bing bust up the arrangements. This is a honey of a picture, with two adorable kids (Jackie Gencel and Beverly Washburn) as the French orphans; Robert Keith, James Barton and Connie Gilchrist as the high and low comedy; and plenty of music. From start to finish, it's a pleasure.

Cast: Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, Franchot Tone.—Paramount.



IRON MAN

Here's a boy, a coal-miner, in love with clerk Evelyn Keyes. His brother runs a pool hall. Boy wants to get married, own a radio shop some day. Brother says you can make big money prize fighting. No sir, boy says. He doesn't like to fight, because he starts murdering people when he gets mad. It's a little quirk. He can't control it. Brother says, ah, but that's the killer instinct. It'll make you a champion. So boy becomes a champion, but the crowds hate him. Eventually wife and brother hate him. The newspapers always hated him anyway, and his opponents from 48 states are getting their wounds sewed up regularly. He finally fights a clean fight (against a kid he used to know and love) and naturally, loses the championship; but he's showered with affection by the crowd, his ex-wife, his brother, and the new champ. It's enough to make you believe in Santa Claus.

Cast: Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes, Stephen McNally.—Universal-International.



STRICTLY DISHONORABLE

An ancient Preston Sturges farce, revamped to suit the talents of Ezio Pinza and Janet Leigh, *Strictly Dishonorable* tells about an opera star who marries a young, dopey-type admirer of his, in order to avoid a scandal (the details of which never mind now). Young admirer is so insistently sweet-natured and forgiving old roué actually falls in love with her, and this makes for trouble. If he doesn't shed the new wife, there's a lady going to use his old letters in a heart-balm suit, and ruin him good. Besides that, his mother doesn't think the new wife is fat enough or Italian enough. "There are lots of people in America not Italian," Pinza protests. "Yes?" sneers his uncle, standing by. "Who needs them?" *Strictly Dishonorable* has charm, though Janet and Ezio do seem a bit on the May-December side.

Cast: Janet Leigh, Ezio Pinza, Millard Mitchell. —MGM.

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Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS WITH BRIGHT GOLD
For new Shasta Cream Shampoo contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair, so the natural color shines in all its splendour.

Not a tint! Not a dye!

Shasta is a super cleansing shampoo. Contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that gives your natural hair color a dazzling lift.



BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES WITH DARK FIRE
Super cleansing Shasta lathers out color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean—your own true color shines like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.



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New Shasta Cream Shampoo sparks your hair with brighter, richer color. Not artificial color. But your own true shade, glistening through "super" clean hair.



GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES WITH SILVER
The secret is Shasta's amazing sparkle-giving cleanser. That's why—after shampooing with New Shasta Cream Shampoo, *all* hair color looks brighter, richer.



. . . . . **Big Economy Jar 4 full ounces . . . 89¢ also 57¢ and 29¢**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.*

New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR



THE LAW AND THE LADY

When I noticed in the screen credits that *The Law and The Lady* was based on *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, I said to myself, *"that* old turkey," and felt sad. But "Mrs. C." has had her face lifted. This is a nice gay picture. Greer Garson, housemaid turned adventuress, and Michael Wilding, penniless British nobleman, carouse around the world doing things (and people) until they're positively unwelcome on the continent, and in China. This forces them to lay siege to the United States. Marjorie Main, an American social climber with a diamond as big as a parking lot, yearns to entertain royalty, the alleged royalty (Greer) has a weakness for parking lots—or maybe it's diamonds—so the stage is set. Fernando Lamas, one of MGM's new glamor boys, has more and whiter teeth than anybody, I ought to add.

Cast: Greer Garson, Michael Wilding, Marjorie Main, Fernando Lamas.—MGM.

THE SECRET OF CONVICT LAKE

Five escaped convicts descend on a little valley settlement in California, one of them looking for revenge, and the others looking for $40,000 they think the first one's got. (Glenn Ford's the first one; he was sent to jail for murdering a man and stealing $40,000.) Glenn hasn't come to the valley to dig up any buried horde, though; he simply wants to find the man who framed him, the man who really pulled off the murder-theft. This gent, and all the other gents who live in the neighborhood, are off prospecting, however, and their women-folk are alone in the settlement. Ethel Barrymore, the matriarch, looks on while Gene Tierney and Glenn fall in love (she's engaged to his mortal enemy, too—him that stole and murdered), and Ann Dvorak makes a fool of herself over romantic crook Zachary Scott, and young Barbara Bates is nearly killed in the embrace of maniacal Richard Hylton. It's complete bedlam before the menfolk return, and the picture's over, and if this doesn't sound confusing, I'm surprised.

Cast: Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney, Ethel Barrymore, Zachary Scott.—20th Century-Fox.

RICH, YOUNG AND PRETTY

Jane Powell, as the daughter of Wendell Corey, accompanies him to Paris when he goes on a government mission. There she meets Vic Damone, French but lovable, and also, though she little wots it, her mother, Danielle Darrieux. Danielle, who married Wendell during the first war, and deserted



him and their baby when she got homesick, is hungry for a sight of her fille (French for daughter) and manages to see Jane a lot, without Jane's becoming suspicious of her real identity. Danielle, by the way, is now in love with fellow singer Fernando Lamas and, apparently considering herself an authority on romance, eggs Jane and Vic to get married, even against Wendell's wishes. (Wendell's had enough hands-across-the-sea.) Anyhow, lots of the picture is funny, there's plenty music and Technicolor. The only thing I'd quarrel with would be the choice of Wendell Corey to play the kind of hickish over-grown boy-father he plays here. He seemed embarrassed throughout. Fernando Lamas has lots of white teeth, but I think I mentioned them in some other review.

Cast: Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Wendell Corey, Danielle Darrieux.—MGM.

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NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY

I would like to howl, screech, sob, moan, and even, if necessary, quietly state that this is a sensational picture, sad, and funny, and delightful, and surprising, and everything else good you want to call it. From that vague title, you'd never guess the treat in store for you. *No Highway in the Sky* tells about Mr. Theodore Honey (Jimmy Stewart), a research worker at a British aviation center, and his experiment intended to prove that a certain type of airliner will lose its tail after it's flown 1400 hours. This may not sound like much, but combine it with Marlene Dietrich, as an actress traveling in one of the planes about to lose its tail, Glynis Johns as the stewardess on same, and Jimmy's valiant efforts to save them, himself and the British Empire, even though everybody thinks he's dotty. You've got a swell show. I can't begin to do justice to this picture; it's even full of suspense. Don't miss it.

Cast: James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, Glynis Johns, Jack Hawkins.—20th Century-Fox.



A MILLIONAIRE FOR CHRISTY

This is a poor, pitiful attempt at comedy. Eleanor Parker, honest working girl who's just had her beaver coat repossessed by the finance company, is sent by her lawyer boss to tell Fred MacMurray he's inherited two million dollars. Fred is a loathesome soul; he sells prune juice on the radio, and gives out with syrupy philosophy while so doing. But Eleanor hasn't smelled a millionaire in a long time, and she's willing to take him on, prunes and all. Fred's about to marry another girl, and Eleanor gums up the works. Richard Carlson, an imbecilic psychiatrist who loves Fred's fiancee, is delighted, and the whole bunch of them become embroiled in a series of conflicts, romantic and otherwise, with the few real laughs getting lost in the shuffle.

Cast: Eleanor Parker, Fred MacMurray, Una Merkel.—20th Century-Fox.



"I made the big play at the Army game!"

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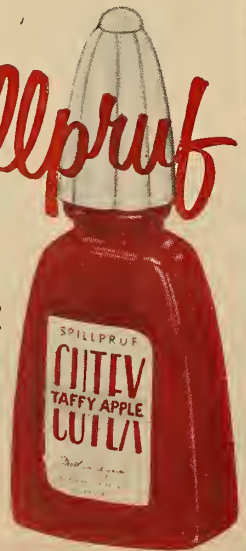
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DECISION BEFORE DAWN

It seems that before the end of World War II, certain German prisoners of war cooperated with the allies to help end things more speedily. These spies, sent back into Germany to procure information, were carefully chosen, and did remarkable work. *Decision Before Dawn* is the story of a mission involving two such men, and an American officer. One of the Germans is portrayed as an idealist, whose allegiance was never to the Nazis; the other as a cynic who will fight for any side which is winning. There are sketches of various German types. A lonely woman (Hildegarde Neff) who has lost her self respect, and spends her nights dancing with soldiers in a cafe, a mixed-up 12-year-old Hitler Youth member, a particularly revolting Gestapo agent, etc. The plot is long and impossible to cover here, but the performances, particularly of Viennese Oskar Werner and German Hans Christian Blech, are very fine.

Cast: Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill, Oskar Werner, Hildegarde Neff.—20th Centry-Fox.

ON MOONLIGHT BAY

The work of Booth Tarkington inspired *On Moonlight Bay*, and the gentle charm and humor of that master shine through. Tomboy Doris Day moves into a new neighborhood, meets and falls in love with the boy next door (Gordon MacRae) who's every inch a modern man. Doesn't believe in marriage (the year is 1917) and thinks all bankers are parasites. Since Doris' father is a banker, Gordon manages to make himself so earnestly loathed by that gentleman that he scarcely escapes to college with his life. Minute he's gone, papa sics Jack Smith on Doris. Smith plays a Rudy Vallee type named Hubert, slightly stuffed, bespectacled, and adenoidal-voiced. To add to Doris' troubles, her small brother Wesley, in some of the movies' best Penrod-like scenes, has been regaling his teacher with stories of his father's drunken fits. This is a general idea. More plot isn't important. On *Moonlight Bay* is very pleasant.

Cast: Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Jack Smith, Leon Ames.—Warners.

easy money!

So money can't buy happiness . . . we'll go along with that all right. But just the same, we think some of you Modern Screen readers might like to have $1.00 absolutely free. All you have to do is read all of the stories in this October issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste and we'll send 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Alan Ladd—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ Enter Miss Hodiak (Anne Baxter-John Hodiak)
- ☐ Reunion in London (Ingrid Bergman)
- ☐ Hottest Man In Town (Stewart Granger)
- ☐ Handle With Care (Derek, Roman, Rogers, Crawford, Wyman, Gardner, etc.)
- ☐ Bob's Wife (Lana Turner)
- ☐ Laddie Does The Hula (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ So Nice To Come Home To (Doris Day)
- ☐ Ten Girls I Didn't Marry by Scott Brady
- ☐ In The Mood For Love (June Haver)
- ☐ Small-Town Girl (Peggy Dow)
- ☐ They're Talking About Lanza (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ A Place of Their Own (Mark Stevens)

Hollywood Honeymooners:

- ☐ Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
- ☐ Mr. and Mrs. Agar (John Agar)
- ☐ Mr. and Mrs. Murphy (Audie Murphy)
- ☐ Does Liz Know What Love Is? (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ Don't Bargain For Faith by Dennis O'Keefe
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone.....

State..... I am.....yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



SATURDAY'S HERO

This is a story of a high school football hero (John Derek) from a mill town, who accepts a scholarship to a small southern college—a college all lousy with traditions of culture—in the hope that he may turn out to be man of distinction, and not just another "football bum." He finds, in pretty short order, that the trustees of his college are cynical; that he's being used; that it's still the wealthy and well-born who are invited into the fraternities; that idealism is pretty dated stuff. Eventually an injury to his shoulder finishes him as far as football is concerned, and he leaves school. He's grown up; he doesn't believe in his lovely dreams any more—but he's still determined to make a worthwhile life for himself, back among the people he knows and understands. I like *Saturday's Hero*, and the things it had to say. Performance-wise, a boy named Aldo DaRe with a gravel-y voice and a wide grin is a sensation. (He plays one of Derek's team mates.)

Casts John Derek, Donna Reed, Sidney Blackmer, Alexander Knox.—Columbia.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6,7-10—Bruce Bailey, 14—Lt. Wide World, Rt. CBS, 18—Top Universal-International, Bot. Paramount, 19—Top Universal-International, Bot. MGM, 20—MGM, 21—20th Century-Fox, 23—Columbia, 24—Bert Parry, 37—Wide World, 38—MGM, 39—Globe Photos, 40—Top Lt. Columbia, Top Cen. Warner Bros., Top Rt. Modern Screen Staff, Cen. Lt. MGM, Cen. 20th Century-Fox, Cen. Rt. Bob Beerman, Bot. Lt. Kas Heppner, Bot. Rt. Stork Club, 41—Warner Bros., 42-43—Bob Beerman, 44—Art Carter, 45—Top Modern Screen Staff, Top Cen. & Bot. Cen. Art Carter, Bot. Billy Howell, 46—Art Carter, 47—Lt., Top. Cen., Bot., Rt. & Top Art Carter, Cen. Rt. Defense Dept., Bot. Rt. Modern Screen Staff, 48-49—Parry-Beerman, 50—Far Lt. Universal-International, Lt. MGM, Cen. Henry Waxman, Rt. Universal-International, Far Rt. MGM, 51—Far Lt. Paramount, Lt. Universal-International, Rt. Studio, Far Rt. Bob Beerman, 52—20th Century-Fox, 53—Modern Screen Staff, 54—Bob Beerman, 55—Universal-International, 56—Top Lt. Bob Beerman, Top Rt. & Bot. MGM, 57—MGM, 58-60—Parry-Beerman, 64—Top Bob Beerman, 65—Bob Beerman, 66—Lt. Top Bob Beerman, Cen. Top Modern Screen Staff, Rt. Top Wide World, Lt. Bot. Bert Parry, Cen. Bot. Bob Beerman, Rt. Bot. MGM, 67—Top Lt. Penguin Photo, Bot. Lt. Bob Beerman, Rt. Walt Davis, 69—Lt. De Wan Studios, Rt. Bruce Bailey, 70—Bob Beerman, 79—Lt. Coburn of Columbia, Rt. Bert Parry, 80—Lt. Bert Six, Cen. & Rt. Bert Parry, Bot. Bert Six, 81-83—Bert Parry.



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Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten



When Anne gave birth to baby Katrina Baxter Hodiak on July 9th, proud papa John handed out cigars and candy.

enter miss hodiak

What's in a name?
Little Katrina doesn't
know yet, but
hers has a wonderful,
special significance
for her mother and dad . . .

BY JANE WILKIE

■ In the misty gray dawn of July 9th, two bored Los Angeles cops sat on their motorcycles at the deserted intersection of Sunset Boulevard and Fairfax Avenue.

The pair of officers will never know the temptation they presented to the owner of the Cadillac that at that moment slid by them at a respectable speed. Inside the car, John Hodiak chuckled.

"What's funny?" asked Mrs. Hodiak, alias Anne Baxter.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that this is my chance of a lifetime. I could do 80 miles an hour down Sunset and then have the perfect alibi for those cops. "Officer, please! My wife's going to have a baby!" John grinned. "Maybe we'd even get an escort, siren and all."

"Let's not get carried away with the idea," said Anne. "We have plenty of time. I think." Then she added, "It's funny—how perfectly calm I am."

"Me, too," said John. "Funny." Cool, calm and collected they were, or at least that's what they claimed.

This business of having a baby had been planned serenely and logically. Anne and John are not impetuous people. They have never dived into anything without first giving the matter considerable thought. Although they've always wanted a baby, they weren't the ones to start even a small family before the cement was really dry in the foundation of their marriage.

They had given themselves a two-year courtship—to make sure—and that was followed by four years of marriage before time for a baby was agreed upon.

Their families were impatient. Anne is an only child and her parents felt it was high time for a grandchild—preferably a girl. John's own generation had produced only two boys and the elder Hodiaks were pulling for another addition to the clan—preferably a girl.

It was in the early fall of 1950 that a baby was happily expected. Their families were informed, but the news was kept from the press for five long months. No one guessed. Anne finished her work in *Follow The Sun* and gave no indication to anyone that she was pregnant. They flew to New York in January, and during their three-week stay did several radio shows.

In March she appeared on Hedda Hopper's radio show, but even the eagle eye of Miss Hopper, which can detect everything except uranium, noticed nothing different. Miss Hopper missed a scoop that was right under her nose.

The news had to come out when Anne was visiting her family up near San Francisco, and the studio phoned her there.

"You'll have to come back to Hollywood," they said. "We want you to star in *People Will Talk.*"

"I can't," Anne said.

"What do you mean—you can't?"

"My next is going to be a Hodiak production," she said, and within five minutes the news had covered the studio like a spring shower and the press had been informed.

EVEN then, with only four months to go, it was difficult to believe that Anne was expecting a baby. One little old lady in the neighborhood clucked sympathetically to a friend, "That nice Mrs. Hodiak thinks she's going to have a baby. But she isn't—poor girl—anyone could tell that."

Credit for Anne's lissome figure goes to her doctor, who gave her a balanced diet to keep down weight, and to Anne herself, who stuck to it religiously. It paid off, for during the whole period she gained only 14 pounds, but there was many a day when Anne would sigh softly and say, "I'd give my eye teeth for a lobster, dripping in butter. But I won't. I won't."

Her craving for seafood was about the only upset suffered by Anne during the long stretch. She felt wonderful and looked wonderful. At an important party given by her studio a month before the birth of her baby—a party that was attended by all the stars on the lot—the people there unanimously agreed that Anne was the prettiest girl present. That takes some doing, when a girl's in the middle of a batch of movie actresses, *and* pregnant.

She bought a veritable library of books, and eventually, in any room of the house a visitor could find a book on child care, on expectant motherhood, on child psychology, etc. Because Anne devoured these books, she was spared the anxieties brought on by old wives' tales. She knew what to expect and what to do, and all the talk went in one ear and out the other. Once in a while she thought, perhaps because she'd so often heard that expectant mothers are grumpy, that she was sometimes short with John, and often apologized to him for a curtness that he hadn't even noticed.

The only thing that bothered her other than the yen for seafood was the lassitude that overtook her in the evenings. Anne is a girl who normally can get along well with only five or six hours' sleep, and the idea of nodding in an armchair before midnight arrived annoyed her no end.

THE baby shopping was done by Anne and her mother, and the dinky little things picked up here and there were stored neatly away in the new guest room that had been added to the house last year. The only other preparation was the purchase of the necessary baby furniture, and the receipt by freight of the lovely old crib that first served as a bed for Anne's own grandmother. Since that time it has gone the rounds of the family, each new parent sending it to the next expectant member. It was duly sent, this time from a branch of the family in St. Louis, and along with the other accoutrements was installed in the guest room. No attempt was made by Anne or John to redecorate the room as a nursery. The walls are green, and plain and simple. They both felt that a nursery splattered with kangaroos and teddy bears must be confusing to an infant only learning to see, and planned any such changes for the future.

Anne concentrated hard and long on her maternity clothes, for she is a girl who is acutely clothes conscious. They arranged for a nurse, only after locating a woman who likes to travel. For travel comes high on the list of Hodiak pleasures, and they are determined to take the baby with them wherever they go, whether it be a location trip to Kanab, Utah, or a trip on a freighter destined for un-pronounceable ports.

They bought a book titled "What Shall We Name The Baby?" and spasmodically pored over it and the subsequent problem. The only definite thing that came out of the conferences for a long time was the fact that, if the baby were a girl, she would not be named Anne. There are already enough Anne Hodiaks, including John's mother, sister and wife, to create utter confusion within the family. Months went by without any conclusion, and

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interviewed at San Diego, California, said:



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The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

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Save this! Follow Noxzema's Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



Morning—Apply Noxzema. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of *greaseless* Noxzema for a protective powder base.



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every once in a while Anne would suddenly remember that the issue was riding along unsettled.

"But then," she'd say, "how can you possibly name a baby until you've seen it? Until you have some idea of its personality?"

Finally, long ones and short ones, strong ones and pretty ones were selected awaiting the advent of the baby, and the book was put away.

In the last few weeks, the Hodiaks were social as an ant colony. Rather than sit around the house and stew, they accepted one invitation after another, feeling confident that the busy days would help pass the time. They had only one qualm on this score—the day they read in the newspaper that Spike Jones' wife had found it necessary to hastily excuse herself from a party at the Mocambo and rush off to the hospital.

"That," said John worriedly, "might happpen to you!"

"I wouldn't care," said Anne. "Even that would be better than sitting home playing solitaire and waiting, waiting."

THERE was a wait, too, but then that was their own fault. The doctor had given July 9th as the date of arrival, but Anne and John disagreed with him. No sir, they said, that was much too late. The baby would be born about June 25th. They persisted so definitely in this idea, giving that date to anyone who inquired, that they almost had the doctor himself convinced. But June came and went, and nothing happened.

Their fifth wedding anniversary was celebrated on July 5th, and although columnists said the Hodiaks were hoping the baby would be born on that day, such was not the case. Anne and John were sure their child wanted to have its own birthday, to have as something special, and not be intruded upon by a wedding anniversary. That night they went to a party, and breathed twin sighs of relief when midnight had come and gone. Anne gave John, as a gift, a bolt of imported cloth for a new suit and John, knowing the baby would arrive, gave Anne a small Chinese chest filled with cymbidium orchids, a flower that stays in bloom for weeks and therefore could still be enjoyed after Anne's return from the hospital.

Promptly at 2:30 on the morning of July 9th, Anne knew that the doctor had been right all along. It was a Monday and John was due to go to work that day in *County Line*, so Anne quietly got out of bed and, tip-toeing around the house, dressed and packed her bag. She phoned her mother up in Palo Alto and shortly before five o'clock, phoned the doctor to make sure. It was only then that she waked John, who to this day insists he was not nervous. At the hospital, he signed the necessary papers, was assured that his wife was in capable hands, went home to shave and shower, and reported at the studio on time for work, only to find that the shooting schedule could be so arranged that he could go back to the hospital in the afternoon.

Shortly after noon, he saw Anne for a few minutes and then was shooed into that nerve-shattering place, the fathers' waiting room. One other man was there, and they struck up the usual conversation after introducing themselves. Is this your first baby? Do you want a boy or girl? How long have you been married? And there the discourse ended and they smoked in silence, filling the room with a grey pall. To help pass the time, John fell to philosophizing. The conversation with the other man, he thought, had been inane. What do I have in common with him, he asked himself. Nothing, really,

except that we're both deeply concerned about our wives, and that we're going to be fathers. It's only that, and although I'll probably never see the guy again, there's a great bond between us, and I'll never forget him as long as I live. He wondered idly, flicking the ashes from the end of his fourteenth cigarette, what would be the reaction if hundreds of men were crowded into the same room and all told that their wives were having babies. They wouldn't talk much, he thought, but there'd probably be more faith and more hope, and more silent sympathy and brotherhood packed into that room than in any one place in history.

It was six o'clock in the evening when they told John that Anne was now in the delivery room. He steeled himself for an attack of nerves, but less than ten minutes later a nurse came into the room and smiled at him. "You have a baby girl," she said. He wanted to throw his arms around the whole hospital for waiting until the last minute to tell him about the delivery room. If they'd told him when Anne had really gone in, at the beginning, he thought, he might have gone to pieces.

He saw the baby 15 minutes later. She had dark hair and eyes set wide apart, like Anne's, but shaped like his own. She was howling a deep throated howl, and he thought to himself that one of the strong names would fit her best. Katrina, maybe.

Then he phoned Anne's mother, who had flown down to Los Angeles and was waiting for news at her daughter's home, and finally he saw Anne herself. There wasn't much to say in those few minutes.

As far as Anne was concerned, the world was a great swirling mist, with things too close and things too far away, and some things upside down. But John's face was there, and she knew they had a beautiful, healthy daughter, and now that it was over there was nothing to do but sleep the best sleep of her life.

The next day the flowers began arriving, and by evening the room looked like a California flower show. Promptly at seven o'clock a breathless John appeared in the doorway, having devoted his day to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He stood there, holding one perfect yellow rose in his hand.

Anne smiled. "Come in, darling, and give me the flower. It's the prettiest I've ever seen."

"Maybe Katrina Baxter Hodiak?" said John.

"Definitely," Anne said. "She has a will of her own, that one."

"I bought cigars," John said. "Maybe they went out with the wagon wheel, but I wanted them. And candy for the girls."

"Speaking of buying things," said Mrs. Hodiak, "I can't wait to get out of here. I'm going to buy me the slinkiest dress in town."

Mr. Hodiak put the yellow rose in her hand and grinned. "Now I know you're back to normal," he said. THE END

. . . Joe Mankiewicz uses five chairs on the set. He collects chairs as some men collect pipes. While directing, Mankiewicz moves from one to another. He has a rocker, complete to a footstool, for his more weary moments; a high chair, so that he can see over people when he's directing a scene; a chair on top of a camera crane; a desk chair that contains his books and papers; and a small metal stool that he can fold up and take with him.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

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You should know the facts about POLIO



Send now for FREE Polio booklet . . . prepared for parents, as part of a continuing public service, by the makers of "LYSOL"

HERE, for every parent made anxious by Polio, are the known facts about this dreaded disease . . . facts condensed from an article appearing in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Send *today* for this authoritative FREE booklet covering: the chances of getting Infantile Paralysis, its symptoms and treatment . . . precautionary measures.

Science admittedly does not yet know the means of preventing Polio—but many authorities agree that cleanliness in the home is a wise precaution when Polio is around.

• • •

Use "LYSOL"—the disinfectant that helps keep your home *hospital-clean—continuously* clean with its long-lasting germicidal action . . . the disinfectant created exclusively for its germ-killing power. Don't gamble with "jack-of-all-trades" products!

"LYSOL" is the *true* . . . the "full-time" germ killer—designed, *not* as part bleach, part disinfectant, but *for the sole purpose of killing disease germs.* At best, the anti-germ action of *bleaches* may be fleeting and *temporary,* while that of "LYSOL" *continues between cleanings.*

So never risk an incidental or "part-time" disinfectant in your home . . . for your child. Use potent, *continuously* germ-fighting "LYSOL" brand disinfectant every time you clean. Get "LYSOL" at your drug store today! And, for your child's greater security, send *now* for your FREE handbook of facts about Polio!

FREE! POLIO BOOKLET



Lehn & Fink Products Corp.,
Box D.M.-510,
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a FREE copy of authoritative booklet "A HANDBOOK ON INFANTILE PARALYSIS."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

a special service for modern screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ Christmas is nearer than you think, and now's the time to start shopping for it. Just sit back and select your gifts from among the many attractive items featured on the following pages. They come from smart shops all over the country. They represent the best you can get for your money—and you can be sure they're style-wise.

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card, if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only personalized merchandise cannot be returned.

alan ladd
your hollywood shopper
for october



Alon holds one of his shopping finds—the Mile-O-Meter—see below for where to buy it.

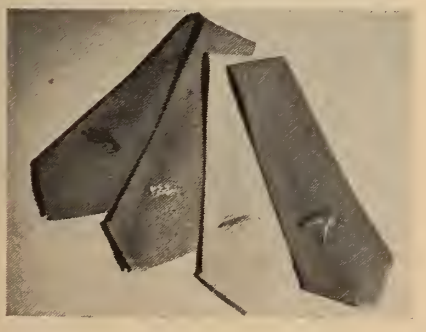
■ On the screen I play a tough guy, but my family knows me for the softie I really am, especially when it comes to buying gifts.

When Sue and I were first married I could barely keep her in "bobbie pins" so now I get a kick out of adding to her "I love you" collection of spur-of-the-moment gifts. As for the kids, well, with four there's always one that rates a present. Guess I'm the gift-givingest guy around. That's probably why MODERN SCREEN pulled a switch and gave you this Ladd as your October shopper.

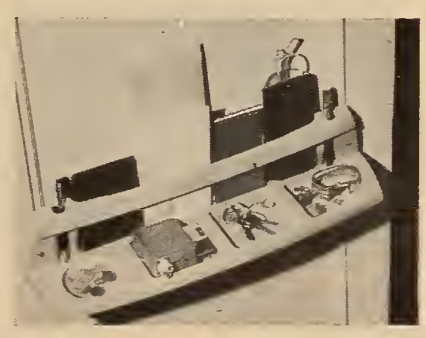
But seriously, shopping by mail is fun. For instance the Mile-O-Meter I am holding shows the motorist how to really save on his gasoline bills. Since I got one from the Gale Hall Engineering Company, in Boston, I have been convinced that I will include this practical gadget on my Christmas gift list.

To get any of these gifts for your home, for yourself, or to put away for Christmas, just write directly to the store mentioned for any item you like.

Lots of luck with your shopping, and thanks for inspiring me to do mine!



MY TIES HAVE FLIES! *To a fisherman this tie is irresistible and is sure to be an excellent "catch" for your favorite fisherman. It's a hand woven Cape-Coddler in 100% virgin wool decorated with authentic fishing flies, salmon streamers. They're stitched to the tie but come off for dry cleaning. Smart solid shades of brown, gray, copper and green with contrasting colored flies. Buy several now for Christmas. $3.50. Gaylords, 47 West Elm St., Brockton, Mass.*



FOR PARKING PARAPHERNALIA OVERNIGHT. *This valetray is a catch-all for those odds and ends that we guys empty out of our pockets each evening. No more messy drawers, it keeps coins, keys, notebooks, pens, in orderly fashion. Sturdy plastic, it's easily installed on closet doors, or set it on dresser top. We suggest it as a Xmas Gift to your special guy. Bronze, maroon. $3.95. Max Schling Seedsmen, 620 M Madison Ave., New York 22.*



REAL FUEL FOR ECONOMY FOR MOTORISTS. *Out here in L.A. everything's so spread out that we seem to spend half our lives in the car and it gets mighty expensive. I sure was thrilled to find this Mile-O-Meter, a gadget to measure miles per gallon and motor tune-up of our auto. Also checks spark plugs, carburetor and 31 motor adjustments. Approved by leading auto associations and makers, it's mounted in less than 5 minutes. 2¾" dia. $9.75. Gale Hall Engineering, Boston 18, Mass.*



alan ladd

your hollywood shopper

for october

This shopping spree was a family affair—and almost as much fun as making *Red Mountain*.



BEAUTIFUL "BREAD AND BUTTER" GIFT. *This shell-shaped covered butter dish of fine silver plate, made in England, has its own butter knife with a matching shell design. The knife fits into a special niche inside the dish. Lower part is entirely glass-lined. We use ours all the time and so will you because it lends itself to most all table settings. It's a distinctive wedding gift for any lucky bride. $5.00. Lord George, Ltd., 1270 Broadway, New York 1.*



PENCIL STICKS TO ITS SUBJECT. *The subject here is a fine memo-address book in real top-grain cowhide. Gold-toned mechanical pencil is magnetized to cling to the gold-leaf embossed cover or to a phone. Sue uses the memo pad to keep up with my hectic studio schedule. Address book has tabs from A to Z. Tan leather, plain or with antique Floretine finish. $4.95. Gold-plate initials add 15¢ ea. Embassy Enterprise, Inc., 450 7th Ave., New York 1.*



LIFE-LIKE MAMA'S BABY. *Here's the nearest thing to a "younger sister" we've found yet to give to Lonnie for her birthday—a 2-foot tall baby-doll with five sounds ranging from cries to coos. She has big blue eyes that close in sleep, real mohair blonde curls and movable arms and legs of washable Vinyl, soft and dimpled as a baby's skin. She comes with a charming 6-piece wardrobe—all pink. $5.95. Niresk, Dept. D-YHS, 1474 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 22, Ill.*



HOLLYWOOD BED FOR DOLLS ALSO. *Lonnie couldn't believe her eyes when she first saw this miniature "Holly-dolly" bed made just like ours. It has a colorful plastic headboard, Hollywood legs, real mattress ticking for the mattress cover and a separate pillow. It measures 12" x 22", so it's plenty roomy for even her biggest doll. I'm sure any little girl would get a thrill finding it in her Xmas stocking. $5.95. B. C. Moses, 3019 Prospect Ave., Houston 4, Texas.*



LET JAMAICA COME TO YOU. *It's out of bounds for most of us, but within easy reach with these charming imports. A quaint washerwoman in native dress is a handy pincushion (and grand gift.) The wash in the tub makes the cushion. Small figure and tub are rubber. $3.75. Jaunty junior on his Jackass isn't made to go anywhere or do anything, but we like him on our mantel. All rubber, 4½" high. $3.25. Carib Trading Co., 1245 Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach, Fla.*



DOORKNOBS HAVE TURNED DECORATIVE. *Your monogram is hand-carved inside this stunning clear crystal-like lucite knob, 2¾" square, with black plexiglass backing for contrast. Script or block lettering to blend with your furnishings. No polishing, and fingermarks wipe right off. These tridimensional door knobs lend charm to our home. One, two or three initials in white or gold. $4.50. Merrill Ann Creations, 100 Warren St., New York 7.*



MOSAIC JEWELS FROM ITALY. *This striking Orsini necklace and pair of matching drop-earrings in a non-tarnishing gold plate setting come straight from a Florentine workshop. Necklace is centered with three mosaic floral ovals on a delicate golden chain. Earrings have similar posies in oval dangles. Mosaics in black, blue, coral, green or white backgrounds. Necklace $5.40. Earrings $3.60. Alpine Imports, 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3.*

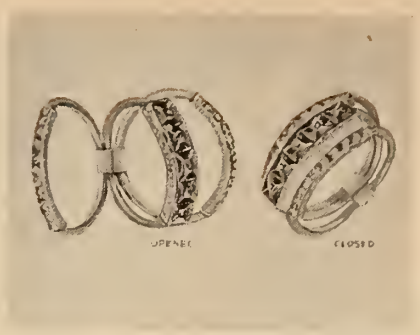
To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



WE ALWAYS HAVE FRESH FLOWERS. *Sue discovered these lovely handmade posies that are natural enough to be real. Roses, violets, lilies-of-the-valley, arranged just the way you'd like them in their own crystal holder. No fuss, no fixing for you. The delicate floral colors blend beautifully with most any decorative scheme and go equally well in living, dining or bed room. $2.00 an arrangement. First American-Flowers, Box 85, Dept. 7, New York 29.*



JUST RIGHT FOR JEZEBEL. *Protects children. Keeps pets clean. Flea-No-Mat rids pets of pests. A chemically treated mat for use on your pets' regular bed or separately. It protects the kids by keeping Jezebel clean and gets rid of that "doggy" odor. Flea-No-Mat kills fleas, ticks, nits on dogs and cats. Only $2.95 for 15" x 28" mat, $4.95 for 28" x 36" mat for large dogs. You can get it at V. F. Garrett Company, P. O. Box 1143-37, Dallas, Texas.*



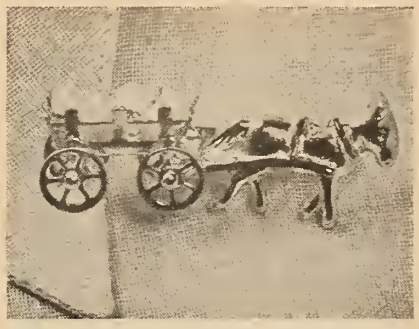
NEW COCKTAIL RING . . . PRESTO, IT'S 3 RINGS! *This triple treat is the most versatile sparkler around town. Closed it's a smart, cocktail ring, detach the simple clasp and you have three fine bands that can be worn as guard rings or singly. Center band has finely cut simulated rubies, sapphires, diamonds or emeralds mounted in sterling. The two guard rings set with simulated diamonds. $3.95 (tax included). Sanlys, Dept. MS-10, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



THE WORLD ON YOUR SHOULDERS *in this handsome pure silk dye scarf, showing the fabulous new UN Headquarters, surrounded by its many member countries. It's given me wonderlust, since I can't help daydreaming about all the exciting places pictured so colorfully. A prime accessory for your fall suits or dresses in stunning background shades of navy, green, brown or deep rose. Hand rolled. $3.15. Hazel Jasper, 142 East 45 St., New York 17.*



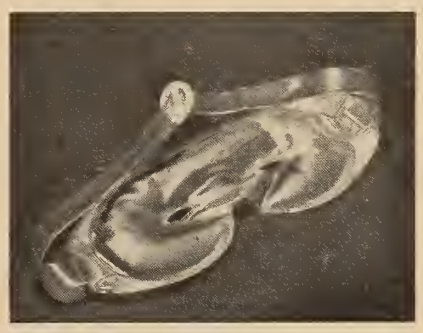
THE LOOK I LIKE IN GIRLS *goes this way. Washable cotton broadcloth blouse, stitched bosom, bat-like dolman sleeves, closing with nine pearly buttons. White, pink, green, rust, toast, gold, iris. 32-38, $3.06. 100% wool skirt, knife-pleated all 'round, in authentic plaids (Give waist size.) $6.06. Heraldic bag, belt set with solid brass crests. Red, rust, ginger plastic calf. Pair, complete $4.20. Paris Shops, 509 Main St., Dept. MS-10, Box 390, New Rochelle, N. Y.*



GET HITCHED TO THIS WAGON. *Come on girls, you'll have fun with this cunning donkey-cart pin. It's the kind of eye-catcher that will win you many a flattering look. The golden cart is loaded with pearls and emerald brilliants, easily mistaken for the real McCoy, and is toted by a sleepy critter. Wagon wheels spin round though of course it's securely pinned to your suit lapel, dress or blouse. $1.23, Lynne's, 1288 Lexington Ave., New York 28.*



"DOLL-UP" DOLLIE FOR YOUR BOUDOIR. *It's a dainty ballerina doll for you to clothe in a costume that any gal can easily put together with some bright yarn and a few stitches. With her hand-painted face, brown tresses and all done up in a fluffy accordion skirt and blouse, Sue says she'll be adorable on your vanity. Sue and Lonnie are making one together. Kit with doll, materials, instructions, $1.00. Nancy Lee Studios, 930-63rd St., Des Moines, Iowa.*

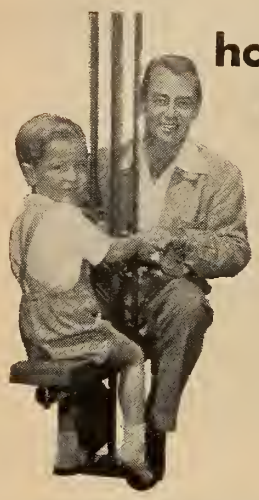


MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE! *With party days ahead, this new mask will do wonders for headaches and eye strain. Worn hot or cold, it's made of plastic and buckles round your head. It has tiny slits so you can do your chores while it soothes you. To heat, place in hot water for five minutes; to chill, place in refrigerator's freezing compartment or in ice water. Mask holds either temperature for at least a half hour. $1.50. Gift Sources, 2 Columbus Circle, New York 19.*



UNTANGLES YOUR PRESSING PROBLEMS. *According to Sue, "Kordaway" makes you forget you even have a cord at the end of your iron, by keeping it encased in a springy wire coil that fits all irons, clamps anywhere on the board. Do your work in double-quick time without having the cord twist, fray, burn out or wrinkle clothes. Made by Industrial Workshop for the Blind in L.A. $1.95. Homemaker's Mart, 350 W. Washington Blvd., Venice 99, Calif.*

alan ladd
your hollywood shopper
for
october





STAGE COACH FOR SMALL FRY. *A colorful new pull-toy that's grand for tots or busters like our David. Coach is drawn by four white horses and must be loaded with 11 individual pieces that fit special spots, before it's ready to be pulled. It's an educational toy with vegetable dye colors, that has tremendous toddler appeal, especially under the tree. Horn's attached to announce the coach. $3.50. Randel Assoc., 1123 Broadway, New York 10.*



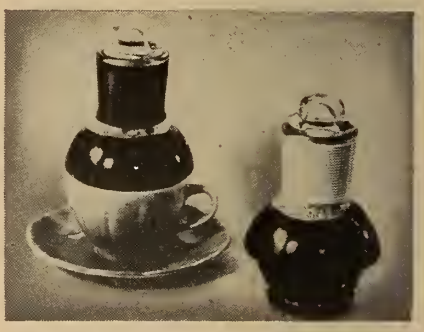
"BRANCH OUT" IN YOUR DECORATING *with these charming pressed-wood wall brackets mahogany finished syrocowood. They're like graceful branches of a tree, leaves and all, with two shelves on different levels to hold your ornaments and brighten up dull walls. Made to be hung in pairs, each measures 9¾" x 11½". Sue's got them all over the house to show off her figurines. $8.50 pr., Henry Rosenzweig, 723 Lexington Ave., New York 22.*



OUT OF THIS WORLD *Salt and Pepper Shakers are wonderful miniatures of the world globe. Each crystal-clear globe revolves in a highly polished metal frame on a clear base. Fill them by opening at the "Equator"; salt and pepper pours out of holes around the "North Pole." They make a grand gift too for showers, bridge, or even for prizes. Only $1.00 pr. Mahoning Gifts, Dept. MS, 702 Wick Bldg., Youngstown, Ohio.*



EASY TO BUY A SILVER SPOON *from these three sterling six-piece place settings (teaspoon, salad fork, butter spreader, cream soup spoon, knife, fork in non-tarnish bags). One lovely set has a fine edge of flowers at $24.50 a setting. Another beautiful set is rose-tipped, and smart. $24.75. Either one will add elegance to your table. Send for full catalogue for all details. Pay only $2.00 monthly. Nelmor, 90 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J.*



LIKE YOUR COFFEE PIPING HOT? *Then you're sure to welcome your own individual serving carafe. It fits right inside your coffee cup and awaits your pleasure. When you get around to pouring it the coffee will still be steaming. Called a "coffee hottle," it will keep drinks frosty cold as well. Heat resisting glass with yellow and red insulating collars for easy handling. Holds two cups of liquid. Pair $2.95. Sheridan Stylecraft, Box E, Highland Park, Ill.*



GIVE IT A MEXICAN ACCENT! *The belt you have been looking for to add zip to your winter sweaters and skirts. Imported from the land of the jumping bean, it's a cinch to liven up even last year's tiredest duds. Handsomely carved black or white wooden plaques are hand-painted with colorful Mexican family scenes, strung together with a white kid lace. Waist size is adjustable. $1.98. Mexican Handcraft, 7532 Half Moon Drive, El Paso, Texas.*



A NEAT WAY TO CORRAL ALL *those odds and ends that normally find their way into the wastebasket. Authentic Western cattle brands are burned into the walnut, maple or redwood finished basket. It's appropriately bound and laced with rawhide and studded with brass nail heads. Decorative for dens or playrooms and makes a perfect gift. Kids go wild about it, 8" square, 12" high. $5.00. The Old Corral, Mesquite, Texas.*



GET THE HANG OF IT *and you'll never use nails again to put up paintings, photos, prints, mirrors. It's especially wonderful 'cause there's no hammering involved (a skill I never mastered). Just moisten hanger, apply to surface and press. In 10 minutes it will hold up to 10 pounds of wall hangings. Sticks to tile, glass, wood, paper or metal. A life-saver where nails make plaster crumble. $1.00 for 24. Roberts and Co., 5003 Irving Park Road, Chicago, Ill.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.
Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where personalized.

New Beauty Miracle!



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

New Prell leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'

...actually more radiant than cream or soap shampoos!

More Radiant! Ounce for ounce Procter & Gamble's New Prell leaves hair *more radiant than any shampoo known!* Yes, no matter what soap or cream shampoo you may have been using, you'll discover wonderful New Prell leaves your hair brighter, shinier, *more radiant!* That's because New Prell is based on *new* cleansing action!

Softer! You'll be thrilled at how silken-soft and shining-smooth New Prell leaves your hair! It's *thoroughly, immaculately* clean . . . yet so easy to manage. It has "body" and "spring," so your curls and your waves set beautifully.

Younger-Looking! After Prell, hair glows with lovelier sparkle and sheen . . . actually looks younger and more "*radiantly alive,*" no matter how "lifeless" it seemed before. Get a tube of exciting, emerald-clear New Prell today! It's the shampoo miracle!

FREE OFFER

. . . to introduce New Prell!

Buy New Prell any size—get another tube (same size) free by mail. New Prell will send you another tube the same size when you mail an empty carton with coupon. Coupons are available at your favorite shampoo counter. Complete details on each coupon.





"Easy"

says

Joan Caulfield

SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

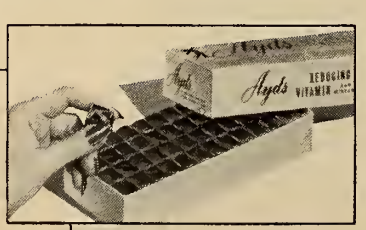
How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick natural way with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories . . . works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, day by day.

• Users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.



• "Whenever I step on the scales and don't like what I read," says lovely screen star, Joan Caulfield, "my first thought is *Ayds*. In my circle of friends, we all agree that Ayds is the most wholesome and natural way to a good figure!"

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

THE GREAT CARUSO—*Tell Me You Love Me* by Vic Damone* (Mercury); Sammy Kaye (Columbia); Clark Dennis (Capitol); Ink Spots (Decca).
One of the great operatic melodies, *Vesti La Giubba*, was featured in the picture, and this is the only popular American version of the song.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME—*Last Night When We Were Young* by Gordon MacRae* (Capitol).

SEPTEMBER AFFAIR—*September Song* by Red Norvo* (Discovery); Dave Brubeck* (Fantasy); Harry James (Columbia); Stan Kenton (Capitol).
It's good to hear this wonderful melody brought back in another movie. It's a little depressing, though, to hear what Stan Kenton and his mob do with it. You'll like the quieter, prettier, simpler approach of Norvo's vibes.

TAHITI, MY ISLAND—title song by Macklin Marrow (MGM), Tony Martin* (Victor)

POPULAR

JOHNNY DESMOND—*Mr. And Mississippi** (MGM).

BOB EBERLY—*Alone* (Capitol).
Funny coincidence—the two singers who were America's favorites when they both sang with Jimmy Dorsey's band years ago, both made a comeback recently on Capitol. Bob Eberly made his reentry with *Alone* and *I Made A Promise;* Helen O'Connell returns with *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, an old Jimmy Dorsey theme number.

TONI HARPER-HARRY JAMES—*Baby Blue** (Columbia).
Interesting teaming of talent on this side, and great singing by Toni. But are they going to give her the Shirley Temple treatment by trying to make her a perpetual child? She's outgrown songs like *Baby Blues* and should compete with adults on equal terms. Though Toni has less to do, the other side, *Peculiar Kind of Feeling*, is better all around.

BETTY HUTTON—*That's The Kind Of Guy I Dream Of* (Victor).
Betty's material is better thon her treotment of it. This tune has the subtitle "You should see the kind that I get."

METRONOME ALL STARS—*Early Spring** (Capitol).
Recommended for jazz fans only. The poll winners on this side and the reverse, *Local 802 Blues* includes some swell soloists—George Shearing, piano; Terry Gibbs, vibes; Koi Winding, trombone; Stan Getz, tenor sax.

MEL TORME—*Mel Torme Sings** (MGM).
A fine LP representing some of Mel's earlier waxings of some great songs: one is *The Best Things In Life Are Free* from the movie *Good News* in which Mel had a small part. Another is his own composition, *County Fair.*

THE COLOR STAYS ON UNTIL YOU TAKE IT OFF

...without ever drying your lips



The lipstick secret of Hollywood's famous stars who must have a lipstick that really stays on...that's non-drying...that always looks beautiful and appealing.

famous non-drying indelible lipstick by Max Factor HOLLYWOOD

Amazing patented color formula discovered by Max Factor makes these exclusive lipstick features possible

1. ***—the color stays on until you take it off*** because the new kind of basic-colors in this patented formula are truly indelible.
2. ***—never dries your lips***...because these exclusive patented basic-colors are "non-drying" and will never cause your lips to become sensitive or parched.
3. ***—keeps your lips softer, smoother, more appealing...never dry or sticky*** due to the smoother texture made possible by this amazing patented color formula.
4. ***—more brilliant, more beautiful, more exciting reds***...an exclusive feature of this revolutionary patented color formula.

This famous "non-drying" indelible lipstick has been created in twelve Color Harmony and Fashion Harmony Shades by Max Factor Hollywood to harmonize with the colorings of blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads...at all leading drug and department stores, now...$1.10, plus tax.

How to apply Max Factor's amazing lipstick so the color stays on until you take it off...without ever drying your lips

U. S. PATENTS
NO. 2157667
2211465



"**First,** dry your lips with a tissue. Then apply lipstick to your upper lip. Begin at the center and work toward the outer corners, modeling the contour so that it is the most flattering to you...then fill in and blend.

"**Second,** now simply compress the lips so that this contour is transferred from the upper lip to the lower lip...then slide the lower lip forward once or twice to complete the transfer of color and pattern. Now smooth and blend the lipstick on your lower lip. Wait 30 seconds for the lipstick color to set.

"**Third,** blot your lips with tissue until excess lipstick is removed. Then, moisten your lips for lasting lip loveliness."

COMPLEXION		EYES	
Fair	☐	Blue	☐
Creamy	☐	Gray	☐
Medium	☐	Green	☐
Ruddy	☐	Hazel	☐
Sallow	☐	Brown	☐
Freckled	☐	Black	☐
Olive	☐		
Deep Olive	☐	LASHES (Color)	
SKIN: Normal	☐	☐ Light	☐ Med. ☐ Dark
Dry	☐ Oily ☐		
HAIR			
BLONDE		BROWNETTE	
Light ☐ Dark ☐		Light ☐ Dark ☐	
BRUNETTE		REDHEAD	
Light ☐ Dark ☐		Light ☐ Dark ☐	
GRAY HAIR			
Check here ☐ also check former hair coloring above			

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR TRIAL-SIZE LIPSTICK

JUST FILL IN CHART...CHECK CAREFULLY AND MAIL

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me my "non-drying" indelible Lipstick by Max Factor Hollywood in the Color Harmony Shade for my type, plus my Complexion Analysis and individual Color Harmony Make-Up Chart, plus Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Make-Up". I enclose 10¢ to help cover the cost of postage and handling.

Name_____ Age_____

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

651-4L

Sandpaper Hands feel

Caressable

in 10 Seconds!



Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Lipstick
Talcum Powder
All-Purpose Cream
Face Powder



25¢ and 43¢

Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like a Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . "Sandpaper Hands" are smoothed and softened to lovely "Caressable Hands" with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! The secret is an exclusive, new formula that enables Cashmere Bouquet to smooth like a lotion while it softens like a cream! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they're romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet "fragrance men love"! Treat *your* hands to Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion today!

reunion in london

By THOR HANSEN

■ Special to MODERN SCREEN: It took almost three years and the combined judicial systems of three countries, but Ingrid Bergman and her beautiful 12-year-old daughter, Pia, met again at last.

Their reunion in London was touching and unforgettable.

As they ran towards each other, Ingrid's eyes were brimming with tears. She clasped Pia to her and rocked her in her arms.

"Min lilla älskling," Ingrid kept saying, *"Min lilla älskling."* And even though Pia can't understand Swedish, she knew that the words meant, "my little darling."

Then the two stepped back to look at each other and Pia said, "Mama, how are you?"

"Fine, Pia. But your name is Jenny now, isn't it? How was your trip?"

"The trip was wonderful, Mama. It was the Queen Mary."

"Yes, I know . . . My, you've grown. You're lovely."

Jenny Ann Lindstrom closely resembles her mother. She has the same blonde hair shot with streaks of darkness (*Continued on page 97*)



hottest man in town



Fans were thrilled when Granger's romance with Jean Simmons ended in marriage. They've settled in Hollywood.

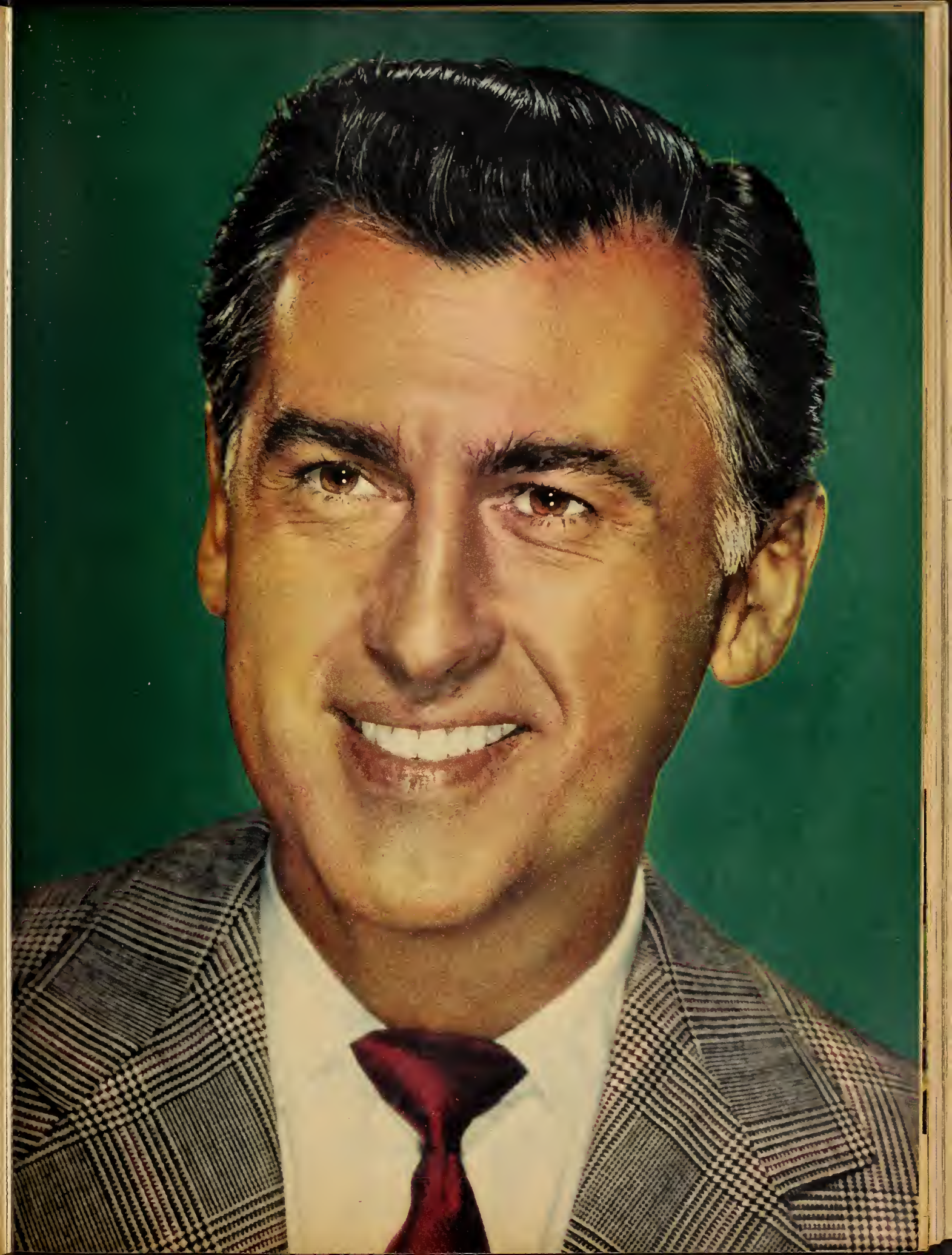
Hollywood has its best box office bet in years—a two-fisted guy named Stewart Granger who's making the glamor boys look pale.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ His name is Stewart Granger and it is fairly accurate to say that he is a masculine tornado; a virile elephant of a fellow; a creature of vitality, warmth and ability—and a chap who will no doubt within the next few years become motion pictures' first star.

We met him on a sound stage at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio in Culver City. It was no drawing room set. It was the noisiest place this side of the nearest steel foundry. The stage is what is known as the tank, and a hugh square lake takes up most of the room. In the lake was a birch bark canoe, placed before an enormous process screen on which flickered the projected images of rocky shores and thick forests. Two men held on to the canoe and, upon occasion, swung wooden paddles desperately in an effort to keep afloat, for the lake was a cauldron of fierce, whipping water, churned to a frenzy by a dozen gigantic rotors.

It was make-believe, but it was real, too. It suited the convenience of the company to (*Continued on page 84*)





JOHN DEREK: Self-conscious idol.

RUTH ROMAN: Allergic to rumors.

JANE WYMAN: Don't mention Lew.



BETTE DAVIS: Touchy about husbonds.

LINDA DARNELL: Mum about Mom.

JOHN AGAR: No alibi Ike.



GINGER ROGERS: "No comment."

JOAN CRAWFORD: Calendor-sh



AVA GARDNER: Hypocrites beware!

HANDLE WITH CARE

Every star has a private taboo and you'd better not mention it if you want to keep your health . . . with some it's columnists, with others it's their age. Let's explore the subjects that make the stars explode!

BY ANNE FIELDING

■ A few weeks ago Ava Gardner curled up comfortably in a big arm chair, lighted a cigarette and puffed the smoke into the air, where it hung above her head like a slightly cockeyed halo. She was enjoying one of those relaxed and confidential moods. Her big eyes sparkled and her slender, long-fingered hands flitted back and forth to punctuate her conversation. Then, suddenly her whole mood changed. She stabbed out her cigarette with one vicious gesture, and jumped to her feet.

"Don't *ever* mention that columnist's name in my presence again!" she snapped.

Ava was not indulging in a sudden temperamental whim, and her interviewer knew it. He had merely tapped a taboo. Hollywood's loaded with them!

Ava's fling with fury subsided immediately. She hurled herself back into the chair. "Sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to snap your head off. Maybe I'd better explain the fireworks.

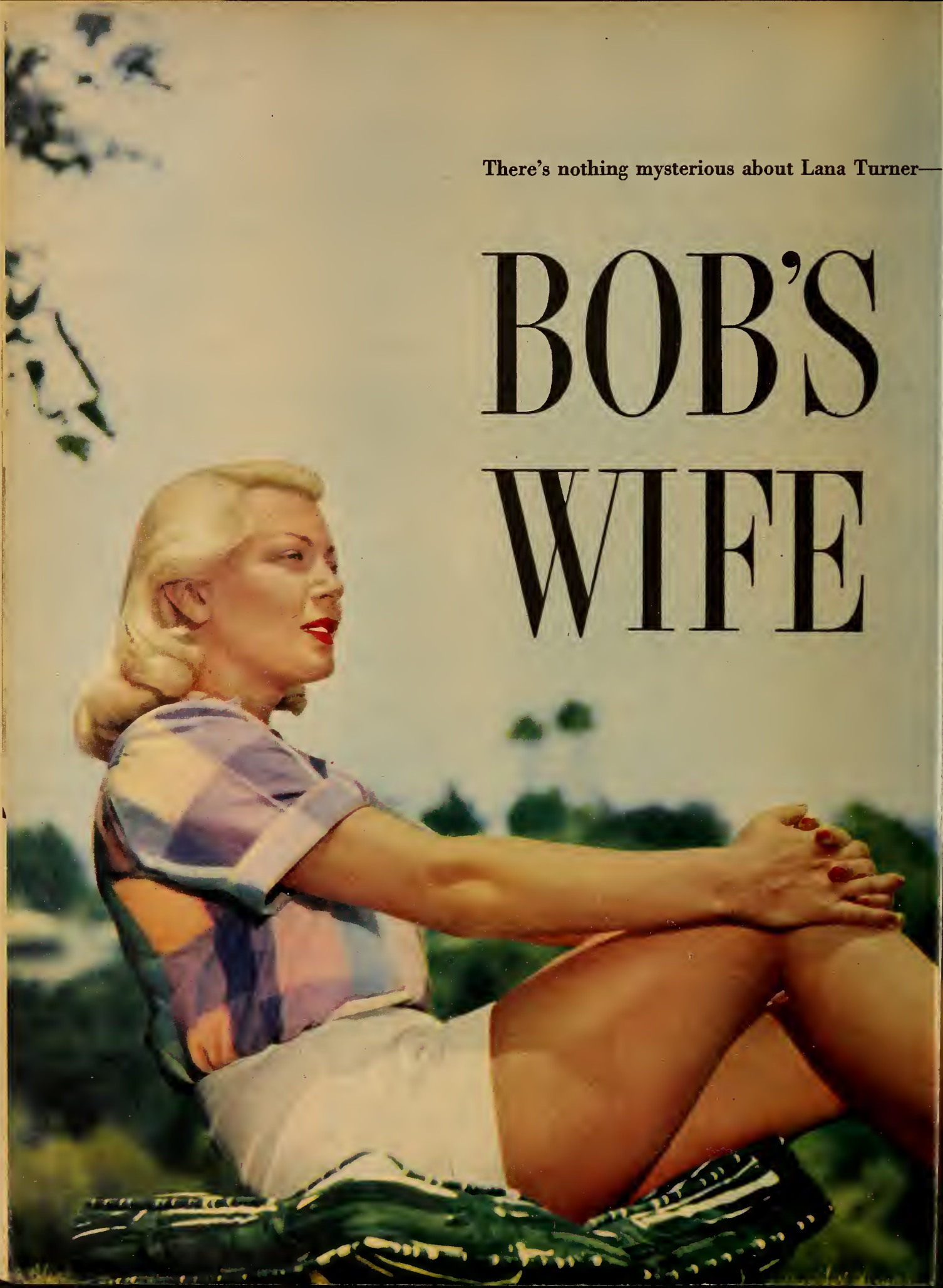
"I have never worked so hard in my life as I did on *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman.* Al Lewin, our producer-director, is a very dear friend of mine, *and* a real Simon Legree! All of us in the cast and crew worked under that blazing Spanish sun on location from dawn to sundown, seven days a week. In all the months we were in Spain we had only *one* Sunday off!

"The whole time I was there, literally slaving, this columnist devoted mountains of copy to making me sound like the playgirl of all Europe! Why, I would have had to have been triplets to live up to everything that character credited me with!"

Ava's interpretation of the stories was kindly. The writer in question had actually woven nasty innuendos into (*Continued on page 101*)

There's nothing mysterious about Lana Turner—

BOB'S WIFE



she's just Hollywood's greatest glamor girl and only tops as Mrs. Bob Topping.

by Steve Cronin

■ "It wasn't easy for me to think of signing a long term contract again that would tie me to Hollywood," the lovely blonde said. "Bob and I have made a number of thrilling plans . . . a trip to Europe, a safari to British East Africa to shoot lions and elephants . . . things so exciting that they leave me breathless. I wouldn't want my career to interrupt any of them. But I've spent more than half my life in motion pictures, and I'd be miserable if I couldn't continue my career. Bob has always understood that. We talked the situation over very thoroughly before I signed with MGM again."

Lana Turner, petite and cool in white tennis shorts, was explaining what the future holds for her now that she has decided to resume her old place in the Hollywood galaxy as the glamor queen of MGM.

By the time this reaches print, Lana will be back at work in *The Merry Widow,* her first picture in more than a year. In it, she will play a gay, glamorous siren—the kind of girl that people have always automatically associated with the name Lana Turner. It will be her first really important picture in nearly three years.

As we sat talking that sunny summer's morning beside the pool of her Brentwood home, I couldn't remember when Lana had looked trimmer, healthier, and more rested. Like a good many other people, I was eager to know what Lana had been doing during the months that she and Bob had almost completely disappeared from the headlines.

"I'll tell you what she's been doing," interrupted a pleasant baritone voice from behind us. "She's been sleeping every day until noon."

"Never mind," Lana laughed, as her husband, joining us for breakfast, settled himself into a beach chair. (*Continued on page 98*)



Toothy Cheryl is shooting up fast. She adores her mother—only recently discovered that Mommie is Lana Turner, on actress. Mother's back at work now in MGM's *The Merry Widow.*



Alan stopped the show with his hula
at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel picnic.
Partner Birdie taught him the fine points.

The whole Ladd family was wacky for Waikiki, and claim that the apple in Paradise must have been pineapple!

Laddie does the HULA

■ Luncheon was being served at the Ladds. "Pineapple again," muttered Alan, as he reached for his napkin. Instead of the napkin, his hand found a colorful travel folder. "What's this?" he asked. Five pairs of eyes observed him in silence. "Okay," he said. "I know when I'm outnumbered. You win."

"You" meant Alana, David, Carol Lee, Laddie, and Sue, who immediately exchanged victorious smiles all around. Ever since they'd seen *Bird of Paradise* they'd had this yearning for Waikiki Beach. And when Sue went on a pineapple diet Alan knew that it was only a matter of time before he'd be carrying all of them off to Hawaii.

"You know, this trip's going to surprise a lot of people," Alan said.

"Especially us!" laughed his wife.

And it was true. Although they'd always wanted to travel—to Europe, South America or Bermuda, vacation-time found them at the ranch. The ranch was such fun that it always seemed wiser to put off the traveling.

It was now or never. It almost turned out to be never when, four days before the trip, Alana fell from a horse and fractured her cheekbone. But fortunately, the doctor pronounced her well enough to go, and they kept their reservations.

Their stateroom on the Lurline was filled to overflowing at departure time. Forty friends had come to see them off, and suddenly the deck was filled with autograph hunters and photographers. It was exciting and gay, but it seemed as if the Lurline would never leave port. When it finally did, Alan turned to his family and sighed, "Well, we made it!" And his family replied, "Aloha!"

Being aboard ship was a continuous party and in Hawaii, it seemed as if all the Islanders were (*Continued on next page*)



Ready to board the Lurline for Hawaii, Alan (who's just finished Hal Wallis' *Red Mountain*) and Sue anticipated a well-earned vacation.



Pineapple-loving Sue was in heaven in Hawaii; even Alan took a liking to the fruit. Here Karan, the Royal Hawaiian chef, serves him.



Chick Daniels treats Alan to a little ukulele playing on Waikiki. (Below) The Ladds learn to eat poi at Dan the Beachcomber's exotic luau.





Hulas and poi were such fun, Alan decided to go in for all things Hawaiian. In no time he mastered a tricky native surf canoe.

there to greet them with songs and leis. No sooner had they checked in at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel than a bellboy appeared with a pineapple.

"Isn't that thoughtful!" said Sue. "They knew we loved pineapple!"

On the second day, the manager phoned. "Anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Sue. "They seem to have forgotten today's pineapple."

The manager chuckled, "It'll be right up." Later Sue learned that it was the hotel's custom to send fruit to guests only on their arrival. For the Ladds, though, a pineapple arrived each afternoon at four. And the whole family was on hand to get their share.

The days that followed were long and lazy and beautiful (just study the pictures on these pages). They swam, they sunned, they danced in the moonlight—and they even went on a picnic. The hotel arranged it. Its guests were transported to the picnic grounds in buses. Each bus had a guitar player and two singers who entertained. But the guests were to entertain each other. This worried Alan.

"What'll I do?" he asked Sue.

He soon found out. A dancer taught him how to do the hula, and he goodnaturedly threw himself into it before 400 grinning spectators.

Another exciting event was the luau given at Don the Beachcomber's. Dressed in colorful Hawaiian costumes, the Ladds ate poi and relaxed to the strumming of guitars. Native dancers entertained them this time, but Alan danced some more the next night with his daughter, Alana. This was Alana's first dance with her Dad in public, and now Sue says laughingly she'll be wanting him to take her nightclubbing.

A sober but memorable incident of their stay was the Ladds' visit to Tripler Hospital where wounded vets from Korea stop enroute home. Lloyd Pantages, a former resident of Los Angeles, called to tell them about the hospital, and the Ladds were eager to visit the boys. "Lloyd is doing a wonderful job for them," Alan tells all his friends en route to Hawaii, reminding them to make visits to Tripler when they can.

As with all wonderful vacations, this one was much too short, and soon the Ladds were sailing home. But Hawaii had done its job. It had cast its spell on them, and even as the ship pulled out they knew that as soon as they could, they'd be back again. THE END

Sailing, weaving, dancing, cheering veterans—and then home sweet home.



He'd heard a lot about Waikiki Beach, but hadn't thaught much about the water around it. Alan discovered its beauty abaard the Catamaran.



Being the most papular movie star in Hollywood doesn't keep Alan from having a "trade on the side." Dukie taught him to weave cocoanut hats. Ladd's on his way to becaming an expert.



Alana and her dad have had many o waltz around the living raam, but gave their first ballroam exhibition at the Royal Hawaiian.



Alan and Sue visited Sgt. Ivey Merchant and his brother, Jesse, and many other vets at Tripler Hospital. Lloyd Pantages tald them of this stop-aver hospital far men wounded in Karea.



Ear-deep in hibiscus and gardenia leis, the Ladds stand an the steps of the Rayal Hawaiian Hotel to say "aloha" to the enchanting island.



It was only a gag, but the police didn't think it was funny. Friends took Alan's "Having wonderful time" cards seriously, put up a sign three times the legal size in the Ladd frant yard.



so nice to come

To Doris Day and Marty Melcher their home is their castle and nothing, not even a honeymoon, could keep them away from it for very long.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ A few minutes after the judge had made them man and wife at the Burbank courthouse, Marty leaned over and kissed his bride.

"Honey," he said, "how does it feel to be Mrs. Melcher?"

Doris smiled up at him. "You know what?" she said. "I'm hungry."

"You *can't* be hungry at a time like this," moaned Marty.

"Well, I am," said Doris, impishly. "Let's drive home for some bacon and eggs."

They went home—and they spent their wedding night there.



home to

It was only under pressure that they left the next morning.

"Aren't you two going somewhere?" ventured Doris' mother.

"We hadn't thought about it," yawned Marty. "It's nice here."

When Doris nodded agreement, her mother, Alma, went into action.

"Look," she told them, "It's not proper or even respectable not to have a honeymoon. Now I've got both your bags packed and you two just get on out of here—fast!"

So the Melchers had a honeymoon trip, whether they liked it or not. The first night, having no plans at all, they wandered to El Centro in the Imperial Valley where the thermometer hovered around one hundred at midnight and the motel bed was so short Marty's feet hung out.

"I don't know why we ever left home," complained Doris.

"What did I tell you?" sighed Marty. "But we'll have to carry on now. Let's start traveling."

Well, to tuck up a story, where the Melchers finally wound up was at the greatest natural wonder of the world—the Grand Canyon. As Doris stood on the rim what caught her blue eyes was a tiny juniper and what popped out (*Continued on page 74*)

ten girls I didn't marry

by Scott Brady



YVONNE DE CARLO JANET LEIGH DOROTHY MALONE SHELLEY WINTERS AVA GARDNER

Brady's one man about town who loves 'em and leaves 'em alone. And here's why he does both.

■ All the people we have known become part of our lives in one way or another. Very often the people a fellow meets are girls. That's the way it is and who would want it any different? Not me. And, I hope, not the girls.

You sit and think about them sometimes. Shelley Winters, Ann Blyth, Piper Laurie, Dorothy Malone (I mean these are the ones I think about), Yvonne de Carlo, maybe others, and back to Dorothy again. Then I recall my high school dream-doll, Marian Neville. I've lost the only photo I had of her, but I can picture her right down to the last freckle on her nose. Of course, part of the reminiscing has to do with marriage. Would any of them have accepted if I'd proposed and should I have proposed? There it is—should I have?

What would Shelley Winters have said? Before she and Farley Granger found out that time meant so much more to them when they spent it together, we used to go out and have fun. We would talk about the picture gang and about acting problems and analyze each other's approach to the screen. Sometimes we would have our little squabbles.

I remember one night when we were driving out to a lawn party in the valley and Shelley asked me if I thought she was too intense about her work. I replied that she was intense, naturally so, because she, like many artists, was completely wrapped up in her work. It wasn't the answer she wanted. I don't think she was pleased with me that night. But I didn't worry, because intense people have warm hearts. Shelley and I were able to get over our disagreements. It was not like that, however, when I worked with Yvonne de Carlo—although what happened then was my fault. I don't think Yvonne has forgiven me and maybe she shouldn't.

I think it goes back two years ago when we made *The Gal Who Took the West*. We were out on location near Tucson and there was a scene coming up in which I had to drive a galloping team pulling an open flat wagon, with Yvonne seated behind me. I knew nothing about horses, only that I wanted to make good. The cowboys in charge told me to crack my whip and yell if I wanted speed and that's what I did. There was no road. We went banging over the sagebrush for the roughest ride I ever had in my life and Yvonne in hers!

"Great!" cried the director. "But we'll have to have a retake."

I forget why the retake was needed. After a while you never even ask. There are a thousand reasons. But when I was ready again it wasn't Yvonne who sat behind me. It was a cowboy dressed in a skirt and wig to act as her double. If I hadn't been so excited and, yes, stupid, I would never have kidded Yvonne for not wanting to ride with me again. But I did. And what happened proved that she was only using good sense. The traces gave way on one side of the harness, the wagon hurtled sideways and the cowboy who took her place was thrown clear altogether. Tough and experienced, he managed to land without injury. But what would have happened to Yvonne if she had gone through it again? I think of her quite often. If it hadn't been for this occurrence . . . would she have learned to like me a little?

One afternoon I looked at Ann (*Continued on page 108*)



JANE NIGH PIPER LAURIE CORINNE CALVET ANN BLYTH



In the mood for LOVE

Don't jump to any conclusions about wedding bells, but you can be sure that the sad days are past and June Haver's smiling again . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ The big boy sailed his glove across the turf at the inning change, and loped in from center field. Six-feet-three, in his cleats, he leaned easily over the owner's box at the Hollywood Stars' dugout, and grinned at a laughing blonde girl who stood up to greet him. He was Dino Restelli, an up-and-coming young Coast League baseball star. She was June Haver.

Dino grabbed his favorite bat and tested it. "June," he promised cockily, "this one's for you." On the second pitch he swatted the ball out through the infield for a two-bagger, then dusted himself off at the sack and waved triumphantly to the box. June waved back and screamed like a Dodger fan. She hadn't felt this way for a a long time.

"You know," she said happily, to her friends Gail Patrick and husband, Corny Jackson, "this is *fun!*"

Gail smiled a wise smile that meant, "What did I tell you?"

Only an hour before, June Haver had sat in her apartment alone after a busy day, all set for a book and bed. That's when the telephone rang. It was Gail, June's long-time friend.

"What are you doing tonight—how about a date?" she asked right off. June was so startled she almost dropped the receiver. She hadn't heard a quick confident invitation like that for quite a while, indeed. It made her feel like her old self to bristle just a little bit.

"It's a good thing you're a woman," she told Gail. "If you were a man I'd hang up right in your ear!"

(*Continued on page 68*)



June Hover is once more delighting onlookers in the night spots. Weolthy Texan, Tom Neol, is on occosionol escort. (*For pictures of June's current dates, see page 68*)



June teo-toosts oilman Glenn McCorthy, owner of the fobulous Shomrock Hotel in Houston, Texos. Glenn introduced her to his brother-in-low, Howord Lee, now o steody beou.







John Hudson (in white shirt) and Rock Hudson (they're not reloted) showed up bright and early one morning to help Peggy and her room-mate, Polly Folk, move from the Hollywood Studio Club into their new-found dream apartment.

She's gone to Hollywood's head, but Hollywood hasn't gone to hers—and the movie capital says to Peggy Dow, "Stay as sweet as you are."

BY LOUISE McILVAIN

small-town girl

■ Even with her three suitcases (one almost a trunk) unpacked in her new Hollywood apartment, Peggy Dow was still a little afraid of the step she'd taken. Would there come a time when some boy who brought her home would make it necessary for her to be firm instead of just gracious as she said good-night? Could she always make it clear that she was the same girl who'd been living at the Hollywood Studio Club, a place designed to give ambitious young actresses and motion picture craftswomen a properly chaperoned place to live?

Really, she'd stayed there much too long, considering the waiting list, and how long it had been since she'd emerged from anonymity to fame. Polly Falk, with whom she shared a room, was doing fine as a super-secretary at General Service Studios and Television Station KNBH. The two of them had discussed moving into an apartment together for months. But Peggy's mother wrote worried letters about the idea of her living without a chaperone.

So it was quite a step. Up until then Peggy had been about as chaperoned as one could possibly be. She was a small-town girl. Really small-town! One where the whole town becomes a chaperone!

"Back in Covington, everybody knows everybody," Peggy tells of the town where she grew up. "Everyone represents certain standards to which he usually lives up because the whole town will know and talk if he doesn't. I know that seems intolerable to most city people. But I've never found it so. It provides a freedom you find nowhere else. You can go safely anywhere. You can walk home late at night from the movies without fear. You don't have to have bus fare or a car because you can walk wherever you want to go. You get a real concept of how democracy can work because you know your government officials personally. They know you, too. Of course, I was lucky to be Mr. and Mrs. Varnadow's Jo'."

Covington is the seat of St. Tammany's Parish, as counties are called in Louisiana. Then it had a population of less than 5,000. On the banks of the Bogue Falaya (*Continued on page 104*)



they're talking about Lanza

by Jack Wade



Maria met his wife, Betty, through her brother who was his buddy in the Air Force show, *Winged Victory*. They married in Philadelphia in 1945.



Mama and Papa Antonio Cocozza and Mario are dressed for their scene together in *The Great Caruso*. They moved to Hollywood from Pennsylvania when Maria bought them a house. Maria adapted his mother's name for stage use.



Gold record marks 1,000,000 copies of "Be My Love."

Temperamental! No tact! Great conceit! These are

■ They're beginning to throw knives at Mario Lanza. By this time you've probably noticed them in the form of gossip items like: "Success has swelled Mario Lanza way out of his normal hat size." Or, "Mario Lanza is the toughest star Metro has had to handle in years." Or, "Look for a breakup in the Lanza household. That tenor's getting awfully big for his britches."

When you read those items and hear other reports like his indignantly demanding a dressing-room of his own at MGM, and his swearing like a trouper when he fluffs a line, you're tempted to believe that he's one singing canary who can't handle success. After all, he worked his way up from less than nothing a



Mario makes a hit with the ladies large or small. He likes to sleep late, can't with two babies in the house. Elissa's almost one, Colleen's three.

the charges hurled at Lanza. Here's one side of the story—read Louella Parsons' Good News for the other.

week to an income (this year) of $600,000, and he worked pretty fast. It seems only natural that success should spoil him—at least, that's what the knife-throwers would have you believe.

It isn't the truth.

Mario Lanza is not stepping out on his wife. He is not pulling the snob act on his old friends. He is not being difficult at the studio.

He is simply being Alfred Arnold Cocozza, the same earthy, honest guy he was before he left Philadelphia, his hometown, and before he starred in *The Great Caruso*. (*The Great Caruso,* incidentally, may yet gross 15 million dollars, which would make it the second most popular movie in motion picture history. The first is *Gone With The Wind.*)

Then how come, you may ask, the gossip columnists spread such stories about Lanza if they aren't true?

The answer is simple: The price of fame is gossip. And sudden success always generates a certain amount of envy.

A few weeks ago, a Hollywood crooner whose voice is nothing without a microphone, went to see Mario in *The Great Caruso.* Coming out of the theater, he turned to his date and said smugly, "The boy has power but no tone." This, mind you, about a voice which has been hailed by really fine judges of music as one (*Continued on page 72*)

A place of their own

BY MARVA PETERSON

Behind the Stevens' white Southern Colonial home is o cutting garden that provides Annelle year-round flowers for the house.



The dining room table seats only six. Mark says there'll be no banquets in his family. White trim makes the small room spacious.



This French Provincial desk, chair and shelf unit was Nelle's buy, set the mood for the house. Mark chose the Shakespeare plates.



Businessman Stevens hangs out in his hide-away at one end of the garage. He owns stores in the west, also mining properties.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

Married seven years and never bought a saucepan—that's how the Stevens lived, until Mark traded his rent receipts for three bedrooms and a new lease on life.

■ One afternoon, three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stevens strode into the swanky Beverly Hills office of Nat Goldstone, Mark's agent.

"Nat," Stevens announced, "Annelle and I want to buy a house."

A man long accustomed to the psychological outbursts of Hollywood stars, Goldstone sadly shook his head. "Look, Mark," he explained, "you're not the type to own a house. You're a rolling stone."

"Maybe so," Mark agreed. "Only I'm a little tired of rolling. Besides, my boy needs a neighborhood gang to grow up with."

Goldstone, who knows all there is to know about Mark Stevens—how he left Montreal to work successively as a lumberjack, floor-walker, window-trimmer, hockey player, and, finally, actor—ran his hand across his face.

"Let's be sensible about it," he said patiently. "You've been married seven years, Mark. You've never owned a house. You don't even own one stick of furniture. You've lived in apartments and rented places all your married life, and you've been very happy. Why don't you let well enough alone?"

Stevens grinned agreement. "You're absolutely right, Nat. We certainly have been happy. Only we've figured out a way to be happier." He leaned over Goldstone's desk, eyes shining. "We've got the house all picked out. It's 25 years old, and we want it so bad that we're willing to pay cash for it."

Nat Goldstone knew better than to argue with his single-minded client. He simply grabbed the phone, conferred with his brother Charles, who happens to be Mark's business manager, and, together, they set the wheels in motion which resulted in Stevens owning a home.

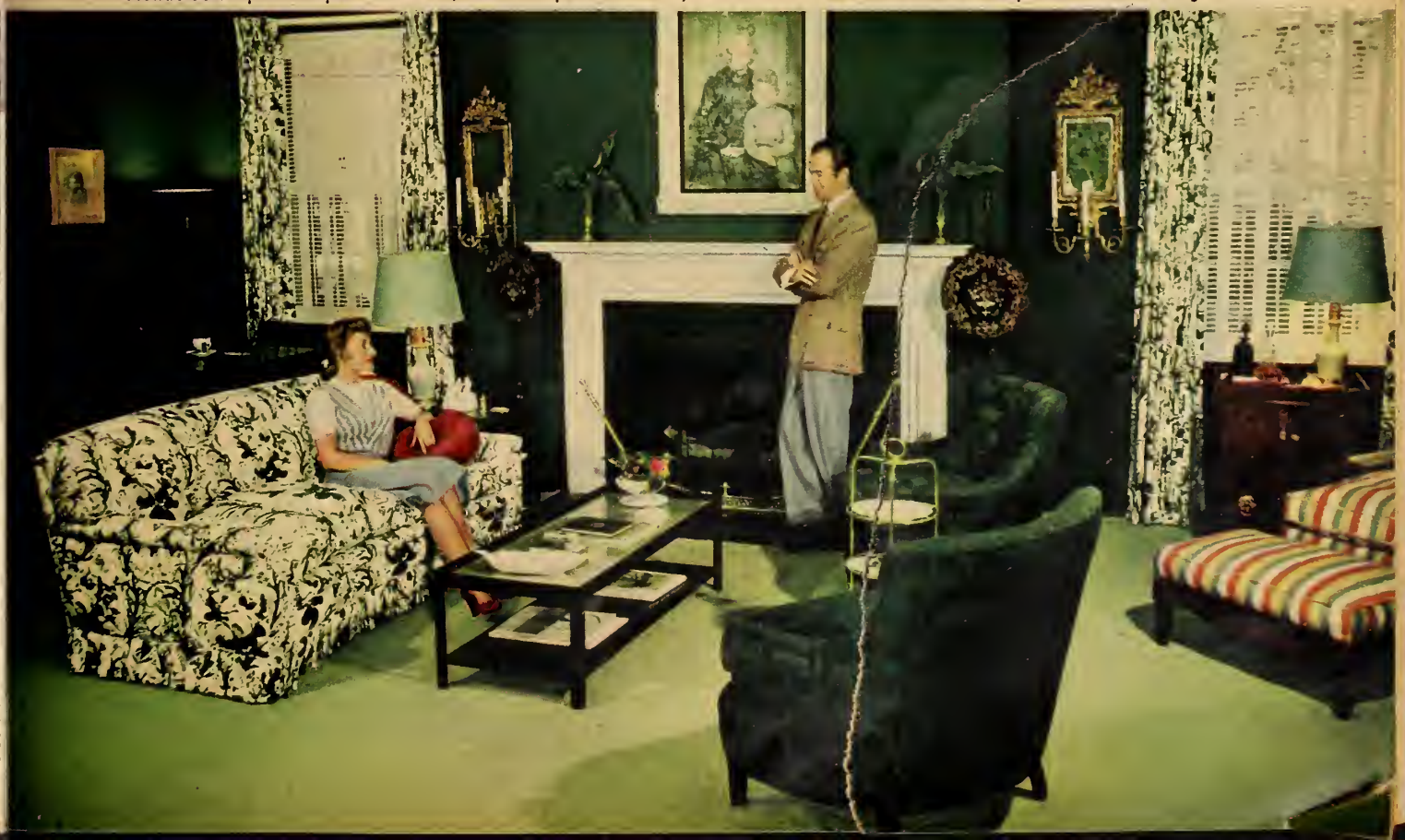
The house Annelle and Mark selected can best be described as the kind you see in automobile ads when the manufacturer wants to provide a background of tradition and taste for his latest model. It's a big, square, white house of modified Southern Colonial design, and it's set well back on a lushly landscaped lot in Beverly Hills. It's a perfect setting for automobile ads or a young and growing family.

When it came to Mark's other stipulation of buying the house outright, business manager Charlie Goldstone just shook his head. "Mark, my boy," he said sadly, "you can't afford it. Unless, of course, you're prepared to give up a few of your millionaire hobbies."

"We're giving up polo," Mark said. "I'll gladly exchange my three-goal

(*Continued on next page*)

Handblacked print drapes and couch, Mark's striped chair carry all four colors used in the house. The portrait was Nelle's gift to Mark.





It took Mark and Annelle three years of slow, careful planning to decorate just as they wanted. But Mark saw to it that the kitchen was in working order early.



The Stevens felt Mark Richard, an only child, needed a neighborhood gang to grow up with. When a boy gets to the bike age, it's hard for Pop to keep up on foot.



place of their own continued

rating for this house and lot and all that goes with it."

So Mark sold his string of eight polo ponies, the tack room full of riding gear and dispensed with the services of a full-time groom. And that's how he acquired the house on North Canon Drive.

The Stevens set about decorating and furnishing their three-bedroom house with the same fervor and intelligence they apply to every new project. They soon realized, however, that the technique of providing a background for living can be as absorbing and difficult as acting. Rather than bungle along on their own, they sought the help of a trained decorator.

"We definitely didn't want our new home *done* by a chi-chi decorator," explains Mark, "but at the same time we knew that we needed the advice of someone who understood good furniture construction and who could guide us in choosing colors and merchandise. In fact, Annelle and I needed a whole education in the field of home furnishing. We got it, too.

"We hired Fanny Rantz. The fact that she was an old, old acquaintance, and sister to Nat and Charlie Goldstone only made the thing easier."

The first thing Mrs. Rantz did after looking over the empty Stevens house was to suggest to the young couple that they paper, paint, and carpet the whole place and then move in. "While you're living in the house," she pointed out, "you can start buying units of furniture to satisfy your particular needs.

"It will take longer that way, but in the end you'll have a home that reflects your taste, not mine. And I promise you, it will be something you'll be proud of for a long, long time. It will be a fine atmosphere in which to raise your son."

For a year and a half, therefore, the Stevens lived with a bed, a borrowed card table, four chairs and such necessary kitchen appliances as a stove, a refrigerator and a deep freeze.

Evening after evening they shifted the card table around in their dark green and white living room. First, it represented a desk, then a piano, then a coffee table, until they had a pretty clear idea of the number of pieces they needed in the room. Before they did any actual buying, Mrs. Rantz gave them a few books to read on the subject of furniture making and design. To Mark, an omnivorous reader, this approach set well. In no time at all he'd devoured several theoretical books on decoration and furniture design; and had committed pages of an encyclopedia of antiques to memory.

So Mark was well supplied with book-learning to back up his layman's knowledge of furniture-making when Annelle and he selected their first "unit" of three pieces—a French Provincial desk, a chair, and some hanging shelves. "We started with these three pieces," recalls Annelle, "because Mark badly needed a big flat desk and he had his heart set on bookshelves more than anything else. Our first inclination had been to fill the house with a cruder type of early American antique, but our reading and six months of living in the house convinced us that we (*Continued on page 100*)



a special report on

HOLLYWOOD HONEYMOONERS

Is happiness an illusion for these three young couples who've already known heartbreak in their twenties, or will they overcome the barriers of their past failures? For the first story, turn the page.

mr. and mrs. tony curtis
mr. and mrs. john agar
mr. and mrs. audie murphy





MR. AND MRS. TONY CURTIS: How rough could it

■ When asked about her honeymoon, Janet Leigh said, "Some honeymoon! Three days in New York. Four days down at Howard Duff's beach house. One day here. One day there. It was really no one's fault, but after a while, it seemed as if there was a vast conspiracy against Tony and me.

"We were married in Connecticut, you know. We had three heavenly days together in New York—at the Waldorf Astoria. The Towers, no less. It was divine. And the studio paid for it! Tony was in New York at the time, making personal appearances for *The Prince Who Was a Thief.*

"It was very economical for us, and lucky, too, because when we got back to the Coast and started looking for an apartment, prices were sky-high.

"We don't own any furniture so we had to get a furnished place. We needed an apartment desperately and had to take the first thing that came along.

"In New York, Tony and I sat down and discussed a budget. We'd decided that $100 a month or maybe $125 was the tops we'd go for an apartment. But when we started looking in Los Angeles and Beverly Hills—well, we couldn't find anything in our price range.

"If we'd had more time to look it might have been different, but gosh! We were supposed to be on a honeymoon. We had all of two days together, and who wants to spend two days searching all over the county of Los Angeles for a bargain? Not us, for sure.

"Anyway, we took this apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. It costs $225 a month, but what could we do? Liz Taylor has the apartment above us.

"We had a weekend together and then I reported for work in *Just This Once* and Tony went out on tour. I don't have to tell you how I missed him.

"And then I got that awful phone call. Tony's Dad had suffered a bad heart attack and they'd rushed him to the hospital. They wanted me to phone Tony—he was in Milwaukee at the time—and tell him to fly home.

"They didn't know how serious it was, and whether or not my father-in-law would live, and I was scared silly. I didn't know how to break the news to Tony, but I knew I had to. So I phoned him at the hotel in Milwaukee, and I said, 'Darling, your Dad's not feeling so well. I think you'd better fly back here.'





get? So crazy in love and hardly any time together

"Tony, of course, was wonderful. He caught the first plane in. The studio was extremely cooperative. They let him give up the tour without a word.

"I met him at the airport, and it was wonderful having his arms around me once more. But instead of being happy and ecstatic the way most newlyweds are, we were both so miserable because of Tony's Dad."

Insofar as Tony is concerned, Janet proved her mettle as a wife almost at once.

"She's a dream," Tony says. "Not one word of complaint about the honeymoon. Most brides would raise a fuss if they had to work on their honeymoon, but not my baby. Always smiling, even when the going was tough.

"And the going was plenty tough, too. First, we had no time together. Second, we had no place to live. Third, I went on tour. Fourth, she reported back to work. Fifth, my Dad got ill with heart trouble. Now that I'm back we spend all of our spare time at the hospital.

"Our routine goes something like this: Janet gets up at seven in the morning. She makes breakfast for me. Then, she tiptoes out of the apartment and races down to (*Continued on page 96*)



Their new budget cracked down the middle when Tony and Janet had to settle for a $225-a-month furnished apartment in this building. Liz Taylor lives just above them.



MR. AND MRS. AGAR: Grim over-

■ A few months ago when John Agar and Loretta Combs eloped to Las Vegas, one Hollywood wit wrote in his gossip column, "Wouldn't it be a riot if John Agar spent his honeymoon in jail?"

Some people have a perverted sense of humor, and what this particular columnist had reference to was the fact that two charges of drunken driving were hanging over Agar's head at the time he and Loretta decided to marry.

"Those charges," the new Mrs. Agar says, "were always floating around in the back of our minds. Originally, it had been planned that Jack would stand trial before our marriage. We both knew he was innocent. And as a matter of fact the trial did come off before we flew to Las Vegas. Only Jack's attorney collapsed in court last March, and the Judge declared a mistrial.

"Well, you know how crowded court dockets can get. They accuse you of a misdemeanor in 1951, and by the time the case is resolved it's 1955. Anyway, when we decided to get married, we saw no sense in letting the trial detain us.

"We went ahead with it, but we always knew that we had the trial to face. Under such circumstances, you don't have a perfect honeymoon.

"As it turned out, we spent most of our honeymoon in Pitts-



MR. AND MRS. MURPHY: It was

■ When a girl marries a movie star she learns very early that Hollywood has the first claim on her husband.

Take Pamela Archer, the beautiful brunette who became Mrs. Audie Murphy a few months ago.

"Our honeymoon in Texas," Pam says, "lasted all of five days. We spent most of them going around and saying goodbye to old friends. What happened was that Audie received a telegram telling him to report to Hollywood. The studio was ready to go with *The Cimarron Kid,* so honeymoon or not, we packed our bags and flew West."

"I wasn't going to leave my bride in Hollywood," Audie says, "no sir, not after one week of marriage. I said to her, 'Pam, you're going on location with me.' And that's exactly what she did. We went up to Sonora, California, where the picture was shot. While I was on location, Pam stayed in town. Then when I was done for the day I joined her."

Pam insists she was thrilled by her unusual honeymoon. "I'd never been around motion picture people before," she explains. "I'd met several prominent people. Every airline hostess does, but the movie crowd was a new one to me.

"The last day on location, I caught poison ivy. Can you imagine that, a lil ole country girl like me being allergic to poison ivy! My skin sure peeled off. That was a funny way

tones haunted their honeymoon, now they find strength together.

burgh. Jack had been booked into the Copa as a singer—he sings very well—so I flew with him, and we checked into the William Penn.

"We had eight days in Pittsburgh. Jack worked during the nights, and while I wouldn't call it the greatest honeymoon in the world, at least we were together.

"While we were in Pittsburgh, we thought of spending some of our honeymoon in New York and other cities around there, but Jack had to return to the Coast. He'd signed to appear opposite Joan Evans in the stage play, *Peg O' My Heart*.

"The trouble with marrying an actor is that you have to do everything between his jobs, and if he happens to be working steadily or traveling from one job to another, it's hard.

"Take our apartment hunting. Ever since our marriage we've been living with Jack's mother. I happen to love my mother-in-law. But still, Jack and I feel that every couple should have a place of their own. Jack's mother feels the same way.

"We wanted to rent a house, but furnished houses out here are pretty rare and very expensive. So I guess we'll have to find an apartment.

"As you probably know, Jack's obtained his release from David Selznick which means that he's a free agent. He can accept jobs anywhere. He's had quite a few offers from different clubs and theaters throughout the country, so we'll probably be on the go for the next few months.

"I don't mind too much, but I just can't wait until the day we really settle down. I love to cook, and Jack loves to eat. He isn't finicky, either, loves steaks, salads, vegetables, everything. He was brought up well."

The truth about John Agar is that he's been Hollywood's most maligned actor ever since he and his ex-wife Shirley Temple made *Ft. Apache* together.

The truth also is that he's a nice, insecure boy, who was ill-equipped to marry an international institution like Shirley Temple. Now he realizes his shortcomings and is making every possible effort to establish himself securely as a talented entertainer.

"Acting is a serious business to me," he says. "I'm not playing around with it. I'm making it my life's work. I may not be very good now, but I'm studying all the time. I think I'm improving. The same way with my singing. I'm no Crosby or Perry Como, but I'm coming along.

"Motion pictures, unless you're under contract, are pretty unreliable. That's why I'm going in for these night club and theater bookings. That's why I took (*Continued on page 97*)

swell of Pam to wait till the end of the honeymoon to get poison ivy.

to end a honeymoon, winding up with poison ivy."

Once the location trip was over, Pam and Audie returned to Hollywood and the little apartment which Audie rents for $160 a month.

Pam loves it, but she says, "It'll be much better for both of us when we own a house of our own with a little land and a backyard. This place we have now is very cute, but there's no place where we can take a stroll. Audie and I both like the wide open spaces."

There is no more un-Hollywood-like actor than Audie Murphy. Quiet, soft-spoken and well-mannered, he never frequents the plushy restaurants, never catches the latest night club routines.

Pamela is much the same way. She's not interested in sophisticated cocktail parties, elegant fashion shows, or afternoon teas.

Her sole interest in life thus far is Audie. She cooks for him, cleans for him, takes his phone messages, washes his clothes. She subordinates all her plans to his.

This is quite a change for Pam who was a successful career girl for many years. Whenever Braniff Airlines initiated a new flight, say to Peru or Buenos Aires, Pamela Archer was always the chief hostess. (*Continued on page 93*)



The Murphys rent a section of this small building. They hope for a place of their own, with more "wide open spaces."

19-YEAR-OLD LIZ HAS LOVED EIGHT MEN IN TWO YEARS . . . A RECORD EVEN FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD.



Peter Lawford was the first to capture beautiful Liz' fancy. She was 15 and he was her first crush.



Glenn Davis was the world's choice for Liz in 1949. She was engaged to the football hero for several months.



After Davis "broke her heart", Liz found eager solace with wealthy Bill Pawley, and wore his ring.



Vic Damone squired Liz in early 1950, and there were strong reports of mutual interest between them.



In June, 1950, Liz became Bride of the Year, wed multi-millionaire Nicky Hilton, planned to live in Hollywood.



In January, 1951, Liz became Divorcée of the Year. But by early February she was Stanley Donen's girl.

Are her fans weary of Liz's escapades? Modern Screen's candid reporter examines the evidence.

■ There are still people working at MGM who can remember when she first walked on the lot. It was in 1942. The studio's biggest star at that time was a silky collie named Lassie, and a good portion of the company's production staff was working on preparations of a picture for her. Some of them were standing in the doorway of the Administration Building talking after lunch when the kid came walking down the hall. She was 10 years old. She had coal black hair and a contrasting complexion of cream and old rose. Her eyes were bluer than new corn flowers, and as large as silver dollars. Each feature was separately chiseled to perfection; nose, mouth, chin, even the black eyebrows that lent an oddly oriental cast to her face. She was dressed like almost any other 10-year-old, but she carried herself with a special dignity. She passed the group without a look.

"Holy cow!" someone said. "Who was that?"

They were all to find out. Even at 10, Elizabeth Taylor was an outstanding beauty. She was the kind of child who was surely destined for idolatry, and she was on her own ground on that first day, even though nobody on the lot had ever heard of her before.

The second week Elizabeth Taylor worked in that Lassie picture, there were more newspaper people on the set than had ever been on a sound stage at MGM in a like period before. By the time the film was finished, she was one of the most important people on the lot. And by the time the picture was released, she was one of the most important actresses in Hollywood, for she captured the heart of anyone who saw her on film. Her stunning beauty was, of course, one of the reasons, but there was, too, an acting ability rare in one so young and an adolescent sincerity and wholesomeness that was irresistible.

You remember what happened after that. A couple of fast pictures and, when Elizabeth was 12, *National Velvet*. Few kids in the movies have ever received the fan mail and other forms of adulation that Liz (*Continued on page 86*)

BY RICHARD DEXTER

does liz know what love is?



Christmas of the same year (1949) found Liz, then 17, smiling sweetly on baseball star Ralph Kiner.



At the May opening of Hollywood Park, Liz appeared gay and beautiful with a new swain—Lin Howard, Jr.

In the mood for love

(*Continued from page 53*) "Well, if you'd stay home more in the day and less at night, I'd appreciate it," Gail chided her. "I've called and called all day—"

"You know how I feel about blind dates—" June began.

"I know how you feel about most dates," confirmed Mrs. Jackson. "But look here: Dino Restelli's the only bachelor on our squad (Gail's part owner of the Hollywood Baseball Club). He's young, good-looking—and he's dying to meet June Haver. What's more, he refuses to believe I actually know wonderful you. I won't tell him you're coming. It'll be a surprise party. So, how about it? Do we give Dino a thrill tonight, or don't we?"

"Why not?" laughed June.

A few short months ago, June Haver probably couldn't have brought herself to say those words. Moreover, it would have upset her to have a man make any kind of a gallant pledge—even a two-base hit—for her alone, or to have him say (as Dino did) "I saw you walking down the street seven years ago and I've never forgotten how beautiful you looked." But now it was fun to have these things happen. June felt young and gay again.

June isn't in love with Dino Restelli, although the good-looking slugger may well be suffering from that affliction of the heart. But when he asked her to go out a few nights later she didn't say no. And strollers along the Ocean Park fun pier watched a chattering couple spend the evening munching spun taffy and throwing baseballs. When the team left on tour and June drove Dino out to the airport, there was nothing of front page significance in the event. Dino Restelli isn't *the* man in June's life. Right now nobody is. But he's *one* man, and not the only one either.

ONLY a few weeks ago another attractive gentleman named Howard Lee flew from Houston, Texas, to Hollywood just to see June Haver. He saw her all right—every day for a week.

June met Howard Lee in Houston last February when she flew there with her mother to be queen of the Mardi Gras. She stayed at the fabulous Shamrock Hotel, owned by the equally fabulous oil tycoon, Glenn McCarthy. There and everywhere else she went during the three day festival, Howard Lee managed to be around. Finally he was introduced; he was Glenn McCarthy's brother-in-law, and a multi-millionaire.

Houston is supposedly full of millionaires, but even in that big bank-roll league Howard Lee is rated a very rich man. He sat with June's mother at the crowning festivities in the Colosseum and watched June, gorgeous in a white tulle dress and a long, royal-blue velvet train, reign at the Mardi Gras. She wore a crown of gold in her hair, and she was a vision Howard Lee couldn't forget.

A man with a finger in every Houston pie, Lee talked mostly about his booming city while they took in the round of Mardi Gras parties together. But when he drove June to the airport, he talked about something else. "I'll be out to see you soon," he promised, "and we'll do your town."

"I'd love that," June found herself saying.

It took Howard Lee four months to make good his promise, but during that stretch from February to July, he called her frequently and nearly always at night around 3:30. Finally June just kept the telephone beside her bed and when it jingled her awake, she automatically mumbled, "Hello, Howard." He never could figure out the differences in time.

But he kept calling just the same, June was faced with 5.30 A.M. turnouts for *Love Nest*, so she lifted the receiver with mixed feelings.

"When Howard finally called to say he was in town," June admitted, "I didn't know whether I wanted to hit him on the head or to tell him to come on over!" But she told him to come on over.

What followed was the busiest, dizziest week June Haver has had since she was a teen-age star dating a different beau each night. Along with Howard Lee, her dad, Fred Stovenour, whom she hadn't seen for 13 years, blew in from Memphis, and Howard found himself involved in a family affair. They took in Hawaiian Night at the Cocoanut Grove, danced with tropical leis around their necks and ate Island food flown over that day. They went to the Turnabout Theater, and sipped zombies at the Beachcomber's. June got dressed to the eyelashes as she used to for late whirls at Mocambo and Ciro's, and John, Ciro's *maitre d'*, almost swooned when he saw her. It had been over two years since June walked in the door of that showcase of the stars.

Daytimes, Howard and June, with her father, her sister, Evvie, and other members of the Haver clan did the rest of Hollywood. They went to the Hollywood Park races, the Farmer's Market—they hopped over to Catalina Island like all the rest of the tourists.

By the time Howard Lee said goodbye, the rumors flew around Hollywood that June was in love with him. Some gossips promptly had her engaged. Obviously, Howard Lee thinks June Haver is pretty cute and he likes her company; men don't tear themselves away from big business and travel a thousand miles just to keep a polite promise. He may even be head over heels in love; that wouldn't be too surprising. And although June will give you the old refrain, "just friends," when you mention her Texas beau, it's obvious that she liked Howard a lot.

But she's not seriously in love—although Lee still calls her (and *in* the day; she talked him out of the insomnia treatment). She's not thinking of marrying that millionaire or anybody else.

It will be just two years ago this October that June Haver's fiance, John Duzik, died at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. At that tragic time June was only 23, but already the nightmare of her marriage to Jimmy Zito had bruised a heart that had been wide open to romance. When the man who'd stepped up adoringly to piece her world back together again passed away on the eve of their marriage, there was no place left in June's heart for a new love to take hold.

Grief is a solitary ordeal. If not even June's family or friends could really help in her sorrow, certainly no man could. There was only June Haver herself to face and build a new life with the aid of her strong religious faith. The distractions she seized on to balance her spiritual gropings for solace were not frivolity, romance or fun. Being June, she knew that that kind of escape would never work for her. Being a true Christian, she knew too that the only way she could bring peace and happiness back into her own life was to bring it to others.

So June lost herself in good works. For a year after John Duzik's death, her Hollywood friends could seldom catch her at home. She was out of their world. She was playing benefits to raise money for Catholic girls' schools, orphanages, hospitals, and churches. She was visiting veterans' hospitals, asking for the toughest wards to work in—the paraplegic, arthritic and heart sections. She sought out afflicted children who needed cheer and help. At her own church she attended mass every morning and went into religious retreat at a convent. All the while, June kept her thoughts resolutely away from herself.

THE only relaxation June found during this dedicated time was even more work. She decorated an apartment house for George Froley, the contractor who built the apartment house she'd planned to live in with John Duzik and where June lives today. She has decorated another for Froley since, and one of her own. But as for gaiety, good times and romance—well, until recently there just hasn't been any. This has worried June's friends and caused everyone who knows her (and some who don't) to wishfully imagine a new love interest with every man she looked at twice.

A year ago, for instance, Sy Bartlett, a writer at 20th Century-Fox, was attentive

THESE ARE THE MEN IN JUNE HAVER'S LIFE. BUT THOUGH EACH ONE



June met millionaire Howard Lee in Texas. Later he flew to Hollywood just to see her. Gossips had them engaged, but although it's obvious they like each other no announcement has been made.

to June around the studio and took her out a few times for lunch and dinner. He was particularly helpful and considerate when June went to the hospital, and he flew her to Las Vegas when June's grandmother was ill there. With only this to go on, Sy was hailed as June's "new romance." It was said he was seeing her constantly, had given her jewels and entertained lavishly in her honor. Actually, Sy, a nice chap, well liked by everyone, including June, was never halfway close to her heart, and incidentally never gave her any token of his love. No jewels. No party. June hasn't seen Sy Bartlett now for well over a year.

The only man, in fact, who has figured in June Haver's life since her tragic love is Joe Campbell. He's an old friend of the Haver family, and runs the Campbell stores in Santa Monica. Twenty-nine, nice looking and pleasant, Joe Campbell was her first date after John's death and is June's willing escort to premieres, benefits and the steady round of Hollywood career affairs. A "frog man" diver in the Navy during the war, he's a terrific swimmer and whenever June will let him he takes her down to his swimming club or coaxes her out on a golf course where he knows she plays a good game. Joe also sponsors a "Little League" baseball club for kids called the "Campbell Cardinals" where Donnie Kinsinger, June's young cousin, is a star second-sacker. It's no secret that Joe adores June, but unfortunately, that old cliche applies accurately to June's feelings for Joe—she really loves him like a brother.

The people who know June best agree that what started her on the road back to health and a revived interest in fun was the trip abroad she made last October. Although June set off on a Holy Year pilgrimage to Rome and Palestine, she found time for side trips to London and Paris, bought some exciting new clothes and, what was more important, changed the scene which so badly needed changing for her.

The June who came back to Hollywood looked almost like the old Junie again, with laugh wrinkles around her eyes and some restored curves to fill out the new clothes. Right away she jumped at the chance for an even more gala air tour of South America on the International Film Festival junket. With Pat Neal, Liz Scott, Evelyn Keyes, John Derek, Wendell Corey and a crew of other holiday-minded stars, June spent five weeks in Rio, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Cuzco, Lima and other romantic spots. She learned to dance the tango and *mamba* and never let herself have too serious a thought all the time she was gone. But back in Hollywood at last, she told reporters, "I like American men best." June couldn't tell them *what* American men, but even that statement showed what was stirring in her pretty head. And high time, too.

JUNE leads a charitable, religious life and she probably always will. She still attends mass every morning at St. Paul's in Westwood, and gives her talents for many worthy benefits. Recently she "adopted" a paralyzed veteran who had to lie constantly on his stomach, but who wanted a house of his own. When he got one June attended the housewarming. Her favorite project is still raising money for the children's ward at St. John's and when she was in that hospital herself she got a letter from a little girl.

"Dear June," it read, "I hear you may have to have an operation and I hope you don't. But if you do, don't be afraid. Operations don't hurt. I know, I've had thirty-two."

Back home June looked up the sender, little Nancy Hamilton, a child born without feet and with tumors on both legs that seem impossible to cure. Now she's her godchild and Nancy calls June "Mom." On Nancy's birthday June gathered up Nancy, her sister Evvie's boy, Brian, and sister Dorothy's two girls, Cathy and Trudy, and carted them all off for the day at "Hoppyland," Hopalong Cassidy's kid carnival.

Little by little time has thinned the armor which June wore so long around her heart. Little by little, events have combined to show that, instead of heading for a convent as has been persistently and frequently rumored, June Haver is heading back toward the full and happy life normal to a beautiful and unattached young lady of 25.

Even June's last picture, *Love Nest*, helped. Instead of the typical June Haver musical, which for all its sparkle always brings a stab of sadness, she played a gay comedy role with Bill Lundigan. It's about a couple who do over an old Manhattan brownstone house—right up the alley of June's decorating hobby.

On the *Love Nest* set it was like old times again. A publicity man, for instance, who had been skipping June for things he thought she'd shrink from, approached her one noon. "I've got 280 Marines outside who want to take you to lunch," he told her. "Think you can handle 'em?"

"That's a lot of Marines," June grinned, "but I'll try." She didn't have to try very hard.

On that same set the big stage doors swung wide open one day and a snappy new blue Pontiac Catalina rolled right up to June's dressing room. She'd seen it in the show window that morning on the way to work, obeyed the impulse and bought it. But she couldn't wait even until she went home to try it out.

To June that car was a pretty important thrill. It was the first shiny new job she had ever owned. Before, she'd always bought used ones.

EVERYWHERE there are other subtle signs that June Haver is letting herself loose, inch by inch, from the strings that tied her to her unhappy days. She's breaking in the new blue car fast getting out of the apartment and off on her favorite seaside drives to Laguna, Santa Barbara and Del Mar, sometimes with Joe Campbell and sometimes just with her gal pals, Pat Neal, Betty Lynn, or her stand-in, Shirley Clark. She's planning a trip to Alaska and one to Jackson Hole, Wyoming—a place she shied away from for a long time because that was where she'd hoped to honeymoon with John. She's taking singing lessons with Robert Keith and dancing lessons with Buddy Ebson, who taught June her steps for *Look For the Silver Lining*. Both are with an eye to a fling at London's Palladium after she finishes her next picture.

Right now there are still good reasons why marriage seems far away for June, even if she should meet the right man. Her audience with Pope Pius last fall was not, as Hollywood prophets predicted, an attempt to win annulment of her marriage to Jimmy Zito. June saw His Holiness along with a crowd of other pilgrims and her personal problems were not discussed. It will take time, if she is successful, for her annulment to be granted through Church channels. Until it is, remarriage in her faith is out of the question for June.

But then June Haver is not the hasty heart type anyway. Both her romances with Zito and Duzik took time before they took over June's love. It could be, whether she realizes it or not, that something is starting deep in her heart right now. Maybe it involves athletic Dino Restelli, wealthy Howard Lee or steady Joe Campbell—and maybe not. Maybe someone else she's met and thinks she's forgotten has entered there, or perhaps someone she'll meet soon will have the key. That's what makes June Haver's life such a promising suspenseful story today.

A friend who knows June well and loves her puts it this way, "Right now June is like a girl gingerly testing the edge of a lake that winter has frozen over and spring has just thawed. After what she's been through she's too cautious to take a plunge into romance. But the time will come—it has to. June's too full of life not to want what life must offer a warm-hearted beautiful girl."

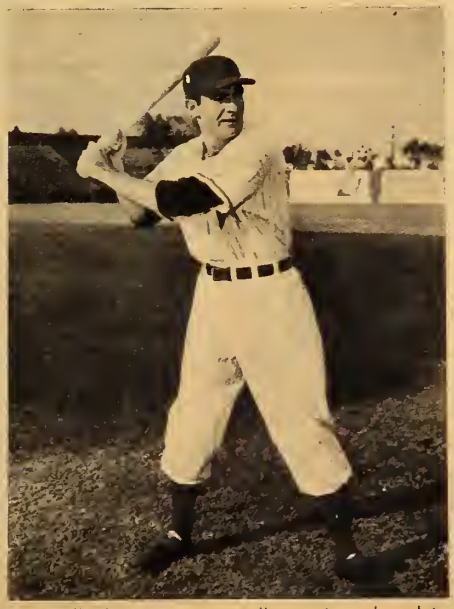
If you ask June Haver about such intimate matters, she will only shake her head and smile—but not sadly. "Right now I'm happier than I've been for a long, long time," she'll tell you.

But she could be happier, with love and romance in her life. And someday not too far away, unless all signs are wrong, June Haver will be. THE END

IS AN ANXIOUS SUITOR, NONE SEEMS TO HOLD THE KEY TO HER HEART



Old friend Joe Campbell wears his heart on his sleeve for June who loves him "like a brother."



Baseball player Dino Restelli was introduced to June by Gail Patrick, Hollywood ball club owner.

don't bargain for faith

FAITH WAS GIVEN ME AS A CHILD; I LOST IT AS A YOUTH; AND HAD TO EARN IT FOR MYSELF AND MY FAMILY AS A MAN.

by Dennis O'Keefe

■ I was born the child of a Catholic father and a Protestant mother. Neither pressed me to follow his or her religion, and, perhaps, because I loved them both equally, I grew up outside the church officially. Yet, as I always thought, in the way of the church. But when I reached young manhood I had gotten away from all such influence. Other thoughts occupied me by the time I was in my early twenties.

Flushed with success in the movies, with two pictures for the biggest studio in town under my belt, my whole future looked like a golden staircase up which I was racing with sure feet. I didn't need anything . . . not even God.

That was more than 10 years ago. I can still remember one night, driving home through the sleeping San Fernando valley after a late party, and how I laughed aloud at the world which I was sure was my very own little egg. I laughed . . . and after a while I must have gotten sleepy. It was almost dawn. I don't even remember seeing the big milk truck.

"There's no hurry . . . this guy's dead."

These were the first words I heard after the crash. Only afterward I knew that they were spoken by a policeman to an ambulance interne who had just arrived on the scene. I only knew afterward that the rear of the truck had ripped and smashed the upper part of my car into something that looked like a tattered Venetian blind. I only knew afterward that I was a twisted, crumpled hulk myself, only vaguely resembling anything human. All that I was conscious of just then was that I must tell the policeman that he was wrong. That I was alive. But I couldn't make a sound. I wasn't that alive.

If you jump on a canary cage you will have an idea of what my ribs looked like when they took X-ray pictures at the hospital. My shoulder was broken. A leg was broken, and the knee shattered. The whole front of my face was smashed and disfigured. And somewhere behind all this, alone in the pain and agony that was (*Continued on page 94*)





MAKE NEVER-FAIL FUDGE IN 15 MINUTES

No cooking! No testing! No beating!

"Philly" fudge

You make it with Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese



Here's the Kraft Kitchen secret for fudge that's always smooth, that *can't* turn out grainy or ever be too soft or too hard. Made *without cooking* there's no testing or beating; no guesswork and no chance of disappointment. The magic ingredient of this never-fail fudge is soft, fresh-tasting *Philadelphia Brand* Cream Cheese!

CHOCOLATE "PHILLY" FUDGE

- 1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
- 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 2 1-ounce squares of unsweetened chocolate, melted
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- Dash of salt
- ½ cup chopped pecans

Place the cheese in a bowl and cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend the sugar into it. Add the melted chocolate. Mix well. Add the vanilla, salt and chopped pecans and mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased, shallow pan. Place in the refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares. (For a slightly softer fudge blend in 1 teaspoon of cream.)

MAPLE "PHILLY" FUDGE. Follow directions for chocolate fudge *except* use 2½ cups sugar and add 10 drops maple flavoring instead of the chocolate and vanilla.

COCONUT "PHILLY" FUDGE. Follow directions for the chocolate "Philly" fudge *except* use 2½ cups sugar, add ½ cup dry shredded coconut instead of the chocolate, and leave out the pecans.

ALMOND "PHILLY" FUDGE. Follow directions for chocolate fudge *except* use 2½ cups sugar, add ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring instead of the chocolate and vanilla, and use ½ cup chopped *almonds*.

Try a batch of "Philly" fudge tonight if you've got the Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. In just a half-hour you'll be eating the most delightful fudge you've ever had.

they're talking about lanza

(*Continued from page 57*) of the great, if not the greatest, voices since Enrico Caruso.

"That's nothing," said the crooner's escort. "I hear he's been making a pass at every girl on the lot."

A MONTH or so ago, Mario was seen striding out of the Thalberg Building, an imposing structure where the men who really run MGM have their offices.

An acquaintance ran into him. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

Lanza flashed him a grin. "They just told me to be a gentleman and I'd go right to the top."

The next day, columnists carried the item, "Mario Lanza has been severely chastised by his studio for too many outbursts of temperament."

Actually, Lanza had stepped inside the building for a drink from the water cooler.

What then is Mario Lanza really like? The chances are you've heard him sing. Listen to him talk.

"I'm an emotional Italian from south Philadelphia," he says. "And I'm proud of it. 'Be more diplomatic,' they tell me. 'Be more tactful.' What am I? A diplomat or a singer? I'm a singer, an American singer. If I like something, I like it. If I don't like it, I say so.

"The studio sends me a script. I read it. For a minute I think they're kidding. Then I find they're serious. A guy calls me up. 'Lanza,' he says, 'what do you think of it?' 'It stinks,' I say. 'Sweetie,' he answers, 'stop kidding. Don't you think it's a knockout? It's going to be bigger than *Caruso*.'

"I repeat, 'It's terrible.' Next thing I know, they're calling me temperamental. Who's temperamental? Not me. When a script's no good, I got a perfect right to say so. My whole life I've spoken my mind, been honest and told the truth. I was brought up that way. My folks taught me that what you had in your soul was more important than what you had in your pocket.

"I remember when I first sang for Koussevitzky at the Berkshire Music Festival. He wanted to change my name. Said that Cocozza was impossible to pronounce. My old man almost blew his top. He said we'd make the name so famous that people wouldn't dare to mispronounce it. I finally settled it by taking my mother's maiden name, Maria Lanza, and changing the Maria to Mario.

"A man should stand up for what he believes is right, even in Hollywood. No one will ever say that Mario Lanza is a mouse. They may call me something that sounds like mouse. But that won't be the word."

AND here is Mario in action: A few weeks ago after three rough hours of recording, the six-foot tenor walked out of a recording studio only to run up against a small army of teen-agers.

"Please, sing a song for us, Mr. Lanza," pleaded a little blonde girl.

Mario marched the whole army of Lanza fans back into the studio and, with Ray Sinatra at the piano, sang to them for another hour.

He does that sort of thing all the time. Recently, his office received this letter: "Dear Mr. Lanza, during my last semester at college, while I was majoring in social work, I took several field trips. One of these trips was to the Madonna House in south Philadelphia. One of the children there led me to the television set and said, 'This set was given to us by Mario Lanza.' Other children then swarmed around and spoke of you in terms of gratitude and reverence. I thought you might like to know that. I think you are a very thoughtful and good man."

When Lanza was first signed to a contract at MGM—Ida Koverman, L. B. Mayer's secretary, had heard him sing in the Hollywood Bowl and had raved about him—the fan magazine photographers wouldn't give him a break. They didn't know whether he'd turn out to be a flash-in-the-pan or the real McCoy. But one photographer named Joe Shere shot some pictures of Mario and his wife, Betty. Shere made a few extra prints and sent them to Lanza. Mario never forgot his thoughtfulness. Last Spring when Lanza was singing in Baltimore, the photographer's sister tried to buy tickets for the concert. No luck. The concert was a sell-out. Tickets were being hawked about for $50 a pair. The girl couldn't afford that price and wrote to her brother, who in turn phoned Mario.

Lanza immediately contacted his manager, Sam Weiler, and told him, "Insofar as I'm concerned the most important thing in that Baltimore concert is to see that little Joe Shere's sister gets two tickets." Little Joe's sister got them all right.

When the Lanza tour arrived in Philadelphia, Mario learned that a shut-in, an 80-year-old fan of his from Germantown, Pa., had also been unable to buy a ticket for his appearance.

Promptly, he took a ticket away from Manny Sachs, vice president in charge of recording for NBC. He then drove out to Germantown, put the delighted lady in his car and drove her to the concert.

A FEW months ago, just before Lanza went on the air for the Coca-Cola Company, there was a big hassel about the musical director on the program. "I like Ray Sinatra," Mario told the big boys. "We get along well. He knows his business, and I'm sure we'll turn out a fine program for you."

The Coca-Cola men were certain of Sinatra's ability, only they leaned towards Percy Faith. "Mr. Faith," they pointed out, "is a musical conductor of great reputation and very extensive background."

Lanza said, "Of course, he is. He's one of the best, only I'd like Ray Sinatra. If I don't get Ray, I'd just as soon not have the radio show."

Sinatra went to Lanza and told him not to be silly; not to jeopardize his own position.

Lanza refused to budge. And today Ray Sinatra is the musical conductor on the Mario Lanza airshow for Coca-Cola.

Last December, Mario became the proud father for the second time of a baby daughter, a cute, dark-haired girl they christened Elissa. One of the nurses at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood where the child was born, said, "I've seen a lot of actors call on their wives. But I've never seen a man more in love with his wife than Mario Lanza. He wanted us to do every possible thing to make her comfortable. 'We're doing everything we can now,' I told him. 'That's nothing,' he said. 'Try and out-do yourselves.'"

Lanza, his wife, and their two children live in a rented house on the fringe of Beverly Hills. When MGM gave Lanza a $25,000 bonus so that he could buy a house and feel more secure, Lanza took that money and bought a home in California for his parents. His father, an Italian immigrant, fought for America in World War I and was the first American soldier to take a German prisoner. He was gassed during the conflict and totally disabled. But he managed to raise Mario and take care of his wife on a government pension.

Lanza didn't forget his parents when he hit the big time. Neither did he forget Nicky Brodzky, the talented Hungarian composer who wrote "Be My Love" for *The Toast of New Orleans*. After he finished the score of that film Brodsky was given his walking papers.

Before "Be My Love" began to catch on with the public, Brodzky was broke and out of a job. Lanza borrowed $1,250 which he promptly handed to Nicky.

When "Be My Love" started to sell like the proverbial pile of hotcakes, Brodzky was hired back by Metro, but it was Lanza who took care of him during the dark days.

THAT's the true Lanza. Anything to the contrary is bad propaganda.

Is he feuding with his studio? MGM gave Mario $75,000 in bonuses last year. Does that sound like feuding?

Is he stepping out on his wife? "Why should I step out on her?" Mario asks. "She's everything I want."

Is he temperamental? "I just like to be treated with a little consideration!"

Does he weigh in at 250 pounds—too much for a movie? "The most I've ever weighed is 224. Right now I'm down to 200. My best weight is 197."

Is he losing his voice? "I've never sung better in my life."

Here is the true fact sheet on Mario Lanza. He was born in New York City 30 years ago, and was raised in south Philadelphia.

He didn't try to sing until he was 20 years old. It was his father who discovered him and urged him to study. Mario went to see a voice coach who brought him to the attention of William Huff of the Philadelphia Academy of Music.

Nothing came of it so Mario took a job as a furniture mover in his grandfather's trucking company.

One day he was moving a piano into the music auditorium when Mr. Huff caught sight of him. "What are you doing in that uniform?" he said.

"Moving pianos," said Lanza.

"Come with me," ordered Huff. He pushed Lanza into a dressing room opposite one occupied (*Continued on page 74*)

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(*Continued from page 72*) by Serge Koussevitzky, longtime director of the Boston Philharmonic. "Start singing," he commanded.

Mario sang "Vesti La Giubba."

Koussevitzky rushed out of his dressing room, saw Mario, ran to him and began kissing him in continental style on both cheeks. "You must sing at the Berkshire Festival in Tanglewood," he told the surprised young man.

Lanza was so great at the Festival that half a dozen recording companies and concert managers tried to sign him.

Uncle Sam beat all of them. He signed Lanza to a four-year stint with the Air Forces during which time Mario served as an M.P., a private, and a singer in the official Air Force show, *Winged Victory*.

When Mario left the Army in 1945, he and his wife of a few months, Betty Hicks —her brother had been with Mario in *Winged Victory*—came to New York. Mario began taking voice lessons with Enrico Rosati, the 76-year-old teacher of Benjamino Gigli.

The Lanzas had very little money. Mario and Betty lived in a cold water flat on the West Side. Despite his financial embarrassment, he consistently turned down offers to appear on radio programs or in concert halls. "I just felt," he says, "that I wasn't ready."

Fortunately for Lanza, a patron came along when he and Betty were flat broke. Sam Weiler, a partner in the New York real estate firm of Swig & Weiler, himself a frustrated opera singer, insisted upon giving Mario all the money he needed until such time as Lanza felt his voice would be acceptable to the public.

Today, Sam Weiler is Lanza's manager and at Lanza's insistence receives 20% of his gross earnings. Actually, Weiler receives only 10%, since he is paying 10% to the Music Corporation of America to act as Lanza's agent.

In 1947, Frank Sinatra, who had heard Mario sing in *Winged Victory*, asked the tenor to visit him in Hollywood. The Lanzas stayed with Frank for three weeks. During that time Mario sang at several parties, and Walter Pidgeon, a frustrated opera singer, called him "the great tenor of the century."

After appearing in the Hollywood Bowl where he brought the house down, Lanza was invited to MGM by L. B. Mayer. Mr. Mayer, then in charge of the studio, ordered 55 of his top executives to gather on one sound stage, and asked Lanza to sing for them.

MGM gave him $10,000 for signing a contract which calls for Lanza to work at the studio only six months a year. His salary at MGM is currently $1,500 a week.

Most of his income, however, is derived from recordings and concert appearances. This year he will make $300,000 on recordings, another $200,000 on personal concert appearances, another $100,000 on radio and allied activities.

His ambition is to sing in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The Met has been offering him a contract every year since 1946, but he's refused each of them because, he says, "I'm not ready yet."

Actually his is the most stirring, beautiful, and powerful voice ever placed on a Hollywood sound track. And he has a personality to match.

So critics, please note. THE END

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so nice to come home to

(*Continued from page 49*) of her mouth was, "Say Marty, I've got an idea—that back porch we're screening in—let's paint it a soft gray-green inside like that tree, and the redwood table, too. Make it so nice and cool looking."

And Marty turned his brown eyes from the most awesome sight Nature ever carved to scan his wife's features. "You know," he observed, "you're getting almost as many freckles in this sun as Terry has. Say," he added, "why didn't we bring him along? I miss that little guy. Let's go back to the hotel and call him up." So that's how they spent the evening, with the wine-like air of the Arizona night outside, shut up in their hotel room at El Tovar, talking long distance to their boy, Terry. The next morning they rolled down from Arizona into California, and home, cutting a planned two weeks to a few short days. And they haven't been away for even overnight since.

Now, if you can't get away from your own back yard except via an ultimatum even for a honeymoon, something's awfully wrong—or awfully right. If you can't keep your mind off a house long enough to put that mind to marriage matters, it's plainly some very special kind of house, quite as strong a magnet in its way as the kind they pick up steel girders with. But that's just what their big white house is to Doris and Marty Melcher. It's more than any honeymoon cottage could possibly be. Long before "Mister Melcher moved in," as Doris says, the street she lived on was already a part of their romance and long, relaxed courtship. "Marty wooed me with a hammer in one hand and a paint brush in the other," sighs Doris. "Sometimes, I think he got the idea of marrying me out of a Sears-Roebuck catalogue."

She's kidding, of course, but it's true that much labor of love and many man hours of Marty's toil—although he'll never call it that—have gone into the house they live in today. When Doris bought the house from Martha Raye, almost two years ago, her relationship with Marty Melcher was strictly a business one. But by the time she had sold off all the furniture that came with it, ripped all of Martha's mirrors off the walls and started making it into her idea of home, the "strictly business" relation with Marty had ripened into something far deeper.

For a year and a half, while they were courting, it seemed natural and fun to chase around to auctions together and poke through the musty bric-a-brac of antique shops to carry home prizes—creaky chests to be glued together again and rubbed down to the fine old finish, copper and brass to be polished bright, old milk glass and chairs with graceful lines under tatters to be rebuilt and recovered. Marty was on hand to scrape with painters and get just the rich Williamsburg green Doris wanted on the living room walls, to rub his fingers raw laying bricks in the patio, and hammer his thumbs putting up trellises around the pool.

Today, when you walk in, you see the results—a homey, inviting house, always as neat as a pack of pins like Doris herself. ("If I'd stayed in Cincinnati," she admits, "I'd be out scrubbing the front steps.") At the same time it's the kind of house where you'd expect dogs to dig out across the carpet and kids to bang through whooping like wild Indians, rocking vases perilously. Which is exactly what goes on, and exactly what Doris and Marty Melcher want to go on.

To UNDERSTAND why, it's pretty important to know a few background facts about the Melchers, mom and pop. If you wonder why they baffle all of Hollywood right now by making like a couple of nine o'clock *burghers* instead of what you might reasonably expect from a hep-to-the-minute song-and-dance movie queen and a smart agent constantly on top of show business news and nifties, you can find one good reason in those last two lines: Make believe is their business and home is where they leave it behind. But there are other special reasons, too.

From the time Doris' first unfortunate marriage came to an end, she had longed most of all for just one thing: "That Terry could have a home and a dad, as every kid ought to have."

As for Marty, he was a North Adams, Massachusetts boy raised in a strict family where life was real and life was earnest. Marty went to work early in his life and it led him into the fast shuffling, cut-throat competition of show business. Most of his adult life he's lived in hotels or apartments and out of a trunk. All of his life, carving a career out of tinsel, Marty felt something was missing in his life—something like a real home and what went with it, a family of his own.

That two anchorless people have found—in the most unstable community in the world, Hollywood—the satisfying homelife they longed for, may sound a little crazy. But it's really as simple as that. And so are their excuses for giving the merry-go-round of movietown delights the back of their hands.

"Look," says Marty Melcher, "I can close my eyes and tell you what goes on in any night club in the world. There isn't a stage yet built to beat our own back yard. I'd rather look at Doris in bluejeans than any showgirl in sequins, and no entertainer I've ever caught can top Terry for my dough." Every day too, he proves he means what he says.

In fact, sometimes when Doris wants to tease her old man, she tells him, "You didn't marry me because you loved me—you were just after Mom and Terry!"

Behind the kidding, it's certainly true that a frustrated father and a boy who never knew his own dad have found what both needed in a warm, man-to-man palship since the minute they met. Terry is nine, now, a penny-pussed, gap-toothed edition of Doris. The other day Marty caught him out on the sidewalk with a crowd of girls around and couldn't resist a rib. "All girls here in love with Terry," he gagged, "hold up their hands." All hands shot up.

"That's terrific!" marveled Marty. "Tell me, what's this guy got anyway? What's his fatal charm?"

"He's so handsome," piped one pigtailed miss.

"No he's not handsome," objected another. "He's not even cute. It's, it's"—she cocked her head thoughtfully and shot him an arch look—"it's that something else!"

WHATEVER it is Terry has makes him aces with his new dad and vice versa and that's pretty important to Doris, too. Terry, you know, was the persistent cupid who urged about every time Marty came out to see his girl, "When are you two going to get married, anyway?" The day after they were, Terry scratched out "Jordan" on his school papers and put down "Melcher." And he called Marty "Dad."

Long before Marty Melcher assumed his

(*Continued on page 76*)

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(Copies of original letters furnished on request)

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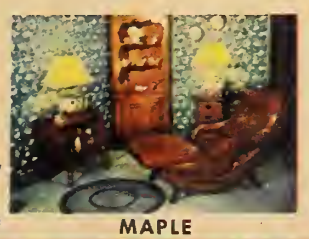


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so nice to come home to

(*Continued from page 74*) official paternal status he was in perfect practice playing the role of parent to Doris' boy. Marty taught Terry to play ball, swim, hammer a nail and ride a bike. He encouraged him to branch out in business. Terry shines the family shoes at a profit and earns a dollar a week tidying up the back yard and puting the chairs and pool gear back in place.

Long ago Terry learned the thrifty trick of asking, "Hey, Marty, can you let me have a quarter? I don't want to break a dollar bill." Last Fourth of July Marty lugged home some fireworks and after they had all fizzed gloriously up and out, Terry asked Marty how much the works cost.

"Seven dollars."

Terry shook his head. "We can't go for that again," he concluded. "It's not practical. They burn up too fast."

On most other matters Terry has delighted Marty by revealing a canny head and a quick uptake. His best girl friend, Kathy, is a junior miss who looks almost exactly like Terry, even to the freckles. Marty and Doris cornered him one day for the inside dope. "Come on," they urged, "'fess up—isn't Kathy your girl friend?"

Terry pondered that one. "Well," he came back cagily, "She's a girl—and she's a friend." Marty thinks Terry would do all right at anything where tact and aggressiveness count.

Marty and Doris are the first to admit that their home life revolves somewhat around Terry and his pals. The other day, noting how the kitchen was getting tracked up by thirsty kids, Marty had plumbers install a drinking fountain beside the volley ball court. With Terry's first look he cheered, "A drinking fountain—super! Now this place looks just like a public playground!"

"A public playground—our back yard! How do you like that?" exclaimed Doris, but Marty checked her fast.

"I like it," he said, "and so do you. And if you ask me, it's the best compliment we could collect." Which, of course, it was.

By now, every kid in the neighborhood makes tracks for the Melchers at practically any time of the day, and they're always welcome. They keep their floats and fins in the new bathhouse Doris and Marty recently had built by the pool, and their towels fly constantly from the drying line like pennants at a yacht club. On one side a big cement badminton and volleyball court keeps jumping with a never ending game of "Four-square," a kind of volley ball "work-up," and behind that a basketball hoop and backboard drums steadily. If Brad, Dave and Jeff aren't there with Terry, then Thor, Rusty and Johnny are. And if it's a weekend or late afternoon, Marty's there officiating, breaking up scraps, and Doris is hustling cokes and hot dogs.

Sometimes Ross and Jane across the street stroll over, or Ronnie and Warren Cowan in the neighborhood, Gene and Miriam Nelson, or Doris' brother, Paul, and his wife, Shirley, who've moved out from Cincinnati. The guest names aren't picked from Hollywood's Blue Book or from any other Blue Book, because the Melchers aren't social. In fact, they've taken in just one movie colony party since they were wed, and they left it early. "When you don't drink, know any gossip or care about hearing any, what's there to do at a party?" asks Doris.

"I'll tell you," Marty answers. "You waste a lot of time, hear nothing worth listening to, lose sleep and feel lousy the next morning!"

By now Doris seldom even takes in her own previews if it means missing her bed hour. Health's the watchword. Instead of highballs the family drinks fruit juices and slaps *yogurt* on about everything edible. They sun themselves like seals, hit the pool, take showers almost on the hour, and fill up with vitamins from Alma's wonderful cooking, because with all her home-happiness, Day's no pot-and-pan girl. "Why should I compete in the kitchen when Mom lives with us and knows all the answers?" she asks. At Doris' pleadings, her mother, Mrs. Kappelhoff, moved out from Cincinnati over a year ago, and if you ask Doris today, she thinks that's another good reason why Marty married her, which sometimes he isn't even gallant enough to deny. In any event, "Nana" (as Terry named her) is a solid member of the family.

Nana raised Terry while Doris battled for a break on the road with dance bands—and now it looks as if she's got another boy on her hands—Marty. They're crazy about each other, and when Doris told Mart frankly he was the world's worst dancer he started practicing with her mom. A few weeks ago, Nana's birthday rolled around. Terry begged a permit to disappear off the block, and blew his savings on a stick of Tweed Icicle cologne, and Marty sneaked Doris off the set of *Starlift*, drove her over to Bullocks-Pasadena, the favorite family store, where along with some pretty dresses, and doo-dads, he bought a pair of men's flowered Hawaiian swim shorts.

Shelley Winters discussing the Modern, Independent, Intelligent Woman, said, "That's someone who can't get a feller."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Doris thought he was just fixing himself up while he was there, but at home she found out differently. When Nana unwrapped her presents, there were the fancy shorts and a note: "Dear, Sweet Nana:" it read, "This is just to say 'thank you' for all the things you do and all the things you are. Marty. P.S.: I think you'll like these because you're always borrowing mine. Now, PUT 'EM ON!" Which Nana promptly did and splashed everyone happily with a robust plunge into the pool.

No one knows more than Doris and Marty Melcher that the cozy family pattern of their private lives is not designed to stop the presses, but to tell the truth, they aren't interested in stopping any, except in a purely professional way. This doesn't mean that there's never any activity going on. "He's always trying to fix something," she sighs, "and half the time wrecking it. He drives too fast. He can't dance worth a nickel. Sometimes he spoils Terry. And he never tells me what he's going to do—until he's done it!"

And Marty comes back: "She's always expecting Terry to be a genius, which, of course, he is. I gave her three new fountain pens but she still hooks mine and drains all the ink, signing fan-club stills. She won't eat in a restaurant until she looks in the kitchen. She spends all our money on table mats—we must have a hundred sets. She drags me out shopping clear to Pasadena when you can get the same things in Hollywood. She's always switching the furniture and drapes around and fretting. 'This house will never be finished,' when anybody can see it is!"

But those are only the normal growing pains of domesticity, after all, and the plain truth is that Doris and Marty Melcher are simply a relaxed and normal married pair who knew each other and knew what they wanted. Now that they've got it they aren't figuring on letting it go.

A few weeks ago Doris traded in her two-year-old convertible for a family-size four-door sedan because there wasn't enough room in the old one for Nana, Terry, and the poodles, Beanie and Smudge. When the salesman took a look at the speedometer he whistled "Only 4,000 miles, say—" he mused incredulously, "you haven't been fooling with this thing, have you?" Doris said she sure hadn't—but that she'd used it mostly for driving to and from the studio—a matter of five short blocks. "You see," she said, knowing he wouldn't believe her, "we just don't go anywhere." And that's the awful truth.

Sometimes this brings some complaints, like the other day when Doris sandwiched in a quick hour with an interview at Warners Studio. At that point, she was hopping back and forth between the last scene of *Starlift* and the first ones of *I'll See You In My Dreams*. That week, too, she had cut a quartet of new records, flown to San Francisco and back to hospital benefits among other things. But after the poor, frustrated reporter dug and dug she finally blurted, "The trouble with you, Doris, is—you just don't *do* anything!"

After such complaints, Doris is inclined to worry just a little bit. In fact, the Sunday after that she got up all bright and full of beans as usual. "Marty," said Dodo, "We don't ever *do* anything. Let's get in the car and go somewhere."

"Sit down, honey," soothed Marty. "It's nice here, isn't it? Well now if we get in the car—" and he went on to paint a dismal scene. If they bucked the Sunday traffic they'd go bumper-to-bumper all the way there and all the way back. Wherever they went they'd find a crowd and Doris would spend her day signing autographs. They'd drag home, hot, dirty and worn out to start the always-tough work week. It was a very discouraging picture.

While they were talking Alma called them in for some golden pancakes and sausage and Terry bounded down. "What's on the production sheet?" he asked.

"I was thinking," Doris began weakly, "that maybe we'd get in the car and drive somewhere."

"Naw," Terry vetoed. "The gang'll be over pretty soon."

And pretty soon the gang was—Rusty, Johnny, Dave, Brad, and Thor, and Kathy, too, just to make showing-off worth while.

Before she knew it, Doris was in on a red hot game of four-square and then Paul and Shirley dropped in, more friends drifted over, and everybody got wet and happy in the pool. When the shadows crept out from the bathhouse Marty tied on the apron he cherishes, marked "Genius," and started some steaks sizzling over the charcoal he'd lighted hours before. And by nine o'clock, as usual, Marty and Doris were upstairs in their room, the block was quiet, with only a squeaky, scraping sound which, they knew, was Terry sending Johnny, Jr., next door, via the clothesline pully he'd rigged, a note written in blood and reading very probably, "Bewair—the fantom of the San Fernando seaks vengance!"

Marty turned out the light. The scent of giant Burmese honeysuckle drifted in the window.

"I'll let you in on a secret," he said.

"I know all your secrets."

"You know this one, too," grinned Marty Melcher in the dark, "but I'll tell you just the same—there's no place like home."

Doris didn't say anything. There are times when you don't. But mentally she thought this manager guy who was now managing her life was always so right, darn it. And that, she supposed, was why she usually agreed with him. The End



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Like the exquisite International Sterling I'm collecting, for instance. If I'd been born with a silver spoon in my mouth I probably would have taken International Sterling for granted—along with everything else.

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But how I shopped around before deciding! That's how I know International is the best buy—from every angle!

It's the finest solid silver made . . . the patterns are beautiful—mine especially, of course! It was no surprise to me when International Sterling got the Fashion Academy Award again this year!

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the

LONG

and

SHORT OF IT...

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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Board members (*left to right*) Celeste Holm, Don Taylor, Yvonne de Carla, Howard Duff, Phyllis Taylor judge blouses. Not shown are Pat Starling, Marta Toren.



What is the Fashion Board?

Last month MODERN SCREEN held its first fashion show before a Hollywood board of judges. These judges selected award-winning clothes that suited their fancy—and your pocketbook. The response to last month's show was so gratifying that the event was held again, this time on the patio of the popular Beverly Club in Beverly Hills. Fashion-wise Celeste Holm was eager to join the board and later reported that her only problem was to pick a winner. Don Taylor and his wife Phyllis represented the young married set's point of view. "Don and I'll probably amount to one big vote," said Phyllis. Howard Duff arrived with the discerning eye of a bachelor and settled down to enjoy the show. Pretty soon he was joined by Yvonne de Carlo and her friend, starlet Pat Starling. "I asked Pat along," said Yvonne, "because this was too good to keep to myself." We think the award-winning fashions are too good to keep to ourselves—so here they are, for you!

Marta Toren looks over winning shoes

Board member Marta Toren, star of Columbia's *Sirocco*, wears the always-popular hooded coat as she admires these Award Winning Rockette shoes on the opposite page. From top to bottom they are: The Pinette, $7.95, comes in black kid suede—black leather trim; claret wine leather; camel leather. The Millette, $7.95, comes in black kid suede—black or red leather trim; blue kid suede with red leather trim. The Conlon, $6.95, comes in black kid suede—patent trim; brown kid suede—brown leather trim. The Nonette, $6.95, comes in black, wine, grey kid suede. The Butte, $6.95, comes in black, wine, grey, green kid suede. The Lila, $7.95, comes in black kid suede—black alligator trim; wine kid suede—wine alligator trim. In all sizes.

THE HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS ON THE OPPOSITE AND FOLLOWING PAGES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 88.

modern screen's

hollywood approved fashions

















rave





Virginia Gibson (above) in Warners' *Starlift,* wears one of Jonathan Logan's Award Winning frocks. Crease resistant rayon plaid. Notice the full flaring skirt—the exciting belt. Colors: Red and black or green and navy plaid. Sizes 9-15. About $15.
Above, right, Award Winning Honeydebs ankle-strap sandal "Joey" of nylon gabardine (Zelan-treated for water repellence) with smooth leather trim and perky vamp bow—worn by Virginia Gibson. Black, brown or navy. $4.99.



Lovely Virginia Mayo (on the right) who stars in Warners' *Starlift,* poses in the second Award Winning Jonathan Logan frock of 100% sheer worsted wool with contrast piping. Colors: Navy with red, black with red, purple with navy or red with navy. Sizes 9-15. About $20.
Above, far right, Honeydebs (by the makers of Honeybugs) Award Winning sling pump—"Vera"—of nylon gabardine (Zelan-treated for water repellence) with matching reptile trim and bow—worn by Virginia Mayo. Black, brown or navy. $4.99.

REVIEWS FOR JUNIOR DRESSES





Suzanne Dalbert, soon to appear in Paramount's *My Favorite Spy*, and Jane Liddell in Wald-Krasna's *The Blue Veil*, model Award Winning Kaytron dark woven plaid cotton frocks. Foreground, Suzanne's smart frock has a shirred bodice front, four-gore bias skirt—stand-up collar and cuff-bands of white pique.
Standing, Jane's fashionable plaid frock boasts a pin-tucked white pique vest, full gathered skirt and inverted front pleat.
Both dresses come in red, green or navy background plaid—both are sanforized, fast color and washable. Both in sizes 9-15—about $6 each.

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Nylon hosiery by Holeproof.



Top rating was awarded to Loungee's cotton quilted coat robe with contrast scalloped trim and large carry-all pocket. Fast color, washable. Aqua, coral, yellow. Sizes: 10-18. About $11. This robe also comes in little girl sizes: 7-14. About $6.

The slipper held by Marion Marshall, appearing in Hal Wallis' *That's My Boy,* is Honeybug's *Indian Maid* with bunny fur collar, made of capeskin. Comes in red, royal, black, light blue, pink, light green and white. Sizes 4-9. (No half sizes.) $3.99.

Honeybug's other Award Winning slippers (from back to front on the floor): Capeskin scuff. Black, red, royal, green, light blue and pink. Sizes AA 5½-10; B 4-10. $3.49.

Scallop vamp scuff, all-over quilted nylon satin. Black, royal, light blue, red, pink and navy. Sizes AA 5½-10; B 4-10. $2.99.

Scalloped vamp scuff, all-over lamé. Black or white. Sizes AA 5½-10; B 4-10. $3.99.

Velvet ballet slipper. Black, red and royal. Sizes 4-9. (No half sizes.) $3.99.

Zebra scuff. Sizes AA 5½-10; B 4-10. $2.99.

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highlights
FOR YOUR WARDROBE



Lovely Jane Liddell, currently in Wald-Krasna's picture *The Blue Veil,* poses in Jane Holly's Award Winning guaranteed washable rayon tissue faille blouse with hand-fagoting trim. Pink, grey, blue, kelly, black, coffee, purple, magnolia or white. Sizes: 32-38. About $6.



Phyllis Taylor, in United Artists' *Queen For A Day,* wears Stardust's Award Winning washable rayon plus nylon blouse. Convertible collar, pearl buttons, and . . . box-pleated back! Guaranteed one full year. Pastel pink, blue, maize or snow white. Sizes: 32-38. Smartly priced at $1.98.



Joyce MacKenzie, featured in 20th Century-Fox's *People Will Talk,* models the Peggy Martin's Award Winning dress-up washable rayon tissue faille blouse with bridal sleeves, Venise lace inserts and mirror buttons. White, black, navy, pink, lilac, magnolia or chartreuse. Sizes: 32-38. About $10.

(*Continued from page* 38) have the boat on a sound stage, but no rapid river was ever so turbulent, nor any journey more hazardous than the one the men in the boat were experiencing. The air was filled with the din of the gasoline motors and the threshing of the water. Talk, if it had been possible, would have had to be spoken in roars. It was really a terrifying experience, watching the men in the boat, particularly the front man, the one who was taking the beating from the pounding waves. Stewart Granger.

Later, Granger strode into his portable dressing room, a bath towel wrapped about his middle and another flung around his neck, looking as though he'd just had a warm shower rather than an icy whipping.

He stuck out a hand the size of a lamb shank and wrenched an hello. He was very tall and massive. Muscles rippled all over him. He bummed a cigarette and fell on to a couch that was much too small. And, without waiting for inconsequential preliminaries, he began to tell about himself.

STEWART Granger wasn't always an actor. As a matter of fact, during his formative years, he'd have punched you on the nose if you had called him one. Born of an apparently urban and moneyed English family in London, he endured the formal education inflicted on all young men of his class. It was, and no doubt still is, the practice of British parents to cram their sons' heads with Greek, Latin and Euclid to a proper age—and then sit back and casually observe the outcome. They hope the lad will show enterprise in a gainful or artistic pursuit. Beyond that there appears to be little parental interference.

At the age of 19 Stewart Granger, then Jimmy Stewart, found himself in very much that situation. He had been to college and was welcome to go on to what the English call University, a scholastic institution designed to prepare a man for a profession. In Stewart's case it was a serious decision. He had always been interested in medicine, and had fully intended to become a doctor. But faced with the decision, and weighing his potentialities, he wasn't sure. He didn't want to become a second-rater—and he didn't want to waste half a dozen years discovering it—so he passed. He went to his father and told him he'd like to take a job and think it over.

Stewart Granger, in the field of commerce, was a misfit and he admits it. He found employment with a concern in London called the Bell Punch Company, a company remotely associated with the film business. They made ticket machines that spewed the proper number of admissions at you after you paid the girl in the box office. Stewart was a minor employee of little consequence in the operation of the plant. As well as being a hulking lad, he was quite belligerent and had aspirations for the prize ring. This combination added nothing to his geniality and when, after being with the Bell people for some months, a fellow employee of greater importance offended him, Stewart belted the dickens out of him and retired from the firm.

At this early point in his business career Stewart asked his father for a heart-to-heart talk. During this conference he confessed to his dad that he was confused, and that unless he was given time to think things over, he might well go on to bring eternal disgrace to the family name.

"Then what would you like to do?" his father asked.

"I would like," said young Stewart manfully, "to bum about for a year."

This was hardly what the elder Stewart had had in mind, but, with a harrumph or two, he agreed and placed at his son's disposal a sufficient sum to keep him from starving. Then he more or less washed his hands of the matter.

The reason for this early biography, and the noting of the odd pact between father and son, is to explode a myth that from cradle time all actors are saturated with a desire to perform. For until his twentieth year, Stewart Granger was destined for nothing more than brawling and loafing. Today he is reckoned the best bet that MGM has had in 15 years, and it is by pure accident that this came to pass.

"Mind you," said Stewart Granger, adjusting his sliding towel and wagging a stern forefinger, "I don't feel this way about actors now. But when I was a kid I thought most of them were women in disguise. Too pretty; too elegant.

"I first became interested in theatricals through a chap I met by the name of Michael Wilding, now one of England's top stars. He was bumming about, too, and he told me of a wonderful place to meet girls. It seems that the film studios wanted extras who looked well in dinner jackets. They paid 20 shillings a day and, according to Wilding, 'the places are just crawling with the loveliest fluff in London.' I went with him, got a job, and settled into a lovely life of semi-idleness and meeting beautiful women."



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Betty Grable's a softie. Way down deep. It kind of gets her when George Brent trots up the front steps, arms full of little homely things like Kleenex and hand lotion. She wouldn't exchange them for a million orchids.—*September, 1942 —Modern Screen.*

Young Stewart, convinced now of his lack of any sort of calling, spent what he thought was the happiest year of his life as a film extra. He wanted no advancement. It was the custom at that time for English makeup men to paint male artists with the same technique used on women. Consequently, when young Granger would see a leading man walk by with a cupid's bow mouth and arched brows, he would thank heaven he was just an extra.

STEWART Granger's advance to the speaking of lines was another accident, and certainly no ambitious design. Suffering from a cold he went to his doctor for treatment and in the waiting room met the medic's wife. She eyed him for a moment, then asked if he was an actor. Granger snorted an indignant denial. The doctor's wife told him he should be, a further insult. She pointed out that one of Stewart's grandfathers had been an actor of some talent, and that it was entirely possible it might have been inherited.

Stewart doubted this, but after considerable prodding agreed to attend a reading at the Douglas-Weber School of Dramatic Arts.

"I had no wish to attend," Granger said, "and I can tell you that my reading of some Shakespeare was the most atrocious sin ever committed against the man's work, but it seems the school needed males for its plays, so I was given a scholarship. Good heavens, it was unbelievable!"

Sometime during his schooling at Douglas-Weber the acting bug bit Stewart Granger. Just when he doesn't remember. He suspects it was a slow, creeping thing that he fought before going to sleep at night. He studied hard and well, for he had high mentality, and in the summer of 1934, he struck out to join the ranks of actors who toured in repertory companies throughout the Island. He is remembered at Douglas-Weber for two things: he's one of the most successful pupils ever graduated; he's the fellow responsible for the now iron-clad rule that lady students are under no circumstances allowed to sit on gentlemen students' laps.

The next five years of Stewart Granger's life are without important incident, except that during his touring of the provinces and his engagements on the boards of London and Liverpool, he learned to swashbuckle, swing a sword, drink a cup of tea, hit a man without killing him, read a funny line funny and a sad one sad. He learned to act. He got the background for his work today. Films held no interest for him, for he still remembered the pretty men in makeup from his extra days.

But along came a script, *So This Is London.*

Stewart couldn't resist it. He took the part and the film became a smash hit, not only in England, but in this country. It was also nearly the end of his movie career, too, because he took one look at his pretty face as it was flashed on the screen and ran howling out of the theater. He, too, had a cupid's bow.

The war grabbed Stewart shortly after that and he went off with the famous Black Watch regiment.

If he is a movie star today, Stewart Granger attributes it modestly to the fact that he was invalided out of the service before the war ended. There was a dearth of leading men at that time, and he was practically shanghied into the studios. But, being an earnest actor, he worked at the Old Vic—and being a patriotic lad, he toured England and the continent with Deborah Kerr playing to troops. He acted in many movies, and despite his reluctance, became a genuine matinee idol—and then it was too late to turn back.

He tried, though. Three years ago he decided his performing days were numbered and he set about getting himself into production. He was under contract to a couple of English film makers and they didn't take kindly to this attitude. But Stewart was fed up with drawing rooms and wanted some more active passion than hand-kissing.

THE opportunity came through Deborah Kerr, his one-time stage mate. MGM was getting ready to shoot *King Solomon's Mines* and they needed a rugged fellow who could act and withstand the rigors of an African safari. Deborah suggested Granger, and when he was told of the hazards involved, he jumped at the chance.

The result is well-known. American audiences, which have seldom taken to English men, went wild for him. The picture became the biggest grosser of the year. At about the same time, Granger captured the American female with just about as hectic a romance as they had read about—and they loved him for it. He had been married once before, but it hadn't turned out well. When he fell in

love with beautiful Jean Simmons, and she with him, the obstacles became cheering points where American girls stood and hurrahed Stewart on to matrimony.

It all fitted the pattern that makes an American movie star and MGM knew it. They tied Stewart up to a fabulous contract and it is the studio's intention to build him, with virile roles, into the biggest box office attraction it has ever had.

All manner of audiences are going to like Stewart Granger. Kids love him. He represents adventure to them—and they sense, in meeting him, that he likes them. Some months ago, during the location shooting on *The North Country*, a 10-year-old wide-eyed prairie boy stalked through the guards at the Metro camp and walked to Stewart's side.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi," said Granger.

For the next couple of weeks the boy showed up every day and the only other words that were spoken was once when the boy said:

"What do you do here?"

"I'm an actor," said Stewart.

That was all, but a rapport developed and these two fellows knew each other quietly and well. When it came time to return to Hollywood, Stewart walked down the road to a curio shop and bought his friend a going away present—the fanciest silver and topaz belt a north country boy had ever owned, and the most expensive he'd probably ever see. It cost $50.00.

Stewart Granger is a man of intense loyalties who speaks almost reverently of his pals. When he married Jean Simmons, his pal, Michael Wilding was in New York on his way back from England. Stewart got him on the phone, told him he wouldn't do it without him, and had Wilding fly all the way to Hollywood just to be best man at his wedding. Wilding, who hates airplanes, flew in the interest of true love.

It is a fascinating thing to watch Stewart Granger on a movie set. As in all commanding men there is a certain arrogance in his manner that allows no interference. He refuses to read a line that sounds silly or isn't pertinent to the story. On the other hand, he has been known to take some of his choice speeches in a script and give them to another actor, because he believes they fit the situation better when spoken by someone else. To him, it's the play that counts.

THE MGM publicity department had a note in a biographical sketch that stated his intimates call him Jimmy, his real name. If that is true, Stewart Granger has more intimates than anyone on the lot. At least 30 people call him that when he comes on the set, and he answers with a first name every time. He considers the prop men the best movie craftsmen in the world. Not the actors—the prop men.

If there is ever a question about Stewart Granger doing his own hazardous scenes, one has only to look at his personal life to refute it.

Getting off the subject of movies, he told of his last safari in Africa.

He feels certain, by the way, that he is destined to die in Africa, at the hands, fangs or horns of some wild beast.

"I wanted to go back to Africa after *King Solomon's Mines*, he said. "And as soon as I was free I did. I went out with a couple of white hunters after buffalo. It was rugged going, but it was wonderful.

"Buffalo make their way through the dense brush by following long tunnels called Rides. The hunter stalks them along these Rides, but never walks in one himself, because the animal can move like lightning in these chutes and when he sees a human, he charges—and there is no way out. (*Continued on next page*)





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"I got into one of these Rides one day after a beast we had wounded and wanted to destroy. It is not good to leave angry, wounded buffalo loose in Africa. Suddenly, I looked up and saw him coming for me. I was trapped. One of the hunters stepped to my side and we both began pumping heavy bullets into the animal. But he still came on. There was no way out for us, so we took the charge. I was caught in the ribs and knocked silly. The hunter took a goring in the head, then swung around and dropped the buffalo before he could turn about and make a second pass at us. Yes, I suppose I'll die one day in Africa."

"What?" he was asked, "did you think of when you saw that buffalo charging and knew he wasn't going to be stopped?"

Stewart Granger grinned slyly.

"I stood there for a moment, petrified," he said. "Then I thought 'this can't be true. Here I am a movie star—under contract to MGM thousands of miles away in Culver City, California. This just can't be happening to me!'"

He got up, pulled the towel about him and shook hands. A man came and called him back to work—back to the canoe in the raging torrent in the MGM Tank Set. And as he walked away, it was obvious that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had a big star indeed. A star who, if he keeps away from danger—and Africa—may one day be the biggest Hollywood has ever known. THE END

does liz know what love is?

(*Continued from page 66*) got from *National Velvet*. It was a landslide of affection for the little girl who *really* loved a horse and who was so intense about her adolescent virtues. She was everybody's little girl—a warm, sweet child who crept into your heart easily and demanded love. It was then that the movie-going audiences of the world truly fell for Elizabeth Taylor and vowed undying fidelity, because she had everything—and the world was sure she would never change.

Skip a few years, eight to be exact. Elizabeth Taylor arrived in New York on her way to England to co-star with Robert Taylor in *Ivanhoe*. The newsmen snapped her pictures at the airport. She stood cool and aloof, talking to Montgomery Clift, entirely unaware of the cameras or crowd; a suave, sophisticate, a big movie star, still a stunning beauty—but without a trace of the kid of *National Velvet* anywhere about her.

AT the age of 18, Elizabeth Taylor was a woman; married and divorced, she'd been engaged to two important and fascinating men and, if we are to believe the gossip, is in love with another man she plans to marry when his divorce from his present wife becomes final. The child was gone. A coldly beautiful woman had taken her place. You just couldn't like it too much.

If Elizabeth Taylor had not been such a warm, simple child this story would never be written, and the speedy progress of events in her still very young life would not be nearly so shocking. It is just that it went too fast. Too fast for Elizabeth, and much too fast for the folks who expected more of a fairy tale type of story of her career.

This writer had occasion to interview Elizabeth Taylor just a few days before she met her ex-husband, Nicky Hilton. It was in a studio commissary. At the time she was still going to high school at the studio school and the luncheon was delayed because she was a bit behind in her studies for the day. When she showed up, she moved toward the table with the awkward shamble of a bobby-soxer. The rest of her was regal, but the kid was still pretty much dominant in her. A short time before, she had broken off her engagement to young Bill Pawley, a fellow who at that time still professed his love for her—and indicated that there was a bit of cruelty in the way he had been discarded.

The object of the interview was to find out if there was a callous streak in the growing girl, or to see if she was just a victim of her own beauty, unable to control the emotions she inspired in men. As she walked toward the table we were willing, without a word being spoken, to say that she was entirely blameless in the broken engagement, for she seemed as fresh and unspoiled as a spring daisy.

She sat down and shyly acknowledged greetings and we began the conversation. In a few minutes we reluctantly changed our mind.

"What about this thing with young Pawley?" we asked.

Liz lowered her eyes and appeared sad. She wasn't very good at it.

"He broke my heart," she said.

We doubted it. "What about Glenn Davis?" we asked.

Liz didn't change the sorrowful expression. "So did he," she said.

It took a minute or so for that to sink in. Two broken hearts at a little better than 16. That was moving fast. And suddenly we began to suspect something—that Elizabeth Taylor was fully aware of her tremendous beauty and was going to use it, maybe for happiness, maybe for more selfish purposes. Like holding strings with the best men in the world dangling on the other ends of them. It got pretty chilly there in that commissary.

"Do you realize," we said, feeling for an opening, "that you are quite likely the most beautiful woman who has ever been in the movies?"

Her eyes grew large and startled and said, "Who me?" but it was easy to see that she was beginning to get that impression.

"Do you know," we said, "that, if you want it, men are going to throw themselves at your feet like dogs—and maybe some of them will throw themselves off cliffs because you are so beautiful?"

She didn't laugh, she just seemed interested. The conversation went along those lines for an hour, and when it was over we shook hands and went out into the warm sunshine wishing we hadn't said those things, or come away with the suspicion that Elizabeth Taylor was no longer a kid at 16.

IT wasn't long after that interview that we first heard about Nicky Hilton. It began with just a rumor that Elizabeth had found a lad she liked very much. Then the talk of their fondness filled the papers—and after that, quickly, came the stories of their preparations for marriage and the sweet tales of the plans that the youngsters had made for a brief honeymoon and a long life together with a nice home and lots and lots of babies.

What followed is common knowledge. There was a wedding that was beautiful. The bride and her man went off on a honeymoon, with the tender wishes of millions. In a month word drifted back that all was not well. There were a number of highly-publicized escapades, some admitted and some denied—and then one day Liz announced that the marriage was ended.

Nobody blamed her much, because young Hilton had gathered a bit of a reputation on his own by that time as a chap with a penchant for fireworks. People were sorry, but nobody felt anything but real unhappiness for Liz.

But, a few weeks after her separation, when Elizabeth Taylor appeared at a Hollywood night club, radiant and glowing on the arm of Stanley Donen, a man separated from his wife, but still married, there were many raised eyebrows. And when it happened again a night or so later, and the columnists began printing tales of public kissing and late hours being kept by the pair, there was a feeling of shock.

And, as the months have gone by, little has changed. Liz and Donen are still apparently very much a twosome, in the real, grown-up sense of the word. In the meantime, she moved into an apartment of her own. She drifted completely away from parental influence. It was said she had been talked to at length by her studio—and still went along in a headstrong way, determined, it seemed, to live up every minute despite anything and everybody. At 18, Elizabeth Taylor seemed to have become a femme fatale.

"The magnificence of the proportions of actresses of today are better; never before have there been such busts in movies"—Bosley Crowther quoted by Walter Winchell in the Daily Mirror.

That is how it seems, and it is unfair to Elizabeth Taylor, if she is the grown-up version of the Elizabeth Taylor of a few years ago, to let it go at that. It requires for her own sake, and in the interest of the fans who have given her much love and trust, that her situation be explored and defined.

Elizabeth Taylor was born an actress, actually. Although from a non-theatrical heritage, she thrived on make-believe from her babyhood. If she had just been a normally attractive youngster she would no doubt still have been an entertainer of some sort. But she was not normally attractive—and the combination of talent and beauty was a cinch to head her toward the movies. In the early days, her loveliness was an asset, for it was tempered with an extreme innocence. She was a child filled with tenderness, for people—and for all animal things. Like the heroine of *National Velvet*, her dearest companion was a horse. In her early teens she wrote "Nibbles And Me," a book about a chipmunk. She found this pet in the woods, and took him home.

Elizabeth Taylor was raised, in the most formative years, abroad, where her father was an art collector. In the comparatively strict English homes in which her family lived, she learned parental respect and the niceties of behavior. This was a predominant trait of her personality during the early days at MGM—one, no doubt, that had a good deal to do with the studio's decision to go the whole way in making her a star.

Studio life is a difficult one for kids. Although every precaution is taken to keep movie youngsters sweet and unspoiled, working all day, every day, with adults in an artistic medium is a drain on the staunchest personalities. In the mills where movies are turned out there is much adulation, much complimenting from the producers, directors and other actors. Then there is the publicity. It is very difficult to keep the knowledge of their super-assets away from movie kids—and Liz naturally learned about hers.

Puppy love came to Elizabeth Taylor very much as it did to any other little

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girl. In her first almost grown-up role she played opposite Peter Lawford and there is no denying that she was mad about him. It was a beautiful kid adoration for a handsome, older fellow. Then there was her initial approved crush—the one she had on Glenn Davis.

When the pictures of Liz and Glenn appeared in the papers it was heart-warming to the folks who by now had grown to love her. He was a stalwart football star. a clean-cut young fellow who, himself, had been the idol of a lot of people. And the "engagement" was a beautiful thing. It may have been that Glenn broke Liz' heart when it was over. It may have been that he was gone too long, Liz felt the need of a nearer love.

Bill Pawley, though, came as a bit of a surprise to Elizabeth's fans. It almost looked as though she had dumped Glenn. And when another engagement was announced, many of her fans felt that she should have been less eager to marry, for, after all, an engagement is expected to lead to marriage.

The first sign of her discontent came while she was in Florida visiting her fiance. An MGM producer, making a picture in that state, asked her to come and lunch with some friends out of town. Pawley, it is said, objected violently, but Liz went anyway. At this time it was common knowledge that Bill had asked her to give up the screen and settle down

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Give a pig and a boy everything they want. You'll get a good pig, and a bad boy.—*Clark Gable as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

---

with him in his home state. For the press Liz is supposed to have agreed, but, as the luncheon incident indicates, her heart wasn't in it.

In fairness to Elizabeth, it must be said that her studio, now with a considerable investment in her, didn't care too much for the idea of her retiring. Metro did nothing about it, of course, but it is doubtful if there was a blessing on the plan. Her parents, always more concerned with her happiness than her career, were, on the other hand, quite agreeable. It was the issue of her career, insiders say, that broke the engagement. And young Pawley's morose attitude afterwards somewhat denies the statement that *he* broke *her* heart.

Nicky Hilton seemed like just the man when he came along. His dad was a multi-millionaire man of the world. They lived in Hollywood and an actress in the family wouldn't have made a bit of difference. There is no question about Liz's being in love. She was too filled with it not to be. But, as later events proved, she may not have been particularly in love with Nicky Hilton. Just with love—and freedom.

DISILLUSIONMENT is a serious thing to a young lady with no more years behind her than Liz Taylor, and anyone who saw or knew her at the time will tell you she was terribly disillusioned with Nicky three months after marriage. His escapades, which a good many laid to youthful exuberance and the joy of living, would have driven a much older person almost to distraction. It did Elizabeth. If they had not been in the public eye, and Liz had no one else to turn to, it still might have worked out, for Hilton seems to have simmered down considerably since the divorce. But she had her work—and she went back to it, a little too eagerly some thought.

There were stories in the papers that

she was melancholy about the whole thing, but she didn't show it much at the studio. She plunged into new films with a zest, and seemed to enjoy every minute she was at work. For a short time, she didn't appear in public, but only for a short time. Then came the sequence with director Stanley Doren.

A LOT of understanding people, and some narrow ones, will go along with a 16-year-old girl falling in and out of love with a handsome football player—despite the sudden ending of ardor. They will also go along with another engagement, at 17, to as handsome a catch as Bill Pawley. If the circumstances are right, the same folks will understand a fast marriage and a quick divorce, at 18.

But there are few Elizabeth Taylor fans who will buy the picture of an 18-year-old divorcée touring the night spots several evenings a week with a married man, and necking in public places with him. Abandoning, apparently, all restrictions as to conduct. They might buy it if someone else were involved—but not Elizabeth Taylor, the little girl who such a short time ago wrote a beautiful, childish story about a chipmunk she loved.

Men and women of the Hollywood press corps who have interviewed Liz during the past year say she is now a cool, rather arrogant woman. Her attitude is one of "like it or lump it." We have not found it entirely that way, but almost. And it shows up in her work and in the reception she gets in theaters.

Up to this writing, Liz' last two pictures have been the biggest hits MGM has had in years. *Father Of The Bride* made a fortune—and put Liz in a pretty secure position as far as a box office star is concerned. And *Father's Little Dividend* is on its way to making even more money than the first picture. But we sat in a darkened theater in Westwood when *Father's Little Dividend* was previewed and we were shocked at the reception the name of Elizabeth Taylor received when it was flashed on the screen.

The Westwood theater is in a college town and, although there is always a solid mass of adults at the showings, the kids from the school, former rabid Taylor fans, are always out in full force. The credits appeared and Spencer Tracy got an ovation. Joan Bennett got thunderous applause. But when Elizabeth Taylor appeared there was a very frightening silence. It seemed she had no boosters. Even the kids didn't care—or maybe they were confused.

IT's something worth thinking about. One of our most talented and beautiful stars might be fading because she has lived too fast and threatens to be a non-conformist. Of course wherever she appears she is stared at and admired for her breathtaking radiance. Even today at Metro they still follow her around to watch her move and sparkle. But it takes more than that to retain stardom. It takes a certain warmth that at present Liz Taylor seems to be losing.

But it is not too late. Liz has taken a lot of chances for her career and she might make a few sacrifices. She can't be censured too severely for the things that have happened to her, because she has not been completely at fault. But she can be taken to task for her attitude today, now, when she is on her own, away from the restrictions of family and studio bosses.

Love and romances are private affairs and good taste is something a girl must develop herself. Look to the future, Liz. You've got a long way to go.

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tell it to joan

by joan evans



School days can be fun. And here's how to make the grade with friends as well as teachers.

Well, summer's over and most of you are back in school. You've probably grown a little. At any rate you've changed—vacations always do that to you. But it's time to settle down now to the old, or new, routine, to pick up old friendships and make new ones. You're probably biting your nails about that exciting new boy you met this summer who has gone back to his hometown. Will he write or won't he? Did he mean all the things he said or was it just sweet talk? And does his real steady live next door to him and is he going back to her? But whatever happens don't go mooning around thinking life is over. You've got a big adjustment to make. You're going back to school.

I got a letter this month from a girl in Oregon who dumped the problem right in my lap. I hope I can help. She writes: "I'm starting high school this year and I want to start out right. How can you be popular with girls and boys while in school? Do you have to have a crowd before you can invite them in for cokes? How can you make these friends? I am just average looking and I'm new in this town."

Let me tell you first what not to do. I know about this because I was wrong when I first started to high school. I'm a naturally bossy character, or I was. I hope I've conquered a lot of that by now. But four years ago I thought I knew just a little more than most of the boys and girls in my new class in a new high school, and I was very willing to offer my opinion about the way everything should be done. Oh, very willing. And you know what? I couldn't understand why the other kids didn't like it. I was only trying to help them, I thought, and I couldn't understand why they weren't hanging on to my words of wisdom. Naturally, I soon found out they weren't. They gave me the old absent treatment and *I* found out I had a little group of my own, all right. Just me. Oh, it was very exclusive. But kind of lonesome.

So don't be like that. When you're in school you've got to be like the other kids and interested in what they're interested in. Take it easy at first, and find out what the girls you want for your friends are like. Remember they're individuals, too, and they've got a perfect right to their own tastes and opinions and even friends who might not appeal to you. Don't try to change them and you'll find yourself a lot more popular.

You'd be surprised how unimportant a pretty face is. One of the most sought after girls in my freshman class was one of the plainest. But I never thought of that after I got to know her. She was fun and full of beans. She never tried to take any girl's boy friend away from her, and she always looked scrubbed and kept her hair shining.

Which brings me to clothes. Honestly, I think you've got to conform to everything the other kids do—unless, of course, it's disgraceful—except in the matter of clothes. Just because there are some silly fad-like sloppy Joe sweaters or skirts that are too long or socks that are rolled down over your shoes—is no reason why you should be a party to it. Wear a neat sweater and a skirt with the hem where it belongs. (The pictures in the fashion section of Modern Screen will tell you where that is.) A jumper dress is good, too. You can make it look different every day with a clean and freshly-ironed blouse. And if your ankles are inclined to be even just a bit too thick please don't wear loafers. That's sheer murder.

A girl from Dallas asked me what to do about cliques that try to crowd you out of their activities. She wrote: "I mean a certain group of real popular girls that

think they're the only girls who count for anything."

Well, that's always a problem. The only answer I can give is to make yourself so attractive and popular with both boys and girls that the clique can't get along without you. Or else stop being jealous and worrying and form a crowd of your own. And then try not to make the mistake of excluding other girls like yourself. Remember how it felt when you were an outsider.

A lot of girls think the only important thing is to be popular with boys. But I don't agree with that. If you're popular with boys it doesn't necessarily follow that you're popular with girls, too. But practically every girl that girls like finds the boys are interested as well. Girls won't like you if they think you're not to be trusted, and if they think all you're out for is the opposite sex. It's swell to have a lot of beaus, but let's face it. You're probably not going to marry any of them, and it's even better to have real friends. Besides, what good is it to have a boy friend unless you've got a girl friend to discuss him with?

Practically every girl has a catty friend in her life. There's always one in every class. But for heaven's sake don't let the cat get your goat. Remember when you were a kid and your grown-up uncle used to tease you? Remember how fast he stopped when you didn't get mad? It's the same way with a cat. If she finds she can't upset you or make you unhappy she'll pull those claws right in.

THERE'S one surefire way to get along with teachers and that is to study and make good grades. It's the exceptional teacher that doesn't like kids. If they didn't they wouldn't take such a hard job. But they are at school primarily to teach, and when you don't cooperate and don't pay attention they lose patience with you.

I don't approve of homework. Me and George Bernard Shaw and quite a lot of other people. When I was a freshman I read what Shaw had to say against it and I stuck the clipping on the bulletin board at school. It didn't do any good, and chances are you're doing plenty of homework. But you need a set time and place where you won't be interrupted. I think if you put this up to your parents in a nice way they'll understand, and if you haven't a room of your own, work in the dining room or kitchen where there's no radio or TV to bother you.

For the next nine months your home life and your school life are going to be all mixed up together. You're an important part of the family and your parents should realize it. They have their friends in for the evening, you should too. But you should be considerate enough to ask your mother if it's all right with her to have a bunch in for cokes and sandwiches on a certain night.

Before you know it you'll have a crowd of your own if you don't rush it too fast and make the kids think you're pushing. Just think of the kind of girl you like best and *be* that kind of girl.

Now here are some other letters.

"Dear Joan: My steady is in first year college and I am a senior in high school. He

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doesn't think I should date while he is away, not even for school affairs. What shall I do?

—G. K., Morgan City, La."

I'm sure if this boy really loves you he cannot be so selfish as to demand that you miss the social life of your last year in high school. Not going to school affairs with your classmates would set you apart and make you very unhappy. You should explain to your steady that he must have faith in you. If he hasn't that much faith in you, what kind of a future will you have with him?

"Dear Joan: My hest girl friend steals and lies. The other day she stole two cartons of cigarettes. My parents have forhidden me to see her, hut she is trying to lead a good life now. What she needs is a good friend.

—E. F., Haddonfield, N. J."

If only the other day this girl stole some cigarettes, she has not heen trying to lead a good life long enough to prove to me that she dêserves your friendship. This is one of the prohlems that faces persons of all ages,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day when I was vacationing up at Banff Springs Hotel I was horseback riding along the golf course and saw a man in golf clothes trying to shoot his way out of a sand-trap. He made an excellent shot so I called to him, "Pretty good shot!"

He turned, waved and then hollered, "Thanks."

When I got back to the club house, I saw this man and his wife and realized that the golfer was Randolph Scott, who was on location there for a picture.

Jane Therese Ebert
Everett, Washington

hut teen-agers especially are judged hy the company they keep. It is not your joh to try to straighten her out; this is a prohlem for her parents and teachers to tackle. You can only he hurt if you continue to go around with her. Let this girl prove herself worthy of your friendship hefore you become her friend again. This may seem cruel, hut I think it is the hest thing for her. When she discovers that her hehavior is losing friends for her she might do an ahout face.

"Dear Joan: I have heen afraid of horses since I was hucked off of one two years ago. What shall I do to get over this fear?

—B. W., Hinckley, Utah."

Personally I have never had any fear of horses and love to ride. But I think I may he ahle to help you hy telling the experience of my hest friend, Palma Shard. When a hunch of us decided to ride horsehack every Saturday morning Palma would invent all sorts of excuses not to go. Then we discovered she was just scared. We finally coaxed her out to the stables and asked for the gentlest horse there. For the first three or four times she didn't have a hit of fun, hut now she loves it. However, let me give you one word of

warning: don't let the kids talk you into riding a spirited horse at first. You should have a healthy respect for a horse. So start out on something ready for the glue factory until you get your nerve back. And believe me, it will come back.

"Dear Joan: Since my father died and I am an only child, my mother and I have shared a room. We have a perfectly adorable extra room but Mother says it would be foolish for me to use it and that she would be lonesome. What do you think?—M. L., KILLEEN, TEXAS."

EVERY girl who possibly can should have a room of her own and mothers should certainly think back to the time when they were girls and wanted one. It doesn't mean you love your mother any the less, and your wanting it should not hurt her feelngs. But every girl should have a place where she can express her own individuality and personality, and there is nothing so much fun as fixing up a room of your own. Also everybody should have some place where he can have privacy—and this doesn't mean secrets. Since there is already a spare room in your house I certainly think it should be yours.

"Dear Joan: Can you give me a plan so that when I come off a diet I won't gain back what I have taken off?

—S. W., ONARGA, ILL."

Just be sensible and don't go crazy when you finish your diet. Don't eat desserts except on some special occasion. Don't eat between meals. Lay off bread and butter and all sweets like jellies and jams and malteds and ice cream sodas. Don't take second helpings. Eat a light lunch. In other words, just use your head, girl and you'll keep that svelte figure.

"Dear Joan: The boy I've been going with has been getting moody. Even when you talk about things that interest him he only answers 'Yes,' and 'No.' He is losing all his friends. Please give me some advice on how to help him."

—C. P., ALTOONA, PA."

I used to have dates with a boy who was as moody as your friend seems to be. For a long while I thought it was up to me to try to get him out of his moods, and I'd come back from what should have been a pleasant date completely exhausted. I finally decided life was too short and there were too many boys who like to have fun and like me to have fun. Of course, I don't believe that everybody has to be gay all the time; that gets to be a bore too. And if somebody comes to you with a real problem and asks your help, then you should give it gladly. But if this boy won't tell you what the trouble is, what can you do to help?

"Dear Joan: I have a hard time talking to boys on dates or anywhere. I am going steady with a boy but don't feel at ease. Can you help me?

—B. L., WADENA, MINN."

The fact that this boy likes you well enough to go steady should make you feel comfortable with him. And feeling comfortable means that you are at ease. I'll bet you talk a mile a minute to your girl friends. Talk to the boys about the same things—local activities, the movies you've seen, sports you like, people you know. Now I'm going to let you in on a secret: boys like gossip—good, wholesome, friendly gossip, that is—just as well as girls do. Shyness is an indication that you are thinking more of yourself than the other person. Just be natural, and try to please.

IF YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM WRITE TO JOAN EVANS, BOX 93, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

mr. and mrs. murphy

(*Continued from page 65*) She's so pretty, so naturally pleasant that she could have a screen career herself. A Hollywood director who saw her at a preview, leaned over and said to a friend of his, "That girl is prettier than three-fourths of the stars. Has a lot of character in her face."

But Pam insists that her only career right now is to keep Audie happy. "Once in a while I get the urge to travel," she says, "but then Audie comes home and all the wanderlust goes out of me."

Keeping Audie Murphy happy isn't the simplest job in the world, and not because Audie is moody or mystical or at all the way he's been ridiculously described.

Audie has career and money problems.

To date, he's been the star in six films: *Bad Boy, Kid from Texas, Sierra, Kansas Raiders, The Cimmaron Kid,* and *The Red Badge of Courage.*

"That's not enough," he says. "I want more pictures. I like to work. I've got things to straighten out."

Audie has reference to his financial problems, problems which he and Pam are in the process of working out together.

These problems have their roots in Audie's past. Five years ago when he first hit Hollywood as the hero of World War II, he was the most innocent, trusting boy anyone had ever seen.

Terry Hunt, one of Audie's best friends, says, "When Audie arrived in this town you could've sold him 5,000 shares of Atlantic Ocean Preferred. He'd sign anything. Not that he wasn't bright. He's very bright. It's only that he was very trusting. There are a lot of sharp operators in this city. Audie thought they were all men of good will.

"One morning he woke up and much to his surprise, he found out differently. He owed one studio two picture commitments, another producer three, and so on down the line. Everyone had a cut of the kid except himself."

Audie has worked hard these past few years, but aside from an Oldsmobile, he doesn't have much to show for it. He's used his salary to pay off the money which other independent producers had insisted upon advancing to him.

By the end of this year with a little luck, Audie should be able to leave his financial woes behind him. He's extremely popular with the younger set, and several studios have been flirting with the idea of making him into a young Gene Autry. This might work well.

Audie comes from Texas, rides a horse expertly, and knows everything about firearms. There's no doubt that he can be developed into a Western star of the first rank.

John Huston who directed him in *The Red Badge of Courage,* says, "He's got the ability to win audiences. He arouses the



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maternal instinct in women and the fraternal spirit in men. Not many actors can do that."

Fortunately for Audie, he has a wife who is perfectly satisfied to live in a house without a swimming pool. She can also do without jewels, flashy cars, or mink stoles.

"If money were the key to a happy marriage," Pam says, "the rich would be the happiest people in the world. Usually, they're just the opposite. The thing that counts most in a marriage is unity, having faith and respect for each other.

Pamela is wise enough to realize that a marriage without problems isn't a marriage at all. By facing a problem and surmounting it, a couple grows closer in understanding and devotion.

A relatively new groom, Audie isn't ready to discuss children. "I'm crazy about children," he says, "and I know we're going to have some, but first things come first. In our book, a house has the number-one priority. Once we get a house that belongs to us, we'll start thinking of a family.

"I'm not one of those guys who thinks everything has to be set before a child can come into the world. If everyone waited until they were financially secure before they had children, the population in this country wouldn't be very large.

"Right now, Pam keeps busy by cleaning the house and cooking and doing all the laundry. As soon as a speck of dust gets on things, she starts working."

"I'm just content to be a home-body," Pam insists. "Back in Dallas I lived with four and five hostesses in one house. Now there's only Audie and me—and it's grand."

When Audie was married to Wanda Hendrix, there was no such agreement on marital philosophy. Wanda was a small-town girl, too, but she was an ambitious actress, and she could never understand why Audie balked at going to parties and making so-called valuable contacts.

She just didn't understand her husband. Pamela does, and Audie understands her.

Although she and Audie have been married only a very few months, they give the impression of having been man and wife for years. They have adjusted so harmoniously to each other that no one ever takes them for newlyweds. They like it that way. THE END

don't bargain for faith

(*Continued from page 70*) around him like a tight wrapping, was the boy on the golden staircase. I was so far gone he was like a stranger to me. I kept wondering about him. "What now? . . . What now? . . . What now?"

Today I am a man of faith, not necessarily in any one particular religion, or in any one specific manner of worshipping God, but in His order of things. I pray every day. I have seen faith come to my wife, who had forsaken it, and I see faith in the eyes of my little boy because he was born with it and in it.

For I came to faith in that hospital bed, but not in a spirit of thankfulness over my recovery and return to my career. I shall always be glad I came to faith before I knew that I was to be restored to the life I wanted . . . and for its own sake. Otherwise it would be a bargain and faith is not to be bargained for.

Before the doctors said I was out of danger; before a friend appeared and named a plastic surgeon who had agreed to help me though he knew he would have to wait long for his fee; before I had any assurance I could get back into pictures . . . I talked to God and told Him that if

He accepted me I would be happy in that alone.

The doctor, in a series of operations, did a good job. Sometimes I think that the face he recreated is better than the original job. But even if he hadn't, even if disfigurement had been my lot, I am convinced today that I would have had the spiritual strength to make what was left of life, no matter what its station, a good one, a contented one. At least this is the kind of faith I hope I have. This is the kind I think we all need.

Faith is more than fuel for hope, it is a feeling of serenity no matter what happens. It acts in all sorts of ways to give one peace of mind. For instance, I used to stew over lost roles, lost opportunities. No more. Emotionally, you might say, I live a non-toxic existence . . . and I do think that envy, jealousy and worry *are* poisons.

I remember, not long after I got started acting again, making what seemed like a terribly bad decision. I was offered a substantial interest in an important movie venture. Not only an investment gain, but additional professional opportunities for me would be opened up if I agreed to go along. But there was one aspect of it that I didn't like—the man who had originally conceived the idea was to be frozen out of the undertaking. There was nothing illegal involved in banning him, yet I felt that morally this should not be. I refused to join.

"Dennis, you're acting like a baby," I was told. "This is the way things are done in business and you can't change it."

But it made no difference to me. I refused because I knew I couldn't take my faith along with me, and without that I was an empty Dennis O'Keefe.

No bolt from the blue has struck the fellows who started this company. They have done fine. I would have profited nicely, apparently. But my feeling is that I have profited even more staying out; in the happy marriage I made soon afterwards; in the health of my child; in my self-respect. Somehow, I feel things work out this way.

ONCE I told Steffi, my wife, how I had acted in this decision.

"I would have been rich by the time I met you, instead of just handsome," I kidded.

She shook her head. "We might never have met," she replied. "Or, having met, you would not have been the fellow you were. You would not have been at peace with yourself and therefore not acted at ease with me. One way or another it would have made a difference and we would never have felt what we could mean to each other."

I am certain that she is right.

I said that my little boy, Jimmy, who is now seven, prays. He was born with prayer. He was a premature baby, delivered actually at the end of the sixth month, and after the birth all I could do was pray, "Please give the litle guy a chance. Let him make it. Let him make it."

I remember in those apprehensive days, when his life was so close to the borderline, how my heart swelled with relief that I had lived within my faith, that I had not strayed from it. Therefore I felt I had a right to ask for his life. It was as if I stood in a good place to plead his case.

And now Jimmy is seven and he prays too. He prays very fast. So fast (because he learned it that way) that I can understand hardly a word and sometimes tell him that maybe God will not be able to understand him.

He looks at me pityingly and says, "Don't worry, Pop, He'll understand all right. He'll understand."

I don't think we adults can ever approach the faith of a child, a faith like Jimmy's. It is completely trusting and wonderfully intimate. I am not truly a church-goer, but I do accompany Jimmy and Juliana, the latter the young daughter of my wife by her first marriage. I have been with Jimmy when we have been kneeling for an extended time and have heard him work into his prayer to God the information that his knees were beginning to hurt. It is something he is quite sure that God, whom he regards as his best friend, would like to know.

I WAS about 10 years old when my father gave me my first lesson in faith at work. The two of us were in Chicago where Dad was playing a vaudeville date. We were walking by the Marshall Field store in the Loop when a cab backed into an areaway, almost pinning an old beggar to the wall. If my father hadn't yelled sharply at the driver there might have been a bad accident.

By the time the driver had leaped from his seat to see what was wrong, the old man had scuttled away into the crowd. It looked as if my father had just been angrily denouncing what he thought was bad driving. The cabbie was hotheaded and took a swing at Dad. He missed, and this made him so angry he waded right in with both fists.

I got excited, but not scared. I knew my father had won several competitions in boxing around St. Louis where he was raised, and I was sure he could beat the other fellow. But, to my dismay, he didn't even try! Not once, though the cabbie rushed and swung repeatedly, did Dad try to strike a blow. He just ducked or defended himself, and didn't vary this even though he was hit several times. A policeman ran up, the fight was stopped, but Dad refused to press charges.

We walked to our hotel in silence, my heart heavy with what I felt was Dad's disgrace. When he was treating a bruise on his cheek I couldn't stand it any longer and burst out crying.

"Why were you afraid, Dad? Why didn't you hit back?" I demanded.

He looked at me in surprise and then pulled me to him. "I wasn't afraid, son," he said, gently. "Not a bit afraid. If with all his swinging he only hit me a glancing blow or two, doesn't it make sense to you that I could have hurt him pretty badly if I wanted to?"

"Then why didn't you?" I burst out.

"Because I knew I could," he told me. "I was certain about it. Absolutely certain."

He didn't say any more and we just looked at each other. Then I guess I began to think.

"You mean . . ." I began. "You mean it wouldn't be fair then?" I asked.

Dad smiled and nodded. "Not a bit fair," he said. "And not a bit nice. I knew why he was angry. It was because I had scared him with my yell. He was frightened that he might have hurt somebody with his cab. I even liked him for it and I just wanted him to get over his scare without getting into trouble."

I think my heart just swelled with admiration for him when I finally understood what he was getting at, and it swells again with pride, as I recall the incident.

Dad used to tell me that because I belonged to no specific church I must be twice as strong spiritually as a man who did. As I have made obvious, it was advice that faded after his death, which happened when I was 17. But it is back with me now . . . and not to leave.

It is back with my wife, because she, too, had lost her trust in God once and for an extended period. Steffi became an agnostic when it seemed to her that

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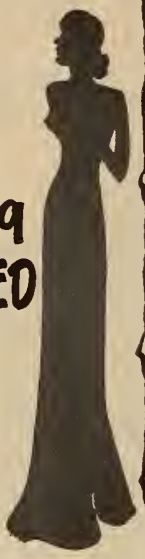
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her whole family had suffered undeservedly at the hands of fate in war-torn Europe. To her, life loomed as a savage existence softened by no spiritual rewards, Steffi herself, after she came to this country, had her dancing career interrupted by a painful hip condition which neither medicine nor surgery helped.

But by this time we were together and I would not give up hope. For several years she suffered. She was in agony 80 per cent of the time, in pain 10 per cent, and for the remaining 10 per cent she plain hurt. When there was no doctor to encourage us I had only one weapon left . . . and that was prayer. Steffi was appreciative, but was herself bitterly reconciled to living the rest of her days almost as an invalid. Yet she was brave. She wanted as much out of life as she could get, and though doctors warned her against motherhood she paid no heed.

Months after little Jimmy's birth, when he had caught up to normal weight and development, I had had no intimation from Steffi that she had changed her mind about religion. Then, one evening at bedtime, I spoke to her and she just said, "Sh-h-h." A moment later she announced simply, "I'm sorry. I was praying."

It developed then that I had not been alone in praying that Jimmy would make it. "And once I prayed I felt I must live up to it," Steffi told me. "I have kept it up ever since."

I told her she might as well include herself in her prayers. She smiled and nodded. For more than a year we had not consulted any doctor about her. More months passed and then, one day, we got a telephone call from the orthopedic surgeon who had last examined her. He asked us to drop in to see him. I was excited but Steffi permitted herself no hope when we went.

Seated before him we heard the astounding news that a new surgical technique had been developed which might be used on Steffi. It was a combination of three new operations and she was only the 24th patient in medical history to be so treated. Today she has an almost normal use of her hip, the pain is negligible compared to its former intensity, and Steffi is happier than she has been in years.

Faith is a very simple necessity to both of us now. We realize that it must be part of our lives because it was with us from the day we first met . . . even though we did not know it. There is only one choice we think; either one lives a life of faith or a life of doubt. Who could fail to turn to faith? THE END

(Dennis O'Keefe can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Follow The Sun—ED.)

mr. and mrs. tony curtis

(*Continued from page 63*) the studio. I get up at eight and go over to my studio. Then I drive over to Ma's house, pick her up, and drive down to the hospital to see Dad.

"I drive Ma home, go back to the studio, pick Janet up at the apartment. Then, Janet and I go back to the hospital and spend the whole evening with Dad.

"After that we grab a bite, go home and hit the hay.

"That's a pretty rough way to spend a honeymoon. None of this Honolulu or Bermuda routine. But I'm not complaining, because I have the best wife in the whole world.

"You don't know this girl. She's perfect. Honestly! If I were to say tomorrow, 'Janet, I want you to give up your career,' she'd do it. More than anything else in life, she wants to please me. And more than anything, I want to please her. How can we go wrong with that kind of attitude?

"While I'm talking, I must say that people have been pretty wonderful to us. You know, when we got married there was a lot of talk about how my fans would forsake me.

"Nothing like that happened at all. We got wonderful letters of congratulations from perfect strangers.

"I'm trying to send all of them thank-you notes, but that takes time. It would help if you'd say thank-you for Janet and me in MODERN SCREEN, and tell everyone we'll answer their letters just as fast as we can.

WE'D also like to do something real swell for Howard Duff. He turned his house in Malibu over to us. Just like that. Nobody asked him. After Janet finished her picture, the weather was murder in Los Angeles, hitting ninety all the time.

"Duff ran into me in the street. 'Why don't you and Janet spend a few days down at the beach?' he asked. 'You can have my house.'

"Well, Janet had four days off between *Just This Once* and *Scaramouche*, and I had a few days off before starting the *Son of Ali Baba*, and Dad was improving that week, so I accepted Howie's offer. Janet and I drove down to his Malibu cottage.

"Those four days at Malibu were the greatest bit of our delayed honeymoon. We slept late, romped on the beach, went swimming.

"Janet and I had both lost weight so we fattened up a little. For the first time in a long while we felt relaxed."

Honeymooning at Malibu, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis discussed the problem of children. Janet is an only child and is against families with one child on principle. Tony has a brother and likes large families.

"We're going to have some children," Tony says, "as soon as we get settled. I don't think children will interfere with Janet's career, and I don't see any reason why she shouldn't have one—a career, I mean. Lots of people keep saying that two acting careers in one family don't mix.

"I don't know about that. Janet's a much bigger star than I am, and she earns more money—but in this family, I'm the breadwinner. Other actresses have had children, and it hasn't ruined their careers.

"On the other hand, maybe when the children start coming, Janet will retire for a year or two. We don't know yet.

"Right now we're in the process of getting our bearings. I want to work hard. I want to make as many good pictures as possible. Janet keeps working all the time. She goes from one picture to another. I thinks she's made three or four already.

"If I could make three or four or even 10 pictures a year, I'd jump with joy. I love movies. I also love having a home and having Janet there to come home to.

"I never realized marriage could be so swell. A lot of my friends tell me that I'm flying on cloud 29. 'When are you kids coming down to earth?' they ask.

"We've got our feet on the ground. We know the score. I've got a business manager and he's saving money for me, money for the children-to-come and the emergencies like my Dad's getting sick.

"I understand that once the honeymoon is over, the glow wears off the marriage. Well, I have a big scoop for you. As far as Janet and I are concerned, this marriage is one perpetual honeymoon. Goodbye, now—the wife's calling." THE END

mr. and mrs. john agar

(*Continued from page 65*) a part in a stage play. I want to learn all the facets of the business.

"I've got a wife and a child to support, and Loretta and I expect to have several other children just as soon as we get settled."

Loretta Agar comes from a family that had six girls and one boy. She says, "Jack and I love children, and we want some, of course. Certainly more than one. Who can tell about such things? Right now, the thing to do is to get Jack straightened out on these traffic charges."

As we all know now, John Agar took the witness stand in Los Angeles Municipal Court several months ago and denied stoutly that he was intoxicated when he was arrested in Westwood on a drunk driving charge.

John insisted that on the day of his arrest he had taken only four drinks, scotch and water. Three before lunch, and one after 18 holes of golf.

He was apprehended while taking Loretta out to dinner. The arresting officers testified that his eyes were bloodshot and that he had failed to pass his sobriety test.

In court, John admitted that his auto had swerved over the white line, "but that was only because," he testified, "I wanted to make a turn without jostling my passenger. As for my eyes being bloodshot, they're bloodshot lots of times due to strain, sunlight, and dust."

John said that he walked a straight line for officers in a normal stride but that he couldn't walk a straight line in the specific heel-to-toe manner they demanded.

His wife was then called to the stand. Loretta denied a motorcycle officer's testimony that she was surprised at Jack's inability to walk a straight line.

Officer Byron Schwab had previously testified that Mrs. Agar had said, "Gee! I didn't know he was as bad as that until I saw him walking the line."

"I wouldn't have let him drive if he'd been drunk," Loretta told the jury, "because it was I who had borrowed the car."

Larry Springer, Agar's golf partner on the day of his arrest, also testified that Jack had taken only one drink after their golf game.

The trial lasted for three days, and Agar's two attorneys, Everett Leighton and Llewelyn Moses both made eloquent pleas to the jury.

While his attorneys spoke, Jack and his wife played nervously with their fingers, wondering if Jack would be acquitted or found guilty and sentenced to 30 days in the county jail.

The jury of nine women and three men deliberated for more than four hours. "It seemed like an eternity," Agar said later.

While that jury deliberated, another jury was being selected to try John on still another charge of drunk driving.

The jury left the courtroom at 2:30 in the afternoon. At 7:00 it filed back in. The foreman handed the verdict to the clerk, who in turn, passed it up to the Judge. "The Jury," announced the Judge, "finds the defendant guilty as charged."

Agar winced. His wife took his hand and clasped it firmly. Then the Judge announced that he would pass sentence on Agar at a later date somewhere between August 27th and August 30th.

Loretta ran out into the corridor where, for the first time, she lost her composure completely. She burst into tears and began crying, "Oh no," she sobbed, "no, no." John followed her out, and put his arms around his wife's shoulders. "It will be O.K. Darling," he said reassuringly—but he still didn't know whether he would have to spend one month or six months in jail, pay a fine of $500, or possibly win some sort of leniency from the Court and be placed upon probation.

"Jack is a man and will accept any punishment the Court hands out," Loretta said. "But I don't think he deserves any. This cloud's been hanging over our marriage long enough. We want to get it done with and start out with a clean slate."

By the time this story appears in print the final verdict will be known. But so far, for the Agars, marriage has not been an altogether blissful affair. THE END

reunion in london

(*Continued from page 37*) the perfect complexion of alabaster white, the trim figure, blue-grey eyes, and the perfectly curved mouth.

To Pia, seeing her mother again was the most exciting event in her whole young life. For three years, the little girl had been hearing and reading the most amazing collection of half-truths concerning Ingrid. Dr. Lindstrom, of course, had told her the truth simply and delicately with great tact.

Her mother, he'd explained, had fallen in love with another man, had secured a divorce and had then been married to the other man. Presently, she'd given birth to a baby-boy, who was Pia's half-brother.

Just how much Pia picked up by herself through the newspapers and radio, no one really knows. At any rate, whether she is acquainted with the true sequence of events is unimportant. She is much too young to pass moral judgment on her mother whom she loves very much.

To Pia, only one thing counts: she has seen her mother again. Better still, she knows that she will see her mother at least once every year, and probably in Europe, too.

As she grows older, she will meet Rossellini, for such a meeting—no matter what Dr. Lindstrom may think—is inevitable. And she will meet and play with her half-brother, Robertino.

When Dr. Lindstrom and Pia (whom he now calls Jenny) left Los Angeles for Europe, he would issue no statement. However, a statement came from Judge Isaac Pacht, Lindstrom's attorney, who explained that the doctor and his daughter would board the Queen Mary in New York for England and Sweden where Ingrid and Jenny "would enjoy an extended visit."

The Judge pointed out that Lindstrom and Ingrid had agreed on Sweden for the reunion because both of them, as well as Pia, had been born there. Meeting in Sweden would also avoid contact with Rossellini whom Lindstrom justifiably can't abide.

"This," the Judge announced, "will carry out an understanding that the child's visit with her mother should take place under conditions where Pia would not be involved in any contact with Mr. Rossellini . . . I'm issuing this statement because we want to set at rest the unfounded rumors which have emanated from Rome over the past eight or nine months."

These rumors implied that Ingrid and Pia would meet in Paris, Rome, the Riviera, and several other cities.

Whenever these rumors were printed, Dr. Lindstrom refused to dignify them with a denial. He knew that Ingrid had been contacted in Rome and had agreed in sub-



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stance to the following plan: She would leave Rome by train during the last week in July, and would pretend to proceed directly to Sweden, but would come to London instead.

The doctor and Pia would arrive in England on July 20th. They would then check into the Washington Hotel in London, and would spend a week sightseeing and shopping. After that, they would meet Ingrid.

If by chance Ingrid was delayed or unable to make it, she was to notify them at the Washington Hotel. Otherwise, Ingrid and Pia were to spend approximately two weeks together. Then Pia would return to the United States with her father.

This ocean voyage to meet her mother was Pia's first trans-Atlantic trip she'd been capable of enjoying. And how she loved it!

She gaily explored the Queen Mary, and when the boat docked at Southampton and the British newspapermen came aboard to question her and her father, she viewed them serenely.

"Matter of fact," wrote one English reporter, "Dr. Lindstrom was more put out by the inquiries than his daughter. Just as soon as we'd ask the little girl a question, the doctor would refuse to let her answer."

Lindstrom was his usual uncommunicative self.

"What brings you to England?" a reporter asked thumb-in-cheek.

"Well," explained the doctor, "about a year ago I decided to visit England and Sweden."

"With or without your daughter?"

The doctor ignored that question.

"How long do you plan to stay here?"

Lindstrom fingered the red carnation in the lapel of his gray worsted suit. "Just a few days. After that, we're leaving for Sweden."

"By plane or boat?" a reporter asked.

"I haven't made up my mind yet."

Another reporter edged forward. "Have you heard anything from Miss Bergman lately?"

The doctor's face stiffened. "You're wasting my time and your time," he said flatly, "by asking such personal questions."

"Very well, then," agreed the reporter. "What plans have been made for meeting Miss Bergman in Sweden? Will the child have any time to spend with her mother?"

The doctor shook his head resignedly. "We intend to go to Stockholm," he said, "and other places in Sweden. Miss Bergman will have many opportunities to visit with her daughter." Lindstrom failed to drop the slightest hint about Ingrid's arriving in London.

Pia stood next to her father. She wore the same blue and white checkered dress that she was to wear later when she met Ingrid. In her wedgies and bobby socks, a red bag over her shoulder, and a portable radio in her right hand, she looked adorable.

"Tell me, Miss Lindstrom," a reporter asked, "did you enjoy your trip?"

Dr. Lindstrom intervened. "She is only 12," he said. "I will not allow any of you to question her."

He clasped Pia's free hand in his and descended the gangplank. A reporter raced down after them. In Swedish he asked Pia if she knew how to talk in her mother's native tongue.

Pia looked up at him and laughed.

"Nej," she answered. "Nej," which means no.

After being cleared by customs, the Lindstroms boarded a train for London.

Approximately ten days later Pia had her reunion with Ingrid at the Washington Hotel. It lasted five hours.

What Ingrid and her daughter talked about, Pia cannot say, since her father will not permit her to be interviewed. However, Pia did say, "I saw mother and spent several hours with her. It was wonderful." That plans were made for future meetings—the next one will probably be at Christmas with Ingrid coming to this country—there is little doubt. The one factor which has caused Ingrid the greatest heartache in her affair with Rossellini has been her separation from Pia.

In loving Rossellini, Ingrid was willing to risk her reputation, even her career—but not her daughter. The fact that she has been able to see and talk to Pia once again is of tremendous importance to her. Because of this reunion she views her future with hope and happiness.

THE END

bob's wife

(*Continued from page 43*) "Lately," she continued, "it's seemed as though every day has been taken up with contract negotiations, script conferences, and talks with the director. All summer we've wanted to go back down to Balboa but something has always come up at the last minute to prevent it. But now that the picture is definitely set, I'm so excited I can hardly wait for it to start. I've been off the screen a long time, you know."

It has been no secret that during the past three and one-half years, Lana has given her career a back seat. In fact, for a star of her magnitude, her appearances on the screen have been so infrequent that they might almost be called nonexistent. There was *No Life of Her Own.* And last year she made *Mr. Imperium.* So when Lana's old contract with MGM expired this spring, it was only natural that she would start thinking seriously about her career again. Lana and Bob spent many hours discussing her career, and together, made the decision that she should return to MGM.

Earlier in the summer, I'd had a brief glimpse of Lana and Bob one day down at Balboa Bay when their sleek speed boat had flashed past the chugging fishing boat I was riding out to sea. On sudden impulse, I had yelled, "Hi Lana!" I'm sure she couldn't recognize me in my battered fishing clothes, but she stood up in the stern of their speeding craft and shouted an enthusiastic hello right back. She looked like a bronzed, blonde Diana.

When I reminded Lana of this chance meeting, she smiled and said, "That's what we loved about Balboa. Down there, everyone says hello as a matter of course. Our apartment was right on the bay, and we got to know everyone who sailed past."

Lana and Bob moved down there shortly after she lost her second baby last winter. At the time, Bob owned an interest in a boat-building firm near the harbor and they spent nearly four wonderful months in the comfortable Lido Isle apartment which they leased for the spring season.

They rarely went out for dinner, and when they invited friends in, Bob did the cooking himself on their barbecue pit—usually charcoal-broiled steaks, deeply marinated in the special keriaki soy sauce he discovered during his last trip to Honolulu. They joined the Bay Club, and on Sundays, they would run their fast express cruiser out past the jetty to watch the sailboats race around the buoys.

"Lana wouldn't tell you," Bob confided

over his breakfast coffee, "but she nearly won the doubles tournament at the Bay Club with Van Zerbe, a friend of ours. Unfortunately, their opponents in the semi-finals were just one game stronger."

Every day at Balboa was like a holiday. But the best one of all was Lana's birthday, which she considers to be the most exciting birthday of her entire lifetime.

"It was so wonderful because it was a complete surprise. All morning, I had been gloomy because I thought Bob had forgotten my birthday, and by the time we went over to the Bay Club for lunch, I was completely in the dumps. We sat with some friends near the window which overlooks the harbor, and I merely picked at my food. At one time during lunch, everyone at the table began chattering and I thought they'd all gone crazy. Later that afternoon, I found out the reason why. Bob had chartered *The Malibu,* a big pleasure yacht, for my birthday and while we were having lunch, it sailed past the Bay Club on the way to the dock. Everyone tried to keep me distracted so I wouldn't turn around and see her. Then, after lunch, Bob said, 'Come on, let's take a walk.' 'I don't want to take a walk,' I replied, abruptly. But finally, I agreed to walk down to the docks with Bob and there was *The Malibu* waiting for us. That night, we had a wonderful party and in the dawn, we slipped out of the harbor for a six-day voyage around Catalina Island. It was like a dream."

A few weeks later, Lana and Bob drove to Ensenada with some friends to help celebrate the arrival of the boats in the annual Newport-to-Ensenada yacht race. "We wanted to sail down on one of the fastest boats, in order to be in at the finish," Lana said, "but I'm afraid that I'm not sailor enough yet to tackle the open sea on a trip like that."

They had a delightful time at the victory celebration, however, and driving back to Balboa in Bob's open sports car, Lana got her nose sunburned berry-red. It was still looking pretty unglamorous when Lana had to return to Hollywood for the first conferences about her new picture, *The Merry Widow.*

When Cheryl's school was let out for the summer, Lana and Bob gave up their plans for returning to the beach and settled down at their Brentwood home, which is a miniature Shangri-la itself. Most of their entertaining this summer has been centered around the pool house, and the barbeque pit. Bob has always distinguished himself at the spit, with but one exception. That occurred several weeks ago, when in a moment of exuberance, he attempted to barbecue a whole pig.

"Ever cook a pig?" Bob laughingly inquired of me. "Well, don't, unless you have all day. I put ours on at 8:00 P.M., thinking that it would be nicely browned by 10:30 when we planned to eat. But by 11 o'clock, the meat was still blood red and our guests were all sitting around starving to death. In desperation, we finally had to call up a little restaurant in the neighborhood and have them send up 12 steaks. We didn't eat until after midnight, and the pig wasn't even done then. I was so mad that I could hardly eat my steak."

Except for special occasions like their third anniversary, on which Bob presented Lana with a shiny new Jaguar sports roadster, the Toppings have not spent many evenings out on the town. Two or three nights a week, they play gin rummy with their friends, Cubby and Nedra Broccoli, the girls teaming up against the boys. When the girls win, they insist on being paid; when they lose, they change the subject quickly.

"It was even worse than that on our honeymoon," Bob said, morosely. "Lana took half of everything I won, and half of everything I lost. It's the best method I can think of for breaking a man of the gambling habit."

They also have taken up bowling once a week. Lana used to go bowling when she was a starlet, but she lost interest in the game until recently when the Broccolis persuaded her to try it again. Lana amazed everyone, including herself, by bowling a score near 200.

Much to her own amazement, too, Lana has been shopping for clothes only twice this summer, and then to buy pedal pushers, blouses, and shorts to wear around home and at the beach. She still has a number of glamorous dresses from the trousseau which Don Loper made for her that she has never worn, and in recent weeks, she has been getting them restyled and brought up to date.

"We left on our honeymoon in such a hurry," Lana said, "that a lot of my clothes were only basted together. All over Europe, I had to be careful that I wouldn't suddenly pop open at the seams."

Right at the moment, Lana and Bob are perplexed about Cheryl's birthday party. Year before last, they gave her a big western party. Last year, it had a luau theme, replete with grass skirts and Hawaiian music. They've thought up and rejected a dozen ideas, and still haven't made up their minds.

Cheryl is growing fast. This fall, she will be in the third grade at St. Paul's Apostles in Brentwood. The main interest in her life is horseback riding. All during the last school term, Cheryl rode twice a week and this summer, she has coaxed Lana every day to go riding with her to see the tricks she's learned.

"The first time I saw her jump her horse over a barrier, my heart went up into my throat, and I guess my fears were written all over my face, for Cheryl rode up and calmly asked, 'Don't you want me to jump, Mommie?' 'Of course,' I managed to say, somehow. I don't want her ever to be afraid. But now she wants us to buy her the horse she rides regularly. When I asked where we would keep it, she said, 'Oh, you can buy me a ranch.'"

Except for an occasional wild burst of fancy like this, Cheryl's desires are normal and unextravagant, and although Lana and Bob can give her almost anything she wants, they are careful not to spoil her.

"A few weeks ago, Cheryl saw a little girl at school wearing a strand of pearls and wanted some like them," Lana said. "But when Cheryl was a baby I started an Add-A-Pearl necklace for her and that, I told her, was enough finery for a little girl. She took it very well."

Of course, like all little girls, Cheryl likes to put on her mother's clothes and lipstick and play grown-up. Every time she sees Lana in a new evening gown, she wants it. She can hardly wait until she is big enough to wear one without dragging it on the ground.

"The other day, I came home and found her putting on my nail polish," Lana chuckled. "She had it all over her fingers. But I think I've broken her of that."

During her last school term, Cheryl became conscious for the first time that her mother was Lana Turner as well as "Mommie." Lana was hard pressed to explain that she was known by that name as an actress, and that there was really nothing mysterious about Lana Turner at all.

After my very pleasant interview with Lana and Bob at their home, I was inclined to agree with her. And I, for one, will be happy to see her back on the screen again. THE END

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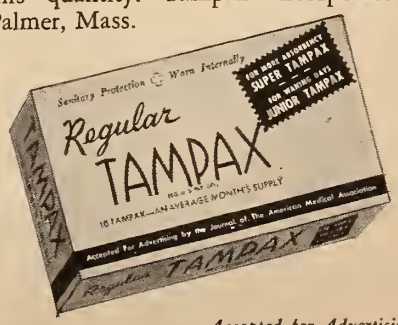


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a place of their own

(*Continued from page 60*) needed the refinement of 18th century designs. We also decided that we wanted only genuine antiques or good custom-built pieces. And that's what we have.

After they'd taken the initial step in furnishing the living room, the rest of the Stevens' choices fell naturally into place. A large, down-cushioned couch beside the fireplace was covered in the same hand-blocked French print as the draperies. Twin easy chairs, upholstered in a material almost the same color as the black-green walls, were placed opposite the couch. A baby grand piano was perfectly nestled into one corner of the room, where Mark likes to play for his own amusement. And a permanent card table and chairs were ordered to replace the original borrowed set.

Mark is an intense card player who enjoys a close game for high stakes. His two favorites are gin rummy, and Klabaisch, an old Hungarian card game. When Mrs. Rantz realized how much he looked forward to his evening game of cards, she and Nelle arranged the floor plan so that a table and chairs could always stand in the corner opposite the piano. Antique game tables being rather hard to find, she introduced a contemporary note into the decorating. The card table is very modern in design and painted the same dark green of the walls so that it doesn't stand out like a sore thumb. Then she had the chairs upholstered so that they are more comfortable than ordinary bridge chairs. The idea behind this was to have the chairs made ready and fitting for any conversational grouping around the fireplace.

Having brought in one modern touch, Mrs. Rantz complemented it by adding a second contemporary piece. The simple coffee table, covered in black leather, is a masterpiece of present-day workmanship. Mark, who now has a great appreciation for such things, loves to point out the table's finer features.

At only two points during the job did the Stevenses and their gentle guide have a difference of opinion. One was over a red velvet chair. Neither Nelle nor Mark could see the reason for departing from the green and white motif of the room. "No," said Mark, "no red velvet, thank you."

"The room needs one dramatic highlight," explained Mrs. Rantz. "Let me try it and if you still can't bear the sight of red velvet, out it goes."

The day the chair was delivered, Mark had to work late. He came home from the studio tired and irritable. He found the bright red chair standing in the curve of the grand piano. He took one long look and reached for the telephone. "Fanny, darling," he apologized, "you were so right. The chair belongs. Until now the room had the air of a conservatively dressed woman—class, but no style. Tonight it has both. You're wonderful and I love you."

Mrs. Rantz laughed with relief. "I knew you'd appreciate its dramatic quality."

MARK was equally determined not to have *his* chair and ottoman covered in a pink and green striped fabric shot with gold. He argued that the whole point of this one furniture unit, consisting of chair, script cabinet and reading lamp was to permit the man of the house to have a corner of his own without having to retire into his office in the garage. And he didn't want it done up in pink and green stripes.

The man had a point but he was defending it against two women. Their reason for using this handwoven material was because it incorporated all the colors of the

geranium wallpaper in the hall. Thus this chair would serve as a color link between the living room and the rest of the house. "When the decorating is completed the color will flow from one room to another. The house will then seem like one complete whole and not a series of different rooms," explained Nelle, who had had it explained to her.

The nice thing about Mark Stevens is that he knows when to retreat gracefully. He gave in and he's glad he did.

The den, or sun room, as the Stevens family tends to call the wide, informal room that opens onto a porte cochere and overlooks the garden, sees a lot of traffic. Young Mark and his gang—the Harpo Marx kids, and Will Hays, Jr.'s two children—cut through this room on their way to the kitchen. Annelle uses the desk by the door for her household accounts; and the whole family gathers here to read or watch television.

Despite the constant use, the den wears well. It's painted the same green and white as the living room and carpeted in the same light green rug, but the furniture is early American. The coffee table, desk, magazine rack, and Mark Richard's two little TV chairs are all roughly hewn antiques that you can really knock around without a thought to the finish.

The dining room in Mark Stevens' house is a perfect example of decorating to the owners' individual tastes. When Mrs. Rantz first saw the room she shook her head regretfully. "It's rather small compared to the size of the house," she commented. "But if you're going to do a lot of entertaining, we can think of some stunt to increase its seating capacity."

"No entertaining," said Mark flatly. "We bought this house for our own enjoyment and not to give a lot of meaningless parties."

Mark's ready answer made furnishing the room a lot easier. His wife ordered a French Provincial table for six, and had a small serving buffet built to fit between two windows. Except for the built-in china cabinets, that's all the furniture the room needed. Mrs. Rantz, however, did use a few devices to make the room seem more spacious than it really is. She had the woodwork painted white, which always makes a room seem larger, and she eliminated draperies. At the windows and doors she used shutters to give the room privacy without making it appear boarded up. (This is true all over the house.)

Although Mark is the kind of man who'd rather leave a party than give one, he does enjoy having a couple of close friends for dinner occasionally. He and Annelle like to invite Cyd and Tony Martin, Cesar Romero and the Goldstone family on a strictly informal basis.

All told, the furnishing of the Stevens home took three years. Of course, Mark and Annelle aren't completely through yet. You never are when you have a home you love. But when the bulk of the buying was over, Mrs. Rantz announced that she was stepping aside to let the two of them shop around for their own accessories. "You must find your own ashtrays, candy dishes, candle holders, and paintings," she told them. "These finishing touches are like a woman's jewelry. They complete the effect, give the house its character and they must be your own."

A lot more sure of themselves than they were in the beginning, Mark and Nelle found such wonderful accessories as the brass shaving rack that stands in the hall, the French muffin stand that they use for candies, a darling antique sewing table, and all the ironstone pieces that they have in the den.

When it came time to select some paintings, they were even more independent. Mark once worked as a commercial artist for the Federal Engraving Company in Montreal and he's an amateur painter of some stature. He knew what he liked in art. Mrs. Rantz, however, did introduce him to a young artist named Victor Amadio. Mark bought several of his watercolors, and then, last fall, Annelle commissioned him to paint the portrait of her and Mark Richard that hangs over the fireplace. She gave it to her husband for Christmas and it's the delight of his life.

Mark Stevens is now a man of property, and he's up for election to the Beverly Hills Board of Councilmen. He may have forsaken his footloose habits but not his love of travel. Having just completed *Target Unknown, Katydid,* and *Little Egypt* for Universal-International, he's starting on a four-month personal appearance tour that will take him to San Francisco, Las Vegas, Houston, Philadelphia, Boston and New York.

"Don't let this house and fireside routine fool you," he says cheerfully. "I'm still a rolling stone. I've just gathered a little moss, that's all."

And pretty nice moss it is, too.

THE END

handle with care

(*Continued from page 41*) the fabric of Ava's "torrid romance" with the Spanish bullfighter, and had left no doubt in anyone's mind that when the actress went to Europe, she left her morals at home.

Adding insult to exaggeration, the columnist did a sudden overnight switch when *Pandora* was shown to a select few at a special preview and Ava emerged as a real, breathless beauty with obvious talent and appeal. That night a star was born. When a birth of this magnitude occurs in Hollywood, everyone—including hostile columnists—try to hop onto the bandwagon. This person was no exception.

Today it may appear that Ava has succumbed to the heady wine of this person's praise and flattery. She has reportedly dined with the columnist a couple of times recently. But Ava has a healthy respect for anyone who says what he thinks, and looks with contempt on anyone guilty of hypocrisy. So don't let the apparent amenities fool you; Ava's armed truce was forced on her by studio policy. *She* has neither forgotten nor forgiven. With Ava that certain tattler is still taboo!

To forestall any such infringement on a personal taboo, Frank Sinatra made it a part of the deal he recently signed with Universal-International. Hereafter no studio press release can refer to his "romance" with Ava, and no interviewer may query him about it. Frank, a man of many scruples, feels that until his divorce becomes final, it is in distinct bad taste to discuss a possible future Mrs. Sinatra.

It is to be expected that the public is eternally interested in every unwed star's marital possibilities; the romantic side of any public figure is always intriguing. But there is one person in Hollywood who refuses to share her heart with her public and, unless you are left absolutely enraptured by cold phraseology, you had best shrug off your interest in Ginger Rogers' beaux.

The subject of possible marriage to Steve Cochran or Greg Bautzer (or whoever



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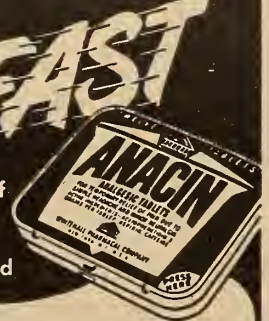
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is currently escorting the star to the glitter spots) is definitely taboo with that lady. There are those who acknowledge Ginger's right to keep her plans to herself, but they also feel that, as a celebrity, she has a certain duty to her fans above and beyond her chillingly-delivered, crisp phrase, "No comment."

Marital advice is a big taboo with Tony Curtis, as his studio found out not too long ago. Concerned about the outcome of his romance with Janet Leigh, studio bigwigs urged Tony to slip the wedding ring into a safe deposit box instead of on Janet's finger. They didn't object to the young actress, herself, but they were worried about Tony's career. Marriage, they felt, might extinguish some of the ardour his fans felt for him. They knew, too, that Tony helped to support his family, and they reasoned that the added obligations of a wife and a home might prove too burdensome. Wait, they urged, don't be hasty; just wait. The folly of this plea was proved not a fortnight later, when Tony and Janet eloped to New England. Studio fathers, of course, were quick to smile benignly and wish the young couple luck.

The new Mrs. Curtis, incidentally, pampers *her* taboo by feigning deafness whenever anyone mentions her first, very early marriage and annulment.

The mention of marriage necessarily brings to mind Bette Davis. Regardless of the failure of her three previous tries at connubial bliss, it is acknowledged that Bette has always respected her husband's position in the family. To her, each has been "lord of the manor." Questions concerning her spouse's reaction to her fame have always taxed the Davis temperament. "My career has nothing to do with it," she has snapped on occasion. "My husband is the head of the house!"

Being a three-time marital loser, Bette's fourth try is naturally very important to her. And it is nice to know that her friends feel this venture has a very good chance of survival. Even before he married the volatile star, Gary Merrill was established in his own right, pulling in a handsome four-figure salary. His is no shadow-character; he is a very forceful, very individual person. Bette wants to keep him individual; a complete entity not in any way sublimated to her.

To prove the taboo of patronizing her husband, let us go back some months to the arrival in England of Bette and Gary Merrill. The British press was received by them, en masse, at a reception which went off very well, with mutual admiration and respect the order of the day. However, when one of the reporters referred to Merrill as "Mr. Davis number four," in his morning column, the actress was livid. She is credited with raging, "I wouldn't do that to any man!" And she promptly severed all relations with the journalistic contingent of the tight little island.

JOHN Agar possesses one of Hollywood's most rigid taboos. He has, at any rate, the most understandable and the most gentlemanly taboo in town. He absolutely refuses to alibi himself concerning the failure of his marriage to Shirley Temple or his unfortunate bouts with the bottle. Being objective about Agar is simple. He is a straight-forward type of guy. He has maintained himself throughout all his trials and tribulations as a perfect gentleman. When Shirley Temple took the witness stand in her own behalf during her divorce trial, reporters clamored for rebuttal from John. But never once—neither at the time of the trial nor since—has he ever tried to hone off the brutal edge of his ex-wife's testimony.

To inject a refreshing note, it must be added that the whole town is pulling for John—and his new wife, Loretta. John is



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seeking medical attention to ferret out the reason for his past weakneses, and any one who tries to help himself, finds Hollywood eager to extend *its* helping hand, too.

Which leads us to Shelley Winters. Unless you're in the market for a good, old-fashioned tantrum, don't mention Shelley's taboo to Shelley. The subject? Her temperamental nip-ups on the set. "How can I ever live those things down," she has been known to wail, "when everybody keeps mentioning them over and over again?" Hollywood is thinking that if Shelley would stop repeating the mistakes of the past, the past would be quickly forgotten.

The town has never and probably will never understand why it is like waving a red flag in front of Joan Crawford when you mention age—her age, that is.

If she were crow-footed and loose-jowled one might be able to understand her extreme sensitivity. But she is a magnificent-looking, intelligent and vital woman—the epitome of the label "movie star." She is beautiful, glamorous, famous, wealthy. Her figure is the envy of girls still in their teens.

Many women are shy of revealing their age, that is true. But this is an enlightened era. Most people realize that age is relative; it's what you've done with your years that count, what you've accomplished. All celebrated women are not as secretive as Joan. Stars like Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert and Bette Davis have never attempted to obscure the figures of their date of birth. But Joan has long persisted in shying away from the age subject as though it were a draught of Borgia brew. In the 24 years she has been in Hollywood (and that's official!) she has protested violently every time her age has been printed. "It has seldom been accurate," she says. But it is primarily Joan's own fault that there has been so much speculation about her age. Her very evasiveness has only served to pique local curiosity.

To put a stop to the guessing game once and for all, Joan very recently decided to issue her birthdate officially: March 23, 1908. However, not long before the announcement was made, an eastern writer on assignment from a national magazine came west to do a piece on the actress. Aware of her taboo, he made a real effort to keep the record straight and, incidentally, to avoid annoying the lady unduly. He flew to Joan's home-town, San Antonio, Texas, to check. When he discovered (1) that there was absolutely no record of Joan's birth and (2) that no vital statistics had been kept in that city *prior* to 1908, he surrendered to confusion and fled back to Manhattan.

RUTH Roman is fed up to *here* with those stories concerning her "impending separation and/or divorce." The subject, henceforth, is taboo, as far as she is concerned. "Why, the ink was hardly dry on our marriage certificate," she says, "before people were talking about our splitting up!" Ruth and her husband, Mortimer Hall, have but recently acquired a new home in Brentwood and are currently engaged in knocking out walls, building new rooms, and huddling with an exclusive decorator. These ambitious plans are hardly those of a couple about to go their separate ways!

If you were lucky enough to get to talk to her for an interview, you would be wise to avoid treading on the several taboos in the life of Olivia de Havilland. If you value life and limb do *not* ask her:

(1) Is it true your husband makes all your professional decisions?

(2) Is it true that mail addressed to you as "Miss Olivia de Havilland" is returned to the sender because your name is "Mrs. Marcus Goodrich"?

STRANGER THAN FICTION! by Taylor

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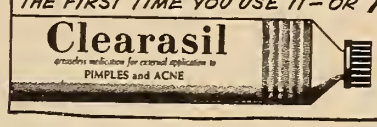
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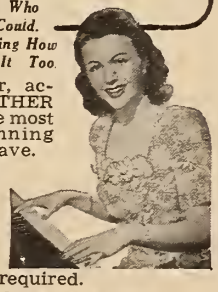
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(3) Is it true that your husband tried every way he knew to get you billed as "Mrs. Marcus Goodrich" in your ill-fated Broadway venture, *Romeo and Juliet?*

(4) What was the cause of your estrangement from your father?

Avoid these four questions like the plague. This way lies madness!

Yes, there are more taboos in Hollywood than a witch doctor could dream up in a lifetime. For instance, you'll be ushered to the deep freeze by Jane Wyman if you ask about her personal life—or about Lew Ayres. "If you don't mind," she'll say, icily, "I think Lew Ayres has had enough free publicity already. Let's talk about something else."

HOLLYWOOD first became aware of the Wyman-Ayres twosome shortly after they'd finished making *Johnny Belinda.* Jane, always elusive about her private affairs, neither confirmed nor denied reports. Lew was going to art school at the time, and managed to arouse Jane's interest in paints and palettes to such an extent that she had her playroom converted into a studio where they could daub the canvas together. By this time Jane was admitting that they were "friends," but before the night club photogs could fully record their friendship for posterity, Jane had switched loyalties.

Lew Ayres presumably hied himself back to his secluded hilltop home. The reason for the split was never discovered. Ayres has never had a reputation for conversation. And to Jane, the subject is *taboo.*

You'll only get a dark scowl from Howard Duff if you ask him the reason he was dropped from his Sam Spade air show . . . even today Barbara Stanwyck can't hear the name of Frank Fay without looking lethal, and don't mention Ava Gardner, either . . . you'll receive a polite but firm, "I never allow it!" if you ask to photograph Burt Lancaster's home and/or family . . . you'll get the enigmatic Mona Lisa smile if you quiz Celeste Holm about her unpublicized teen-age son . . . Linda Darnell acts the clam whenever the conversation turns to her mother and the reason for their estrangement . . . yes, it's true, but it's taboo to call attention to John Derek's good looks in his presence. His chiseled features, which help to lure the bobby soxers to the box-office, make him see red . . . any mention of Hollywood fame having "changed" Kirk Douglas is *verboten* if you want to live a little . . . it's taboo to get Dennis Morgan to pose with his rapidly growing children . . . until very recently Lizabeth Scott froze whenever anyone mentioned her family. She said they belonged only in her private life . . . Fred MacMurray will not discuss his wife (who has been ill for two years) with anyone but intimates . . . the stories of Franchot Tone's "wealth" make him furious; he says they're highly exaggerated.

Then there is the star, who must remain anonymous, who brought her own delicate porcelain cup and saucer to the studio commissary because the thick coffee mugs used in that restaurant were "too crude" for her to handle. It's true that until she was 16 she helped her mother sling hash in a cheap lunch wagon, but believe us, that subject must be handled with care!

THE END

small town girl

(*Continued from page 54*) River with its inland bayous thick with 2,000-year-old oaks, shrouded with Spanish moss, and redolent with cape jasmine bushes, forming hedges of what most of us call gardenias, Covington could be the background for a Frances Parkinson Keyes novel as well as the year-round pleasure and health resort it is.

In that kind of town, built as it is around a courthouse square, a girl doesn't have to go through the torture of introducing the exciting boy she's met at school to her parents and waiting to see if they approve. They already know him by sight and reputation at least. Just as folks knew Peggy as the older daughter of the prosperous owner of a chain of grocery stores, one of which was located right across the street from the courthouse. Her mother belonged to local clubs. When some entertainment seemed in order, like as not someone would say, "Let's get Mrs. Varnadow's little Jo' to recite for us."

"MOTHER was the disciplinarian, making my younger sister Ann and me study piano and recitations and doing the spanking when she felt it was in order. Dad, on the other hand, felt we could do no wrong and should just have fun. He'd say, 'Don't be so harsh with them. They're only children.' But mother went right ahead. She was always looking for new, amusing pieces for me to learn. How I hated reciting! I didn't realize then that one of the advantages of living in a small town is the greater opportunity to use some small talent so it will have a chance to grow.

"Then came the time I had to recite 'The Night Before Christmas' for our school's Christmas program. I felt it was such a baby piece for a seventh grader who'd be going to high school the next year. I stood up there on the stage, done up in my best dress, and started off in a monotone.

"The first-graders were in the front rows, seconds back of them and so on to the parents and relatives who filled the back rows, where I directed my attention. Then I happened to look down at the little ones. Badly as I was reciting, they were sitting there wide-eyed at this tale of Santa Claus. Suddenly I realized what it meant to them. Believe me, I gave it my all then. I'm sure Santa himself couldn't have shouted better than I did, 'Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!'"

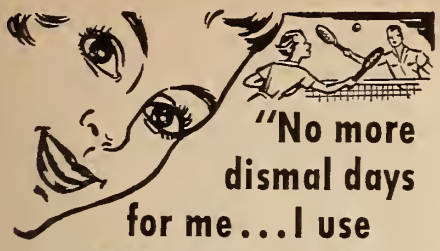
Peggy went through the poem again there in her living room with gestures and all. It was quite a feat for her to turn her beautiful face and slim figure into, "the broad face and a little round belly that shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly." But she conveyed the illusion all right.

"It was wonderful," Peggy said concluding the tale, "to see the enthusiasm creep into the second-graders, then the third-graders and so on, row by row through the audience. I've never forgotten the thrill of discovering that I could do that to an audience.

"I wasn't any more thrilled, really, when I did my first big screaming scene as the other woman in *Woman In Hiding,* my first picture. When producers and other executives started dropping down on the set that day to watch me, I thought again of the interest growing row by row."

In between the seventh grade and that first picture for Universal-International, Peggy lived the happy, secure, leisurely life of a daughter of respected citizens in a small town.

There was the boy across the street, Charlie Smith, whose groaning over the little girl tagging him and having to be looked after turned into whistles at the gate. Peggy would hurry into her bathing



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suit, then, bare-legged and bare-footed, they'd walk the block down to the romantically named river to join the crowd swimming.

Other times, Mr. Varnadow, who'd rather fish than eat, according to Peggy, would take her along with him. Sometimes she'd bait a hook to try her luck, but usually she rowed the boat. While resting the oars, she and her father would talk. A philosophical man, he tried to instill some of his concepts of life into her, knowing that she was not prepared for hard bumps which might come her way.

THEN came the day, at 15, when her parents, with Peggy's hearty approval, decided she should go to a girls' finishing school with a high national scholastic rating. They selected Gulf Park College, which actually is a combined high school and junior college in Gulfport, Mississippi. Close to home, it still provided contact with girls from all over the United States so that Peggy would have to stand on her own feet since "Mr. and Mrs. Varnadow's girl" wouldn't mean a thing there.

There was an exciting prelude during which Mrs. Varnadow, gifted in creating those bouffant gowns with fine French details for her daughters, assembled a formal wardrobe for Peggy since the school had a party once a week. Shopping in "the city" (New Orleans, of course) they bought the rest of her wardrobe, including many pairs of stockings where one pair had sufficed before. Gulf Park's young ladies wear stockings to dinner every night. And off Peggy went to college in what she thought was grand style.

The first Sunday, right after church, in tears she telephoned her mother to come right away to go to New Orleans for proper clothes!

"The first few days were fine. Girls of all ages everywhere wore their hair in pig-tails, dressed in sweaters, skirts and scuffed saddle-oxfords. My formal for the party was as perfect as anyone else's. But on Sunday morning, dressed in my new Junior Miss suit with its Peter Pan collar, my feet in one inch-heeled, V-throated black patent leather pumps, my hair in pigtails, I joined the other girls to go to church. The girls had turned into women overnight! Sophisticated suits and hats. High heels. Hair smartly coiffed. I hadn't even dreamed of dressing like that yet! That's one of the effects of small town life. You remain a sub-deb so much longer."

Mrs. Varnadow complied with Peggy's demand. She took her to Kreegers in New Orleans where they avoided the Junior Miss department like poison. Three smart suits, three sophisticated dresses, and four new pairs of high-heeled shoes including chocolate brown suede pumps with toes out and near four-inch heels restored Peggy's aplomb.

WHEN Peggy returned home from Gulfport for summer vacation, she was so grown up that she couldn't go fishing with her father any of the times he asked.

One day, he teased, "I know, Jo', going to girls' school obligates you to have parties and to go to parties. I'm sure your social life is very important but don't let it change you so much."

"It hasn't changed me!" Peggy flared out vehemently. "Girls' school's no different except for the higher scholastic rating. I'm still the same girl. I still like to fish. I'll go with you tomorrow!"

"I'm going to Slidell for two weeks tomorrow," her father smiled. "One of the men is on vacation so I'm going over to help out."

"Well, we can go fishing there can't we?" Peggy demanded.

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When they arrived at one of the two stores her father owned in the town the next day, Peggy asked, "What are we going to do?"

She knew he always pitched in to do with ease and willingness the job of a janitor, a clerk, or a manager who might be on vacation. She was quite unprepared when he said, "Well, the butcher's on vacation. So I'm going to slice up liver."

Taking a deep breath, the girl-determined-to-prove-she-hadn't-changed said, "If you can, I can, too, and I'll do it!" So day after day she sliced liver before going fishing with her father.

"It was good for me," Peggy says. "Besides getting a good check for the work, I came down to earth enough to find time to go fishing with Dad again. Fortunately, too, because I was at a point where no one had ever really challenged me or my way of life, but I needed to be prepared for the day that came."

From Gulf Park, where she won an Associate of Arts Degree, she went to Louisiana State University for awhile. She was chosen to represent her state at the Lions International Convention in Louisiana. She placed fourth in the "Maid of Cotton" contest in Memphis, Tennessee. And she went, finally, up north to study in Evanston, Illinois, at Northwestern University, where she acquired a Bachelor of Science degree.

"Northwestern really scared me at first. My Louisiana clothes weren't up to the high-styles the girls wore. And my deep Southern accent, combined with my blonde hair, had some people lifting their eyebrows and saying such things as, 'Ah! The Southern Belle! Real?' in that tone of voice which says you're a phoney.

"But through my first fright came Dad's common-sense words, 'The only thing which makes you different from other people is you, yourself. And you're all that went to make up your character. If you ever get anywhere, it'll be because people like you as you are.'

"That braced me. Gradually I began to see that those people who make fun of others are the insecure ones, the ones to pity, because they're trying to fit into a mold nothing in their own experience has shaped them for. Of course, I changed some. Exposed to other accents, I gradually lost my definitely southern drawl."

After graduation, Carlyn Jones, a friend at Northwestern, invited Peggy to visit her in Hollywood. When she was ready to go, Mr. Varnadow gave her a letter of introduction to a man he'd never met, but through a mutual friend they had started and carried on a fishing correspondence.

When the time to return home approached, Peggy used the letter simply to please her father. The man was more aware than Peggy of what might happen through their chance meeting.

"Let's see how you look on film, Miss Varnadow," he said. She learned about Hollywood agents when he took her out to Hal Roach Studios, where she got a role on a television picture. But studios otherwise weren't having new people.

She discussed the turn of events with writer John Klorer, a native of New Orleans, and a personal friend of her father. He shook his head over her prospects saying, "You're really here at a bad time. Never in my 20 years here have I seen such a slump."

Before long the agent was talking the same way. Finally, in the presence of his friend Maury Tanner, he advised Peggy to go home. Tanner spoke up, "If you've really given up, let me try."

Through luck he discovered Universal-International was seriously testing two personalities in a three-character scene from a picture which was only half-written. He arranged for her to be the other person.

"If they don't like you," Tanner warned her, "we won't have gained a thing. Not even a test to take off the lot to show other studios because they won't let that off the lot until the picture's released. And that won't be for a year or two!"

They liked her. They told her to go home for Christmas but to hurry back. She went to Athens, Tennessee, where her family had moved. When she came back, she found herself playing the "other woman" in *Woman In Hiding*, the very role in which she'd tested.

"Talk about fisherman's luck!" she laughs.

So the small town girl settled down in Hollywood, carefully chaperoned, of course, at the Studio Club.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last year, when one of her pictures was being shown at a press preview in Hollywood, Joan Crawford slipped unrecognized into a chair in the darkened theater in order to get first-hand contact with audience reaction.

She was accompanied by her ever-present knitting bag and being nervous, soon began to knit faster and faster, completely oblivious to the fact that she was wearing a bracelet with bells attached. The bells were jingling.

Finally an old man sitting in front of her turned around and said,

"Look, lady . . . why don't you cut it out and give this girl's picture a break!"

Stanley Pilarski
Los Angeles, California

"I thought how much like a small town Hollywood was, at first," Peggy says. "All the little houses with gardens. People finding their entertainment at home or at the homes of friends rather than in night-clubs. Trees along the streets. No skyscrapers. But, of course, it isn't. It's the most talked about place in the world, I guess. And if gossip centers around you, there's no way to counteract it because you don't have the protection of having all the listeners knowing you personally."

PEGGY'S change of opinion grew as she made one picture after another. In two and a half years, she has appeared in eight pictures at Universal-International. Besides the current *Bright Victory* in which she co-stars with Arthur Kennedy, there are *One Never Knows* with Dick Powell, and *Reunion In Reno* with Mark Stevens.

Sam Goldwyn is so impressed he's borrowed her to share star billing with Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, and Farley Granger in *I Want You* which he is currently producing. It is a story of the impact of the Korean war on a small American town of 30,000 people.

"A small town?" Peggy smiles. "To me that's a city!"

Settled with Polly Falk in their new, spacious apartment with its two-story living room, Peggy's still wondering if she's made a wise move.

"I hope we can pay the rent all right," Peggy shakes her head. "But it was all we could find in this neighborhood. We wanted to be here because Polly's mother lives just around the corner and my agent and business manager live close by so they

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all sort of keep an eye on us. Besides, Polly's mother sends over things like hot roast beef for our dinner every so often.

"It's wonderful to get back to having some space again. I remember, though, the first time I visited a college friend whose family lived in a city apartment. It was spacious, more so than this one, but I thought I'd stifle to death if I had to live in one. I still hope to have a little house of my own someday."

A cottage for two? She's gone out with surprisingly few actors. She has to stop a moment to recall any. Then she says, "Oh, yes, Dick Long. He brought me a beautiful gardenia corsage the first time and I expect I deflated him because I exclaimed, 'Oh, these make me so homesick! Mother has huge bushes of cape jasmine along the driveway.'

"Of course, I've thought about marriage," she says. "Seriously, too. I've always felt it's right for a woman to sacrifice a career to her marriage. But I don't believe it would be fair to my husband or to me to get married this year or next. My career is at such an exciting point that if I left now, I might find myself regretting not having found out what could have happened. That wouldn't be good. Maybe these are the changing times with which I should change. Perhaps I'm climbing the steps to confidence where I can successfully combine a career with a happy marriage. I just can't give an honest answer about it yet."

RUMOR has it that Walt Helmerick, a young Oklahoman in the oil equipment businesss, is causing Peggy to ponder the question pretty deeply right now. Their romance pre-dates her Hollywood days. Their families have been friends for many years. How impressed the Varnadows are by Peggy's screen career is illustrated by an incident which occurred when Ann, Peggy's sister, visited her while on location for *Bright Victory* in Pennsylvania.

"Believing she'd be thrilled, our director said, 'Wouldn't you like to play a bit so you can say to your friends, "Look, there I am."' She nearly bowled him over by saying with a sweet smile, 'No, thank you,'" Peggy reports; then explains, "You see, she was really just being herself. She's about ready to go to college. She's a fine pianist. She's just not interested in acting.

"Like my folks, she's pleased by what's happening to me. Not from the possible fame or financial reward standpoint, but because they know I love acting. It's my personal satisfaction which counts with them. Just as Dad got quite a kick out of my *pleasure* in being able to buy a car."

It's obvious Peggy's background has created in her a strong sense of remaining herself. Up until Hollywood, she was Mr. and Mrs. Varnadow's older daughter, Peggy Josephine whom everyone called Jo', pretty, loved, and looked after.

But now, as Peggy Dow, she's rapidly climbing a ladder to that spot where millions will know her as a glamorous movie star. In person, she has that same rare quality which a fresh, unspoiled Ingrid Bergman supplied Hollywod when she first came. One which makes you see a completely natural, wholesome young woman before you realize she's beautiful, too.

One always hopes when such a person steps deeper and deeper into the limelight, she will continue to remain herself, conscious that she represents certain fine standards to which she lives up because she wants to, as well as because she knows the whole town will talk if she doesn't. That's a challenge which brings not only the best from one, but to one in personal satisfaction and happiness. Peggy sounds and looks like just the girl who will do it, too.

THE END



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ten girls I didn't marry

(*Continued from page 51*) Blyth and thought to myself, "Someday a fellow will come along who will match her wonderful nature and outlook on life—but he will have to be a man of dignity, sincerity, and fine character to be worthy of her." Many times I have been with Piper Laurie and thought that girls could hardly come any sweeter or more intelligent. If Piper were just a year or two older, and I were a year or so younger—but should that make any difference? And Jane Nigh comes to my mind; so bright, such a great sense of humor. Jane showing me up because she can whistle through her teeth and as if aware that since boyhood this has been a secret sorrow of mine. Of all the things I can do—I can't do that. Jane not liking my haircut and saying, "Next time you get one I'm going to be with you." I liked the idea of her taking such an interest. I liked it very much. . . .

There is a laugh that must come to Ann Blyth, as it does to me, when we happen to think of a silly ending to one of our dates. It was the night we attended a dinner for the Aged Jewish People fund in downtown Los Angeles. I was to take Ann, but my car was acting up so I phoned and asked if we could use hers instead. She consented, of course, and a friend dropped me off at her house.

It was an inspiring evening which we enjoyed very much and talked about all the way back to her house. I put the car into the garage, gave Ann the keys and said goodbye to her at the door. Not till she was inside did it strike me that I had no way of getting back to my place! I thought of calling her out but dismissed the idea immediately. She was tired, I knew, and I couldn't ask her to drive me home. Neither could I take the car because she would have to use it herself first thing in the morning. I decided to walk with the idea of finding a cab, and started out looking like a gentleman burglar in my tuxedo. *That*, at least, was the opinion of a policeman who stopped me and wanted to know what I was doing wandering around Toluca Lake after midnight looking like a lost Raffles.

I finally was able to phone for a cab from a filling station. The next morning the telephone rang and it was Ann, terribly upset. "I just woke up thinking about last night and then it struck me that you were isolated in the middle of nowhere," she said. "How can you ever forgive me?"

It was easy forgiving Ann. She is so forgiving herself.

SOME of the girls I have gone with are stars and some are on their way to stardom. I know one who is not only going to be a star, but would be a somebody no matter what her place in life . . . and that's Piper Laurie. Piper, so bright-eyed and eager, stands on her own feet. Nobody pushes her around, and nobody pushes anybody else around in her presence!

A group of us were talking one afternoon over at Universal-International when someone made a slurring reference to a well-known musician who today stands publicly accused of cowardice. Piper didn't defend him—she did better than that. She analyzed the nature of some artistic people and showed how the thought of war and bloodshed can sometimes completely numb them mentally so that they have no sense of judgment at all. She didn't know whether this was the story about the man we were discussing but thought we should give the possibility

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some consideration. Piper herself is not a softie. A day up at Idylwild where we went for some ski pictures for the publicity department proved that. The height bothered her very much and eventually she suffered nosebleed. The studio people were for quitting work immediately so they could get her down the mountain side but Piper wasn't having any. "What's there to a nosebleed that Kleenex can't fix?" she asked indignantly. She got the Kleenex and we finished our pictures.

When she was 17, I took Piper to the studio Christmas party, but I didn't take her home. Her parents came for her and I learned later that it was something she had arranged all by herself. She knew she would have to leave early and didn't think it fair to break up my fun. I argued about it and wanted to drive her anyway but she talked me out of it.

"Next year, when I'm 18, you can take me home if you like, providing you even want to take me out at all on Christmas Eve," she said.

"It's a date," I told her.

It was—one of the best dates I have ever had with one of the sweetest gals I know.

The first girl who ever captured my interest was not of the movies. This was back when the Roosevelt High School football team in New York City had a left end (me) who was untrue to the team. Whom did he fall for but the cheerleader of our deadly rival, Gorton High School, and who should she be but the girl I am talking about—Marian Neville? It started when I heard someone razzing me when we played Gorton and I turned around to make a sharp retort. The retort died and my heart leaped when I saw the critic. At half-time I asked for her name. At the end of the game I asked for a date.

Our lack of school spirit in falling for each other was the town scandal in high school circles but we didn't seem to care. Shortly after that I became a seaman second class in the U. S. Navy and when I was assigned to a seaplane tender in the Pacific, Marian's picture was right there by my bunk. The war ended, I got my discharge papers and went to Hollywood. For a long time nothing happened and then I got to make a couple of pictures. For the second one of these I was taken to New York and what was more natural than that I should telephone my old heckler.

I suppose it's true that men are conceited. I thought she would scream with delight at hearing my voice. She didn't. Very calmly she informed me that it was nice hearing from an old friend, that she happened to be married and when was I going back to Hollywood? Yet it wasn't this so much that made me sore. It was the type of man she married. What do you think he was, maties? You guessed it—a chief petty officer! How they do get around!

I would like to include Ava Gardner and Janet Leigh in this story but while I know them, there is no common background to talk about on account of two guys by the names of Frank Sinatra and Tony Curtis.

And maybe Corinne Calvet doesn't belong in this story either, because we never had a date . . . yet if you had been on a certain street one afternoon a few years ago you would have seen us together, riding along and chatting in her little car! How come? Well, this belongs in the odd coincidence department. I was attending the Bliss Hayden School of Drama at the time and just dreaming of being an actor. Not having a car I often had to hitch-hike my way to school and one night who stopped for my wagging thumb but Corinne!

I didn't know who she was then, of course. Curiously, my first impulse,



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which I obeyed, was to bawl her out for stopping for hitch-hikers! Corinne had arrived in Hollywood not long before and it seemed that picking up pedestrians was considered the friendly thing to do in France. She was amazed at my lecture.

"But this is America!" she protested. "Who would harm me here?"

I went into detail about crime waves, complete with gory statistics, some of which I have handy because there have been police officers in my life. I mean, my father was a chief of police.

It was a very nice talk. Corinne was grateful for the facts and figures, I was thankful for the ride, and the only ones to suffer were the hitch-hikers of the underworld about whom we expressed mutual horror.

HEDDA HOPPER once introduced me to someone I will never forget. While she was doing it I culled my brains trying to think of something worthwhile to say, because the person I was meeting was someone I had admired all my life.

"Ethel, this is Scott Brady who wants to meet you," said Hedda.

Ethel Barrymore looked up. "Hi'ya, kid!" she said.

"Hi'ya," was the best I could do for a reply.

We talked and all my nervousness disappeared because with Ethel Barrymore there is no pretense and no side . . . just the real person. It was a few minutes in my life that will warm me for years.

Piper and Shelley and Corinne and Ann and Yvonne and Jane . . . I must sound like a playboy and I had better stop. But I can't. There's another. She played me a dirty trick the first time we met, but I don't care (besides, I was ripe for it). She can out-think me without much trouble and I am only flattered when she takes the trouble. She is very much in my thoughts. Maybe I had better tell you about her from the start.

I had made about two pictures and was nobody in particular, when I chose, one sunny afternoon, to drive down to Santa Monica Beach. Walking along and trying to look like one of the muscle boys I nearly tripped over a girl sunbathing on the sand. She had little cotton pads over her eyes so she couldn't see me, but I could see her all right! The trick was how to get her to notice me?

Well, I stopped and hummed a while. No response. I walked by very close and kicked just a tiny bit of sand over her feet. No response. Now I did some thinking. From here on, unless I was very clever about it, I would be getting a little too obvious.

I was achieving nothing with my brainwork when a friend of mine came sauntering by. His name is Joe Grey and he's a nice guy, but right at that moment I didn't want to waste any time on him. I wanted to concentrate on the project at hand. But Joe didn't know that—fortu-

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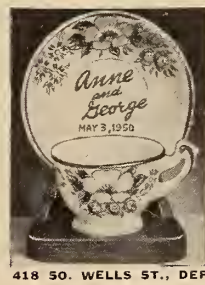
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nately. He stopped and jawed a while and I was just praying that he would leave when he noticed my friend on the sand (or what I mean is the girl I was hoping I could make a friend).

What do you know? He opened his mouth and cried out, "Hello, Dotty!"

And what else do you know . . . she took the pads off her eyes, looked up with big blue eyes and said, "Hello, Joe." And then she looked at me, and smiled at Joe.

"This is my friend, Scott Brady, Dotty," he said. "Nice man. He's in pictures. You ought to know him. He can probably help get you that carhopping job."

We talked. After a while good old Joe went away and left us alone. Here is where I set myself up as a mark for Dotty, although good old Joe had already done the spade work. Without much urging I told her about my movie career . . . elaborating somewhat here and there. She was very attentive and agreed to go to my car with me when I said I had something to show her. You see, I just happened to have had a flock of stills along from some of my pictures (both of them).

She looked at them admiringly and I was pleased no end. Then I told her that Joe shouldn't have said I could get her a job; I didn't know anyone in the drive-in business. But I would certainly try if she wanted me to. At this she began to look a little uncomfortable.

"I think I'd better go now," she said. "I'm a little late. Goodbye."

She turned to go but suddenly a friend of hers appeared and said, "Why, Dorothy Malone! What are you doing here?"

Dorothy Malone! In that instant my memory woke up screaming. Why this was the girl I had admired for eons! This was the girl I had told myself I must surely meet if I ever got to Hollywood! And I didn't even know her in the flesh! It was time for quick action.

"Ha! Ha!" I laughed.

Dotty looked at me suspiciously. "What do you mean, ha, ha?" she asked.

"Why, you don't think I didn't know you, do you?" I asked. "Why I've seen every one of your pictures. I saw *One Sunday Afternoon,* I saw . . . er . . . I saw . . ."

"Yes, go on," she urged.

"Why, you know," I stumbled on. "The picture you made with Bogart and with McCrea and . . . and . . ."

"Go on," she repeated. "Were you watching them or me?"

Well, that's how it went. That's the way it has been every time Dotty and I meet, and as I said before it isn't bad at all. Dotty is the last on my list of 10 girls I never married (or was it 11 or 12). But if there is to be one who drops off the list . . . well, that's another story. It'll just have to wait for another time. THE END

(Scott Brady will soon be seen in Universal-International's Bronco Buster—*Ed.)*

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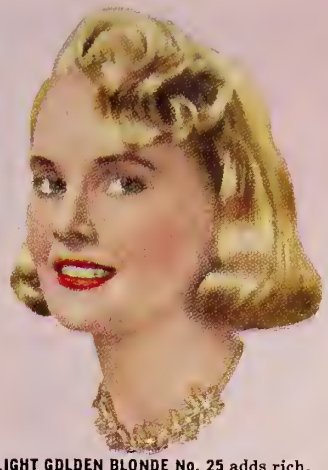
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...actually more radiant than cream or soap shampoos!

More Radiant! New Prell's cleansing action is truly marvelous . . . ounce for ounce it leaves hair *more radiant than any other leading shampoo!* Your very first shampoo will prove it. After you've used thrilling New Prell—with its thick, rich lather—your hair will look "radiantly alive," no matter what soap or cream shampoo you've been using.

Softer! What a shampoo! New Prell leaves hair thoroughly, *wonderfully* clean . . . yet silken soft and shining smooth. And so *obedient*—it sets and curls so easily that it's *fun* to try new hair styles.

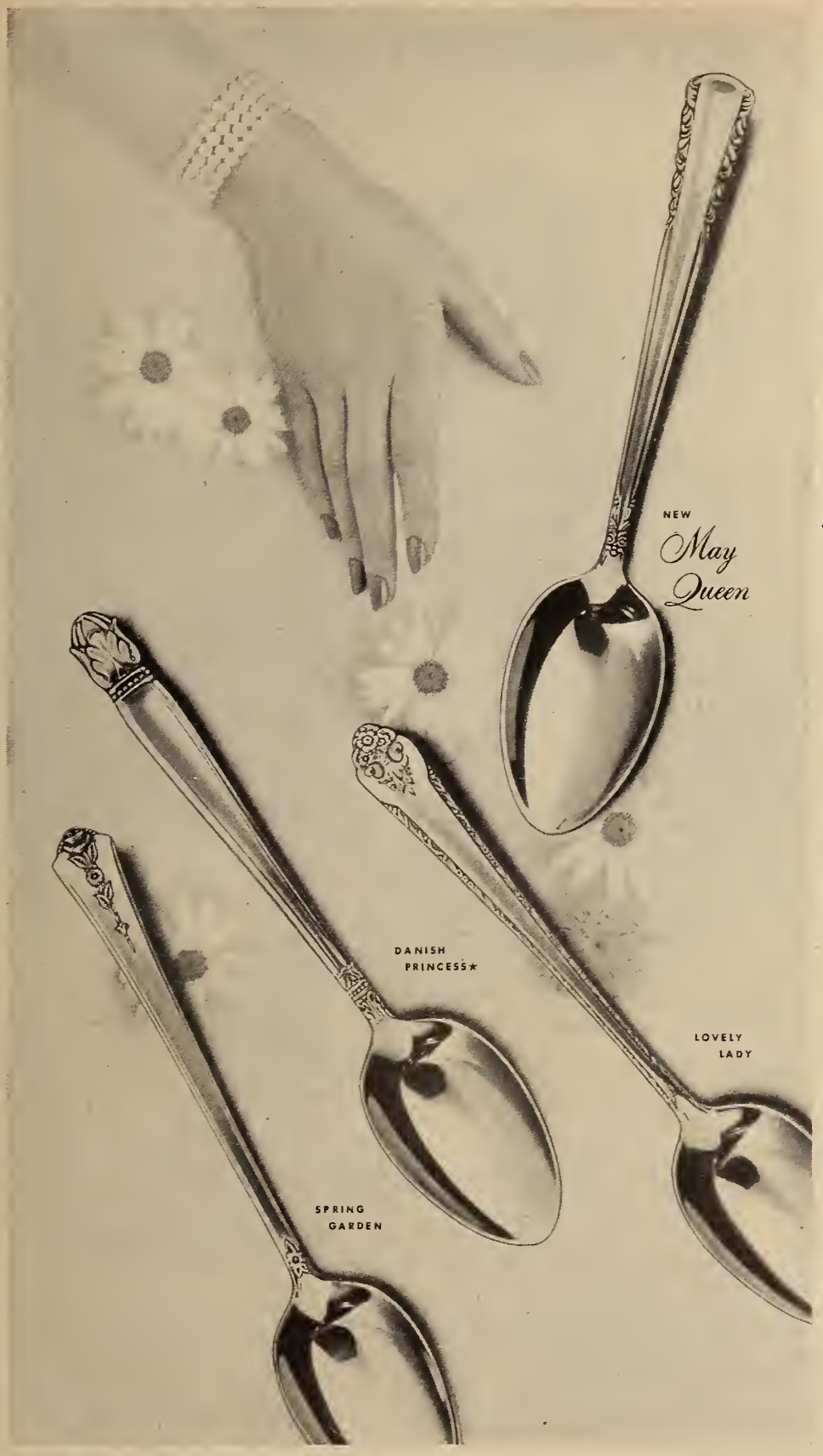
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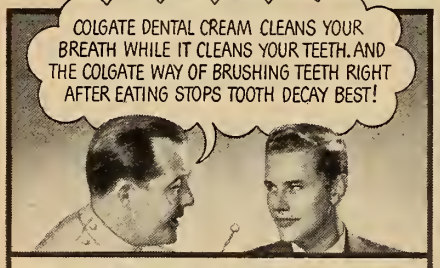
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. What happened to the Kirk Douglas-Irene Wrightsman love affair? I thought this was supposed to be the real thing. Why did it break up?
—T. T., Dallas, Tex.

A. *Miss Wrightsman wanted to get married. Mr. Douglas did not.*

Q. Are the Robert Mitchums expecting twins? —C. R., Miami, Fla.

A. *It's too early to tell at this point. There are three sets of twins in Dorothy Mitchum's family. Twins were expected with each of the Mitchum boys. This time they may arrive.*

Q. Is it true that Liz Taylor stole Michael Wilding away from Marlene Dietrich when she was in London?
—V T., New York, N. Y.

A. *Despite the fact that she's a grandmother, there are few women in the world today who can steal any man from Marlene Dietrich. The Wilding-Taylor friendship was nothing serious. Wilding is much too old, mature, and sophisticated for Liz who, after all, has been out of high school only one year.*

Q. Isn't Mitzi Gaynor already married to her sweetheart Richard Coyle?
—O. P., Butte, Montana

A. *Mitzi denies it.*

Q. Who are the best-liked actresses on the MGM lot? —S. T., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Workers on the lot think most highly of Ava Gardner, Janet Leigh, and Jane Powell.*

Q. Is the Gary Cooper-Pat Neal love affair serious?
—T. O., Des Moines, Iowa

A. *Definitely!*

Q. I understand that Bing Crosby's son, Gary, has already signed a contract with Paramount Pictures. True?
—C. R., Birmingham, Ala.

A. *No. The only contract Gary has is with Decca Records.*

Q. Why does Burt Lancaster refuse to pose for pictures with his family? By the way, did he ever sell ladies' lingerie?
—S. W., Detroit, Mich.

A. *Lancaster has never been particularly cooperative when it comes to publicity. He prefers to keep his family out and away from his film career. As a young man, he sold lingerie in Chicago's Marshall Field Department Store.*

Q. Can Ava Gardner really sing as she did in *Show Boat* or is someone else's voice dubbed in on the sound track?
—E. R., Rochester, N. Y.

A. *Ava sings very well herself. She's taken lessons from Phil Moore who once coached Lena Horne.*

Q. What is the lowdown on Carleton Carpenter and Joan Evans? Is it love?
—R. E., Moline, Ill.

A. *No. It's friendship.*

Q. Is Rita Hayworth now flat broke?
—T. S., Baltimore, Md.

A. *As of August 1951, she was down to her last $75,000.*

Q. Hasn't Betty Grable been in pictures more than 20 years?
—C. T., Elko, Nev.

A. *Twenty-two, to be exact.*

Q. Is it true that some stars have the right to choose leading ladies and leading men? —M. C., Orange, N. J.

A. *Yes. Clark Gable is a case in point. He asked for Ava Gardner and Brod Crawford in* Lone Star.

Q. Do the movie stars take care of their children, or do they have nurses who do everything? —S. A., Biloxi, Miss.

A. *Most movie stars have nurses for their children. An actress like Joan Crawford, for example, could not have a career and take care of four children, too.*

Q. Why don't we see any more of Guy Madison? —T. K., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Guy has now become a Western star on television in a series entitled "Wild Bill Hickok."*

"Detective Story"...

From The Smash Broadway Play...Of A Love With No Punches Pulled!



KIRK DOUGLAS
ELEANOR PARKER
WILLIAM BENDIX in

"What did you want, a saint? Or someone with flesh and blood?"

WILLIAM WYLER'S PRODUCTION OF *Sidney Kingsley's*



"Detective Story"

Also starring CATHY O'DONNELL · Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER · Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN and ROBERT WYLER Based on the play by SIDNEY KINGSLEY · A Paramount Picture

COULD IT BE THAT JANET AND TONY HAVE A SECRET? . . . WIDE-EYED RUSSELL NYPE TAKES

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news



A LOUELLA PARSONS' SPECIAL

■ By the time you read this, Lana Turner, I feel sure, will have admitted that it's useless to try to achieve happiness in her married life with Bob Topping. Lana tried so hard to make a go of her marriage. She was eager to have her life with Topping conventional, happy, and to have a house full of children. Twice she lost her expected babies. Topping—spoiled, rich, and used to his own way—was surly with Lana in public.

I talked with Lana when they were having their difficulties. She said, "I don't know, Louella, what's going to happen, and I'm going to work. I'm grateful for my work which keeps me occupied. I tried very, very hard to keep our marriage together, but it seems as if I failed." I do not feel that Lana is to blame for having failed in her fourth marriage, because, believe me, she really did everything to keep everything from going to pieces. I know, because although Lana was loathe to discuss her troubles, she did tell me how difficult it was to please Bob. He prefers New York and I suspect now he will move there. Poor, unfortunate Lana, with all her beauty and her charm, she never really found happiness.

Be sure to read next month's Modern Screen for the startling story of Lana Turner's break-up with Bob Topping.—Ed.

THIS month's excitement is Russell Nype, Broadway musical star, who had been in Hollywood a short seven days before he had dated Joan Crawford three times and was Princess Rita Hayworth Khan's dinner partner at her first social event since her return to movietown.

Nice going for the young star who is out here to make his first picture, *Young Man In A Hurry*—and MGM isn't foolin' on that title.

Ever since he clicked with his crew haircut and shellrim glasses, singing with Ethel Merman in *Call Me Madam*—this young man has been hurrying toward the top. For a while, he rated lots of publicity as the favorite dancing partner of the Duchess of Windsor!

I can assure you—Russell is going to rate even more publicity as the favorite escort of our Hollywood glamor girls.

Considering the company he travels in—you're going to find it hard to believe when I tell you he is one of the most naive young men I've ever met—or else he gives the best imitation of being just popeyed with excitement about EVERYTHING.

He is just 26 years old which may account for much of his "Oh, gee, gosh" approach to



Rev. Kermit Castellanos gave young Richard Keith Powell his name; and Roz Russell gave his mother the giggles at his christening party.



Loretta Young and Van Johnson attended the gay party June and Dick gave after the formal Episcopal ceremony at the Beverly Hills church.

Hollywood. Very formally, he says: "I love the theater. I loved singing in a nightclub. I'm sure picture making will be the greatest challenge of all."

From that—don't get the idea that Russell is stuffy. He's just bewildered by Hollywood.

Believe me—our girls find him quite as charming as did the Duchess. This little story about him gives you an idea of what I mean:

He had invited Joan Crawford to dine with him at Mocambo on their first date. Over the telephone, Joan gave him directions about finding her home.

Just to make SURE he wouldn't be late and keep Joan waiting, Russell made a *rehearsal* drive to her house in daylight, spotted the right landmarks, and drove there straight as an arrow at the appointed time!

P.S. Several nights later, he met Rita Hayworth at a party and sat next to her at dinner. But, Rita arrived and left—alone.

THE first social invitation Rita accepted was to Dolly Walker's charming dinner for Anthony Eden. Many beautiful women were present, but no mistaking that our actresses were as eager to get another look at "Princess" Hayworth as any fan could have been.

The famous beauty was something to look at. Her off-the-shoulder ice-blue satin gown glimmered like a diamond. She still wears her auburn hair (yes, it's back to red following a brief fling as a brunette at Aly's request) in the long bob she helped make famous. She is as slender as a reed and very, very beautiful.

If Rita is unhappy about her separation from the Prince—she is not wearing her heart on her sleeve. To the contrary, at Dolly's party she was gay and animated and was one of the last to leave.

Greer Garson, another lovely redhead, looked ravishing in white chiffon with which she wore an emerald necklace and bracelet.

Anthony Eden, that dashing Englishman in whose honor the party was given, came with his Hollywood hosts, the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Among the beauties he danced with were Ethel Barrymore, queen of the royal family of the theater—and Mrs. Lorena Mayer.

CLARK GABLE is in Nevada as I write this—but I doubt if he will follow Frankie Sinatra's example and file for a quickie divorce although Clark is just as eager for his freedom as is Frank. The minute word got around that Gable was playing golf in Glenbrook, Nevada, reporters beat a hot trail to the little town above Lake Tahoe.

"What are you doing here?" they breathed down his neck.

"Playing golf," grinned Gable. "Join me?"

They had heard about his reservations at Lake Mead so they pressed that with, "What are you going to do at Mead?"

"Fish," replied Clark.

"Well—why are you going to Seattle?" the newshounds inquired.

"Just to—see Attle," he cracked.

MAYBE his psychiatrist advised Dan Dailey not to become involved in a romantic entanglement in the near future. But what's a good-looking eligible guy to do?

His most recent date is Irene Wrightsman who went with Kirk Douglas so long. He also dates Ann Miller, who calls him "Dan'l Boone—to Annie," and Barbara Whiting is still a popular number in his book. (*For more about Dan's romantic life, see page 42.*—Ed.)

(*Continued no page 10*)



Jerry and Potti Lewis had a wonderful time at *A Place In The Sun* premiere. Jerry showed no sign of his breakdown from overwork.



Premiere-goers Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger are selling their house but lough of rumors of their spring marriage splitting.



From critics and friends alike Shelley Winters has been rating raves for her work in *A Place In The Sun*. At the premiere of the picture, best beau Farley Granger gave her a huge GOOD LUCK wreath of flowers and kiss. The fans went wild, and Shelley cried, "That's my fello!"



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Her scarf is finest mink . . . her nail polish is flattering Cutex



Aleutian Blue Mink by Fredrica

Smart women buy CUTEX

THE LUXURY POLISH AT A BUDGET PRICE!

Highest quality isn't always a matter of highest price. That's why truly discriminating women buy low-priced Cutex for lovely nails. Only Cutex gives—

Longer wear. Made with Enamelon, Cutex has a jewel-hardness that's a wonder for "non-chip" wear!

Perfect manicures. Exclusive "Nail-Measure" neck controls amount of polish on brush! Insures flawless manicures!

Lovelier colors. Soft pastels—lively reds! A variety so wide it rivals a rainbow! All with matching lipstick!

ORIGINAL Spillpruf



BOTTLE PREVENTS ACCIDENTS!

Bothered with Broken Nails? GET Nail-flex

New, scientific conditioner develops healthier, stronger, lovelier nails.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



"Let 'em eat cake!" say the bride and groom. Sally Farrest and Mila Frank had 350 pounds of it at their Hollywood wedding in August.



John and Loretta Agor faced a long separation in August. Convicted for drunken driving, he was to serve five months in the county jail.

STARS all over the place at the Hollywood premiere of *A Place In The Sun*—the picture that puts Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters in the category of fine actresses, and proves anew how good Monty Clift is.

Everybody wanted to see this picture (sure to be up for an Oscar).

For the first time at one of these plush affairs—an actress was mistress of ceremonies—Dorothy Lamour—and she did fine.

The biggest whoopla was when Shelley Winters and Farley Granger arrived—Farley carrying a horse-shoe shaped floral piece with a streamer reading, "Good Luck." As soon as he set it down in the foyer, he and Shelley used the wreath as a background for some snappy kissing pictures.

Shelley kept pointing to the horseshoe yipping, "My fella bought it for me! He loves me!" Do you wonder that Winters gal walks off with reams of publicity?

One of the most chic women was Jan Sterling (with hubby Paul Douglas, of course) in a slick, tightfitting black gown and small black theater hat. Jan is rapidly becoming one of our best dressed actresses.

The squealing department went into high gear again when Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis arrived, holding hands and managing to sign autographs at the same time.

Jeanne Crain was a honey in a bouffant pink chiffon. She and Paul Brinkman are still in the hand-holding category.

Marie Wilson was in decollete white—but so very thin since her illness not many fans recognized her.

Just before the house lights dimmed, Jane Russell dashed to her seat with her manager, Louis Shurr. Her lord and master, Bob Waterfield, was practicing with the Rams.

As the picture progressed, Margaret O'Brien could be heard sobbing and sobbing. It's hard to believe that Little Maggie is sufficiently grown up to attend a mature picture such as *A Place In The Sun*.

AT LAST—Mario Lanza and MGM have buried the hatchet and from here on, we hope it will be clear sailing for the singer who zoomed to stardom in *The Great Caruso*—and then developed an inflated hatband.

I'm sure I don't have to repeat all the temperamental antics charged against Mario.

But the feud between the singer and the studio did not come out in the open until he was given four separate starting dates on *Because You're Mine*—and failed to show up four separate times! 'Twas said he didn't like the script. 'Twas also said he was in no mood to work following a magazine blast at him.

During the time he had been pouting with his bosses, Mario put on a lot of weight—about 25 extra pounds. When he and the studio executives FINALLY smoked the peace pipe, Mario was too fat to start a picture.

Upshot is—he has been given eight weeks off to go into training and lose the excess poundage.

After that, he's promised to come back and make his movie like a nice, obedient boy.

(Continued on page 12)

POOR Robert Walker. His death was one of the saddest events of this year. He tried so hard to get over the emotional upsets in his life. I had a letter from him at the time of my beloved husband's death . . . a note of sympathy and a thank you for all my kindnesses to him.

In the old days Bob felt many things were written about him that were upsetting and he wrote me several caustic notes. He said he felt his personal life was his own but all of us tried to help him after he left the Menninger sanitarium and started a new life. He seemed completely changed. Bob never got over his love for Jennifer Jones and even though they were separated, Jennifer tried to help him in every way possible and also did David Selznick to whom she is now married. Jennifer let him have the boys, their two sons, for months at a time believing their presence would help him. Poor Bob—such talent and so much really to live for. He was one of the most popular actors and was much in demand at all the studios after he changed his way of living. I had many fan letters after Bob appeared in Strangers on a Train. He had the sympathy of the whole world in his fight.

LOUELLA PARSONS

It's Movietime U.S.A.
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"PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE"

Color by TECHNICOLOR

What a song-shiny story!
It's all about a gal who had plenty of what it takes to take wide-open Las Vegas for plenty!



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DENNIS MORGAN · VIRGINIA MAYO · GENE NELSON

THE WARNER BROS. MUSICAL THAT OUT-SHINES 'EM ALL!



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Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf • Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz

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NEW!
Luxurious Lotion
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You'll love that lotion! Creamy-rich, pastel-blue, exquisitely scented . . . at a *huge* saving! Use Solitair Lotion head to toe (not just hands) . . . to smooth and scent you all over. So dainty, so sweet, so softening! Use it with heavenly abandon—it costs so little!

Big 4-ounce size only 39¢

Giant 8-ounce size 73¢

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

JANET LEIGH and Tony Curtis cancelled their Honolulu vacation with the Jerry Lewises at the last minute. This, on top of those frequent fainting spells Janet has been having, adds timber to the talk that Janet and Tony are expecting the stork. She denies it.

One of her girl friends, however, says, "Even if the baby talk is true, Janet won't say anything about it until after she finishes *Scaramouche*."

PERSONAL Opinions: Joan Evans is the most mature minded teenager I have ever met—or expect to meet. . . . Frank Sinatra is all wrong in that "persecution complex" he's developing that "everybody is against him and Ava." Isn't true, Frankie. You should read some of my fan mail. . . . Ricardo Montalban has exquisite manners, the old-fashioned kind—bending low over a lady's hand, etc.—which certainly seems to go well with even the modern belles of Hollywood. . . . Tony Martin is a complete sock hit in *Two Tickets To Broadway*, far and away his best screen work. . . . No one is going to make me believe that Liz Taylor and Bob Taylor are getting dreamy about each other in London. I'd have to see this "dreaming" with my own eyes. . . . Debbie Reynolds is growing out of the tomboy mood. She's told MGM she will do some cheesecake pictures—if they want her to. . . . Doris Day's mail from GIs has passed Betty Grable's high for World War II. . . . Speaking of Doris, she and Gordon MacRae are the best of friends—but they've both asked for different partners in their next musicals because they are afraid the fans will tire of them together. True, or false? . . . By October, Van Johnson will have started his fifth picture in a single year. Has any other actor topped this record for consecutive jobs?

MY MAIL this month has been so interesting, I'm giving it more space in this department:

Birgitta Svenson, of Stockholm, writes (yes, in English): "Why do American fans turn against actors just because a star fails to comply with requests for photos or autographs? I have written Danny Kaye 57 times—never received a reply—and I still think he's THE GREATEST!"

Guess you're okay, Kaye.

Gene Gilbert, Eugene, Oregon, says: "I wish Ingrid Bergman could know that we American fans still love her and want her back in American pictures."

Richard Widmark gets a terrific plug from I.D., from Ireland. "By far the most talented actor on the screen—let's see him in only the best pictures." Twentieth Century-Fox is striving to oblige, I.D.

Laura H, of Brunswick, Georgia, doesn't believe I really read my fan mail. She will believe it only if I print that "Scott Brady is the idol of Southern womanhood." There, Laura, are you convinced?

Cynthia, of San Francisco, accuses me of picking on Mario Lanza. No such thing. I agree his voice is magnificent—but news is news—and when Mario gets temperamental and won't work, I have to print the facts. Relax, Cynthia—your idol and MGM have kissed and made up!

a modern screen quiz

Bud Collyer, MC of radio's Break The Bank quiz show (ABC-mornings Monday through Friday) says that November is the month for Thanksgiving and that holiday being a family affair, he has thought up a few questions relating to families in the movies. You'll find the answers on page 70.

1. Name four famous motion picture families.

2. What movie sisters have each won an Academy Award and for what pictures?

3. These well-known screen characters were the head of the family in what movies?

a. Grandpa Vanderhoff played by Lionel Barrymore.

b. Judge Harry Wilkins played by Edward Arnold.

c. Stanley Banks played by Spencer Tracy.

4. Who was the "Royal Family" of the movies?

5. Can you name some father and son combinations in the movies? (For instance, John Barrymore, Sr. and Jr.)



break the bank

by bud collyer

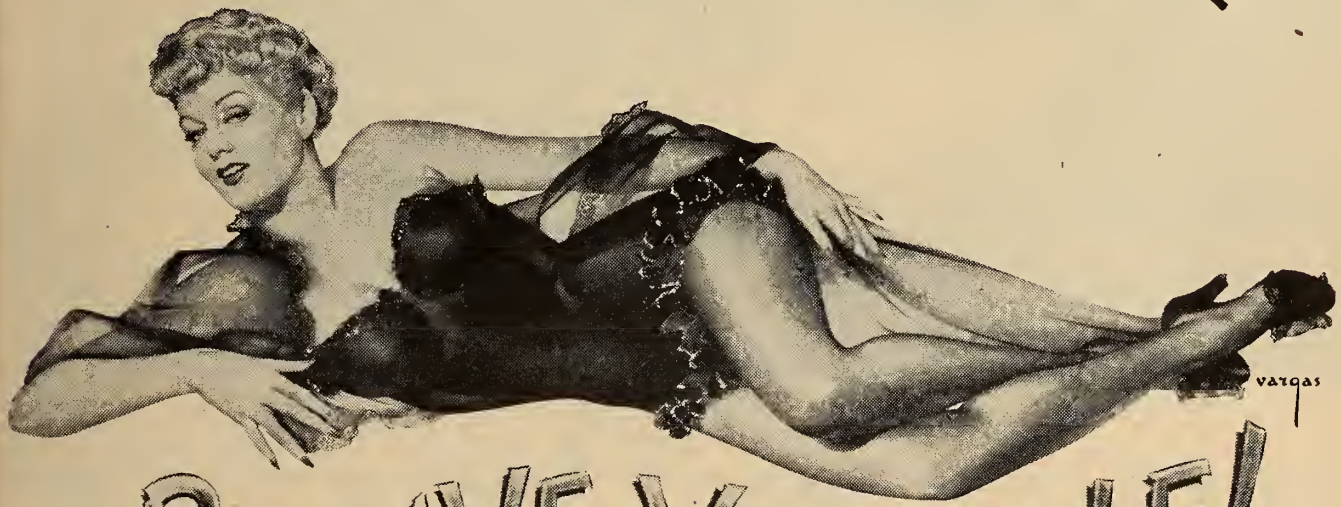
YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO



FARLEY GRANGER

ALL BECAUSE OF

SHELLEY WINTERS



IN BEHAVE YOURSELF!

A

JERRY WALD · NORMAN KRASNA

PRODUCTION

with WILLIAM DEMAREST · FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

MARGALO GILLMORE · LON CHANEY and "ARCHIE," The Dog



—AND WHAT HAPPENS TO ME SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A **MAN!**

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

Screenplay and Direction by GEORGE BECK



IF FARLEY DOESN'T SAY, "WILL YOU?" TODAY, INTIMATES PREDICT SHELLEY WILL SAY, "I WON'T" TOMORROW. • BY RICHARD DEXTER

it's now or never

■ By the time you read this story, one of the most puzzling and publicized romances in Hollywood will have reached a grand climax that will end in marriage or in tears, in pledges of eternal fidelity, or in a fiery farewell. This is the romance of Shelley Winters and Farley Granger. It's been going on for two long years and now's the time for a showdown. Why? Because Farley is in Europe on a vacation, and Shelley expects to join him there. And their friends, who've been studying the affair, have reached this decision: "If Winters can't get him to propose while they're together in romantic Paris, she'd better drop the kid and take up with Tommy Manville—or a reasonable facsimile."

So it's now or never for Shelley—unless she doesn't get to Europe, or unless the whole thing was a hoax from the beginning.

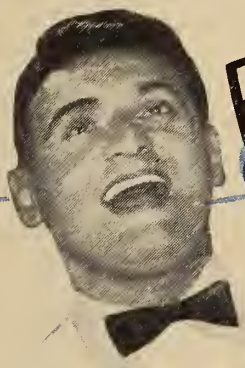
Just mention the word "hoax" to Shelley, though, and she'll come out swinging.

"Are you kidding?" she'll demand. "I don't need Farley for publicity, and he doesn't need me. How long do you think a gag like that could last? If we weren't on the level we might have gone along with it for a couple of months. But two years!

"Listen. I'm crazy about Farley and I don't care who knows it. If I wanted to go with someone for publicity, I'd go with Francis, the mule.

"Just because we didn't get married in June doesn't mean we're (*Continued on page 16*)

IT'S ONE JUST WONDERFUL COLORFUL HIT!
FIVE TOP STARS! NINE TOE-TAPPING TUNES! AND FUN!



Frankie (swingin' down that) Laine



Billy (no stoppin' his boppin') Daniels



Jerome (get him, girls) Courtland



Terry (very merry) Moore

Just direct your feet to the

SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET



and tuney Toni Arden

in SUPERcineCOLOR



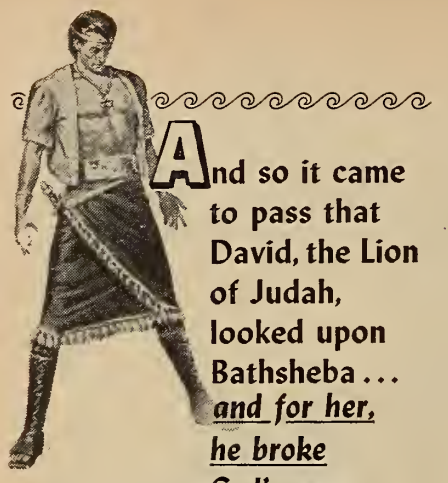
Here! Here! HEAR!

Too Marvelous For Words
I Hadn't Anyone Till You
I May Be Wrong · Sorrento
I Get A Kick Out Of You
Let's Fall In Love · I'm Gonna
Live · Love Of A Gypsy
Sunny Side Of The Street



A COLUMBIA PICTURE

with AUDREY LONG · DICK WESSON · LYNN BARI · Screen Play by LEE LOEB · Produced by JONIE TAPS · Directed by RICHARD QUINE



it's now or never

(*Continued from page 14*) not in love. Farley had to do a picture for Goldwyn. We'll get married when we can, and not when a lot of busy-bodies think we should. Marriage is tough enough for anyone. But when you've got two acting careers to deal with, you have to plan things carefully."

Two days after she made this statement, Shelley Winters was sitting in Chasen's restaurant with her dream-boy. They were talking. To be precise, Shelley was talking and Farley was listening.

Suddenly, Farley got to his feet. "I've just about had enough!" he exploded, and stormed out of the door. Shelley burst into tears, then she, too, got up and ran over to Marlon Brando's table.

"I don't care," she blurted out. "I'm sitting with you people." And she moved into the booth occupied by Brando, his agent, and a publicity representative.

"What happened, Shelley?" someone asked.

"We had a fight," Shelley moaned. "I'm so unhappy. We had this free trip to Europe all worked out, and now we won't be able to go together. That's not all, either. The studio's just loaned me out. But I'll take a suspension. Let them suspend me. I don't care. I want to go to Europe with Farley."

Ever the gentleman, Marlon Brando tossed Shelley a napkin. "Wipe your eyes," he said.

Shelley wiped her eyes. "Oh, let him go without me. Who wants to see Europe, anyway?"

A few weeks later, after Shelley had become anywhere from 28 to 31 years old, and Farley had given her a birthday present and they had made up for the millionth time—Shelley was hard at work on *Phone Call from a Stranger*, the Fox picture for which she'd been borrowed.

"They promised me," Shelley explained, "that I'd be all done by September 8th. They're shooting me first. If Farley leaves for Europe without me, and he probably will, I'll meet him in Paris and we'll have three months in Europe together. Just think of it. Paris in October."

But will he propose?

Farley loves Shelley. But he also loves freedom. He loves freedom so much that once he threatened to walk out on his career.

A year ago, Farley told Sam Goldwyn that he was fed up with parts in which he had to play neurotics and psychopaths. He felt sure that his fans were fed up with it, too. He wanted healthier parts, an increase in salary, and a vacation.

Sam Goldwyn has been in Hollywood a long time and no one tells him what to do. If you don't play ball according to Goldwyn's rules, you don't play at all, at least not for him.

When Farley told Goldwyn what he had in mind, he was promptly placed on suspension. Farley's salary of $800 a week was reduced by $800, and Farley, piqued by it all, took off for Europe.

Farley is an impressionable boy, and as he toured Europe he came to realize that there was infinitely more to the world than Hollywood.

"There's so much to see," he explained when he returned, "so much to learn. From now on whenever I get any time off, I'm going to travel. The wonderful experience of seeing new places, meeting new people, exchanging new ideas—that's really living."

"Did you miss Shelley Winters in your travels?" someone asked Farley.

"I sure did," he admitted. "Shelley's the kind of person who should travel, too. She's darn intelligent, you know. She could absorb plenty. She's really a very fine and sensitive actress. Most people don't seem to understand that."

Apparently, Farley understood that when he first started taking Shelley out two years ago. Frankly, the entire affair began as a publicity stunt. They were both in love with acting, not with each other. They are two professionals who insist upon learning all there is to know about their craft.

Whatever charges may be leveled against Shelley—charges of temperament, selfishness, bad manners—no one can say that she doesn't give her best to every role.

During the making of *Behave Yourself*, she fought with everyone—George Beck the director, Stanley Rubin the producer, Jimmy Wong Howe the cameraman. At one point, Rubin was so furious with her that he called her every name in the book. "Whattaya tryin' to do, Stanley," Shelley asked in Brooklynese, "make me cry?"

Despite her constant quibbling, Shelley managed to turn in an excellent performance. It doesn't approach her sensitive characterization in *A Place in the Sun*, but it was a very competent performance.

Similarly, Farley is a professional actor. You cannot find a director in Hollywood today who will not sing Farley's praises. The boy likes to work. He'll do a scene as many times as a director will order him. He's always courteous and cooperative.

How he stands Shelley's erratic behavior no one has been able to figure out. The answer, of course, is that he loves her.

A girl who attended Thomas Jefferson High School in Brooklyn with Shelley, says, "After a while, Shelley gets to grow on you. People say she's too ambitious, too ruthless. Maybe that comes from having been too poor. But she's fun. You put up with her crazy ways because in the final analysis, she never hurts anyone, only herself. Actually, she has a very wonderful heart. And she's had her tough breaks, too, like that first marriage."

Not many people know it, but on New Year's Day of 1942 Shelley Winters became the bride of Lieutenant Mack Mayer, an Air Force navigator whom she'd known for three weeks. The marriage lasted five years, but Shelley and her husband spent only a few weeks together before he was shipped overseas.

By the time he returned to the states, the marriage was nothing but a memory, and Shelley was in Hollywood going around from one studio to another looking for a job. Shelley and Mack were divorced in 1947, and two years later, she met Farley Granger at a lecture where Charles Laughton was discussing the finer points of Shakespeare.

Farley recognized that Shelley's exhibitionistic tendencies and her outbursts were the result of her being afraid and insecure. (*Continued on page 18*)

IT HAPPENED TO ME

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were doing a stage show in Buffalo and I was snapping pictures of them during their act when an usher came down the aisle and took my camera away. Dean Martin stopped the show and said, "Don't take that camera from that girl . . . she's just one of the many swell kids who have put us up here and that gives her the right to take our picture." Then Jerry Lewis jumped off the stage and came over hollering, "Now let me take your picture." He snapped me with my own camera and the show continued.

Renee Ronan
Buffalo, New York

Which girl has the natural curl . . . and•

which girl has the Toni?



Pat Barnard and Rita Daigle of New York share the secret of the locket. Secret, too, is the Toni wave! The Toni girl says: "Everyone thinks my hair is naturally curly—my wave is so soft and takes so little care!" Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Gentle Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the deep, soft, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni from naturally curly hair. And the reasons are simple. Toni has a gentler waving lotion than any other home permanent. Plus Permafix—a more thorough neutralizer that conditions your wave to silky softness and makes it last much longer.

More women use Toni
than all other home permanents combined

Discover why millions of women prefer gentle Toni to any other permanent. Have a Toni with Permafix today, and *tonight* have a wave so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! And month after month your Toni will take no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember, Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair—or your money back. Beautiful Rita Daigle, the girl on the right, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Don Rito

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Jany Pope's Toni (on the right) with her sister Joey's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.



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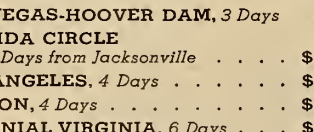
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Shelley herself says, "When I'm working I'm scared and nervous. If something annoys me I get it off my chest."

At first, it was merely convenient and good publicity to have a steady date for gossip items, parties, and previews. But then it became a need, when either was lonely or depressed or puzzled, to see the other. They became almost constant companions, and they fell in love.

Some skeptics still don't believe it. Early last spring, Jerry Wald, a producer who specializes in publicity, tried to hire Farley Granger for the lead in *Behave Yourself.* Farley said he would star in Mr. Wald's picture if (a) Mr. Goldwyn would loan him out; (b) he liked the script; and (c) Shelley Winters played opposite him.

Wald immediately went to work and saw to it that all three conditions were complied with. After the film was finished, there was a party on the sound stage, and Farley slipped a "friendship ring" on Shelley's finger.

At once, most of Hollywood agreed that this was a Jerry Wald publicity gimmick, pure and simple. It was further suggested that if Shelley and Farley maintained their lovey-dovey attitude in public, Wald might even prevail upon RKO to pay the expenses of their trip to Europe, such expenses to be charged off for publicity purposes.

The story was soon broadcast that Shelley and Farley were destined to wed, only some versions insisted upon painting Shelley as a prospective June bride.

Shelley denied this for one very simple reason. Farley hadn't proposed.

"I give you my word," a publicity man who knows Shelley well, said the other day, "as soon as Farley opens his mouth and says, 'Shelley, will you—' I give you my word, she'll say yes before he finishes the question."

This is entirely likely. Shelley and Farley may marry at any time during their European tour. But Farley will have to pop the question. Shelley may be bold and outspoken, but she cannot bring herself to the point of seriously saying to Farley, "Why don't you marry me?"

And Farley, who is only 26, may feel strongly that there's still time for marriage and responsibility. When he left Hollywood at the end of August he found himself in the best position of his life.

He had two good pictures behind him, money in the bank, a new long-term contract with Sam Goldwyn, an exciting itinerary in Europe, and a beautiful blond named Shelley desperately anxious to join him.

Maybe he thinks this is enough for a while, but if he wants Shelley he'd better ask her now, because the odds are she isn't going to cool her heels waiting much longer. THE END

easy money!

Maybe you'll sniff at the idea that Christmas is just around the corner—that now is the time to begin thinking about getting in shape for freely giving. But the fact remains, Yuletide usually slips up on us. Since every little bit helps, why not write and tell us what you think about this November issue of Modern Screen? We're sending the first 100 of you readers who do just that a $1 bill. All you have to do is read all the stories in this issue, fill out the questionnaire below—carefully, then send it to us with all possible haste. We'll send 100 one dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stors you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Jone Powell—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ It's Now or Never (Farley Granger-Shelley Winters)
- ☐ Nothing But Blue Skies (Judy Gorlond)
- ☐ What Now, Princess? (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ Ten Fontostic Yeors by Hedda Hopper
- ☐ Who'll Catch Dailey? (Don Dailey)
- ☐ She's The Marrying Kind (Vero-Ellen)
- ☐ The Girl Who Won Goble Back (Clark Goble)
- ☐ Slow Boat To Catalina (Marsh Thompson, Ric Montolban, etc.)
- ☐ Love Crazy (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Meet Moyor Crosby (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ This Time It's Real (Pete Lowford)
- ☐ Deorly Beloved (June Allyson-Dick Powell)
- ☐ How Dopey Can He Get? (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ Whot Men Have Done To Me by Joon Crawford
- ☐ His Life's No Open Book (Howord Keel)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans' guest editor, Carleton Corpenter)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

_____

_____

Whot 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read obout in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

Whot MALE stor do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

My name is.....

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State..... I am ..... yrs. old

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picture of the month

movie reviews

by Christopher Kane



Artist Gene Kelly and pianist Oscar Levant are a cauple of poverty-stricken Americans seeking fame in the very romantic, and inspirational city of Paris.



Wealthy Nina Foch likes to help struggling artists —especially handsame anes. She sets Gene up in a studia of his own, and wants anly lave in return.



Love blaams when Gene flirts with Leslie Caron in a sidewalk cafe. First she rebuffs him, then she falls far his charms—but she's engaged ta another.



AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

■ There are very rewarding features in "A.A.I.P."—namely, Gene Kelly's easy grace, a young French dancer (Leslie Caron) who's as cute as a kitten to look at, and a charmingly unaffected actress, and George Gershwin's terrific music, especially as played by Oscar—who else?—Levant. That the story—of a G.I.-painter in Paris, loving one girl, and involved with another —doesn't seem really to hang together like a story; that there may be a little too much dancing for non-dance devotees (toward the end there's a whole elaborately complex ballet) are minor points. Because who cares when it has nice people, beautiful Technicolor, and that wonderful Parisian flavor? It may be a little light-headed in spots, but it will make you feel lighthearted.

Who could ask for anything more?

Cast: Gene Kelly, Nina Foch, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant, Georges Guetary. MGM. *(More reviews on page 22.)*



MGM autdaes itself in Technicalar when Gene Kelly and Leslie Caran dance a dreamlike and beautiful ballet that captures all the enchantment of Paris. The stary—which is a love story—reaches its climax at a gala castume ball.

MOVIETIME, U.S.A.

It's Golden Jubilee time! During October and November all Hollywood is celebrating the 50th anniversary of motion pictures, and the best films made this year are being simultaneously released. Go to the movies now—for top entertainment!



Dry skin. "The Noxzema Home Facial helped my dry skin look softer and smoother," says Mrs. Ina Marlow of St. Paul, Minn. "And Noxzema's so refreshing to use!"



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Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxzema just as in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without harsh rubbing!





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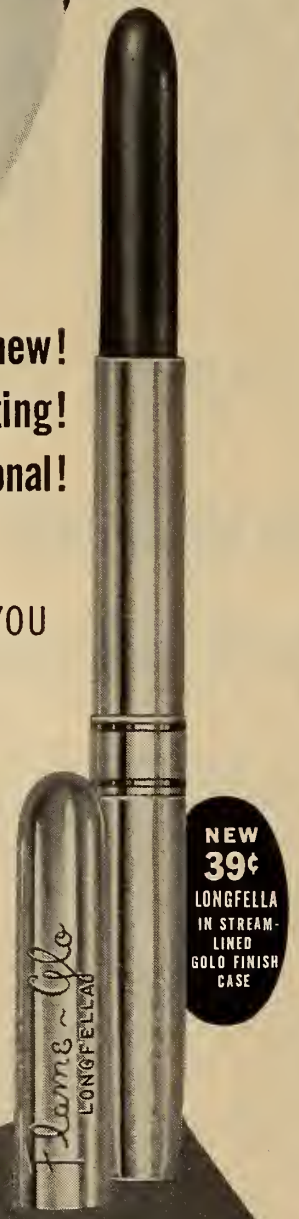




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DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

David and Bathsheba is a love story right out of the Bible, and it's good. Gregory Peck makes an absolutely splendid king; his adulterous affair with the red-headed wife of one of his lieutenants makes absorbing movie material. Only trouble is, I find it hard to dislike Gregory even when he dispatches his girl friend's hubby off to get killed. God, feeling otherwise, sends David and Bathsheba quite some trouble for their sin, before the air clears up. The Technicolor's meltingly lovely; Peck is strong, sensitive; Susan Hayward is handsome. I didn't especially care for English import Kieron Moore (Susan's husband), but I liked English import James Roberson Justice (Peck's equerry) a lot. Then we have Raymond Massey as the prophet Nathan wandering around in rags brandishing a stick and sounding ominous at all times, and Jayne Meadows as Gregory's first wife. There are some beautiful words from the Bible, and a scene of a lady being stoned to death thrown in for the price of admission. One thing that annoyed me was the small Absalom (David's son) played by Gilbert Barnett. 20th Century-Fox, having read right along in its Bible, and realizing that Absalom grows up to turn on his father, felt impelled to give the audience a hint of what was coming. Therefore every time you see the nasty tyke, he's fingering a dagger and leering at his old man in ridiculous fashion. Mostly, though, *David and Bathsheba* is wonderful to look at, and even moving.

Cast: Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Raymond Massey. 20th Century-Fox.

PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE

A Technicolored musical in which you're always 49 steps ahead of the script at knowing what's going to happen next. A trio of girl singers (Virginia Mayo, Lucille Norman and Virginia Gibson) are mixed up with Dennis Morgan and Gene Nelson. Both these men are in love with Miss Norman, who loves Dennis, only he gambles, so she throws him over. Nelson is a millionaire, but he cannot make her forget her true love (he eventually settles for Miss Gibson, when Dennis and Miss Norman reconcile) and Miss Mayo, who's a gold-digger gets a rich man too. A dirty old sourdough—whatever that is—threatens to kill S. Z. Sakall all through the picture, but I didn't give a darn. I think Miss Norman is new. She's a soprano.

Cast: Dennis Morgan, Virginia Mayo, Gene Nelson. Warners.

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Mrs. David Anthony Drexel "A 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream is the most delightful way to smooth and brighten my skin."



THE RAGING TIDE

In this picture, evil-doers reform so fast the police can hardly keep up with them. Racketeer Richard Conte, wanted for murder, hides out on a fishing boat, offers to work for his keep. Swedish fisherman Charles Bickford and his son Carl (Alex Nicol) can use his help, set out to sea. Conte doesn't like the way Carl treats his father (some murderers have real soft hearts) and beats him up for it. Carl starts treating his father better, and also, though he's done a little car-stealing in his time, determines to go straight after he meets Shelley Winters. Shelley, supposedly Conte's girl friend, is loyal to him for a while, but eventually falls for Carl. She tells the police Conte's planning to frame Carl for the murder he himself did. (Telling the police anything is a form of reform for Shelley. She don't trust cops.) Then Conte, reforming even more and further and better than anybody, drowns, while saving Carl's life. Who could ask for anything more?

Cast: Richard Conte, Shelley Winters, Stephen McNally. Universal-International.

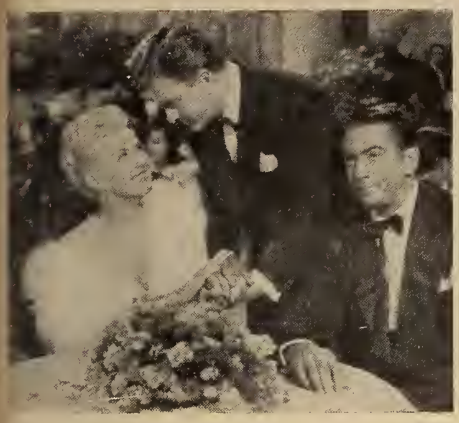
PEOPLE WILL TALK

I remarked to somebody that I didn't think anyone in *People Will Talk* talked. They were so busy being clever they didn't sound even faintly human. So my companion sneered at me, "What's so swell about sounding human?" And I could only reflect sadly that I was the one person in the world who didn't go crazy over *All About Eve*, so maybe it's just something between me and director Mankewiecz. *People Will Talk* tells of a doctor who marries a girl pregnant by another man, partly because he loves her, partly to keep her from killing herself. There's a mystery about the doctor's background, and about an attendant he has—an old duffer called "The Bat" (played by Finlay Currie). It's certainly engrossing, and often very funny. But I don't think any medical school trots a corpse with a madeup face and long black hair into a class room (if they do, I'm against it), and that's a sample of my complaints. It may be shocking, but does that make it good? Which isn't to say that *People Will Talk* isn't entertaining, or that Cary Grant was ever lovelier. It's just that you have to apply stricter standards to a picture that's been ballyhooed as a masterpiece.

Cast: Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, Finlay Currie.—20th Century-Fox.

MEET ME AFTER THE SHOW

Every tired piece of plot in musical history was glued together to make *Meet Me After The Show*, but it's got Grable, and Grable's legs, and for some fans, that's enough. I'm



just warning you, so you can suit yourself. Here's Betty married to a producer (Carey) who made her a lady. (She was a kind of honky-tonk type before.) The backer for Carey's and Betty's new show is a sexy girl. Betty doesn't like this. She divorces Carey, pretends amnesia, leaves town. He follows, etc., etc. Eddie Albert and Rory Calhoun play two of Betty's admirers. But the only things worth watching are a couple of her musical numbers which are rather nicely humorous, the dancing having been staged by Jack Cole. *Cast: Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey, Rory Calhoun.* 20th Century-Fox.

THE PEOPLE AGAINST O'HARA

A boy is framed for a murder-and-theft, and his parents get their old friend Spencer Tracy to take the case. Tracy's an ex-alcoholic, has retired from criminal law because the tension of being responsible for a man's life is dangerous to his welfare. But he can't turn these people down, goes to work for their son. It's an exciting, suspenseful picture with fine performances from Tracy and Pat O'Brien, and a boy named William Campbell (the farmer), and some colorful crooks. (It's the first time I've seen Eduardo Cianelli play a crook in ages.) There's a love story between Tracy's daughter, Diana Lynn and Richard Anderson; and John Hodiak as an assistant district attorney. The moral ending was inevitable, I suppose—they were bound to kill off Spencer because he'd bribed a witness—but aside from that, I liked *The People Against O'Hara*. *Cast: Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Diana Lynn.* MGM.

FORCE OF ARMS

An out-and-out love story, which smells slightly like *A Farewell to Arms*, but which has its affecting moments nonetheless. *Force of Arms* tells about a sergeant (Bill Holden) and a WAC Lieutenant (Nancy Olson) who met in Italy, and fall in love. Nancy doesn't want to care for anybody in a hurry, so to speak; she's sick to death of "live today, for tomorrow we may you-know-what," and of the sight of young girls going off with soldiers in return for chocolate and chewing gum. She wants a home, and a man, and children, and a return to a sense of values. Bill doesn't believe in that stuff, he feels he can't make plans the way things are. Plot plays itself out against a background of war-ravaged Italy, and Warners has succeeded in getting actual documentry battle shots which add authenticity of an awe-inspiring kind. *Cast: William Holden, Nancy Olson, Frank Lovejoy.* Warners

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READY to use in cotton washables for a "luxury" finish you'll love.



IT'S ONLY MONEY

A delightful comedy which takes absolutely nothing seriously, and brings back Groucho Marx at his best. Need I say more? Well, I will anyway. Frank Sinatra and Jane Russell, who clerk in a bank together, are engaged. She's bigger than he is, but outside of that, they make a cute couple. Groucho, the waiter at a restaurant near the bank, is always urging Frank to a life of crime. "Live dangerously," he cries. Frank and Jane want to get married, but Frank is timid, scared of life. After a grateful bookie forces some $40,000 upon him, however (not that Frank ever bets, just that he helped the bookie when two thugs attacked him) all heck breaks loose. About the very time Frank shows up at the bank with his new wealth, a shortage of funds is discovered in the establishment. You see? It's a riot.

Cast: Frank Sinatra, Jane Russell, Groucho Marx.—RKO

MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL

Lynn Belvedere is back, and the Old Folks' Home has him. In a movie loosely based on the Broadway play, *The Silver Whistle*, Clifton Webb, once again the authority on everything in the world, brings meaning to the lives of a group of elderly men and women who've been sitting around waiting to die. It's a gentle kind of picture, with particularly outstanding acting by Doro Merande as a sarcastic old lady, and Bill Lynn as a giddy old man. Joanne Dru and Hugh Marlowe (the minister and nurse in charge of the Home) furnish the rather dull love interest. Even for a minister, Marlowe's awfully juice-less. Fat Zero Mostel is Webb's helper-in-rehabilitation.

Cast: Clifton Webb, Joanne Dru, Hugh Marlowe.—20th Century-Fox.

RHUBARB

Rhubarb is the story of a bad-tempered cat who's left 30 million dollars and a baseball team by a whimsical millionaire. The millionaire's daughter thinks she's got more right to the money, and tries to kill Rhubarb, while the baseball team thinks working for a cat is humiliating, and pretends to be sick. ("I strained a ling-a-ment," one of the players keeps saying.) But Rhubarb is a most unusual monster. Before he's finished, the team has won a pennant; he's escaped the clutches of kidnappers—or cat-nappers, as Paramount put it; he's foiled the millionaire's wretched daughter; and he's smiled benevolently as his guardian, Ray Milland, finds true love with Jan Sterling. Not thrilling, but cute enough.

Cast: Ray Milland, Jan Sterling, Gene Lockhart.—Paramount.



ON THE LOOSE

Melvyn Douglas and Lynn Bari as neglectful parents who learn their lesson almost too late (their teen-age daughter tries to drown herself) and Joan Evans as the teen-age daughter, turn in good jobs though their vehicle is slightly corny. Or maybe what I mean is unsubtle. Joan loses her reputation in such a rousingly thorough way, and Lynn is forced to be so one-dimensional a character that her sudden abrupt change—a change which helps bring about the final happy ending—is a little unbelievable. Still, there are many really touching things about the picture. A scene where Joan and her father go dancing together, and discover one another. A scene where Lynn—abrupt change or no—makes a plea to her neighbors for Joan's happiness. I guess On *The Loose* will make parents wonder where their children are, and I guess that's good.

Cast: Joan Evans, Melvyn Douglas, Lynn Bari, Robert Arthur.—RKO

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

Stephen Crane's novel of the Civil War becomes a quiet, hour-long (or hour-short) film which tells a simple story, if any story of war can be called simple. It casts Audie Murphy as the boy who goes into battle a frightened kid; who runs away; who comes back, and stands, and fights, and emerges a man. Bill Mauldin plays another kid-soldier, Audie's friend. The scenes of battle, and of injured men staggering away from battle, are as terrible to watch as any of the more jet-propelled warfare the movies have recently brought us. The photography is something it's a privilege to see. The whole job, directed by John Huston, is close to perfection.

Cast: Audie Murphy, Bill Mauldin, John Dierkes.—MGM

DARLING, HOW COULD YOU?

Based on J. M. Barrie's *Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire, Darling, How Could You?* has John Lund and Joan Fontaine as the couple who return to New York from several years in Panama, and find themselves strangers to their three children. The baby isn't much of a problem, but the little boy, Cosmo (David Stollery) hates his first name, and has taken the liberty of changing it to Charles, and he doesn't like to be kissed, either. The young daughter, Mona Freeman, has seen a play on the stage, and keeps making knowing remarks about "The seamy side of life." It's very funny. The boy, for instance, upon greeting his long-lost father, blurts out desperately, "Hello dad, uh, father, uh, pop—how's your wife?" As for Mona, she comes to the conclusion that her mother is embarked upon an illicit love affair, and attempts to save her by offering herself to the libertine ("the liberty," Cosmo calls him) with hilarious results.

Cast: Joan Fontaine, John Lund, Mona Freeman.—Paramount.

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softens better

Lovely co-star of Warner Bros.' "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" (Color by Technicolor), shows how Woodbury Cold Cream loosens hidden dirt so it's easy to wipe away. And Penaten takes the rich oils so *deep* your skin feels velvet-soft.



leaves you lovelier

A touch tells how Penaten *smooths!* Prove to yourself how radiant the extra-deep cleansing of Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin—how adorably *soft* it makes it feel! Only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

You'll want to read this ad again!

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

a Special Service for Modern Screen Readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ Around this time of year most people are so busy they thank their lucky stars for someone to help them. Well, that's just what you can do. You can thank the stars who, full of vim and vigor, comb the stores and bring home prize buys for themselves. And you can count yourself lucky that their choices are just right for you, too, in price and taste.

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be refunded on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only personalized merchandise cannot be returned.

jane powell

your hollywood shopper

for november



Since July 22, when the baby was born, Jane's been a busy girl caring for Gearys, Jr. and Sr.

■ As a song and dance gal recently I've been on the shelf, but as a shopper I'm hep on the latest scoops.

For months before our new baby, Geary, Jr., arrived I was free as air, for almost the first time since I was 15. I had a heavenly holiday unearthing all sorts of rip-roaring bargains for our new Brentwood home. Geary was so impressed with my shopping prowess that he's handed me our entire budget.

Now MODERN SCREEN has given me a chance to prove my boast by sending me scooting all over creation for the whoppingest buys ever. I copped top prizes from the best stores in America.

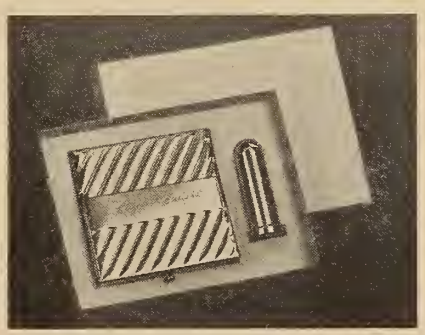
Since Christmas will be along sooner than you think (and never comes too soon for me) I've had me a time rustling up wonderful gifts for everyone, big and little. Of course, I used Geary and Junior as "sample" father and son.

To get anything that catches your eye write to the store under the picture.

I've tried to out-Santa Santa in my selections, so check off your Christmas gift list really early this year!



LEARN TO "GLORIFY YOURSELF" *for holiday parties. Eleanore King, famous Hollywood coach, shows top stars' beauty secrets. Easy-to-follow, it revamps you for glamor through exercise, diet, make-up, and fashion tips. Sketches and photos of stars like Lana Turner, Virginia Mayo, Gene Tierney, Betty Grable. Eleanore's book helped me win the "battle of the bulge" after the baby. "Glorify Yourself", $3.95. Prentice-Hall, 70 5th Ave., N. Y. 11.*



"PERSON TO PERSON" VANITY SET. *It's a gift with a real personal touch that will thrill my friends at Xmas. Print plainly name to be engraved on the polished gold metal compact and matching lipstick case. The lipstick is that wonderful new indelible French-type in latest shades—Light, Med., Dark. Geary says it's the perfect gift for his best gal. Lucky me! Only $3.50, tax incl. Nancy Shayne, Dept. G, 1216 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5.*

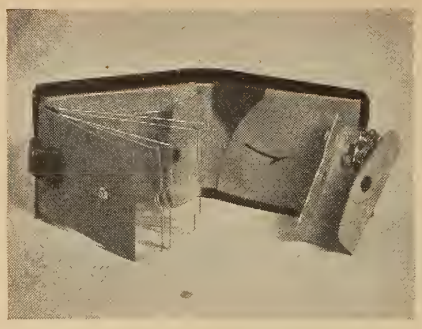


SILHOUETTE STATIONERY; LETTER PERFECT. *This is for me! Here is the newest, cutest trick in personalized notepaper, so of course, I have ordered loads as Xmas gifts. Your first name actually makes the skirt on the Colonial Maid. Any name printed in rich blue on the 24 informal-sized Hammermill sheets. 12 envelopes to match. Please print name clearly. Package only 35¢. 3 pkgs. $1. 7 for $2. Western Stationery Co., Dept. 111M, Topeka, Kans.*

jane powell

your hollywood shopper

for november



WALLET WITH LOTS OF EXTRAS *designed to hold the contents of your purse inside its lambskin case. Beside a bill holder and card compartment, it has a "snap-in" key case, detachable 8-photo picture album and outside change purse. I slip the wallet through my belt for easy toting. Nylon-stitched edges. Two-toned, with black, green, navy, brown, tan, wine outside; solid red or tan inside. $4.20 complete. G. R. Godfrey Co., Gardner, Massachusetts.*



I'm so thrilled with my shopping finds, I feel like singing in the streets. Hope they make you want to join me.

Amazing NEW IDEA IN A WATCH BAND!



ZIP! and it's open!

ZIP! and it's closed!

Na buckles, na hales! Clases with o zipper on the inside. Just slip yaur hand through the bracelet-like band ond pull strop till it fits yaur wrist. No buckles that tornish . . . na hales that weor away. When washing, push strap up an yaur arm out af danger.

Pigskin, Colf ar Maracain at **$2.50** *eoch.*
Lizord, **$4.** *Alligator,* **$5.**
All postpaid. No C.O.D.'s please.
ABBOTT GIFTS, 22 W. 22nd St.
Dept. M, New York 10, N. Y.

***lady*—your big toe is showing...**



because your feet slide forward—sliding alsa causes heels to slip, insteps to cut, ankle straps to gap and toes to hit and hurt in clased shoes.



JANIES, the simple cushioned 'Inside Platform', helps control gravity & carrect these unsightly, uncomfartable conditians. Send $1 plus 25c handling far 1 pr. ar $2 for 2 pr. State shae size & color.

Money Back Guarantee



JANIES • 1865 (M) University Ave., N. Y. 53

GIANT SAVINGS! Ribbon 225 YARDS Only $1.98 $10 Value!

1 to 10 YARD LENGTHS
¼" to 3" Widths

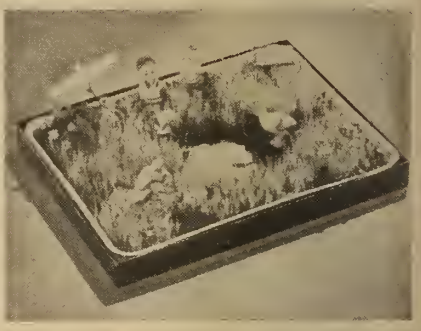
Direct close-out purchase from famous ribbon mill enables us to offer this $10 value at $1.98! Exquisite assortments of Moires, Satins, Plaids, Velvets, Grosgrains, etc. Make bows, glamorize children's clothes, dresses, lingerie, hats, aprons etc. FREE with every order — 8 10c assorted Matched Button Cords! ... SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman $1.98 plus postage, or DO send payment and let us pay postage. Money Back Guarantee

GUILD, DEPT. R-26, 120 E. BROADWAY, NEW YORK 2, N.Y.

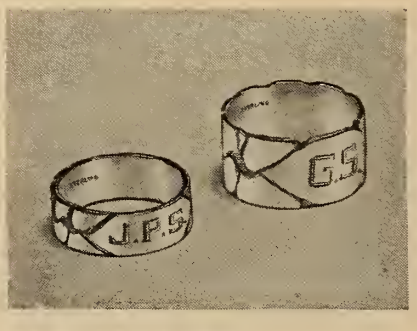
SEND FOR FREE 64-PAGE FAMILY CATALOG



MAKE IT AN INDIAN SUMMER *with soft, washable cowhide moccasins. Fringed, hand-beaded and laced, they add zip to any outfit. Airfoam inner soles make them so comfy you won't take them off. Wendell Corey fell for mine on the set of* Rich, Young & Pretty, *so I got him the men's version—no beads or fringe. Green, white, red, black (Palomino gold for gals only). All sizes. $5.95. Miller's Curio Co., Dept. MS, 256 E. Congress St., Tucson, Ariz.*



IMAGINATIVE INDOOR GARDEN FOR KIDDIES. *Give them weeks of fun planting the magic grass seed, tending and watering it, as they watch it grow into a green garden. They'll spend hours arranging the many wonderful accessories—boy and girl, 2 rabbits, goose, lake, umbrella, "Keep Off The Grass" sign, aluminum lined planter. We got it for a friend's child. $1.95. Max Schling Seedsmen, 620 M Madison Ave., New York 22.*



RING HIM NOW FOR CHRISTMAS *with this sterling silver friendship ring and he'll reciprocate with its stunning initialed twin . . . or surprise him and buy both. I ordered the wide one marked G. S. and Geary got the narrower one for me, each chased for a link effect. Wee price include: 3 initials, tax. His ring $3.50. Mine $2.50. Send ring sizes, initials. Hyde's, Inc., Dept. MS-11, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y. Send for free Christmas Catalogue.*



JEWEL BOX OF RARE CHEESES. *"Connoisseurs" on your gift list will love this rare assortment of twenty cheese wedges, each gold-foil wrapped. Lucite box holds 2 each of 10 haunting varieties . . . Brandy-Bleu, Aged Brick, Tomato-Swiss, Mild Edam, Kummel-and-Swiss, Aged Gruyere, Muenster, and sharp, smoked or wine Cheddar. Container's a useful jewel or cigarette box. $2.95. Old World Cheese House, 72-89 Evans Turn, Hillside, New Jersey.*

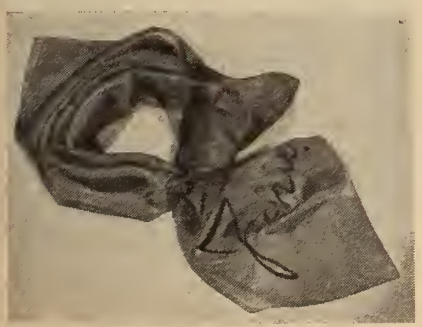
To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



COULDN'T RESIST BUYING *this handy DeLuxe Belt-Purse-'N'-Pen set to perk up my fall wardrobe. It's grand for marketing; leaves my hands free. Purse has 2 separate pockets, 1 for change, another for bills. Pen is always there when I want it. For dress-up, unsnap purse and wear belt alone. Simulated lizard in green, red, blue. Give waist size. Smartly gift-boxed for Xmas and year-round giving. $2.98. Sheldon's, 187-30 Linden Blvd., St. Albans 12, N. Y.*



THESE ROSES NEED NO WATER. *They are so lifelike that you have to touch them to realize they're hand-made. And my how delicately they lend themselves to charming arrangements for any room, office or studio and never, never wilt! Arriving as a gift they'll make a long lasting impression in their cellophane-packed box. Choose natural-looking Roses, Daffodils, or Daisies (why not order all three). Send $1.00 for each dozen. Postage free. First American-Flowers, Dept. 7, Box 85, New York 29.*



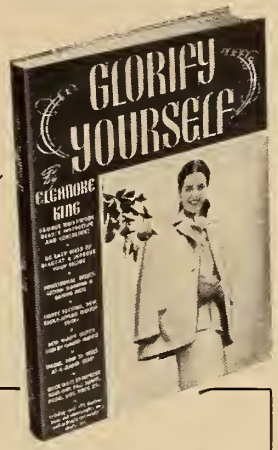
YOUR OWN PERSONALITY "TIE-IN". *Here's a pure silk scarf with your first name or nickname hand-painted in large script letters. Large square, 36" x 36", folds lots of ways, always introducing you to your public. Worn on your head, round your neck or as a belt, it's a stunning accessory for your holiday clothes. White, red, kelly, sky blue, mist or grey. Please print name. $3.00. Hel Mar Co., 728 S. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.*

ELEANORE KING, Beauty Adviser to 83,000 Women, *invites you to accept this*

Free—Trial invitation and FREE GIFT

TO HELP YOU

"GLORIFY YOURSELF"



"Please accept, with my compliments, the 'Rule of 14' Dress Chart, showing you at a glance how you can be dressed exactly right—whatever the occasion. It is yours *absolutely* free when you send the coupon below for your free-trial copy of 'Glorify Yourself!' "

Eleanore King

Now, without spending long hours in tedious exercises, you can acquire a glowing complexion, lovely curves, a slimmer figure, more radiant hair, attractive legs and ankles—*plus* a personal charm and self-confidence that will carry you through every social situation.

Tested Short-Cuts to a More Appealing YOU!

Eleanore King makes no extravagant claims of changing you into a goddess overnight. Instead she gives you scores of the concrete, practical techniques she has used so successfully in her own classes, to teach over 83,000 women of all ages the secrets of attractiveness. The wonderful methods you get in GLORIFY YOURSELF are *so easy to* master! While doing housework, shopping, or chatting with friends—or while in the office on the job—you'll find yourself absorbing these marvelous short-cuts to a more appealing YOU. They will become a living part of your personality almost before you realize it.

Can You Pass This Test?

	Your Answer:	Should Be:
Do you receive a compliment every day?	☐	Y
Are you afraid to meet new people?	☐	N
Does your date ever take you for granted?	☐	N
Are you self-conscious when passing a crowd?	☐	N
Are you at ease in opening a conversation with a stranger?	☐	Y
Do you find it difficult to be the gracious hostess?	☐	N
Do you make a good first impression?	☐	Y
Are you frequently invited out to dinner?	☐	Y
Do you oet a peck instead of a kiss?	☐	N
Do you feel your true self really gets across to others?	☐	Y

If your score is not what it should be—then Eleanore King can guide you to greater personal happiness. She can show you how to emphasize your individual appeal, how to obtain a lovelier complexion, how to maintain a slim, youthful figure, how to cultivate your voice and conversation, and dozens of other pointers that can change your whole outlook on living. Send coupon below for your free-trial copy of "Glorify Yourself," today.

Just a Few of the Benefits You Gain:

Your Face
- How to have a clear silky complexion.
- What to do for crow's feet and wrinkles.
- How to get rid of unsightly blotches and pimples.
- How to prevent and elliminate large pores.
- What to do when your face breaks out.

Your Figure
- How to slim down unattractive bulges.
- How to give yourself a youthful and buoyant bust line.
- How to gain weight and fill out your figure.
- How to slenderize your bust, waist, hips, thighs.

Your Walk
- How to get a graceful rhythm in your walk.
- How not to wiggle.

Your Legs
- How to slenderize your legs.
- What to do for thin legs.
- What to do for bow legs.
- How to eliminate unsightly muscle bulge.

Your Posture
- How to achieve an appealing "youth line."
- How to streamline your figure through posture.
- How to get upper body control.
- How to get lower body control.
- What to do with your hands and feet.

Your Hair
- Finding the hair style that flatters your type.
- How to get a soft sheen in your hair.

Your Clothes
- What to wear to look taller or shorter.
- How to disguise large hips.
- What colors make you more enticing.
- Practical tips on planning your wardrobe.
- How to avoid overdressing.

Your Conversation
- How to overcome shyness.
- How to be a gracious hostess.
- How to fit into any gathering with ease.
- Things to avoid in conversation.
- How to make pleasant small talk.

Nothing Else To Buy

No cosmetics, no appliances, no additional material of any kind—everything you need to become more charming and desirable is contained in this big 8½" x 11" hook, with its dozens of "how-to-do-it" illustrations. And—best of all—you can test Eleanore King's tried-and-proven methods in the privacy of your own home—*without a penny of* cost.

By mailing the coupon below you can examine GLORIFY YOURSELF for 10 full days, free, without any obligation to buy. If for any reason you don't want to keep the book—simply send it back and pay nothing. Mail the coupon right now for your free examination copy!

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY:

Very compact and helpful; ONE book with all helps which I can understand.
Ruth Martin, Judson College, Marion, Ala.

It is an excellent and practical guide for the average woman who wishes to beautify herself, by herself, at home.
Charlotte Ward, Franklin, N. Y.

One of the most interesting books I have ever had the pleasure of reading. So thorough, it covers all phases of beauty culture, plus details so important to a person's health. It's GRAND.
Mildred Ingle, 219 N. E. 51st Street, Miami, Florida

One of the very best, most practical, and most complete books on charm I have ever read.
Doris Deming
Hastings, Michigan

FREE GIFT With Trial Copy!

With the Course you also receive—ABSOLUTELY FREE—Eleanore King's "Rule of 14" Dress Chart, in color, showing at a glance how you can always be dressed exactly right—whatever the occasion. The Chart is yours whether or not you keep the trial copy of GLORIFY YOURSELF.

FREE TRIAL COUPON—Fill in and mail now

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., Dept. M-MS-11S1
70 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

Please send me Eleanore King's home course in beauty, poise and charm, GLORIFY YOURSELF. After giving it a sincere trial for ten days, if I am not satisfied, I may return the hook to you and pay nothing. Otherwise I will send only $1.00, plus a few pennies for postage and packing, and $1.00 a month until the low price of only $3.95 is paid.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone.... State.....

Free Gift! I understand that you will include FREE Eleanore King's 8½" x 11" "Rule of 14" Dress Chart in color, which tells me at a glance how I can dress tastefully and attractively at all times.



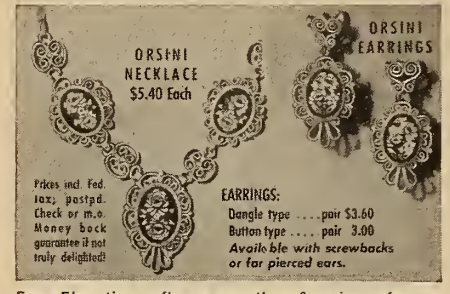
CLASSICS...
IN GUARD RINGS

Exquisitely fashioned to grace the fingers of the style conscious woman. Your choice of finely cut, simulated rubies, emeralds, sapphires, or diamonds . . . hand set in sterling silver. A gift to be remembered.

Money back in 7 days if not satisfied.
Orders promptly filled (*indicate ring size*)
$3.50 *Each*, Including *Tax and Postage*

SANLYS, Dept. S-11
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17

SO LOVELY AND DISTINCTIVE! **Allegro Mosaics**



From Florentine craftsmen come these fine pieces of genuine mosaic, fascinating in their rich and intricate inlay work. Gay floral designs on your choice of black, aqua blue, coral, green or white background . . . Settings goldplated. They make lovely gifts for yourself and others! Write for FREE CATALOG of other charming gift items.

ALPINE IMPORTS Dept. S, 101 Fifth Avenue New York 3, N. Y.



6 Cherubic Music Makers!

Chubby cherubs so charming you'll want to put them everywhere! See what a "heavenly" grouping they make on a mantel, end table, wall shelf, almost anywhere. Set includes saxophonist, drummer, banjo player, French horn and concertina player and leader. In pink, bisque, they're Meissen reproductions. 3" high. Set of 6 only **$3.00** postpaid. No C.O.D.'s please.

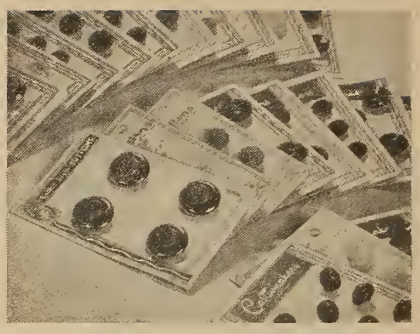
AGNESTRONG, Dept. M-11
39 West 8th Street New York 11, N. Y.



NEW!
ELECTRIC MIXER AND BLENDER
At An Amazing Low
$4.95

Use this handy electric mixer and blender in the kitchen, game room, on picnics. In a jiffy it whips up hot or cold drinks, eggnogs, malteds, frozen juices, cocktails, dressing or sauces. Fun for the kids —absolutely safe, can't shock! Easy to clean; unbreakable plastic. No plug-in, runs for months on three 1½-volt flashlight batteries. Complete $4.95 postpaid.

Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.
620-M Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



BUTTON, BUTTON! LOADS OF BUTTONS! *Here's a "super-duper" bargain—30 matched button sets on cards, valued at 10¢ to 25¢ a set, costs you only $1.00. Cards of 5 to 8 buttons each, come in a big assortment for all your household needs. Many come from fine garment makers' extras. I'm always scouting around for smart buttons, so it's swell having my own supply. $1.00 complete. Guild, 120 East Broadway, New York 2.*

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jane powell
your hollywood shopper
for november

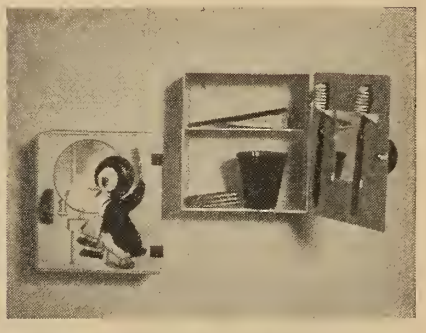




CHOKER WITH LEGENDARY CHARM. *Solid chunks of genuine turquoise strung by silver heads on a sterling silver chain. Made by Indians, it suggests their legend, "He who looks upon turquoise will never suffer an ill day." 15" long. $9.95. Matching dangle earrings, screw or pierce, $3.95. No COD's. Free! 48 page catalogue with over 300 items for him, for her, for kids and the home. Miller's Curio Co., Dept. MN, 256 E. Congress, Tucson, Arizona.*



SELF-CONTAINED PERSONAL NAME STAMP. *This tiny lucite printer and automatic-inker case is one of the handiest new gadgets I've seen. With all the corresponding and package-sending we do during the holidays it's a treat to have a quick and efficient way of printing my name and address. Fine, too, for stamping records, books, checks. Send complete name and address. $1.00. Sunset House, Dept. S-19, 8820 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California.*



MEDICINE CABINET FOR KIDDIES. *Geary just brought home this bath cabinet for the baby. Sure to make a hit with all small fry, it's equipped with the essentials for a well-groomed junior—two toothbrushes (marked "good morning", "good night"), toothpaste, tumbler, nail brush, comb, mirror. Mount holds plastic cabinet to tile, glass or plaster walls. Perky penguin on door. Lemon, lime, white, $2.98. Greenhall, Dept. M.S., 509 5th Ave., New York 17.*



IT'S "DANCE BALLERINA DANCE" *for these dainty pink Bisque miniatures, 3" tall. Each assumes a typical pose of ballerinas and they're dressed in traditional costumes, even to the red ballet slippers. A sense of rhythm flows from figure to figure, lending charm and interest to the group. A fine quartet for your bureau, mantel or table. I've stowed away several sets for Christmas gifts. Set of 4, $3.00. Agnestrong, 39 W. 8th St., N. Y. 11.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where personalized.



...out of this
new luxury compact
come the
dreamiest
complexions
in the
world!



Dream Stuff

by woodbury
in a **new dream compact**
for your purse...only 69c plus tax

so enchantingly feminine...
this slim new purse compact... it could be you and your lucky star laced in frosty white against a sky blue heaven! So enduring, too... (thanks to new miracle plastics) even though it's light as your hanky! Nothing to spill or break.

and such bliss to use...
for "Dream Stuff" is tint. foundation and powder all in one. Just fluff it on with its own downy puff ... and presto... you have the look of a natural beauty! Gives you color, glow and velvety softness with no "powdery look." Five dreamy shades.

in the pretty blue and gold boxes, too—49c plus tax



foundation and powder in one!



LOVELY...
RADIANT...
So Admired!

Crescent
DIAMOND
RINGS

NANCY OLSON,
a Paramount Player
starring in
"Submarine Story"

Perfect choice for your perfect day . . . a Crescent Diamond Engagement and Wedding Ring. For a Crescent is the larger, more radiant diamond you've always hoped to own . . . at a price so easy to afford.

When you choose Crescent, you're sure of true and lasting value. For the Crescent Certificate of Guarantee and Registration, signed by your jeweler, gives visible assurance of an exquisite diamond.

For you who want the best in value — a larger, lovelier diamond — select a Crescent. Ask your jeweler to show you the beautiful new Crescent collection. The name is in the ring and on the blue Crescent Tag.

Crescents are Larger, Lovelier Diamonds

½ Carat about $350
⅓ Carat about $200
¼ Carat about $150

These Prices Include Complete Ring and Federal Tax

Crescent DIAMOND RINGS
Produced by the Creators of Keepsake

FREE Crescent Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
120 East Washington, Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Useful booklets "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" and "Choosing Your Diamond Ring." Also 48-page "Bride's Book" gift offer and your Crescent Jeweler's name and address.

NAME.....
STREET and NO.....
CITY and STATE..... MSC 11-51

M
S

hollywood air conditioned



Presenting selected tidbits from MODERN SCREEN'S "Hollywood Editor" program.
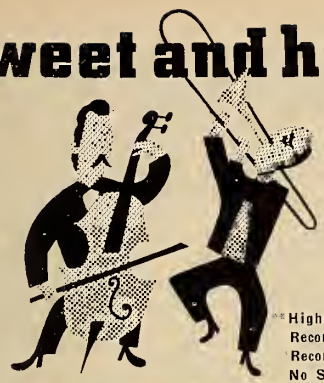
■ When Betty Grable married Harry James in Las Vegas, Nevada, the story goes that she said to Harry, "Never gamble, I'll show you what happens." So saying, she put a silver dollar in a slot machine, there was a grinding of wheels, and then a sound like manhole covers falling. Betty and Harry took that as a lesson—they've been betting on horses ever since.

■ *Monty Woolley doesn't like to be kissed by young actresses. He claims lipstick leaves a stain on his impeccable beard. "Besides," he says, "if these young darlings will kiss me on the forehead, it'll make their profiles look better."*

■ Your Hollywood Editor asked some male movie stars what they prefer in their women. The results: Cary Grant, for instance, had this to say: "The girl who, when she kisses you, touches your face with her hands—that always sets me down for the count." George Sanders has a more ethereal outlook: "I love it," he declares, "when a woman wears an elusive perfume. I'm not quite sure where it comes from, or what it is, but I want to follow it." Errol Flynn said: "I go for the woman who tells you what she'd like to do, and then makes a brave show of doing it your way. You give in to her, are just a plain sucker—and you love it."

■ *Alan Ladd detests the conceited sort of actor like a particularly obnoxious star who was telling how much he hated reporters, how great he was, etc. Alan listened, then walked out. "Where are you going?" the fellow star asked. Alan replied, "I gotta see a man. I'm worried. I haven't had my name in the paper for 24 hours."*

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Rosemary Clooney-Percy Faith album* (Columbia).

MR. IMPERIUM— Ezio Pinza-Fran Warren album* (Victor); *You Belong To My Heart* by Bob Eberly (Capitol).
This is the first Red Seal, or semi-classical, appearance by Fran Warren. It's only a couple of years or so since she was just a band vocalist with Charlie Barnet and Claude Thornhill, and she makes out surprisingly well in the new role. Incidentally Trudy Erwin, not Fran, did the voice doubling for Lana Turner in the movie.

ON THE RIVIERA—*Ballin' The Jack* by Joe "Fingers" Carr (Capitol).

SHOW BOAT—original cast album** (MGM).
The wonderful music and lyrics of Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, combined with the vocal contributions of the all star movie cast plus Adolph Deutsch and the MGM Studio Orchestra, make this one of MGM's best original-cast sets to date. Of course, it's recorded direct from the sound track, and everything is there but the Technicolor.
Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel combine for *Make Believe, You Are Love* and *Why Do I Love You.* Ava Gardner, who is Julie in the picture, sings *Bill* and *Can't Help Lovin' That Man.* Marge and Gower Champion, new to Hollywood, do a cute job with *Life Upon The Wicked Stage* and *I Might Fall Back On You.* Finally, the important job of handling *Ol' Man River* is assigned to William Warfield.
This set's available on all three speeds.

SLAUGHTER TRAIL—*I Wish I Wuz* by Roy Rogers (Victor).

RICH, YOUNG AND PRETTY—*Dark Is The Night* by Herb Jeffries* (Coral), Toni Arden (Columbia), Mary Mayo (Capitol). *How D'Ya Like Your Eggs In The Morning* by Dean Martin and Helen O'Connell* (Capitol. *I Can See You* by Woody Herman* (MGM); Mary Mayo (Capitol). *L'Amour Toujours* by Bob Crosby* (Capitol), Jane Powell (MGM); *We Never Talk Much* by Jane Powell (MGM); Dean Martin and Helen O'Connell* (Capitol). *Wonder Why* by Toni Arden* (Columbia); Billy Eckstine (MGM); Herb Jeffries (Coral); Helen O'Connell (Capitol).

YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD—*Early American* by Nat Cole* (Capitol).

BUDDY DE FRANCO—*Body And Soul** (MGM).

STAN GETZ—Swedish All Stars LP* (Roost).
Recorded during tenor sax man Stan Getz's trip to Sweden, this shows you that the Swedes really know how to swing; his accompaniment is first-class.

OSCAR PETTIFORD—*Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen** (Mercer).
A song hit of the 1930's interestingly revived as a jazz 'cello solo.

New—Liquid Make-up Magic

Tru-Glo FROM THE

WESTMORES OF HOLLYWOOD

the men who make the stars more beautiful



ONLY 59¢ (plus tax)



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Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK (a 20th Century-Fox Picture)

You'll discover the beauty secret of famous screen stars in Westmore's *new* Tru-Glo Liquid Make-Up. Brings out your own natural beauty—to give you real complexion loveliness. The perfect foundation for *all* types of skin. Gives a long-lasting, soft, protective *mat finish.* Easy to apply.

The celebrated Westmores say: "The cosmetics bearing our name are the *only* ones certified by us as *exactly* the same cosmetics we use to make Hollywood stars more beautiful on screen and street."

Now too...Westmore's Hollywood Lipstick! Stays on unbelievably long! It contains a special creamy base. Non-drying. Available in the shades best suited to glamorize your individual complexion. **ONLY 59¢** *(plus tax)...also medium sizes.*

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Wally Westmore, *Make-Up Director, Paramount Studio*



Bud Westmore, *Make-Up Director, Universal Studios*



Frank Westmore, *Famous Hollywood Make-Up Stylist*

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DEBORAH KERR, CO-STARRING IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "QUO VADIS" — Color by Technicolor



DEBORAH KERR ... Lustre-Creme presents one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Famous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for their glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lovely Hollywood stars help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star . . . so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Deborah Kerr as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. All this, even in hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

Judy's no melancholy baby now—she's learned how to be herself and that's good enough for the fans who adore her.

nothing but blue skies

BY RADIE HARRIS

■ On the night of April 9th, Judy Garland came on the stage of the world-famous Palladium Theater in London, and faced a jam-packed audience standing three rows deep. It was the first time she had played to a live audience except for charity shows since she had appeared as little Frances Gumm with her two sisters, in an act realistically and unromantically billed, "The Gumm Sisters."

If Judy's heart missed a few beats as Woolf Phillips' "Skyrockets" orchestra began the vamp of her first song, "At Long Last, I'm Here," it was because more than at any time in her career she wanted to make good. Tonight, there was a whole new world to conquer, a world that would give her back the confidence she had lost in her growing years in Hollywood. The facade of security that had supported her for 15 years at the same studio was no longer behind her. Out front was a sea of unfamiliar faces—strangers. (*Continued on page 102*)



what now, PRINCESS?

You can close your doors to Aly, but not to your friends. They're wondering about your strange homecoming to Hollywood.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



Queried obout the religious educotion of boby Yosmin, Rita told reporters Yosmin could make her own decision ot 21.

■ It was a three-ring circus when Rita Hayworth and her babies came back to Hollywood. And it was pitiful—pitiful and fascinating the way a side-show is.

Princess Rita was the main attraction, and the two little bewildered half-sisters, Rebecca and Yasmin, were the come-ons.

After eight weeks in Nevada, where she established a legal residence, Rita packed her two girls into a car. Without a word to anyone, not even to her Reno attorney, she turned towards Hollywood.

It was a long drive, more than 10 hours, but Yasmin, who isn't even two years old, didn't cry at all.

Rita reached town at 3:00 A.M. and checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel. "Under no circumstances," she told the desk clerk, "is anyone to know that I'm staying here. Is that understood?"

"Of course, Miss Hayworth."

Rita registered under a phony name, and her entourage, including a nurse for the children, was hustled off to bungalow number one, the hotel's swankiest suite.

Later that day an attractive young girl knocked on the bungalow door.

"Ah," said the French nurse, "you have come to help with the children, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

The young girl smiled, and took Rebecca and Yasmin for a walk around the hotel grounds while their famous mama slept. She spoke to the little girls, played with them, and then took them back to the bungalow.

By this time, mama was almost wide awake.

Presently, she got up, brushed her lovely hair and made her way to the living room. When she saw this strange young woman sitting with her two children, her eyes flashed.

"Who are you?" Rita Hayworth demanded.

"I'd like to ask you a (*Continued on page 99*)

Photos by Bob Landry



HOLLYWOOD: WHERE STARS RISE AND FALL OVERNIGHT. HERE'S A HOPPER'S-EYE-VIEW OF WHAT TEN YEARS CAN DO.

ten fantastic years

by Hedda Hopper

■ On a bleak night in February, 1941, two young people, very much in love, got out the old adhesive tape again. A wind right off the Arctic was whipping through every crack and cranny of their modest West Hollywood home. Modest isn't the word. It was a rehabilitated chicken coop.

When Bob and Dorothy Mitchum arrived in California by bus a few months earlier they had exactly $26 between them.

"Mother will take us in until I get a job," Bob assured his bride. But mother, he discovered, had even less money. However, she did have an empty chicken coop in the back yard. The Mitchums shopped around for a broom, tar paper and adhesive tape, and moved right in.

The only "hot" thing in their home was a ballad Bob was writing. He'd sold a few to small-time nightclub entertainers, not many, but enough to pay hospital expenses for the baby that would be born in two months.

"Well, this is the end," said Bob. "I'm not going to have my son and heir brought up in a chicken coop. Tomorrow I look for a job in the movies. Hey, don't use up all that tape, I need it for my suit."

A few days later Bob was riding off into the sunset on a nag that threw him at every opportunity in a Hopalong Cassidy movie. William Boyd took a fancy to the Gower Gulch cowboy. And the rest is (*Continued on page 70*)



Ten years ogo o little girl nomed Suzonne Burse came to Hollywood from Oregon on o vocation. She stoyed on to become Jane Powell.



Betty Groble, who'd hardly heard of Mr. James, become the GI's Pin Up Queen. Betty Hutton wos called Americo's No. 1 Jitterbug.



"A nice guy, but he'll never get anywhere," said on editor who'd met young Alon Ladd. That wos just before *This Gun For Hire.*



Broadway's *Panama Hattie* had a pony chorus full of thoroughbreds. The little blonde, fifth from the left, was an understudy, and moved into the limelight as America's most popular star, June Allyson. Third from the left is a versatile dancer who now stars in musicals, she's Vera-Ellen. Also in the line are famous-to-be Betsy Blair, Lucille Bremer and Janis Carter.



Jane Withers retired from the screen. But before she left Hollywood for Texas, she dated an unknown boy named Farley Granger.



Liz Taylor was a pert schoolgirl of nine, attended class on the MGM lot. Now the School of Experience has given her a diploma.



No one would have predicted unhappiness for these two kids on a spree. But trouble came to Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.



WHO'LL CATCH DAILEY?

by Vicki Blodgett

NO MATTER HOW FAST HE RUNS, SOONER OR LATER SOME FASCINATIN' FEMALE WILL HANG A WEDDING BELL ON DAN DAILEY

■ The easiest man in the world to marry is the man who's been married before. Anyway, that's the theory in Hollywood where single girls outnumber single men, six to one—and Dan Dailey is currently considered the prize catch.

One young actress who's been seeing a good deal of Dan lately says, "Dan's been married twice before. That means he's house-broken. He's used to having a woman around his home. I'd much rather take my chances with a man like him than a confirmed bachelor like Howard Duff or Montgomery Clift. Trying to get those two interested in marriage is like ramming your head against a brick wall."

This particular young actress is unique. She happens to be honest and outspoken. She admits that Dailey would make a fine husband, and she'd like to land him.

Dailey's other dates are infinitely more diplomatic.

"We're just pals," explains 20-year-old Barbara Whiting. "There's no romance between Dan and myself, not one little bit. After all, he's about 35, and I'm only 20. I'm easily four or five years away from any marriage.

"Of course, we've gone out, but to say that we're in love is just a big joke.

"We've played tennis several times—Dan's just taken it up—and people may have seen us on the public courts together, but what does that mean? Dan has known my family for years, ever since I was a little girl, and it's always a pleasure to have him around the house.

"Anyway, he's just been divorced, and I don't think he wants to get married now. Besides, he's been working so hard on the Dizzy Dean story. He's a marvelous actor, you know. We were together in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, and I can tell you honestly, Dan Dailey doesn't have to worry about just being a hoofer. He's much more than that. He's a sensitive, versatile, talented actor. He's got it. Really, he's got just about everything."

It's usual for young girls to wax over-enthusiastic about tall, honey-haired actors. (*Continued on page 89*)



Most mentioned contender for Don's heart is Ann Miller, who says he's "really daley-koo—o dreamboat." Like Dan, she claims she's not interested in marriage now.



Twenty-year-old Barbara Whiting is another of Dan's enthusiastic admirers. "He's got just about everything," Barbara says, but also scoffs at romance rumors.

Once burned, twice shy is Vera-Ellen. But how long can she hold out? Rock Hudson won't stop asking and she can't say "No" forever.

BY JANE WILKIE

she's the marrying kind

■ They are or they aren't, they will or they won't—that's been the report of the gossip columnists about Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson during the past two years. It's been printed that they're engaged, and it's been printed that they've had a rift and cooled off. Actually, they've never been engaged, never had a serious argument, but they date each other consistently and it is highly possible that one day they will be married.

Hollywood doesn't understand a romance like this. Hollywood is used to whirlwind courtships and quick trips to the altar, or well-publicized battles that put love affairs in the deep freeze.

Vera-Ellen's friends will tell you that she is fun and well-liked, a conscientious worker, and marriage-wise, just about the best wife material around town. She really likes to keep house and would regard the job of marriage as seriously as she does her career. Yet where men are concerned, Vera's a puzzle.

"Nobody—but nobody," people say, "just goes with a guy for almost three years and doesn't say anything about getting married. What's happening here?"

What's happening is the only possible relationship that could spring from the personalities, backgrounds and careers of both Rock and Vera.

Vera-Ellen's first marriage occurred when she was 16. It was a love affair that gave her stars in her eyes and butterflies in her stomach. (*Continued on page 93*)



They had their first dance together at Ciro's, almost three years ago. Since then, Vera-Ellen and Rock have been puzzling the columnists.







the girl

Two years ago MODERN SCREEN
called Virginia Grey the girl
Clark Gable always came back to—
now it looks as if he's back to stay.

BY LINDA GRIFFIN



who won gable back

■ The night she heard of Clark Gable's marriage to Sylvia Ashley, she cried her heart out.

Later, her sister came by, took one look at her and asked. "Do you love him that much?"

"I've been in love with him for six years," Virginia Grey said. And the tears came again.

Virginia had not expected Clark Gable to marry Sylvia Ashley. She'd hoped that if he ever married again, he'd make *her* his bride. As a matter of fact. no one expected Gable to marry Sylvia—not even Gable himself. He proposed in a moment of self-delusion, and a year later realized his mistake.

But what about Virginia Grey, this 34-year-old actress with the sky-blue eyes. the soft auburn hair? Why did Gable turn to her after his fourth wife filed for divorce?

Will Virginia ever become the fifth Mrs. Gable?

A friend of Clark's who once owned an automobile agency —strangely enough, Gable has very *(Continued on page 91)*

SLOW BOAT TO CATALINA

■ One day I stopped by the Thistle Inn for lunch with Barbara and Marshall Thompson.

The Thistle Inn's a hangout for yachting enthusiasts like Barbara and Marsh, Georgianna and Ricardo Montalban, Suzanne Dalbert, Barbara Hale and Bill Williams. They were all together when I came in, and they seemed to be gazing fondly at a photograph. "New picture of the kids?" I asked Ric.

He handed it to me. "Oh," I said. "It's only a boat."

"Only!" Bill Williams cried. "It'll do until the Queen Mary weighs anchor around here."

The boat in the picture belonged to Al and Betty Rempp who own the Thistle Inn. "Don't you like to sail?" Al wanted to know.

"Love to," I replied, and that's how I got invited on a trip to Catalina the following Sunday.

"Must be wonderful to know so much about boats," said Barbara Hale. "I've never been on one."

"Nothing to it," I said. After all, it was entirely too late for honesty to be my best policy.

Sunday was fair and clear. I was haggard and shaken, also sea-sick even before I got *near* the water. But two by two our party arrived at the dock in Wilmington, one of California's finest yachting centers. One by one we boarded the Rempp boat.

Turning, I noted that Barbara Thompson was still standing on dry land. "Aren't you coming?" I called.

"Not this trip," she answered.

"Sailing isn't so good for expectant mothers," Marsh reminded me.

I glanced at Georgianna, pleadingly. "Better hurry," I suggested.

"I'm staying with Barbara," she replied. "We just came down to see you off."

"Georgie doesn't take to boats," Ric explained with a grin. "I'm the family sailor."

"I think I'll stay with Georgie and Barbara," I told the crowd, but we were already heading out to sea.

"You handle the jib sail," Al was saying to Ricardo. "And Marsh and Bill can take the mainsail."

"I'll help," I volunteered. But then I discovered that the mainsail is the one that weighs about a thousand pounds.

The sails up, we waited for wind. While we were waiting, Ricardo brought out a ukulele. If you've never heard "Anchors Aweigh" on a ukulele, you've never lived. (*Continued on page 90*)

tory by Beverly Ott; photos by Bert Parry and Bob Beerman



CATALINA—BOUND WITH RIC MONTALBAN,



THE SUN, BUT NO WIND IS IN THEIR HAIR SO









MARSH THOMPSON, THE BILL WILLIAMS'. WHO NEEDS A MAP WITH A UKULELE ON BOARD AND A HELMSMAN LIKE SUZANNE DALBERT?





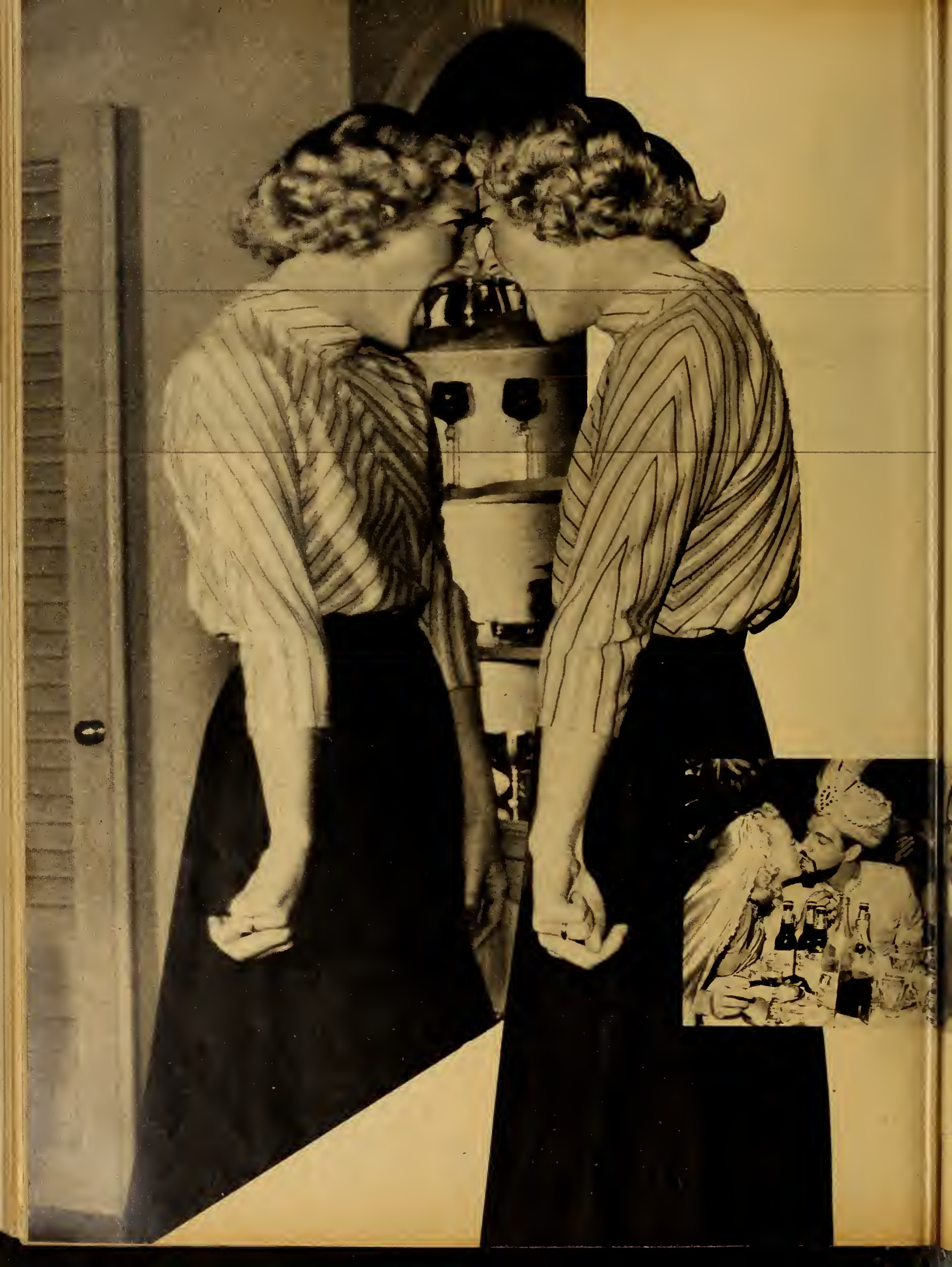


DOWN COME THE SAILS (UNDER MARSH THOMPSON) THE MOTOR PURRS AND EVERYBODY HAS A PICNIC AS THEY MERRILY HEAD FOR LAND.









First, she's mad about
a guy, then she's
just mad *at* him—
Betty Hutton's heart
never knows whether
love is coming or going!

BY JIM BURTON

LOVE CRAZY

"THIS IS IT!" SAID BETTY ABOUT EACH OF THE TRIO BELOW



Marriage to Ted Briskin (*far left*) in 1945 was a series of battles and kisses; their divorce will be final in January. After Ted, music arranger Pete Rugala (*center*) was the next big crush. Then came a hectic engagement to producer Norman Krasna (*right*). Recently she's dated Pete again.

■ There is a tradition in the theater that the saddest man in the company is the clown. They say that the comedian who tells the funniest jokes and rolls them in the aisles with his crazy antics is generally, in private life, a sad, sober, morose fellow who weeps while others laugh. It might be true—because the description fits, almost to a T, Betty Hutton.

Facing the movie cameras or still photogs, Betty Hutton is always good for a yak, because she can always be depended on to break into a big grin or contort her face into a comic mask before the shutters click. But in private, when no one is around, she seldom smiles, seldom laughs. She's seldom really happy.

In the main, it has to do with love. For only a short time in her life has Betty Hutton been happy in love.

You don't need a very long memory to think back to the days the papers were filled with the stories of Betty Hutton and Norman Krasna. The tales were of a bombastic nature. They were astonishing even to Betty's old friends who knew that she was a very unpredictable girl and likely to do anything at any time. The columnists had a field day. Betty was pictured as being the most "in love" girl that ever lived. She was quoted as saying that it was a miracle that such an intelligent man could be in love with her. She used the standard expression, "This is it!" and she freely, and with much gusto, told of the plans for a wedding as soon as her divorce from Ted Briskin was final.

The fervor of Betty's madness for Norman caught on until even the studio publicity people were filled with it. They worked overtime getting out special features on the pair—and played to the hilt the stories about the fabulous engagement ring and the new custom of a piece of jewelry a day for his girl that Krasna had announced. The excitement even took hold of the staid city editors and almost every day a newspaper picture appeared on Betty and Norman at some club or social event.

Then, as suddenly as a spring rain stops, it was all over.

There was no announcement. A gossip columnist printed a hint. The others took it up. They called Hutton. They called Krasna. Neither would come to the phone. They called the studio. And, after a while, a somewhat embarrassed spokesman announced it was true. The engagement was off. Beyond that there would be no comment from either party. And then the newsmen began adding, and they discovered an amazing thing. (*Continued on page 105*)

MEET MAYOR CROSBY



TO THE PEOPLE OF ELKO, NEVADA, BING'S A GOOD NEIGHBOR WHO OWNS MOST OF THE COUNTY, 3,500 HEAD OF CATTLE, AND SINGS A

■ A little more than a year ago, almost every newspaper in America devoted page one space to a story out of Paris, France, that recounted the simple adventure of a man named Bing Crosby and a pair of Parisian policemen. Mr. Crosby, it seems, had decided to lie down on a cool patch of grass and do a little solitary contemplating, and the *coppaires* wanted to lock him up for it. Everything was resolved to everyone's satisfaction in a very few minutes, but the simple incident made headlines, because the man was Bing Crosby, not just a Gallic man on the street.

Just a few months ago, the same Mr. Crosby, and his radio producer, Bill Morrow, shambled out of the Canadian woods after a fishing expedition and tried to buy a couple of rooms in a Vancouver hotel. The clerk didn't like their looks, so he wouldn't sell. But a bell boy recognized Bing and again the front pages recorded another simple incident in the life of Bing Crosby.

The purpose in reviving these anecdotes is to point out that there is no place in the world where Bing Crosby can go and become involved in even the most minor incident without having it become a news item of major interest. No place, that is, except a town of 5,400 population called Elko, Nevada.

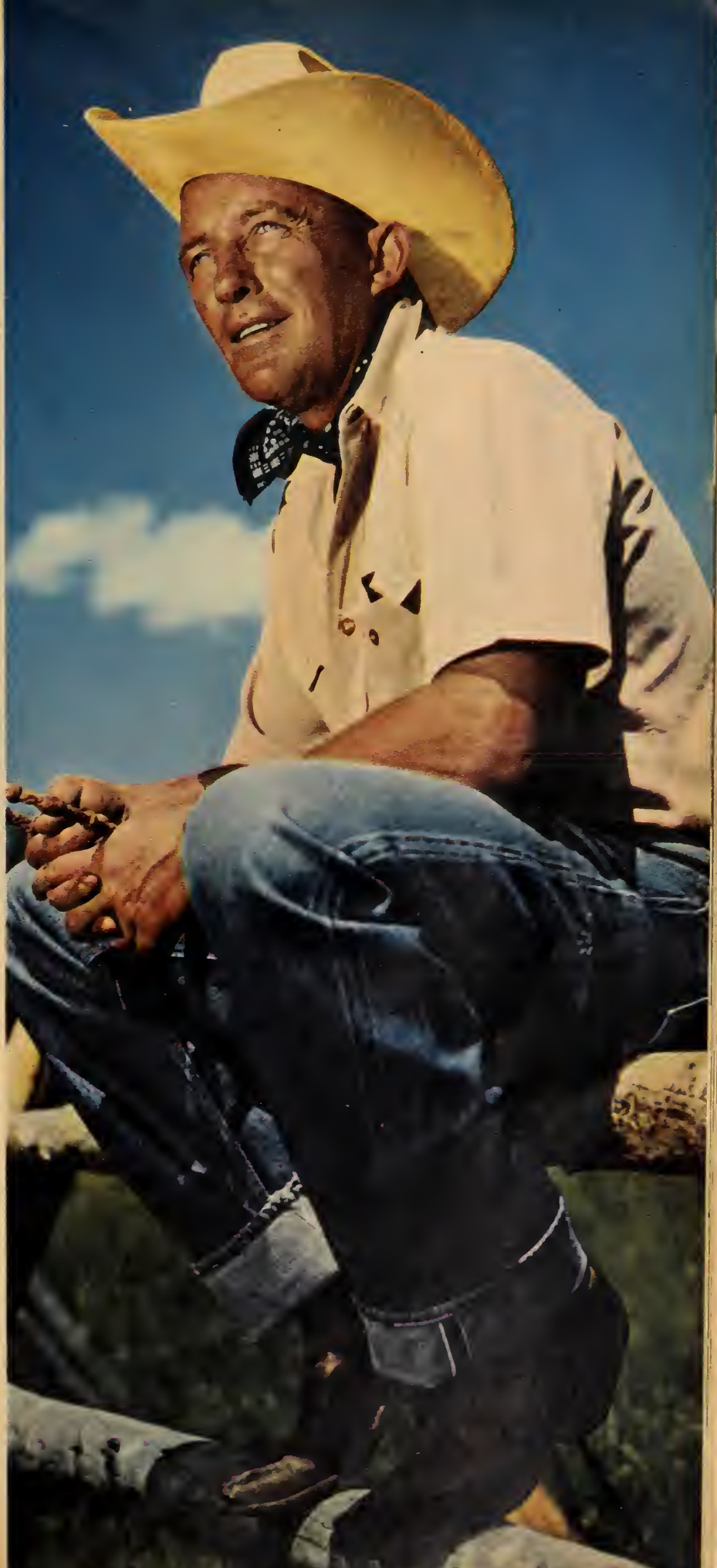
In the town of Elko, Bing Crosby is the man in the street; a rancher from the North Fork country; one of the boys—and his only real distinction is that he is honorary Mayor in a town where the folks call the real Mayor by his first name.

The people of Elko know, of course, that the man sings and is in the movies. They are, as a matter of fact, rather proud that a local lad is so famous in other parts of the

Photo by Bud Fraker



Photo by Joe Heppner



LITTLE ON THE SIDE. **BY JIM HENAGHAN**

country, but it doesn't make much of a difference.

In the cowtown of Elko, Bing Crosby can walk down the street and get no more attention than the usual "Hi." He can stop and look into a store window and nobody else will stop unless there is something in the window besides Bing's reflection that they are interested in. He can sit down on the curb, lean up against a building, play hop-skotch with the kids, put his foot on a brass rail, or do anything else in Elko that any other man does and he'll attract no more attention than any of his neighbors.

(Continued on next page ➤





BLUE SERGE DAY meant denim tuxedos for mayors Crosby and Dotta. (*above*) The fancy duds celebrated the opening of a three-day party for the western premiere of *Here Comes The Groom*. Over 9,000 guests came.

THE THREE B's—THAT'S BASEBALL,

Elko is Bing Crosby's haven. It's the solution to all his problems. And it's the answer to the biggest question he ever had to ask himself.

That question came up just about 10 years ago. The war had just started. The whole world was in a turmoil. Personal problems took on a magnified stature, because the time was perilous. Bing Crosby had been a movie star for years, and the top recording artist almost from the start of the big time record business. He is, by nature, a retiring man, willing to go along with the extrovert activities demanded by the press agents to a degree, but never whole-heartedly. Facing the catastrophic







BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL better watch out when the Crosbys get going. (*Left*) Philip, Dennis, Lindsay and the Old Man choose sides. Bing's acting won more praise than his pitching form (*center*) from the representatives of 72 newspapers who attended the premiere and the game. Dorothy Lamour (*right*) calls a close one. But the boys simmer down when the Voice of Experience warns, "Never argue with an umpire!"







BACKYARD BAR-B-CUE had celebrated guests hard at work. Alexis Smith, Dattie Lamour and Cass Dailey (*left*) catch a porker with Linny giving a hand. While Chef Lamour bends over a hot pit (*center*) Chef Crosby gives out a little dinner music with the Cass County Boys (*right*). The two-theater benefit premiere followed the barbecue. Over $10,000 was raised as a start for a much needed $1,000,000 hospital.

BARBECUE, AND BING—TAKE OVER THE TOWN OF ELKO, NEVADA, FOR A RIP-ROARIN', HIGH-RIDIN' BINGE.

days that appeared certain ahead, and taking stock of his own family situation, Bing knew that he didn't want to go on living in the gold fish bowl he'd been in for so long. And he definitely didn't want his sons raised in Hollywood surroundings. He has said many times that he does not dislike Hollywood, but just doesn't think it a proper place to raise four boisterous, hep kids.

He went on a tour of the country and, although he didn't realize it at the time, he was looking for a home.

According to Gene Evans, city editor of the Elko Daily Free Press, the customary expression made by men looking across the wide Nevada plains to the fertile foothills, is: "Man, what a great country for cattle." But not Bing. He rode out with a friend to a high plateau and spread before him was a flat, beautiful grazing land. A river cut through in a twisting line and off in the distance white-topped mountains were a magnificent backdrop. Bing sat for a moment in the immense silence and said:

"Sure looks like a good country to raise kids in."

Shortly after that first look at God's Country, Bing, trailed by eight-year-old Gary, Philip and Dennis, aged six, and Lindsay, four, drove out to see a man by the name of Ed Ellison and in a matter of hours was the owner of a beautiful, sprawling cattle spread.

The early days of Bing Crosby, rancher, were probably the most satisfying of his life. Summer time was the time for play—or work—for the Crosby family. Bing would go to Hollywood to make his movies in the winter, and would get into San Francisco and other coast cities for his radio programs. He was making more money than ever before, but as he made film love to his various leading ladies and crooned city songs into the microphones, his mind and his heart were in Nevada. And, with the first days of summer, the clan would trot off to the ranch for (*Continued on page 81*)

THIS TIME IT'S REAL

by Marsha Saunders



WHO DOES PETE LOVE? His highly-publicized friendship with Rocky Cooper (*above*) turns out to be just that—while his relotionship with leggy, cleon-cut Jeon MacDonald (*below*) grows more serious.





LAWFORD'S GOT IT BAD — AND WHO GOT

■ According to some Hollywood women of the world, the most dangerous man one can encounter is the housefriend. The housefriend is generally attractive, and more important, always a bachelor—until that time, at least, when he acquires the house of his friend.

The housefriend operates by taking a great fancy to a married couple. He dines with them, sends them gifts, acts as the extra man at their parties. When the husband is ill or busy, and the wife is restless,



HIM THAT WAY? NOT A DANGEROUS HOLLYWOOD SIREN, BUT A GIRL NAMED JEAN MACDONALD WHO STEPPED RIGHT INTO HIS DREAMS.

it's the housefriend who reserves a table for two—and occupies one of the chairs. Sooner or later, the wife develops an antipathy toward her husband and after an honorable amount of time she becomes a bride again, and the housefriend becomes, quite naturally, her groom.

A few years ago it was predicted in smart circles that this was the fate that would befall Peter Lawford who was very fond of the Gary Coopers. When the Coopers separated, Rocky Cooper and Peter became a steady item in the gossip columns. And even today, despite the fact that Rocky is 15 years older than Peter, there are those who will tell you that these two are madly and divinely in love.

Peter Lawford *is* in love. But not with Rocky Cooper. "I've known Rocky since I was 11," Peter says. "And she's a wonderful friend. But the gossip about us is ridiculous. I've been going out with one girl, and pretty steadily, for the past ten months. Her name is Jean MacDonald."

Jean MacDonald is all the things Peter has ever wanted in a woman. She's gay, intelligent, young, well-bred, social, athletic, and of course, beautiful.

She comes from Honolulu, and on September 17th, she was 21. Peter is 28. Whether Pete will propose to Jean on his return from England he isn't saying. But before he left Hollywood, he admitted for the first time that "Jean is my steady. We have a sort of un-official understanding. After all, I wouldn't (*Continued on page 101*)

DEARLY BELOVED

Today, after seven years together, June and Dick fulfill the hope that shines in every bride's eyes on her wedding day.

BY ANNE FIELDING



Family conference, Powell style. Junior member Ricky has the floor; Junie and Pam join him on it.

■ In the early days of their marriage, June's gaiety was high-pitched and slightly unnatural, and Dick sometimes had the look of a man who wasn't quite certain about his future.

It's different now. There's a new air about the Powells. You can't put your finger on the change. But all you have to do is walk through their front door and you get such a feeling of warmth and expansiveness that you know without asking, and without a doubt, that there's love in this house, and serenity.

Six years of marriage have settled the Powells, have made their home into a haven of comfort. It isn't only the years that have done this. It's the fact that now there's a family, where before there was only a marriage.

When Pamela arrived June almost visibly began to soften, relax and mature. Ricky has added the final quieting touch, and today June has a new assurance and composure.

Watching June mellow, Dick has been delighted. The only complaint he'd ever had about her was her fear of accepting responsibility. At the time they were married, the management of a household was new and bewildering to June, and only gradually has she learned efficiency in this respect. With the arrival of the children, she gladly tackled the one job she always wanted—that of motherhood. With its work and responsibility, she has learned that nothing is really frightening once you've mastered it. Now she voluntarily takes on other chores around the house.

Dick had always thought that having a baby was an ordeal for a woman, and knowing this, June purposely restrained herself from any complaints. She showed him having a baby can be fun; and in the process of being cheerful about nausea and heartburn, June shed every last sign of the hypochondria that threatened to engulf her during the early years of their marriage. Finding it was fun to be healthy, she determined that once (*Continued on page 84*)







HERE ARE THE FIRST PICTURES TAKEN OF RICKY POWELL—THE BABY HOLLYWOOD WAITED SEVEN AND ONE HALF MONTHS TO SEE.





how dopey can he get?

Gordon loses suits of clothes, music scores, and even cars. As a man on his own, he's a panic—which is why he always likes to have Sheila along.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS



When Gordon went shopping without Sheilo he impetuously bought a one-bothroom home. Now they hove o new ploce with room to spore for Meredith, Gor, ond Heather.

■ It was very late at night when Gordon MacRae signed the last of 500 autographs backstage at the San Francisco Opera House. He had a warm, happy feeling of success, for his audience of 5,000 had loved him. In fact, their applause had been so overwhelming that Pierre Monteux, San Francisco's fine conductor, had urged him to give them one more number. Gordon had no additional music for even a piano accompaniment, but went back on stage and sang "Old Man River" without any instrumental support. The applause for that had seemed gratifying, too.

But as he walked out of his dressing room Gordon realized that it was mighty cold and dark back-stage. Lonely, too. Where were the people who'd made such a fuss over him upon his arrival? Wined and dined him before he'd stepped on stage to sing for their Tombola Festival, a distinguished annual music event in the city? Where were Conductor and Mrs. Pierre Monteux at whose personal request he had appeared? And where was his escort to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Boone, prominent young San Francisco socialites? He was to be one of the guests of honor at their party that night. As a matter of fact, where was anybody?

"All of a sudden, I felt just like Kirk Douglas in *Champion,* his footsteps echoing, as alone and unwanted he leaves the scene of his defeat," Gordon recalls. "I felt I'd been a flop. A janitor came along, saying, 'I've saved a cold coke for you.' Then an electrician and a chef came along. We sat there and talked awhile, and I wound up at the ball park with the manager (*Continued on page 82*)





WHAT MEN HAVE DONE TO ME

This is a man's world, and a girl has to fight for everything she wants. Men taught me how to fight; they taught me how to live.

by Joan Crawford

■ The other evening I was going over a collection of movie magazines. Naturally, my eyes were diverted to stories dealing with Joan Crawford.

After reading three of them, I said to myself, "Is it *you,* actually *you* they're writing about?"

I couldn't believe it. Honestly! One writer quoted me as saying, "I've made three mistakes in my life—my three marriages, and I'm not proud of any of them."

Another reporter described me as "love-starved, man-crazy, husband-hungry, and altogether unhappy."

A third suggested that I was a domineering hermit who lived only for her career.

Bunk! Pure bunk!

I know the truth about myself, and I'm not afraid of it.

The basic truth about me is that I'm so normal it hurts, and that my character and personality are largely the result of the men in my life.

We all become a part of what we live with.

I have lived with three men, three fine men of character, integrity, kindness, and purpose. Some of it has worn off on me.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., my first husband, had been reared in style. I hadn't. I came from a poor family. I came up the hard way.

It was Doug who taught me graciousness, and introduced me to a way of life I had never known before, with servants and cars and secretaries. I brought to that life a great belief in equality—the feeling that our laundress was as good as we were, that wealth and position were not inalienable rights, that at best, they were the outgrowth of a lucky break or two.

I had never had people work for me before. To get along with them takes tolerance, perseverance, and understanding. I learned all those things.

I have the president of the Joan Crawford Fan Club (*Continued on page 97*)



Howard Keel met Helen in London, where they both played in *Oklahoma!* They married in California in 1949; have a daughter.

His life's no open book

MODERN SCREEN'S reporter ferrets out the story of Hollywood's most phenomenal mystery man—the star-rocketing Howard Keel.

BY FRANCES CLARK

Howard Keel entered the studio commissary with an intriguing creature just as high as his heart. Snow white hair crowned her merry, unwrinkled face. Her step was as spry, her smile as infectious as a child's. She looked adoringly at Howard as, arm around her, he led her into the room.

Every head in the place turned and there was a buzz. "Who's that wonderful looking woman with Howard Keel?"

One savvy reporter said, "I don't know, and I'm not likely to find out if she really means anything to Keel. That guy wouldn't tell you the time of day if it had anything to do with his private life." He continued with the bitterness of a guy who's been gypped out of his daily bread. "Personally, I think all his clamming up about 'personal business' is just a pose. He's going after glamor the way Garbo did."

An interesting theory if true. But the newsman was dead wrong. The truth is that Howard Keel just doesn't like anyone prying into his private life.

The newsman was wrong twice. He *should* have asked Howard about the little lady on his arm. She was the star attraction of the MGM lot that day, and usually silent Howard just couldn't say enough about her.

"That's my grandmother, Matilda Osterkamp. Isn't she something? Eighty-six years old and just made her first airplane trip to visit me. She's taken to Hollywood like a real old-timer."

He went on to tell of her conquest of Hollywood. How she'd gone into business, crocheting and embroidering things and what's more, finding customers for what she makes. Howard says, "It makes no difference that I'm here, and more than able to provide for her needs. She's not dependent on me to get around, either. She just hops on a bus and off she goes."

Grandma Osterkamp gave a hint of Howard Keel's attitude toward personal publicity when she told his mother, "Howard's important now, so we've got to be mighty careful what we say even on the telephone. Maybe folks would misunderstand and reflect it unfavorably on him." And Howard's endless, joyous stories about his grandmother tell more about his past than perhaps even he intends. For out of them one can patch together the story of his personal history. And can even peep behind the wall of secrecy he's built around his home in Brentwood.

"Grandma gave us one of those wonderful old kerosene lamps that hang by chains from the ceiling," he tells. "Grandpa gave it to her 53 years ago. (*Continued on next page*)





KEEL'S INCREDIBLE RISE TO STARDOM in two short years has included roles in *Annie Get Your Gun* with Betty Hutton, (top) and *Show Boat* with Ava Gardner—two of the most lavish musical productions Hollywood has ever known.



TWO IMPORTANT WOMEN in Howard's life are his grandmother, Matilda Osterkamp, and his mother, Grace Keel. Usually reticent, Keel is happy to show off Grandma. He's silent about the rest of his private life; shares Grandma's sentiment: "We-e-ll, Howard, I'm not sure it's good for anyone to have all that fuss made over him."

It cost $2.50 then and we paid exactly ten times that just to have it restored. We didn't have it rewired, though. We're using it just the way they did. That way it'll fit in with the rustic ranch house we hope to build some day."

Asked when he expects to build, he said he didn't know. Asked if he expected to have stables, too, he said, "No. They're too expensive to keep up." The Keels seem to be going slow about cashing in on his financial success, from what one can infer from his further remarks about his home.

"We're living in a rented house. The carpets and drapes were in it. We didn't want to go out and buy just anything. We want every piece to be right. So we found a man who designs and builds furniture to order. Whenever we're ready to buy another piece, we contact him. He makes up several designs just for us, then we select the one we want. We just got our coffee table. Made of alder wood. That's a little darker than maple. Six feet long and 35 inches wide. It sort of crowds the living room now, I guess." His eyes lit up as he continued, "Even if it does, I hope before long to get that big chair I've promised myself."

Many believe that Keel's attitude toward his home and the public's interest in him stems from earlier hurts of poverty, and his ineffectual, trouble-making rebellions against being pushed around. They think he wants to eventually spit in everyone's eye with a dazzling show of success. It's a childish reaction, maybe, but maybe he's got cause. Look at the record of his childhood.

He talks freely about his life until he was 11 years old. Then the Keels were a happy family back in Gillespie, Illinois. His father, like most men in that town of 5,000, was a coal miner. His earnings couldn't provide luxuries but that didn't matter. He gave Howard and his older brother the priceless gift of being a pal, of guiding them wisely with a firm and gentle hand.

Howard's mother, Grace Keel, provided wonderfully for her men with that talent some women have of making a great deal out (*Continued on page 95*)



"Lux Soap facials do wonders for my skin . . .



"Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says lovely Virginia Mayo. "I cream the Lux lather well in—it's *active* lather—so good for the complexion.



"Then I rinse with warm water, a few splashes of cold. I pat gently with a soft towel to dry." Such an easy care—but it really does the trick!



"It's amazing the way these Lux Soap facials give skin fresh new beauty!" Virginia says. *You* can be Lux-lovely! Try the soap 9 out of 10 famous screen stars use.



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

night game

WHEN HOLLYWOOD STARS GET TOGETHER FOR CHARITY'S SAKE, YOU CAN BET IT'LL BE A NIGHT TO REMEMBER. HERE'S ONE OF THOSE UNFORGETTABLE NIGHTS, HILARIOUSLY SPENT AT GILMORE STADIUM.

■ When the lights went on in Gilmore Stadium a few weeks ago, baseball fans got more than runs for their money. They got a whole collection of beautiful actresses for bat girls. They also got Bob Hope (entirely muscle-bound) and Gary Cooper as rival captains in one of the biggest all-star games in history. They called it baseball, but they played it for laughs. Proceeds went to charity. And baseball—on that night, at least—went to the dogs.



Bat girls Marilyn Maxwell, Jane Russell and Dorothy Lomour arrive at Hollywood's Gilmore Stadium in a surrey with a fringe on top.



Gory Cooper's team included Shelley Winters and Gordon MacRae. Gordon made a few hits, his biggest with the ladies in the stands.



Tony Curtis played on Hope's side, and he put his all into it. Jane Russell and Morilyn Maxwell carried him onto the field—for luck.



Also for luck was the wifely kiss Janet Leigh gave her baseball hero. He tried, but he just couldn't hit a homer, not even for love.



Time out in a strenuous game! Bat girl Mona Freemon raced to the sidelines between innings to relax on husbond Pot Nerney's lap.



Only a massage stands between Hope and victory. Before he pitched to Gary Cooper, Bob whipped out a tape measure and sized him up.

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Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only $1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! **Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!**



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looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest

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Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!
Never before a wave so easy to manage!
Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last!
Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

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Home Permanent

Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

ten fantastic years

(*Continued from page 40*) history.

Back in 1941, another unknown with a pleasant smile did his first stint before a Paramount camera. He'd been hanging around Hollywood for a long time, getting bits in pictures, little theaters and radio. He'd worked as a grip, and he'd run a hamburger stand in the Valley. He ate, but he wasn't signing any movie contracts. Then he met a girl, a former movie star turned agent. Her name was Sue Carol. She became Mrs. Alan Ladd in March 1942, but that day on the Paramount set Alan's whole dazzling future was just a wish on both their parts. When Alan finished his first big time scene he walked straight to her.

"I knew you could do it," she said, and folks on the set witnessed the best clinch they'd seen in years on or off the screen.

The picture was *This Gun For Hire* and the stars were Veronica Lake, of the one-eyed hairdo, and muscle-man Brian Donlevy. At the preview in Pasadena, Sue and Alan sat with their fingers crossed and their hands clasped. There it was on the screen following all the other high and mighty credits, just a line saying, "And introducing Alan Ladd."

I remember when Carl Schroeder, now an editor of MODERN SCREEN, said to me at a party soon after, "Hedda, have you seen that guy Sue Carol's peddling? She brought him into my office today. A real nice guy. But he'll never get any place. Just hasn't got it."

Is your face red, Carl?

TEN years ago—1941—how can I forget it? Or the 10 fantastic years that came after when stars were born and stars faded out like used-up electric bulbs. Picture-wise, 1941 was a big fat year, but Europe was at war, and movie producers were mourning their loss of the European markets. They should have saved their aspirins for 1951 and television! Then came Pearl Harbor, and men from everywhere including Hollywood, went off to fight. But they came home on leave and there were two girls who always managed to get handsome escorts. They went everywhere, that Carole Landis and Lupe Velez—dancing, laughing, romancing. Most loved and courted of the Glamor Girls, a few years later they both committed suicide—for love!

Very few people had heard of June Allyson in 1941. Not even, I suspect, Dick Powell. Today June with her friendliness, sincerity, and boundless energy, has won the hearts of millions. Just like Alan Ladd, she is a part of the American scene. But in 1941, June, very short of cash, was just one of the hundreds of ambitious kids trying to get a break in the New York theater. June, following a serious accident, had been told by doctors that she would never walk again. But by dint of pure grit she took up swimming and dancing. In 1941 she was understudying the indestructible Betty Hutton in *Panama Hattie* and her chances of becoming a Hollywood movie star were about as slim as Frankie Sinatra's hips. And then it happened, right out of the blue.

"June—June Allyson," called the stage manager frantically at the door of the big room where all the chorines were dressing. "You gotta go on, kid. In a few minutes. Betty Hutton's broken her leg."

In the audience that night was Producer George Abbott. He starred her and Nancy Walker in *Best Foot Forward,* and when Metro bought the show they bought June and Nancy too.

Ten years can certainly make a difference in the life of a movie star. It can make a difference in your life, and in mine. What were you doing 10 years ago? I remember what I was doing.

The past 10 years have brought about a complete switch in my life. I started writing a column in 1938 for only 13 newspapers. By 1941 I had twice that many papers. But to embellish my income, I was working in as many pictures as I could get, and doing many guest shots on radio. I had an airshow for Sunkist oranges three times weekly. When that went off the air I did a show called "Hollywood Showcase" in which I introduced new talent. One night I introduced a lovely little girl named Suzanne Burse, with a much better than average singing voice.

"Suzanne," I asked, "tell me about yourself. Where do you come from, and what are you doing in Hollywood?"

"Miss Hopper," she said, "I've been singing on radio station KOIN in Portland, Oregon. I'm in Hollywood on vacation with my parents. I want to see movie stars and get as many autographs as possible. May I have yours?"

Shortly afterwards that pretty child was signed by Metro. Now she's known throughout the world as Jane Powell. Today she doesn't get autographs, she gives them. But she's as sweet and unspoiled as she was that night on my program.

Today my column is syndicated by the Chicago Tribune-New York Daily News, with some 30,000,000 readers. I've moved from a tiny bungalow—where I lived happily on the wrong side of the tracks—to a house in Beverly Hills, with the conventional swimming pool. I work even harder today than I did 10 years ago.

I have not been unhappy these past 10 years. My life has been filled to the brim, and sometimes it overflows a little. One of these times was when my granddaughter Joan was born. I believe it's more important to have your older years filled with excitement than your younger ones. I've said many times, "Youth is so wonderful. It's too bad to waste it on youth."

Still in my nostalgic mood I ran into one of my favorite actors, Dana Andrews, at the Goldwyn studios recently.

"Dana," I asked curiously, "what were you doing 10 years ago? I bet your big worry at that time was not the upkeep on your $350,000 yacht!"

"I'll sell it to you for $40,000," said Dana with a grin. "The upkeep is killing me. Mary's my memory." He turned to his attractive wife. "Honey, what were we up to in 1941?"

"You weren't making enough to keep a rowboat afloat in those days," Mary obliged. "Hedda, we were living in a small frame stucco house in Van Nuys, for which we were paying $45 a month rent. Indeed I do remember 1941. Dana was working in *Swamp Water.* The picture was on location, bad weather had held up production, and the company had to work on Sunday. Dana got overtime. The first time he had to work overtime. The first time he had ever gotten overtime. It was just enough for me to go out and buy a refrigerator, which we had been needing very badly.

"And I have another reason for remembering 1941," Mary added. "After Dana finished *Ball of Fire* in which he had a fast three days work, we went on a leisurely visit to Texas. Nine months later our first child was born."

HOW times have changed. Back in 1941 Betty Grable, in her second year on her Fox contract, made four films, *Moon Over Miami, Yank in the RAF, Hotspot, Song of the Island,* and started a fifth. That has not happened since. Betty today only wants to make one picture a year, and right now she isn't sure she wants to make that. After 12 years of uninterrupted harmony, Betty and her studio had a spat. It was no lovers' quarrel. The studio took her off salary and suspended her—the most drastic thing that's happened in Hollywood. The studio said she was being temperamental. Betty said she was being practical. It's the most bitter contract hassle we've had since Olivia de Havilland sued Warner Brothers—and how it will end, I don't know. Betty's friends say she's had it, and wants to quit. But this I doubt. Betty's hobby is breeding race horses. And when the bills for hay roll in, the money rolls out.

Well, the studio may suspend Betty, but no one can suspend that girl's popularity. She hit the top 10 of the exhibitors' poll in 1942, and has been on it ever since. Not bad for a girl who has been in pictures 24 years.

No one ever heard of Janet Leigh in 1941. Certainly Tony Curtis never had. Tony Curtis wasn't even Tony Curtis. He was Bernie Schwartz, and he was busy snitching apples and candies from the grocery stores in the Bronx, with no thought of Hollywood. Jeanette Morrison was an unhappy little school girl of 13. Her grandfather died that year, and her parents moved from Stockton, California, where she had lots of friends, to Merced to live with the bereaved grandmother. Janet didn't know a soul in Merced. And it was no fun breaking in with a new gang.

But another little girl was well on her way to movie fame in 1941. Ten-year-old Elizabeth Taylor had come from England at the outbreak of the war, and her father had opened up the Francis Taylor art gallery in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Her mother was ambitious for a movie career for Elizabeth, and she brought her to my house that year to sing for me. Elizabeth's beauty was more startling than her voice. But I obligingly took her to Metro and had her sing for Louis B. Mayer. But nothing happened.

In December, following Pearl Harbor, Mr. Taylor became an air raid warden. Covering their "beat" one night, Mr. Taylor and producer Sam Marx started discussing their troubles.

"You think you have troubles," said Mr. Marx. "I've really got troubles. I've got to find a little English girl to team with Roddy McDowell in my next Lassie picture. I've tested every little girl in town, it seems. What phony accents."

Mr. Taylor said he had a little girl, and he could certainly guarantee that she was English. Elizabeth's screen test for *Lassie Came Home* won her a contract at Metro.

One of the tip-top stars of 1941, as she is of 1951, is my good (*Continued on page 72*)

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answers to bud collyer's quiz on page 12

1. The Bumsteads, Judge Hardy's, The Days (*Life With Father*), and Ma and Pa Kettle
2. Olivia de Havilland in *To Each His Own* (1945-46)
   Joan Fontaine in *Suspicion* (1940-41)
3. *You Can't Take It With You*
   Dear Ruth
   Father of the Bride
4. The Barrymores; Lionel, Ethel, and John
5. Keenan and Ed Wynn
   Tim and Jack Holt
   Lon Chaney, Jr., and Sr.
   Bing and Gary Crosby
   Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Sr.

WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

YOU CAN QUALIFY TO

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(SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS)

500 PRIZES GIVEN

in the 2nd Annual 'GOLD RUSH' Contest

In this fascinating puzzle game, you can easily qualify to win a fabulous Cash Award. Here is a money-making opportunity for you . . . an opportunity to earn $3,000.00; $5,000.00; $10,000.00 or EVEN AS MUCH AS SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS cash, and without leaving the comfort of your own home.

★ SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ENTRY

In this NEW-style FUN-puzzle game, the usual order is completely reversed. Instead of asking you to obtain the highest score for the qualifying puzzle—WE GIVE THE CORRECT ANSWER RIGHT AT THE START. Then all that is necessary to become eligible is to connect 12 numbers on the chart depicted here, so that the sum of these 12 numbers, when all added together, will score up to 300. COULD ANYTHING BE EASIER THAN THAT? The instructions given below are "crystal clear" and easy to follow. No dictionaries, encyclopedias, picture puzzle books or other expensive reference works are needed. **You know exactly what to do.** Send your solution quickly and some day you may say *"that was the luckiest day of my life."*

$42,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

This Huge Distribution of Contest Cash is offered by the COMMUNITY YOUTH CENTER of Indianapolis. This nation-wide non-sectarian campaign is being conducted to acquaint you with our activities as well as to enlist your support, so that the splendid work carried on for many years among the underprivileged children of this great city may be maintained and extended.

EXAMPLE CHART

34	98	62	32	22	54	64
38	12	51	23	15	29	77
67	59	95	79	23	33	57
52	58	25	16	17	24	92
73	13	34	35	71	29	30
30	38	21	82	68	86	36
77	46	77	74	35	54	53

EARN $1000 EXTRA

When mailing back your entry, write on a separate sheet, the names and addresses of two persons you know who enjoy working interesting puzzles and whom you feel sure would like to enter this money-making puzzle competition. Should either of these friends win any one of the three top prizes—you will receive $1,000 EXTRA as your reward.

★ HERE'S HOW TO WORK THE PUZZLE

In the puzzle diagram at the right, there are 49 numbers. (Each group of 2 figures represents a number, thus 52 is a number.) To solve the problem, just draw a path connecting 12 numbers so that they will add up to a total of exactly 300 points. (See example solution above.) Your path must be ONE CONTINUOUS CHAIN OF NUMBERS but you may turn as often as you wish. The path MUST start with the number 23 located in the second row and must proceed either to the right or down. From the starting number 23, you must go in one direction for three, four or five numbers, when you must then turn in another direction. LESS THAN 3 NUMBERS OR MORE THAN 5 NUMBERS IN A STRAIGHT LINE ARE NOT PERMITTED. Add the corner numbers only once. Your path must not cross or touch another part of your path. *It is suggested you black out all the numbers not used in your path, thus leaving the 12 numbers all in white, as shown in the sample solution.* Contest closes March 31st, 1952.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE CHART

25	62	53	76	68	54	36
31	23	26	15	20	16	51
71	49	27	34	24	22	29
52	14	21	19	22	41	56
28	11	44	30	40	13	63
61	33	31	18	32	17	74
45	12	72	48	35	46	65

Rush FREE Entry Now!

After you have drawn your path of 12 numbers, clip out the puzzle chart with coupon, print your name and address and mail to COMMUNITY YOUTH CENTER, 44 South Capitol Ave., Indianapolis 4, Ind. SEND NO MONEY. That's all you need do to be eligible. The same day we receive your entry, we will reply, telling you how easy it is to proceed and win one of the 500 generous prizes, including the Grand Award of $17,000.00. Mail your entry and make certain you have taken the first step which can lead to prosperity. COSTS NOTHING TO TRY. When you receive our letter outlining the next step in this fascinating game—you will be under no obligation to go any farther unless you want to continue in the contest. Residents of the United States, Alaska, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, who are 18 years of age and over, are eligible to enter contest. *"A pencil, a line, a few days play, beats a lifetime of saving the usual way."*

• A GEMEROY SUPERVISED CONTEST.

USE THIS CHART

I have drawn on the above chart a path of 12 numbers totalling 300. Tell me how I may NOW proceed to win up to $17,000 GRAND AWARD in your 2nd ANNUAL GOLD RUSH CONTEST. I am at least 18 years old.

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Be a smoothie!



NEW

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For that neat, natural look rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on the ends of your hair, along the part, at temples.

To help correct a permanent that left your hair dry, stiff and fuzzy, pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the palm of your hand and rub on those brittle ends.

For a dry, tight scalp pour a few drops of soothing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on fingertips and massage scalp thoroughly but gently.

Remember, new Lady Wildroot is a feminine hair dressing, a cream hair dressing made especially for women's hair. Not sticky! Not greasy! It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry hair, to give it more body, make it more manageable, help it keep that neat, natural look. Delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity. Wonderful for training children's hair, too.



Personal size 50¢ . . .
Dressing-table size $1.00
(plus tax)

P. S. *For a shampoo that* gleams *as it* cleans *try new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo.*

(*Continued from page 70*) friend Bette Davis. In January of that year I remember Bette was busy denying all sorts of lurid rumors: such as a feud with Ida Lupino who was said to have imitated her in her last picture (shades of Tullulah Bankhead), a battle with Warner Brothers, and a romance with Bob Taplinger, publicity director. In April, after a serious romance with George Brent, she quite unexpectedly married a non-professional New Englander named Arthur Farnsworth. Arthur died in 1943 of a cerebral hemorrhage. In the years between 1941 and 1951 Bette hit new lows in unhappiness. In 1949 she broke with Warner Brothers where she had been under contract since 1931. After seeing her last picture there, *Beyond the Forest,* I wrote in my column, "If Bette had deliberately set out to wreck her career she couldn't have picked a more appropriate vehicle." Bette's married life to William Grant Sherry, a former prize fighter with a penchant for smashing furniture, had gone sour too. You couldn't find a more miserable girl than Bette. Bette was down, and Hollywood was on the verge of counting her out, when along came *All About Eve.* A new career—and a new husband, a dream of a guy named Gary Merrill. And I had the pleasure of writing in my column, "Hollywood's most thrilling comeback was made by its finest actress, Bette Davis."

ANOTHER of 1941's tip top stars, as he is today, is Gary Cooper. Though his life hasn't been so flamboyant and dramatic as Bette's during the past 10 years, Coop has had his share of excitement. Gary was high up on the exhibitors' poll in 1941. And that was the year he made *Sergeant York* for which he was to receive an Academy Award. I recall interviewing him just about that time. After he married socialite Veronica Balfe of the Long Island set, no one ever mentioned Gary's wild flings of some 20 or so years ago with Clara Bow and Lupe Velez. But I always rush in.

"Don't you miss those exciting days?" I asked Coop. "Your life was certainly more hectic then, but it must have been more fun too."

Gary looked across the lawn at Rocky (Mrs. Cooper) playing tennis with the Right People, and little four-year-old Maria and her very proper governess.

"I guess I fit comfortably into this life," he said lazily. "So why make a fuss about it?"

When I interviewed him in 1951 he wasn't so comfortable. The marriage had been on the rocks for some years, but it wasn't until this year that Rocky finally broke down and admitted it. Now that it's out in the open, Gary is out in the open with Pat Neal, with whom he fell in love two years ago when they were making *The Fountainhead.* Rocky says she will not give Gary a divorce. But Nancy Sinatra said that about Frankie, too.

A big social event of 1941 was 19-year-old Deanna Durbin's marriage to pink-cheeked, young Vaughn Paul. Since then Deanna has had two husbands, and some pretty terrible pictures. Deanna, who once pulled Universal out of the red, and who averaged 9,000 fan letters a day, found herself washed up as a movie star at 26. She had become too fat, the studio said, and lost her girlish appeal. A few months ago Deanna, now in France, thumbed her nose at them with an interview in a French paper. "In Hollywood they want everybody to look not only slim but downright meager. I refuse to go on a strenuous diet. I visited the Louvre and saw some of the most beautiful statues in the world, and all those women were fatter than I am." That's true, Deanna, but they don't

have to bring themselves before a camera.

In 1941 the fans were taking it very hard because their little Judy Garland wanted to grow up. They liked to think of her as the little girl who had the crush on Mickey Rooney, and the child dancing with the scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*. David Rose, Martha Raye's ex, who married Judy during that year, petulantly announced that he was sick of *The Wizard of Oz*, and being called old enough to be Judy's father. Even though she looked 16, sometimes 13, Judy was 19, certainly a marriageable age.

Judy made the Big Ten in the exhibitors' poll for the first time in 1941, and stayed on it for years afterward. She would still be there if she hadn't allowed herself to get so plump, and temperamental. Though there had been much back fence gossip about Judy and her hassles with Metro, they didn't become front page news until Judy was hastily dropped from the starring role in *Annie Get Your Gun* and replaced by Betty Hutton. Judy was given time off to calm her frazzled nerves. Then came the horrifying headlines of June 20, 1950, "Judy Garland Cuts Throat." Last Sepember, Judy was given her release from the studio where she had worked since she was 13. And she was also released from a salary that's twice as much as the President of the United States gets. But when the parting of the ways came, it was rumored that Judy was broke. If so, she certainly remedied that little matter in England where she earned as much as $20,000 a week in British vaudeville. Only 29, Judy can easily start a 1951 picture career—if she will buckle down, slim down, and work hard. But will she?

IN the summer preceding Pearl Harbor, Columbia Studios called in a young Life photographer, name of Bob Landry,* to do a glamor sitting of a young star who had just made her first hit in *You'll Never Get Rich*. Among the pictures he shot of Rita Hayworth that day was the one of her on the bed looking most provocative in a satin and lace nightie. This became the most popular pin-up picture of all times. It has even eclipsed in popularity the gorgeous one made of Betty Grable in 1943.

Rita in those days was married to Eddie Judson. "I had to be sold to the public just like a breakfast cereal or a real estate development or something new in ladies' wear," Rita told an interviewer at that time. "Eddie gets full credit for selling me. He made me spend every dime we could scrape up on beautiful clothes to wear to night clubs where producers would see me."

I remember seeing her at a premiere that year, and I have never seen any star more patient with the lens boys. If they had asked her to stand on her hands and sing a song, I am sure she would have gladly done so.

"Any time photographers gang up on me I love it, Hedda," she told me in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater. "And why shouldn't I? It's part of my career, isn't it?"

Princess Rita, now one of the most famous women in the world, is not so fond of the press and photographers today, I regret to say. When she returned to Hollywood and a photographer asked her for a full face "shot" she snapped at him, "What's wrong with my profile?" The 1941 Rita, shy, timid and uncertain, wouldn't have snapped at any one. Much less a photographer. But that was 10 years ago, and Rita isn't the only one who's changed. THE END

(**See page 38 for Bob Landry's latest pictures of Rita.*—ED.)



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cleans as it gleams

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Lucky you, when you discover new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo! For it's not just a liquid, not just a cream . . . it's a combination of the *best* of both.

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JUNE ALLYSON, co-star of M.G.M.'s "TOO YOUNG TO KISS" and DICK POWELL, co-star of M.G.M.'s "TALL TARGET"

"My husband is tearing our place apart!"

"There isn't a more considerate husband in the world than Dick Powell," June Allyson boasted. "But I'm afraid he'll leave me 'homeless'! When he isn't breaking through walls of the house, he's out chopping trees. I like to help, but days like this are murder for my hands.



"Sometimes he takes the furniture apart to refinish it. I help and afterwards my hands beg for soothing Jergens Lotion.



"I learned at the studio Jergens doesn't just *coat* skin, it softens because it penetrates and furnishes moisture.



"So no matter how I abuse my hands, Jergens Lotion keeps them lovely for studio closeups—and for Dick."



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it's a man's viewpoint

■ These wonderful guys—Ken Tobey, Keefe Brasselle, Scott Brady, Carleton Carpenter, Fernando Lamas (*not shown in photo above*), and Michael Woulfe (RKO fashion designer)—all members of MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board—huddle together at the Beverly Hills Club to choose clothes *men* like women to wear. Sheer stockings (Glen Raven) and—flattering shoes (Delmanette) were first on the Award ballots!

LIZ SCOTT KNOWS it's a very, very smart idea for a woman to wear clothes that men like! Liz, in Hal Wallis' *Red Mountain* (Paramount), poses in these Award Winning fashions chosen by the all-male panel.

Duchess Royal—suit. About $35
Sally V—hat. About $10
Hansen Gloves. About $3
Abon Glove Ring. From $1 to $2.50
(Clipped to the handbag handle holding gloves.)
Julius Resnick—handbag. About $3 (plus taxes)
Delmanette—shoes. About $17
Glen Raven—hosiery. About $1.35
The MODERN SCREEN *Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board voted a special award to Max Factor for "the creation of cosmetics that have enhanced the beauty of the women of America!"*

ALL HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS ON THIS AND FOLLOWING PAGES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80.







modern screen's

hollywood approved fashions





Lovely Mala Powers, seen in the United Artist's hit production *Cyrano de Bergerac,* models the honey of a glamor date dress our wonderful guys selected as the Award Winner from Teentimer. Of course, it has the very popular full skirt made to wear over your exciting new petticoats for the "bouffant look." Colors: Peacock blue, red, gold or purple—checked with black. Junior Sizes: 9-15. About $9. By Teentimer. Mala's nylon hosiery—the new light shade "Harmony Blush" by Glen Raven. About $1.35.

THE HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS ON THIS AND THE OPPOSITE PAGE MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80.

BRADY: *"Shorter skirts mean slicker chicks."*

TOBEY: *"Sheer hose, straight seams for me."*





See our all-male panel of wonderful guys in some wonderful pictures. Scott Brady—20th Century-Fox's *The Morriage Broker;* Ken Tobey—RKO's *The Left Hand of God;* Michael Woulfe designed Janet Leigh's wardrobes for RKO's *Jet Pilot* and *Two Tickets to Broadway.* He also designed gowns for Jane Russell in RKO's *Macao;* Carleton Carpenter—MGM's *21 Days;* Keefe Brasselle—MGM's *Bannerline;* Fernando Lamas —MGM's *The Merry Widow.*

men go for Glamor

Glamor—you bet men like it! And women should make the most of this tip. Our wonderful guys chose all our glamor Award Winning fashions from a collection of clothes and accessories gathered together by your fashion editor and gorgeous Denise Darcel. A Parisienne in America, Denise thinks French women dress to please men and that American women should do likewise. (*Far right*), Denise (see her in MGM's *Westward The Women*) poses in the Award Winning Kay-Selig evening gown of opalescent taffeta with a velvet bodice encrusted with pearl drops and rhinestones—the matching stole is caught on one arm by a novel bracelet of velvet. Colors: Turquoise, red garnet, opal green or amethyst taffeta with black velvet bodice. Sizes 10-16. Junior Sizes 9-15. About $40.



Denise chooses o group of evening gowns. The oll-mole ponel chose the one she guessed os winner.



Our oll-mole ponel opproved the entire collection of gowns—but favored the gown Denise models (*right*).



WOULFE: *"A girl can't miss with the feminine look."*



CARPENTER: *"I'll take 'em sweet and simple, please."*



BRASSELLE: *"I'm a guy who can't get enough of red."*



LAMAS: *"Those strapless evening gowns—bravo! Encore!"*







men go for the Trim look

Denise Darcel previewed McKettrick's line; decided which should go to the ponel . . .



. . . then the men took over. Models come, the boys sow, ond voted winners. -



The lods approve the Glen Roven hosiery —but knew a better woy to model it.







hollywood approved fashions

Designer Michael Woulfe gets a tip on the Abon Glove Ring. (*See close-up page 75*)



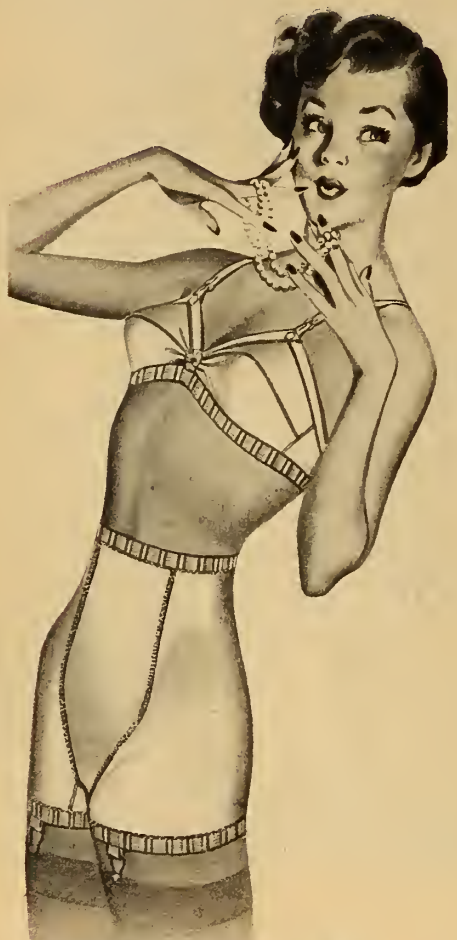
■ You'll find glamor and the trim look in these Award Winning daytime clothes. (*Far left*) Rebel Randall, in the Lippert production *Roaring City,* poses in a McKettrick suit of menswear check trimmed with velveteen. Colors: Brown, green or red checked with black—black velveteen trim. Sizes 10-20. About $18. (*Left*), Jan Sterling, in Paramount's *Rhubarb,* models a shirtwaist dress of flannel-type wool-blend plaid. Wing collar and cuffs, dolman sleeves, a bias skirt with inverted front pleat and hip pockets distinguish this McKettrick Classic. Colors: Gray-green with yellow, or gray with red. Sizes 10-18. About $20. Jan's pumps of suede with patent trim, called "Twister," are by Delmanette. About $18. (*Above*), Nancy Davis, in MGM's *It's a Big Country,* very chic in a Diamond Debs coat of Anglo's oxford gray worsted with soft trim of velvet. Sizes 7-15. About $70. Again, Delmanette "Twister" pumps. (*Above right*), Marie Windsor, in King Vidor's *East is East,* is trim in a Diamond Debs suit of worsted pin-point tweed combined with a suede leather jacket with tweed trim. Colors: Greige, rust, red, dark brown, tan or gold. Sizes 7-15. Around $55. Marie wears Delmanette shoes. Hansen gloves. Harry Levine handbag. About $3 (plus taxes).

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DUCHESS ROYAL—Pg. 75

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Minneapolis, Minn.—Young-Quinlan
New York, N. Y.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Trenton, N. J.—Voorhees
Westwood, Calif.—Frances Druehl

McKETTRICK—Pg. 78

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
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Cincinnati, Ohio—Rollmans
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Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
New York, N. Y.—Russeks
Philadelphia, Pa.— Gimbel Bros.
Reading, Pa.—Pomeroy's
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Salt Lake City, Utah—Keith-O'Brien
Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock Lubin
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TEENTIMERS—Pg. 76

Charleston, S. Carolina—Efrids Department Store
Dayton, Ohio—The Leonard Company
Fort Worth, Texas—W. C. Stripling
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
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DIAMOND DEBS—Pg. 79

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Chicago, Ill.—John T. Shayne
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Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Coat Only
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.

KAY-SELIG—Pg. 77

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito
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JULIUS RESNICK HANDBAGS—Pg. 75

Can be purchased at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

HARRY LEVINE HANDBAGS—Pg. 79

Can be purchased at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

ABON GLOVE RING—Pgs. 75, 79

Can be purchased at leading independent and chain department stores throughout the country.

GLEN RAVEN HOSIERY—Pgs. 75, 76, 78

Can be purchased at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

DELMANETTE SHOES—Pgs. 75, 78, 79

Can be purchased at Delman Shoe Salons and leading department stores throughout the country.

MAX FACTOR COSMETICS—Pg. 74 (photo below).

Can be purchased at leading department and drug stores throughout the country.

DESCRIPTIVE COPY AND COLOR ON Pg. 75—LIZ SCOTT:

Duchess Royal suit—worsted-like rayon tweed with velvet trim. Gray with black or red trim—brown with brown trim. Sizes 10-16. Sally V cushion beret of red velveteen. Hansen double woven cotton shortie gloves. Black or brown. Abon Glove Ring—no more gloves lost—novel glove holder with safety lock to hold the chain securely to the handbag—the strong spring clip holds the gloves, securely, yet opens easily to release gloves—all rings finished in golden abon-plate. Julius Resnick black faille handbag. Delmanette—Motif, tailored high heel pump of black suede and calf. Glen Raven nylon hosiery: 15 Denier 51 gauge, in new shade Opus Rust.

If there is no store listed near you, write to the Fashion Dept., c/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



Our wonderful guys previewed world-famous Max Factor cosmetics—then they voted them an award (see page 74). (*Left to right*) Carleton Carpenter, Michael Woulfe, Ken Tobey, Scott Brady, Keefe Brasselle say "Let's face it!"

meet mayor crosby

(*Continued from page 55*) branding, haying, home musical evenings, country sewing parties and the many bucolic practices of western people.

Pretty soon the place got too small. A sizable place by other standards, the Ellison spread was not quite the biggest ranch in the state, and as the boys grew older, Bing decided they could be kept busier and healthier on larger acreage. Actually, at that time, this was his only consideration.

Cattle men are known as pretty fair traders. Unlike city deals, which are generally made around the long table of a corporation board room, ranch deals in Nevada are more than likely consummated atop the upper rail of a nearby fence, or in a hotel lobby. One day, Bing buttonholed a fellow who owned the Circle S Ranch, a very sizable piece of property, traded off the old place, and by nightfall was a much bigger cattle man than he'd been that morning.

To make a long story short, by careful trading, hard work and hewing to the western tradition that a man's word is his bond, Bing Crosby has become one of the biggest cattle men in the west. It is his life, his home away from Hollywood, and it will be the home of his kids for many years.

An inventory of the Crosby family holdings in Elko County will surprise many easterners, because the impression has been given in print that Bing's "ranch" in Nevada is a rest farm and a place for the kids to get a little exercise. Actually, the ranch is tremendous in size, being made up of five properties of good size bundled into one. A conservative estimate of the value of the place has been set by an Elkoite at around $2,000,000. It is also estimated that Bing's herd runs to a minimum of 3,500 head—and that an annual profit in "meat" years is close to a quarter of a million dollars.

If you are a man who patronizes the beef markets, you have no doubt seen his brands. They are the "Y" Bench, the PX Straight Away, the Cross B, the Quarter Circle X, and the Quarter Circle N. The cattle bearing these brands are eating their heads off during the winter months, dining on hay grown, cut and stacked by the Crosby kids. And in the summer, they are roving thousands of acres of grazing land owned or committed to the Crosby stock.

The deeded land in the Crosby holding amounts to 25,000 acres, big even for the west. In active use at all times are 150 horses, 75 of them saddle animals. It takes 60 days to hay for the winter months, and 35 full-time men and the four boys do the work. The usual crop is 4,500 tons. Fourteen tractors work the property as well as countless smaller pieces of equipment and trucks. The Crosbys operate their own hydro-electric plant that supplies light and power—and they are at present putting in an air strip on the land that will be 3,700 feet long and will accommodate a good sized, twin-engined airplane. Bing doesn't care for flying himself, but his friends do. There is only one drawback. Privacy on the telephone is unknown, for there are 22 other phones on the party line.

EVEN though the Bing Crosby ranch in Nevada is a big and prosperous business enterprise today, it remains primarily just what Pop intended it to be in the first place. It's a range on which to rear kids, or, as Bing once said, "A place where I can raise husky ones. . . ." Life is hard. Gary, the oldest of the lads, at 18 is as strong as a bull, and gets a chance every day to prove it. He is a stocky kid with a good deal of the casual grace of his father, but much more muscular. He rises with the chickens, and until sundown he has his hands full with chores regularly assigned to him. There is no work considered too hard for him.

The twins, Philip and Dennis, are not quite as developed as their older brother, but at 16 they show every promise of catching up with him very soon. They do lighter work, but when it comes to spending the hours in the hay fields, they ask no quarter from Gary or even the toughest hay hand in the gang. They are as at home with a beef or a horse as any cowboy kid in the locality. When Philip works on a steer he does it as well as a rodeo hand, complete master of the situation and fearless in all emergencies.

The youngster of the mob is Lindsay, who is a not too tender 12. He is a superb horseman and a fine worker, but it is the opinion of all who know him that he is the business man of the family, and will one day wind up owning the entire state. It is possible that Lindsay is closer to his dad than his brothers, although Bing wouldn't like it if he thought that were so. Nevertheless, Lindsay and Bing are like a couple of buddies. Lindsay calls Bing "Meyer," and is as quick with a witty remark as his Pop's old sparring partner, Bob Hope. And those who know him well will also tell you that Lindsay Crosby is a singer of such quality that he might one day carry right along where Bing leaves off.

In the matter of money, the four Crosby boys might just as well be the sons of a man without a steady job. Bing is determined they will not be spoiled by his wealth, and every penny they get they earn—preferably by hard labor. In the case of Gary, who is something of a sensation in the recording business himself at the moment, any money he earns by singing is put aside until he is old enough to know what to do with it without advice. All of the boys, as a matter of fact, have been groomed to step into a theatrical career if they choose. Bing has no silly notions about keeping his sons out of a line of work that has made him millions. It was planned a year ago that the boys would make their way to Hollywood and appear in Bing's picture with Hopalong Cassidy, but the film was abandoned and the boys stuck to their farming.

Life in Elko for Bing Crosby is in a way entirely different from life in Hollywood, but there are certain root similarities. For instance, Bing's close friends spend a good deal of time in the North Fork country, either working on radio or movie projects, or just lying around. Bill Morrow, his closest friend and radio associate, is in Elko almost all of the time Bing is there. And Jimmy Van Heusen, who with Johnny Burke, wrote so many of Crosby's hit songs, is also a constant visitor. But it is amusing to see in which direction the influence flows. Instead of bringing a bit of Hollywood atmosphere to the country folk, the Hollywoodites quickly absorb western ways.

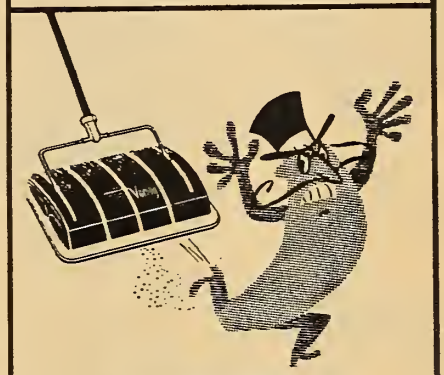
These urban fellows soon fall into the slack talk of the range country, wear boots and big hats, and find themselves interested in local problems, very foreign to the ones at home. In Hollywood a good bed-time for these transplanted cowpokes might be two A.M. In Nevada, they hit the pad maybe about nine-thirty. A big evening is to drive into town and have a beer or two and toss dice for an hour or so. The fact that town is a good 60 miles away, soon becomes a minor item.

The town of Elko itself is not a wild



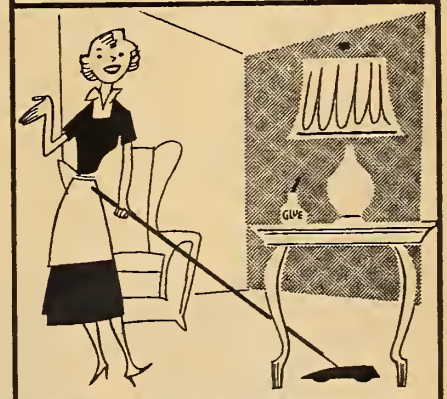
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western town, but it doesn't mess around with foolish intolerances. There are three fine hotels, two of them owned by Bing's friend, Newt Crumly, and they all have good sized bars and gambling layouts. Tourists and localites alike like to lounge over a gaming table and pass the time of day while they either make or lose a few dollars. In the Stockmen's Hotel the gambling, although quiet, runs into big money. There is never a time of day that a man can't break a $1,000 bill without walking five feet. Elko is a big money town, and millionaires are a dime a dozen.

If the outdoors is the place to raise a boy, as Bing thinks, and active exercise in search of fun builds men, the Crosby kids will be prime samples of a successful theory. Northeastern Nevada offers just about anything in that line you could ask for. The boys have untold millions of miles of open range, foothills and rugged mountains to ride over and explore. There are plenty of trails, but if they have a mind to, the boys can take off and ride for days without ever seeing a sign of human habitation.

Hunting is heaven in that country, too. The area abounds in deer, grouse, sage hens, eagles, beaver and many other forms of wild life. The streams, particularly one named Rabbit Creek, are leaping with fighting trout. And camping places, the like of which a movie location director only dreams, are near to all of the best fishing holes and hunting grounds.

The esteem with which Bing Crosby's neighbors hold their honorary mayor is evident from the reception they gave him on his one and only local theatrical appearance. It was for the premiere of Paramount's *Here Comes The Groom.*

It is doubtful if many of them had ever seen him act, or had ever concentrated on his crooning, but because he has proven himself a good neighbor and a civic-minded citizen, they turned out in droves to pack Elko's two theaters for the event. Because Bing was expecting guests (100 newspapermen from all over the country), 50 or 60 of the town's working men knocked off for a few days to help him entertain. They drove the visitors around, had them to dinner, stayed up all night with them, and opened every door in the state and threw the key away.

The press thought it was a great party thrown by that movie actor, Bing Crosby, no doubt. But it wasn't. It was a tribute to a neighbor, a helping hand on the part of Bing Crosby's home town folks when company showed up.

During the next few years, Bing and Dixie Crosby will have many decisions to make. They may be domestic; they may be on matters having to do with film making, or radio, or television, or recording. But there is one decision that has been made and is irrevocable: The Crosbys' home is Nevada—and the Crosby boys are going to be Nevada men, not Hollywood men.

They will get their formal education in schools of different character in various parts of the nation, but their major schooling, as per Pop Crosby's decision, will be gathered in the wild country of the state that has adopted Bing. The Crosby boys will enter manhood as country boys. Even today the twang of the west is in their speech—and the honesty of the western man in their eyes. When you see them standing side by side in their work clothes, or, for that matter, their dress clothes—which are just freshly washed working outfits—you see four stalwarts who can outwork, outfight or outtalk the average boy. They laugh more than other kids—and they'll weep quicker, for they are sensitive to the cruelties of the big city.

Some time ago Bing finished a very hard picture. He walked across the studio lot at Paramount to his dressing room and he was dragging. His eyes were tired and his shoulders sagged. He sat down at his fancy dressing-room table and began taking off the makeup. Then he picked up the phone and called his house. Gary answered.

"Picture's finished," Bing said, "and the old man's tired. What do you say we fellows get into the car and go on up to the ranch and see mother?"

The kids had been waiting. They were on.

That night, five Crosbys, Bing, Gary, Dennis, Philip and Lindsay, sprawled all over a big Cadillac as it sped across the California desert, not talking much, singing a little, but mostly just watching the miles drift by. The next afternoon, after a long, hard drive, they pulled into the ranch gate.

Members of the staff and a few neighbors ran to greet them. The car doors opened and five tired guys got out. Then they straightened up, and they breathed deep of the pure air. And all weariness left them—they laughed together, horseplay started, and nobody was tired, just hungry.

They raced to the house as though they'd slept for a week. It was a great big wonderful world. The Crosbys were home.

The End

how dopey can he get?

(*Continued from page 61*) of the San Francisco Seals.

"When we finally separated, long past midnight, all I wanted to do was to get home, since I felt I'd failed in San Francisco. I found there wasn't a train for several hours, but by hurrying I could catch a plane. When I arrived in Los Angeles, Sheila met me, asking, 'What happened to your car?' My mouth fell open and stayed that way for a long moment before I could groan, 'In the St. Francis' garage! I forgot I drove up!'

"That's typical of me on my own," Gordon shakes his head. "Forget a car! And worse was yet to come. Sheila didn't believe for one minute I'd failed. It turned out she was right. There'd been a mix-up about who was to wait to take me to the Boones'. But my not showing up at all made a lot of those people believe I'd snubbed them!"

That was the beginning of Modern Screen's quest to find out what Gordon MacRae is like without Sheila, the wife to whom his devotion is the talk of the town. A man simply must be on his own sometimes!

"Well," Gordon says, "the first time I ever went out on my own was back when I was seven or so. I got a job peddling milk for the Netherlands Dairy in Syracuse, New York, where we lived. That first morning, I got up at four, walked to the dairy where a horse and buggy loaded with milk were ready for me. My work done, I arrived home at seven-thirty to find my father up. He didn't know what had happened to me and was really in an uproar. I'd simply forgotten to tell anyone about my job.

"Then there's the time while I went to Syracuse's Nottingham High School

when I had a part in the school play. My entrance came late enough in the play so that on opening night instead of getting made up and dressed right away, I stood in the wings. I got so interested, I wasn't paying any attention to time until suddenly it dawned on me that my cue was coming up! No one ever made up and dressed in such a hurry. But I was playing a black-face butler! I was two minutes late getting on stage."

Later when Gordon became a student at Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts, he came under the guidance of Dr. Frank L. Boyden, the headmaster. Dr. Boyden, says Gordon, influenced him more than anyone outside his immediate family.

"When I visited him last fall," Gordon tells, "he asked, 'Are you doing well, Gordon?' I told him something of what I've been doing, which, after all, is seeing a lot of dreams come true. He said, 'Fine, fine. Now keep your feet on the ground!'

"It's a warning I suppose he gives all of his former boys. But I suddenly remembered the time I distinguished myself at the Academy for not keeping my feet on the ground. We'd just acquired a new music room where we could listen to recordings of fine music whenever we had the time. Very late one afternoon, I was sitting there deeply engrossed in the haunting Dvorak 'New World' Symphony when a boy shook me, saying, 'Hey! We've been looking all over for you! Come on. Dr. Boyden says he'll drive you down himself.' Then I wakened to the fact I was supposed to be singing a solo in Hartford, Connecticut, where our Glee Club was appearing that night!

"The rest of the fellows had already left in the bus, so the Doctor had to drive me there all right. My solo was appropriate—'Standing in the Need of Prayer.'

"Another time I stood in the need of prayer was while I was singing at El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas, Nevada, last winter. Gene Nelson and Frank Flannagan, who were there at the time, are as enthusiastic about fishing as I am. One morning the three of us decided to fish below Boulder Dam. Our boat was about 25 yards from a 400 foot stretch of rapids when we decided to leave. I started the motor, *believing* I'd pulled up the anchor. The propellers cut the anchor rope and the motor conked out. There we were without anchor or power. The boat drifted toward the rocks and we had to jump out into the coldest water I ever want to feel. Finally after a lot of discussion, we decided all we could do was to brave the rapids, praying we'd get through all right. We were certainly lucky to get out alive."

Gene Nelson's version of the anchor episode differs. He says, "He didn't tell you all of it. Frankly, I didn't know about the anchor business. If he says it, though, it's so. Everything went so fast, I don't really know all that happened. But I do know he was the first to jump out. If he hadn't, it might have been too late. As it was, he held the boat so it didn't crash us all on the rocks. We followed him out, making it even more difficult for ourselves. Because after discussion, Gordon had Flannagan get back in and lie flat on the bottom to steady the boat while Gordon and I got back in. He also remembered we had life-belts so we put them on. Then off we went safely through that 400 foot stretch of rapids. Gordon's a good man in an emergency."

His co-workers on NBC's "The Railroad Hour" report he's a fellow who prepares for emergencies. They grin as they say it, recalling the time recently when a rehearsal was interrupted by an urgent call from Sheila. Gordon answered from the phone in the sponsor's booth with its big windows through which they could see his face first turn white, sag with relief, furrow with concentration again and again. Finally after 20 minutes, a broad smile of triumph crossed it. Quickly then, he hung up the phone and returned to the stage.

Sheila, about to leave the house for a luncheon engagement, had found her ignition key to the car half-melted away. Questioning the children, she discovered to her horror that baby Gar had recklessly stuck the key into an electrical plug. So what was there to do but to explain to him why he must never pull that stunt again; and then to call Gordon to find out where he'd put the extra set? He'd put it in a safe place. Too safe a place for an absent-minded man!

"Look in the top drawer of my desk . . . well, then try . . ." and so on and on for most of the 20 minutes before the key turned up.

His fellow-workers tell, too, of the way he keeps forgetting his special music scores which cost him $100 each.

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However, it is evident that Gordon usually manages to do something to make up for the occasionally disastrous results of MacRae on his own. When he found he was runner-up for "the most uncooperative actor" award in the Hollywood Women's Press Club poll of 1950, he was upset.

On his own, he "crashed" the party the women gave at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel honoring actors and actresses distinguished for their cooperation with the press. Since this party always occurs shortly before Christmas, some celebrity always plays the role of Santa Claus, distributing the members' grab-bag exchange of 50¢ gifts. So what better way than to be that celebrity! After he'd doffed the whiskers and scarlet disguise, he boldly took his place at the head table right beside the honored cooperative guests. Introduced by President Lindsay Durand, he presented the club with an enormous cake in which an axe was buried, asking them to accept it. Then he proceeded to complete his welcome by singing his way into the heart



all begin with the

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of everyone present. In all that time, however, he made no apology for the past nor any promise for the future.

That was a good thing, because two weeks later, all set for cooperative Gordon MacRae, a writer and a photographer arrived at the MacRae house. They rang the doorbell. No answer, yet they could see the house was ablaze with lights despite the fact it was a sunny day. Well, maybe he was taking a shower. They waited in their car. Every so often one would go to ring the bell again. Time passed without bringing forth their man. Finally they went to a filling station pay telephone and talked to the publicist who'd set the date.

"Why, Sheila called me at nine this morning from Palm Springs, where they're vacationing, to say Gordon had left at six-thirty so he'd be sure to be on time. Maybe he thought the appointment was at Warners. I'll check," the publicist said.

A check of the studio, the radio station and Capitol Records produced no trace of the man. The publicist called the group waiting by the pay telephone and urged them to go back to the house and pound on doors. They did, without achieving any results.

Breathlessly afraid the star might be stone cold dead on the highway somewhere, the publicist asked, "Did you see a car?"

They described the one in the driveway. It was obviously Gordon's.

Three hours past time for the appointment when representatives from the advertising agency, the studio, and the radio station, along with the press, were about to break into the MacRae house, the door slowly opened and there, hair standing on end, was their boy trying to shake off his long nap.

Even Sheila is hard put to refute Gordon's argument that he shouldn't ever be let loose on his own.

"Well, he's just absent-minded," Sheila helplessly explains. "He's lost half of what he's been given or bought for himself. His father's watch; I don't know how many overcoats; even whole suits. And the time he went out on his own to buy a house for us! That was just before Gar was born, and I wasn't up to going house-hunting. He came home with the purchase all signed and sealed, all right. But he'd forgotten how convenient it is to have more than one bathroom!

"But those are just things to him. He figures someone finds the things he loses and puts them to some good use, so they aren't wasted. As for the house, well, plenty of families get along with only one bathroom," she explains.

"But when it comes to the really important remembering, I've never known a man like him. He's just the opposite, then," she smiles. "He never forgot such sentimental dates as anniversaries, birthdays or times like that. Nor," she concludes, "does he do so badly on his own as a singer."

But even when it comes to his singing, Gordon has a sad tale to tell.

"The other day out at Lakeside Country Club, John Carroll said, 'I have to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" at a benefit. Anybody here know all the words?' 'Brother, I do,' I told him. 'I learned it the hard way.'

"You see," Gordon goes on, "back when I was with Horace Heidt's band playing in Springfield, Ohio, there was a big War Bond Drive at Wittenberg College. I agreed to appear. Just as the show was about to start, they asked me to sing our national anthem as my solo. Confidently I got up and started. Well, the audience had to come to my rescue but fast! That's why I know the words to all four verses!"

And so the quest for Gordon MacRae, the brilliant man on his own, was abandoned. Accepted instead was his insistent theme: He's a lucky fellow with a good job, a wonderful wife, and a car some place in San Francisco. THE END

(Gordon MacRae can be seen in Warner Bros.' On Moonlight Bay.—ED.)

---

dearly beloved

(Continued from page 58) the baby was born, she wouldn't pay any attention to the next aches and pains she suffered. Much to her surprise, she didn't have any more aches or pains. It was a matter of at last gaining the self-confidence she had been lacking and, with it, peace of mind.

With June thus happily occupied and leaning less on him for companionship, Dick feels freer to enjoy his own pursuits. Because of this he is noticeably lighter-hearted. If any change has come about with these two, it's that June has grown older in her ways, and Dick younger in his.

Things have reached the point where Dick has picked up some of June's erstwhile habits that used to annoy him. For instance June will be bending over Ricky in the tub when Dick's voice will boom through the house. "Joo-o-on!" So she wraps a towel around Ricky and carries all 25 pounds of him under her arm to Dick's den. He's sitting there with his feet up on the desk, tapping his teeth with a pencil.

"Yes?" says June with all the patience she can muster.

"I love you," says Dick.

"Thank you very much. And now, if you'll excuse me —"

You can tell he's happier. Dick has an immense collection of musical instruments, all of which he plays quite well, but in the old days they didn't get much of a workout. Now he's always tooting away on something. On their recent trip back East, they visited the home of a man whose den was crammed with brass instruments. Dick picked one out of the collection, a type he had never seen, and inquired about it.

"It's a flugle horn," said their host. "They're extremely difficult to play. Besides, they're not made any more. That one's almost a hundred years old."

Feeling the challenge, Dick blew a few scales. "You should have that horn," their host exclaimed. "You're the only person I've met who could master it."

Of course Dick declined the offer, but a few days after they'd returned home a package was delivered at the door while Mr. Powell was reveling in breakfast in bed. June brought the package to him and he grinned, "It's from Roger," he said. "I'll bet it's that flugle horn. He shouldn't have done it." But his fingers couldn't open the package fast enough, and sure enough the prized horn emerged. Dick stayed in bed for an extra hour, serenading the entire household, and to this day will play it at the slightest provocation.

"I hate to admit it," June says, "because he's always waking the children from their naps, but he plays that thing darned well."

June is so captivated by her days at home that she thinks less and less about her career, and bets are down around town that she'll choose to retire way before her time is up. However, she works more conscientiously now than ever before. Dick used to needle her for weeks before she would read a script, but now he gets a speedy, concise report on her opinion of every script sent her by the studio.

Part of June's contentment is due to the fact that she has lost the awe in which she used to hold her husband. She was in love with him, but somehow couldn't forget he was Dick-Powell-the-famous-movie-star. She felt that he was so superior to her that he couldn't possibly love her, but now she admits that she's gathered a little more wisdom since her wedding day. Someone once asked her if perhaps she hadn't been smart all along, but didn't realize it. June smiled a little and said, "Well, maybe I was. How else could I have talked Richard into marrying me?"

They have a closer companionship now that the children are here. June used to turn down Dick's suggestion to take trips. She still resists the idea, but finally goes, and it inevitably turns out that she has a better time than he. They went to New York this June, saw all the plays and topped it off by witnessing the graduation of June's brother, Arthur, from military school. Then they went up the coast to a resort ranch, intending to stay two weeks. But Pamela developed tonsilitis, and after one day they came racing home. They missed the children on those trips, but not nearly as badly as when they went on the fishing trip in August.

After a formal presentation by Dick to his wife of a complete outfit of fishing gear, they packed up their Jaguar convertible and were off for points north. It was a pleasant morning when they started, so they put the top down. But farther north the temperature rose to a point where the sun was driving into the ground, and they decided it would be cooler with the top up. So they stopped the car, pulled back the seats, put up the top, buttoned the curtains and were off again. The next morning gave forth a pleasant breeze, so they put the top down before starting. At noon it began to rain, so they stopped the car, pulled back the seats, put up the top, buttoned the curtains, and proceeded on their way.

"We could make better time in a covered wagon," said Dick.

"I shall be most happy to see a fish," said a glum Mrs. Powell. "Any old fish."

They went through Idaho, Wyoming and Oregon and dipped in their lines wherever they saw a likely stream. On June's first try she hadn't cast her line five minutes before she screamed, "Something's happening!"

"This is what I've been telling you about," said Dick. "Now, take it easy—don't jerk too hard."

She pulled him up—a shining, wriggling three-pound trout, and was completely overcome with her own skill. "Hurry up and take him off my hook," she said. "Maybe I can get another one."

She did, and so did Dick. They had two weeks that would have made Izaak Walton drool. And in Oregon, they went for salmon. Dick caught a 33-pound monster, and June was lucky only once, catching a booby prize of a two-pound salmon. She was content, though, because the natives assured her she had set a record by catching the smallest salmon in angling history.

On this trip, they telephoned home every night and assured her that the babies were in bouncing good health, slept well and peacefully. But by the time June had progressed to the point where she was

baiting her own hook, she was chafing at the bit to get home to the children.

"Let's just leave the top down on the way home," she told Dick. "Let's drown or sizzle, but let's get home to Pam and Ricky."

Arrived in Bel-Air, they almost knocked each other down racing up the stairs to the nursery. In the weeks they were gone, Ricky had started attempts to crawl, and Pamela had caught an English accent from the nurse. "I should like to be bothed," she informed her mother.

It was at this time that June relented and allowed Ricky's picture to be taken for publication. The accustomed procedure, when one is in the public limelight, is to have photographs taken for the press when a new baby is a very few months old. But June had put her foot down where Ricky was concerned. Everyone argued with her —the studio, the newspapers, the magazines. June held her ground. Ricky was her baby, and she wanted to spare him the ordeal of picture taking. When a movie star's child is photographed, it is not merely a matter of one picture, but a marathon of shutter-clicking, going on until 100 or more photographs have been taken. Ricky by this time was six months old. "If people don't see his picture," June was told, "they'll think he was born with shark's teeth or a leopard skin."

"I don't care what they might think," she said staunchly. "We're waiting until he's older."

It wasn't until Ricky was seven and a half months old, that photographers were allowed to approach him. Although it went on for two whole days, June could have saved herself the worry. Ricky, who had learned two days previously to stick out his tongue, thought the whole thing was highly amusing. He posed, tongue out, like a first rate ham. The day after the picture-taking he stopped putting out his tongue, considering, no doubt, that he had done his own Thespian bit and could now relax.

Before the children came, June and Dick always had fun together, whether it was fast repartee or wonderful quiet talks, but now with Pam and Ricky in the act, it borders on the hilarious. Pam is a natural comedienne, dropping bright sayings by the bucketful with a dead-pan face.

One day she came home after playing with the little boy who lives across the street, and went directly to June, leaning her elbows on June's knee. "I had a miserable time today," she reported.

"Oh?" said June. "What happened?"

"I played with that Bunker."

"What's awful about Bunker? He's a nice little boy."

"I don't think so," opined Pam. "He spent all afternoon kissing me with his teeth."

On another occasion, when she had been naughty and was up for punishment, she stood awaiting sentence from June.

"Now, I don't think we'll spank you," said June, "because that has no effect on you. We must think of something else."

"Take away my dinner?" hopefully suggested Pam, who eats only because food keeps her alive.

"I don't think that's a very good idea," June said. "Instead, I think we won't allow you to play with any of your toys for 15 minutes. You'll just have to sit in a chair and do nothing for that time."

Pam considered this for a moment, then looked up thoughtfully. "That ought to do it," she said.

Pamela talks well for her years, perhaps because the Powells have never spoken baby talk to her. She is a grave, exceedingly bright little girl, who picks up new words to add to her vocabulary as fast as most kids forget them, and has a habit of latching on to June's own expressions. When she hears Ricky bellowing in his playpen beneath her window, she leans out and calls to him, "Don't you cry now, my darling."

And the other day when Dick moved her sandbox into the new play yard he built for the children, Pamela observed the proceedings with some annoyance. "Daddy," she said, "why are you moving my sandbox over there?"

"Because it belongs here now," said Dick. "This is your new place to play."

"Oh, well now, *really!* I get so upset!" said three-year-old Pam.

Both June and Dick remain extremely careful in sparing Pamela any jealousy over her small brother, still requesting her permission when they want to enter the nursery, and always assuring her of their love. It could be that this is no longer necessary, for Pam and Ricky already have a strong bond between them. Ricky kicks his feet when he hears Pam's approaching footsteps. And for her part, Pam has her own little ritual of her love for him. When Ricky was born, a friend sent a huge box filled with all manner of celluloid rattles and small toys. It promptly disappeared, but every day Pam moves into view with one or two of the toys, carefully washes it and presents it to Ricky. When he has tired of it, she removes it from his crib and takes it back to the secret place.

When the Powell foursome is playing on the lawn they look like any average American family except, perhaps, that they are happier. At least it can be said that June and Dick's marriage has reached the point where conversation and entertainment are no longer necessary. They have their love and their children secure in their hearts, and they need only to look at each other to know that all's right with their world.

THE END

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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Guest Editor Carleton Carpenter looks mighty funny in Joan Evans' shoes—but his advice fits fine.

WELL, everybody has friends and everybody is anxious to do a favor for a friend. So when Joan Evans said airily, "Look, Carp, while I'm down at Laguna Beach doing stock"—she went down to do *Guest in the House,* the play her father, Dale Eunson, and Hagar Wilde wrote—"will you be an absolute angel and be the guest editor of this column?"

"Me? A guy give advice to a lot of females with problems?" I asked in amazement, and at that moment I wished I didn't know Joan so well. I was licked before I started. When Joan says you're to do something, that's what you're to do.

"Don't be silly," Joan said. "You're always giving *me* advice. You know how you like to air your opinions."

Well, she had something there. Anything I say is purely my own opinion and I'm opinionated. "May I really tell the kids what I think?"

"Sure," said Joan. "Tell 'em the truth—that's what I do." And before I could say, "Tell it to Carp," she had thrust a batch of letters into my hand and was off for an easy life of 18 hours a day rehearsal, leaving me with my bare face hanging out.

So, kids, if I don't tell you what you want to hear and if this page isn't any good, blame that Evans girl. Me, all I can do is give you a slant. But the more I thought about it the more I thought it might be good to get the guy's angle. So here goes. To break in easy, I'm picking a letter from a boy.

It's signed H. D. Y. and it's from Hong Kong, So. China. He wants to know, "At what age must a boy fall in love with a girl? And how can I express to a girl if I love her?"

I don't think there's any "must" about falling in love. And it doesn't make any difference whether you're 12 or 20. The problem isn't *when* it happens—your falling in love—because that's something nobody can give you advice about. Love hits you and there you are, and if you have to stop and wonder if you are in love or not, chances are you aren't. And now for the second half of your problem. Just be honest and relaxed with the girl. Show her that you love her by small attentions, by taking her out on dates, by wanting to be with her, etc. You know what? Girls are pretty doggone smart when you come right down to it and they catch on to the general idea pretty easily if the guy is in love. But besides there's nothing really radically wrong with using those three old fashioned words, "I love you." Nobody's improved on them yet as a means of communication.

COMES now a letter from Eureka, Calif., signed J. J. "My problem is dancing. When I was in grammar school I learned the two-step—but that's all. I don't have any sisters or brothers to teach me, and my folks don't dance. My girl



friends tell me they can't teach me because I need a boy to learn to follow."

When you're first learning you honestly don't need a partner as much as you think. Maybe you could learn the way I learned. My sister, who is three years older than I am, was born lame, and it was absolutely necessary for her to learn to dance. We learned together and this is how. We both sat in chairs facing each other and did the steps sitting down. And that's a swell way to learn because you can see how the steps go. So get your girl friends to teach you the basic steps like that, and if you really know the basic steps it is easy to follow. When I was in seventh grade a girl in my class started a dancing group—boys and girls—at the girls' club to teach dancing. She made the boys help in the teaching and they needed the lessons too. Boys should learn to dance as well as girls, but take this sincere word from your old Uncle Stretch. You, as a girl, must never feel shy about cutting in. Boys are so often a lot more shy than you are. If girls would remember that boys are shy, too, there would be a lot fewer problems for Joan Evans to answer.

A girl from Buffalo, New York, who just signs herself "Joan" writes: "I am 14 years old with interests far from boys, dances, and the like. I like school and hope to be a teacher some day. I have a big crush on my teacher. She is the most wonderful person. When she smiles it's like heaven for she is very beautiful. The thought of graduating fills me with an empty feeling. Now I don't know whether or not I really want to be a teacher, or if it's just that I want to be like her. That's my problem."

A girl having a crush on her teacher—especially an attractive one—is the most natural thing in the world. It happens all the time and it is nothing to worry about. But idolatry of any sort is wrong. You should never let one person obsess you. And although it is fine to admire good qualities in others, you should not pattern yourself after anybody else but let the good things in your own personality emerge. And you simply mustn't allow yourself to hate to graduate because you can't stay in school all your life. The teaching profession is wonderful. I'm sure you're sincere about this, so by all means go on with that career. And admire this teacher, but don't idolize her and don't try to copy her. You're a big girl now. Trust your own judgment. Be yourself.

This is such a girl-to-girl problem that I don't know why Joan thought I should answer it. It's from Winchester, Tenn., and the girl's initials are B. P. S. "Whenever I go out in damp weather my hair droops. Even if just for the evening, or to an air-conditioned theatre it just won't stay in place. I don't like to have permanents."

Ninety percent of the girls I know have permanents, and I don't think it hurts their hair. There's nothing wrong with a good permanent. Joan has a permanent. But even so, it seems to me that I go out with lots of girls whose hair is drooping by the end of the evening. In fact, I'll tell you a secret—Joan's

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Tangy with Oils of Cinnamon and Cloves

DOES A THOROUGH JOB SO PLEASANTLY!

down in Laguna Beach so I guess it's safe. I've been on dates with Miss Evans when her hair drooped. You see, you just see photographs of her when she's all fixed up. Do you hate me, Joanie? Sudden thought! Gee, she'll be back from Laguna soon. I'd better make myself scarce a few days.

HERE'S a letter from a guy who is in the Navy. He's stationed in Puerto Rico. His problem, as he says, is girls, but it's like this. He writes: "When I'm with girls I don't know what to do or say. When I'm left alone with a girl I pray someone will come along and relieve the tension. It's easy for me to sit down and write a letter to a girl. In that way I can converse freely and easily. But when it comes to meeting a girl face to face, I'm lost."

I don't know how Joan would answer you but I remember something my Vermont grandmother once said. It's this: "The secret of being a good conversationalist is to let the other fellow do the talking. When you allow that, you get the reputation of being brilliant." So don't worry about being tongue-tied. Girls love to talk. So let 'em, and pretty soon they'll say something provocative and you'll answer or ask a question, and you'll be talking easily and naturally. I imagine the girls you meet are at the service clubs. Ask the hostess to brief you on the girl. Ask her a few questions, then you can just sit back and relax. She'll take over from there and be glad to do it. But since you don't mind writing to girls why don't you strike up a correspondence with a couple of girls who like to write service men? That's a real good way to get to know a person and to break the ice, so when you meet the girl you will have things to talk about—things you have discussed in letters.

G. H., a girl from Chicago, says: "My friends tell me I'm a good dancer but my heart belongs to popular singing, though nobody encourages me and I'm afraid to sing in front of people. I have ambitions to develop my voice but I'm afraid of people laughing."

You sing in the shower, don't you? For years that was me. I was a shower singer and scared to death to sing before people. But I wanted to more than anything. I remember once after I had a lot of straight acting roles on Broadway, I got up the courage to try out for a singing part in a musical. Well, I finally whipped myself up into doing an audition. Honestly, I sang like mad, and when it was over the guy said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Carpenter. We think you are a very good actor." Was I downhearted? Well, yes. But, like you, I had singing ambitions and I was determined that nothing was going to get me down. Remember that the first time is the most difficult, and although I didn't get that singing job the very fact that I could get up there and give the audition encouraged and relaxed me. So I decided that although I was still scared I would sing in front of anybody and everybody. Now when Joan and I go to a party she comes in and says, "Unless you want Carp to sing—hide the piano." Believe me, I'm no Mario Lanza—I'm taller, for *one* thing. But, all kidding aside, good, bad or indifferent, I have sung in several musicals; I've written lots of songs (and I hope all my good friends rush right out and get records of "Every Other Day" which I wrote for *Whistle at Eaton Falls*, and "Oh By Jingo" that Debbie Reynolds and I recorded), and this I'm convinced of: The way to learn to sing popular songs is just to sing. Sing the lyrics. Make the words make sense. Just remember how good you sounded in the shower. And when you sit down at the piano to entertain your friends, pretend as if you're all alone. Just have fun.

A GIRL from Cincinnati, Ohio, who signs herself B. B. sent in her picture. She wrote: "The two boys I've ever liked broke up with me because of my nose. It isn't deformed, it's just sort of long. They say I'm real cute from the front view, but when you see me from the side I'm called 'Hose Nose.'"

For my dough there's nothing wrong with your nose. Your picture is very cute, and you have the kind of features that would just look silly with a pug nose. No sir, there's nothing wrong with your nose, and you can quote me. The only thing to do is forget about it. If you forget about it so will everybody else. Some of the most attractive women in the world—and I could name several who are big movie stars—are not uniformly beautiful. It's what you are, honestly, that counts and not what you look like. Personality really counts. But you know what I think about you? I think your trouble isn't your nose at all. I think maybe it's a personality problem. I think you're so conscious of your long nose that you're letting it affect your personality. So you make it too important. So I say again—forget it and just be that cute smiling girl in the picture you sent.

A girl—R. H.—from Birmingham, Alabama—writes (without a southern accent): "I'm 13 and in love. My parents don't approve of the boy, and you may think it's silly for a girl 13 to be in love. But I am and what should I do?"

Well, I don't know what Joan would think, but I don't think it's silly for a 13-year-old girl to be in love. But what I do think is silly is to get too serious and intense about it. And what I do think is important is that your parents don't approve of the guy. They are older and wiser than you—remember that. I think you should have a talk with them and find out why they don't approve. This you didn't tell. So that's the first thing. If you can convince them he's a nice kid, then go out on dates with him. Take it easy, don't get too serious, relax and have a good time. If you can't convince them he's okay, then listen to what they have to say, and if they have good reasons for not approving of him, you have to abide by their decision.

Well, pardon me while I mop my brow. But I'm glad the eminent editor of this department went to Laguna Beach. I really enjoyed answering—as best I could—your letters. And I'd like to say right here and now in print that if Miss Joan Evans wants to turn these pages over to me again—and if you can stand me—I'll be happy to take over. Okay, Joan? Okay, kids?

DO YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM? IF SO, WRITE TO JOAN EVANS. BOX 93, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

who'll catch dailey?

(*Continued from page 43*) but Barbara Whiting isn't a bobby-soxer or an ordinary young girl. She comes from a family of entertainers. Her sister, Margaret, is one of the top singers in show business, and her father was one of the famous Broadway greats of all time. She herself has played *Junior Miss* on the air for years, and has acted in films since she was a teen-ager. She's mature for her age, or why else would an experienced man like Dan Dailey spend so much time with her?

THERE are exceptions, of course, but most girls refuse to admit that they're interested in marrying a certain man. More often, girls play coy. They feel they owe it to society to be completely surprised when the men they're after propose.

Ann Miller, for example, the tall, terrific brunette who's been out with Dan many times, is quite taken aback when reporters suggest that she might have serious designs on him.

"I admit," Ann says, "that Dan is really ooley koo—a dreamboat if you get me—but we're just friends. We're just out for fun. Dan, with that wonderful Irish blarney of his, is great company. He's one of the most versatile men I've ever dated.

"I met him at MGM years ago when he was playing character parts, but it's only been a couple of months that we've been seeing lots of each other. We go to previews and parties, but the big time with Dan is when these parties are over. Then we go down to some little restaurant and just sit around. Everyone loves him, and pretty soon he's sitting in with the band, jazzing it up.

"Brother, how that boy can play the trombone. I mean, really ooley koo. He can send you. And the drums, too. And you ought to see him at the piano. He's such fun. It's a million laughs.

"But we're not going steady. Dan's playing the field, and so am I.

"Of course, I think he's far and away the best in the field. But so do a dozen other girls. Dan's not just an entertainer. He's a pretty deep thinker, and he has a wonderful way with people. Introduce him to a politician and right away, Dan's talking politics. Get him with a doctor, and he's discussing medicine. That's why I just love to go to parties with him. He makes you feel as if you've got the best escort in the entire room."

At 28, Ann Miller is one of the most beautiful dancers in Hollywood. Once-married and divorced, she's dated most of the eligible men in town from Nicky Hilton's father, Connie, to Greg Bautzer.

Currently starring in *Lovely To Look At,* a cinematic version of Jerome Kern's memorable *Roberta,* Ann declares that she, also, is not ready for wedding bells. "I'm having too much fun," she says, "to get tied down now. I was married once, and it didn't work out, so why hurry?

"This town is full of glamor boys, but glamor boys don't necessarily make good husbands. You can count the good husbands on your fingers. When I marry a man, I want him to be good. Now Gene Kelly is my idea of a good man—talented, responsible, really on the ball."

Asked how she rated Dan Dailey in the husband department, Ann said, "There you go again. I told you. I have no intention of getting married in the near future, and neither has Dan. Can't a girl say a fellow's ooley koo without someone misinterpreting her words as a proposal?"

At a recent party thrown by Ann's agent, Vic Orsatti, Ann and Dan were sitting together on a sofa. Later, one of the guests said, "If those two kids aren't in love, then my 20 years of experience as a director are zero."

DAILEY himself denies being in love with anyone. As for matrimony, "If I ever marry again," he says, "it won't be for a long, long time. I have lots of friends and lots of fun. I play tennis with some girls and ride with others. One girl I know is a whiz at ballroom dancing and we go out and dance all evening. I met a gal in Topeka who plays a mean piano, and I know gals in Texas and other states. Another of his dates is Irene Wrightsman. In fact, she's accepted more dates with Dan than with anyone else since her romance with Kirk Douglas cooled. But, naturally, Irene and Dan aren't talking to anyone about matrimony.

"When I was at Menninger's," Dan says, "they told me to interest myself in a lot of new activities, so I'm taking up tennis. It's a great game, keeps you running. I'm the kind of fellow that likes motion, to keep going. Variety is good for me.

"I think marriage is a wonderful thing, no doubt about it, only you've got to be ready and right for it. Sometimes when it doesn't work out, it can be painful.

"Right now I've never felt better in my life. My mental outlook is swell. I can thank Menninger's for that. My five months at the clinic set me right."

Hollywood is really seeing a new Dan Dailey these days, and the girls are actually going ga-ga. Instead of the brooding, sensitive actor who used to drown his worries in a barrel of beer (they only floated back to the top again) Dailey's become the life of the party. However, certain discerning eyes see in Dailey a man who plays the clown to

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cover up the sadness he has not yet escaped.

"The reason Dan is dating all those girls —like Ann Miller, Nancy Smith, and Mary Ann Hunter—is because he's still carrying a torch for his ex-wife, Liz," says one of his friends.

"Why do you think he's been going up to Arrowhead?" this friend insisted. "Because he knows that Liz has been up there with Bob Neal. I don't care what anyone says. I'm sure that Dailey's still in love with Liz Hofert. He's a proud guy, you know, and the fact that he couldn't make their marriage work, hurts his vanity. Besides, I think that deep down inside he feels inferior to Liz.

"Liz comes from a fine family. She has breeding, good taste, innate dignity. Dan lacks certain of these qualities, and he knows it. But he tries to compensate for them. Here's what I mean. Liz has been going around with Bob Neal of Houston. I don't know what Bob does for a living, although it was his father who earned the family fortune. Because Liz is going around with a boy from a prominent Texas family, Dailey has suddenly started dating girls from prominent Texas families.

"I'm sure that he's possessed by a profound desire to prove to his ex-wife that he's a man of substance and gentility. One of the regrets which haunt all self-made men—and Dan Dailey's one of them —is they lacked a cultural background in their youth."

All this, of course, is theory. Whether Dailey is carrying a torch for his ex-wife only he can say. And he won't.

His behavior, however, is that of a man who understands both his strength and weakness; the behavior of a man who has taken inventory of his life.

Dailey knows the score. He knows that half-a-dozen women have their hooks out, waiting for him to bite. He knows, too, that eventually he will get married again—in all probability to a girl who can maintain his hectic pace.

In Hollywood at the moment, there are a dozen girls, including Ann Miller, Barbara Whiting, Nancy Smith, Mary Ann Hunter, and Jo-Jo Sullivan, who probably feel well qualified to make Dan Dailey a good wife. They understand his fetish for music, the demands of his motion picture job, the universality of his talents.

"I know what makes him tick," one of the above girls confided. "I know what Dan needs. He's been too self-sufficient all these years. He needs a strong woman. Dan is growing up, and he has yet to find the secret of personal happiness."

That's not how Dailey sees it. Only a few days ago, he confided to a date, "I know the secret of happiness, baby. It's not here," and he tapped his heart. "It's here," and he tapped his head.

Dan Dailey insists that insofar as matrimony is concerned, he's not having any, not for the next few years, anyway. The attractive beauties he dates nod and say, "Of course. Who's even thinking of marriage?" But they remember that Clark Gable said the same thing before he married Sylvia Ashley, Paul Douglas said the same thing before he married Jan Sterling, John Agar said the same thing before he married Loretta Combs, Audie Murphy said the same thing before he married Pamela Archer.

It happened to them, and they are sure it will happen to Dan Dailey. For the easiest man in the world to marry is the man who's been married before. THE END

slow boat to catalina

(*Continued from page 48*) After that, we took turns at entertaining. Ricardo rendered "Baby, It's Cold Outside." Suzanne's version of "Truly Truly Fair"—complete with French accent—brought down the boat. Barbara and Bill were halfway through their duet on the tune that goes, "Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main," when our good ship took to its motors.

"Full speed ahead for Catalina," shouted Al.

"This," cried Marsh over the roar, "is a challenge."

With that, he promptly took ukulele in hand and proceeded to contest the engine power with a little of the Thompson lung power. The engine won.

"And I always thought sailing would be such hard work," ventured Barbara Hale, as she sat on deck and enjoyed the sun.

Suzanne got up and wandered past the wheel. "May I drive for a while?" she asked.

So for the next hour, under the captain's guidance, Suzanne drove the boat. Fortunately there wasn't much traffic that morning. And once we all got used to the idea, we relaxed while Marsh and Ric and Bill tried to see who could tell the tallest tales about their boating adventures. Marsh has a small sloop of his own, and has taken it through some pretty big storms. He was launching into stories of high winds and waves when Betty Rempp called lunch.

All hands pitched gleefully into the baskets of sandwiches, and fried chicken, and potato chips, and salad. And Barbara stepped down into the galley to help Betty brew the coffee. Coffee, however, was a long time in coming. The boat gave a lurch and the coffepot was tossed off the stove.

"Hey, there's Catalina!" someone shouted. And sure enough, there it was.

"So fast," said Barbara, delightedly. "How do we get ashore?"

"Take a taxi," Bill replied nonchalantly.

He wasn't kidding. When we got as close to land as permissible, we signaled for a water taxi and went ashore. "Let's have that coffee now," Ricardo suggested.

By the time we'd finished, a good stiff breeze was blowing. "Shall we explore the island?" asked Marsh halfheartedly.

"The wind might go away," I said, feeling like Miss Davy Jones.

"We'd have to use the motors again on the way back," added Barbara.

So Al, being a man of action and understanding, stepped out and hailed a launch.

"I'll help with the jib sail," I told Ric.

"I'll drive part-way," grinned Barbara.

"Never had such an efficient crew," Al smiled.

We set sail. And with wind. The afternoon sun was beaming down and we were all turning pink instead of green. The sky was blue and the ocean matched. Quite a color scheme.

Halfway home we found ourselves with escorts. Barby saw them first—a school of dolphins, playing alongside of the boat.

"There's Wilmington," Suzanne pointed out a little sadly when she sighted home.

Georgianna Montalban and Barbara Thompson were waiting on the dock. "How was the excursion?" they wanted to know.

So our happy crowd told them, just before we went into a huddle to set another date to sail to Catalina. "See you at the Inn, in the meantime," said the Williams.

"You bet," said I. Only I couldn't tell them the real reason I'd be lunching with them. Secretly, I wanted to eat a few of the words I'd been thinking about "gruesome boats." A matter of principle with a prospective girl-yachtsman. THE END

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the girl who won gable back

(*Continued from page 47*) few close friends—said recently, "If Clark can ever get divorced from his present wife (and I don't think it will be easy—it will probably drag on and on and on)—he'd be a darn fool if he didn't marry Virginia Grey. Here's why:

"This girl wants absolutely nothing from Gable, no money, no position, no false prestige. She is one of the few thoroughly honest women he's ever known. She only wants to love him.

"She has known him for years, and yet she's never asked him to use his influence to get her any sort of a job. She's been in more than a hundred pictures since the age of nine, and she's taken her chances with the casting directors like any other girl. She's a fine actress, she knows the business, and whenever Gable's found the going tough, he's usually ended up at her house out in Encino, letting off steam."

Even in Hollywood, few persons know anything about the Gable-Grey entente.

They can tell you all about Gable and Dolly O'Brien, Gable and Iris Bynum, Gable and half a dozen other beauties. But Virginia Grey is a part of Clark's life he's kept to himself.

If you ask him about Virginia Grey now, as one reporter recently did, he says, "Good actress." If you ask him please to elaborate, he says, "Nice kid." If you ask him whether he's in love with Virginia Grey or has been in love with her, he grins and says, "Nice day for fishing."

SIMILARLY, Virginia Grey will say very little about Gable. When Clark was married to Lady Ashley, Virginia told a friend, "Mrs. Gable is a very lucky woman. In Paw" (that's her nickname for Clark) "she has one of the nicest human beings God ever made."

Once, when a studio executive expressed the opinion that Gable was pretty tight with a dollar, in fact, still had the first nickel he'd ever made, Virginia happened to hear the crack. Executive or not, she let the big shot have it, but good.

"Listen Mr. Big-Mouth," she said, "I'm no authority on Clark Gable, but I can tell you he's one of the most generous men who ever lived. When Otto Winkler (a press agent) was killed in that plane crash with Carole Lombard, who took care of Otto's widow? Maybe you don't know it, but it was Mr. Gable who built a house in the valley for her."

Basically a gentle, refined sort of girl, Virginia Grey isn't given to outbursts—but when she finally lets loose. Brother! Watch out! She shoots straight and hard.

She let loose that day, but the executive who was on the receiving end of her blast took it nonchalantly. "She's obviously in love with the guy," he explained. "If Gable were to hold up the Chase National Bank tomorrow, she'd want him to be awarded the Legion of Merit."

There is no doubt that Virginia Grey is in love with Gable. Long before Sylvia Ashley dazzled him with her British accent and her imperial social manner, Ginny and Paw used to dine on meat and potatoes at Paw's ranch house in Encino.

It was during these homey meals that Ginny learned all about Clark's days as an oil-well driller, a lumberjack, and a stock actor. She learned how genuinely Clark admires talent, how he comes by his Dutch stubbornness through both his parents, William and Adeline Hershelman Gable.

She learned that basically Gable is a shy, retiring man; that despite his years of stage experience, he actually trembles when he has to appear in front of a microphone.

She learned that Gable shies away from people, because over the years so many people have tried to capitalize on him, to take advantage of him. She learned that the old tale of his keeping Carole Lombard's room exactly as it was at the time of her death was completely untrue.

In short, she learned more about Gable than any other woman ever has. And learning about him, she got to understand him, his basically conservative yet generous nature, his insistence upon remaining down-to-earth. She came to understand why he attributed his acting success to luck, and why he's hung his dressing room with photos of the days when he was a starving young actor. Across these photos, Gable has written one inscription, "Just to remind you, Gable."

VIRGINIA Grey first met Clark in 1937. She was 20, a child star turned adult. He was 36, the heart throb of the nation. He was very much in love with Carole Lombard, the best screwball comedienne in the business, and he looked upon Virginia as a talented young girl who might one day reach stardom.

In 1937, Gable was making *Saratoga* with Jean Harlow when she suddenly took ill and died. The front office didn't know what to do with *Saratoga* since it was almost finished. They decided to test three actresses for the Harlow role, figuring that judicious use of close-ups and long shots might yet complete the film without the fans realizing that another actress had been substituted for Harlow.

The three actresses tested were Rita

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Johnson, Virginia Bruce, and Virginia Grey.

"Because he thought I had ability and for no other reason," Virginia Grey has said, "Gable agreed to make the test with me. He was very kind and very helpful, and I think we worked well together. Unfortunately, I didn't get the role.

"Clark was very apologetic. He realized that when a girl is 20, she dreams and hopes a lot, so he came up to me one day and said, 'I'm sorry, kid, that it didn't work out. But there'll be other pictures.' And there were, too.

"When Clark made *Test Pilot* and *Idiot's Delight*, I had small roles in them. I'm sure I got them because he spoke for me. He didn't have to. I meant nothing to him. He was engaged to Carole Lombard at the time. He was just being the nice, sweet guy he's always been. We'd see each other around the lot, and he'd always have a kind word.

"After he married Carole in 1939, I'd still run into him at the studio, but less frequently. He'd ask me how things were coming along. I'd tell him, and we'd go our separate ways. Just professional acquaintances."

Less than three years later, Carole was killed in an airplane crash near Las Vegas.

Gable was really shattered by Carole's death and announced that he was quitting pictures for the Air Force. "I want to be a machine-gunner on a plane," he said, "and I want to be sent where the going is tough."

Shipped to England in 1943, Gable was put to work producing a film to attract recruits for aerial gunnery training. With the help of a six-man crew, he shot 50,000 feet of film showing combat conditions over Antwerp, the Ruhr Valley, and southern France.

When he returned to Hollywood to edit his film, he met Virginia Grey once again. The date was December 20th, 1943. Ironically enough, six years later, on that very same date, Gable was to marry Sylvia Ashley.

In 1943, however, marriage was farthest from Gable's mind. He was happy that he could spend Christmas in the United States. When Jill Winkler, Otto's widow, invited him over for a little Christmas cheer, he was genuinely thrilled. When he found, too, that Virginia Grey was also there, he was overjoyed.

He rushed over to her, picked her up in his arms, and gave her a big kiss. "Gosh," he said, "it's good to see you."

That was the beginning.

In uniform and out, Clark started seeing lots of Virginia Grey. They would dine either at his house or hers, never in public. During six years, Gable and Grey were seen by the Hollywood public only three times, twice dining at the Beverly Club, and once at the Los Angeles Tennis Club matches.

Yet they dated each other several times a month.

THE idea of going out in public was never discussed between them. When Virginia was asked by a friend why she didn't make Clark take her to the hotspots and the previews, she answered, "I'm content doing anything he wants to do. If he likes fishing, I like fishing. If he wants to go hunting up around Bakersfield, I want to go hunting. If he wants to park the car at the airport and watch the planes come in, I want the same thing. It makes no difference to me whether we're seen in public or not. I just like being with him any place any time."

Gable regarded Ginny as "the old reliable," the girl who would always be there. For a time, there was talk that Ginny would marry Richard Arlen, but that came to nothing.

There was talk, too, that Gable would marry again, but as far as Clark was concerned, marriage was out. He had and still has a faithful secretary in Mrs. Jean Garson, a former secretary to Carole Lombard. The daily housekeeping routine of paying bills, ordering food, answering mail, and all the rest of it is still taken care of by her.

Many people insist that one cause of the present break-up between Lady Sylvia and Clark was Sylvia's inability to get along with Mrs. Garson.

Anyway, as long as he had Mrs. Garson to look after things, Gable was never in a hurry to get married. He never proposed to Ginny.

Had she been more ambitious, more devious, Ginny might have forced the play. She isn't the type.

"Sure, I love him," she confessed to her sister, "but thousands of people have been trying to marry him off for years. Why don't they just stop match-making? When the right time comes for Clark to marry, he'll get married, but not before."

Gable kidded himself into believing that December 20, 1949, was the right time for him. That was the day he and Sylvia Ashley were married at Alisal Ranch. They went to Honolulu on a honeymoon, while Virginia Grey remained at Encino, and wept.

The alibi of a drunken driver is usually, "I didn't know I was loaded."—*Red Skelton as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

Like all good troupers, however, she went back to work. Whenever reporters asked her about Gable, she insisted that he was a wonderful man, and that she hoped he was very happy.

But Gable wasn't very happy. Early this year, it was no secret that his fourth marriage was on the rocks.

Just before leaving for Honolulu aboard George Vanderbilt's yacht, Sylvia Gable filed a divorce action charging grievous mental cruelty. That was in June. On her return to California, she moved out to her beach house, and Gable went to work in *Lone Star*, with Ava Gardner.

He got lonely. After a hard day's work, there was an empty house to greet him, and no one to visit but Howard Strickling, the MGM press director who lived across the road. But he saw Howard practically every day at the studio.

It might take years before he could technically call himself a single man, but certainly Clark had no wife to come home to.

What was more natural for Clark than to call up Ginny Grey, the girl he could depend on for loyalty and friendship? Well, he called her, and now they take rides together and swap stories, as they did in the old days. No one ever sees them in public, because Clark likes to give the impression that he's through with women.

There are some who insist that Gable loves Virginia Grey as he might love a kid sister. Others say that if he did love her at all, he would have married her years ago. The smart money, however, points out that Clark didn't realize what a gem he had in Ginny until he went ahead and married someone else. They say that by remaining herself, Ginny has won back the King.

Whether she has or hasn't only time will tell. But if there's a fifth Mrs. Gable it may well be Virginia Grey.

She's the best thing in Gable's life since Carole Lombard. THE END

(*Continued from page 44*) but the marriage didn't last, and the reasons for its failure don't belong in this story. However, when it ended, Vera was a heartbroken and disillusioned girl. In Cincinnati, Vera's birthplace, in the Lutheran church which she attended, and in her own family circle, divorce was frowned upon. Vera struggled within herself for months, and by the time she made her final decision to get a divorce, she had become a star in Hollywood. While she was separated from her husband the bachelors around town were constantly calling her for dates, but Vera felt it most improper to go out with other men while she was still legally married. By the time she sued for her divorce, she had been a recluse so long that she felt awkward about going out. Once Vera made the plunge and began accepting invitations, she had to learn all over again about candlelight and wine.

In the following years she was squired by practically every eligible man in town.

"If a girl's in pictures," she says modestly, "she doesn't have to be very bright to attract men."

THE remark is typical of Vera's down-to-earth career and Hollywood itself. She realizes that the adulation stars receive is often due to their position in life. Her sense of values is old-fashioned enough to reap the approval of any Mothers' Sunday School Society in the U.S.A.

When she met Rock, she wasn't immediately impressed. It happened at Ciro's one night when Vera was there with a group of people. Rock was with his agent and discoverer, Henry Willson.

"I wonder if I could meet her," Rock said to Henry.
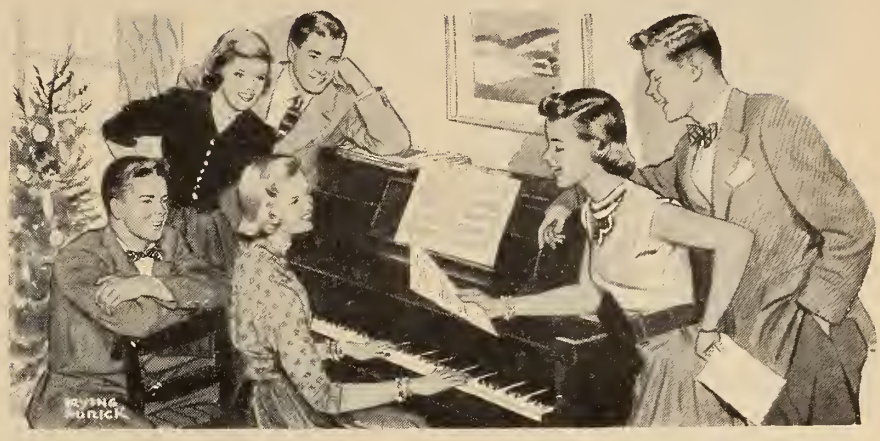
"Certainly," said Henry

Vera remembers now how big Rock seemed. He's six-feet-three and she is just five feet tall. When he danced with her, she came up to his chest but she noted with satisfaction that Rock was amazingly light on his feet and had a fine sense of rhythm. For his part, Rock was highly nervous. He was dancing with Vera-Ellen, one of the finest hoofers in Hollywood, and it gave him a sinking sensation. He felt shakier than the situation warranted, however. It could have been the immediate attraction that Vera had for him (although to this day Rock will admit nothing) or it could have been that Vera's stardom gave him a sense of fright.

Rock was new to Hollywood then and expensive nightclubs had him spinning. In the first place, Rock is a nice, sensible guy, and nightclubs didn't appeal to him. But his studio insisted that he be seen and photographed in the popular spots as frequently as possible. "Nobody's going to take your picture if you're sitting at home listening to a symphony," they told him. The night he met Vera-Ellen was the first time Rock was glad he had heeded the studio's advice.

They began dating, quietly and easily. They went swimming, driving, had dinner together. The attraction began to grow, and soon Rock was dating no one else. As long as he took Vera to places populated with press photographers, his studio was happy. But when they noticed that Vera continued dating other men, and that Rock stayed at home on those nights, they began to insist that he squire other girls. In the meantime, the press had noted his preference and columns were full of references to the romance. Then later, squibs began appearing to the effect that the romance had folded, because Vera had been seen somewhere with A. C. Lyles, or with

Are you in the know?



Can you be the hit of a holiday party, if you're —

☐ *A jingle belle* ☐ *A snob sister* ☐ *Mistletoe mad*

When the gang gathers 'round the piano—put new zing in the sing! Beforehand, write jingles to popular tunes: a verse about each guest at the party. *Practice* rhyming (starting now). A rhyming dictionary helps; or get an assist from the class "Pote." Jingles pay off—in fun, popularity; even in loot, sometimes. And you'll find it pays, confidence-wise, to choose the sanitary napkin that prevents revealing outlines. Kotex! Thanks to those special *flat pressed ends*, you're free from telltale outline woe!



How can you "k. o." Christmas jitters?

☐ *Wrap as you shop*

☐ *Stock up on cologne* ☐ *Take a night off*

Want to know how to beat that last-minute deadline? (1) Wrap your gifts in advance, as you buy them. (2) Take an evening off, to address your cards. (3) Prepare for gal friends' unexpected presents—with extra bottles of cologne. And lest your *calendar* catch you unprepared—stock up on Kotex, in all *3 absorbencies*. That special *safety center* gives you extra protection; k. o.'s accident worries.



If your guy can't afford much gallivanting —

☐ *Slip him the wherewithal*

☐ *Snare a spender* ☐ *Try parlor magic*

He's no miser—just allowance-bound. If your steady can't squire you 'round town *every* night, how about a few home dates? A little parlor magic (disc music and popcorn) can help him save for your really plush occasions. On trying days, there's magic too in the way Kotex puts the skids on discomfort. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives wonderful softness that *holds its shape!*



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Arthur Loew, or other eligible men.

Vera was acting sensibly, but not in the pattern of Hollywood. Vera does not believe in going steadily with any man unless there is a definite engagement between them. And Hollywood publicity is a funny thing. If a star is married, she's supposed to stay home and hover over her family; but if she's single she is supposed to be *out*—all the time. It is believed necessary to the success of a career, and knowing that Rock could not afford a steady diet of the top night spots, Vera simply continued dating others.

A YEAR ago, Rock asked Vera to marry him. She didn't give him a yes or no answer. They came to the agreement that it was too soon to decide. Each of them regards a career as very important, and Rock was not yet financially able to enter marriage with a star. Vera told him candidly that she wants her husband to pay the rent and the groceries, and to have a well-established professional position. Rock agreed with her. So they dropped the subject, and things went on as before until Vera-Ellen left for England to make *Happy Go Lovely.* It was their first long separation, and they both realized that with the other absent, something very important seemed to be missing.

When Vera returned to Hollywood last fall, they were seen together almost constantly. It was then that they knew they were on the brink of becoming serious. They drew back as one person.

"I'd marry Vera," Rock told a friend at that time, "but I'm too broke."

The financial aspect of it, on Vera's part, had little to do with a decision. What bothered her was that she knew Rock wouldn't be happy until his name was as big in the business as hers.

Vera says she is also waiting for something else. Having been in Hollywood five years, she has seen too many newcomers lose their heads and all sense of proportion when success comes. With his success in *The Iron Man* and the new *Bend of the River,* in which he co-stars with Jimmy Stewart and Arthur Kennedy, he is a sure-fire bet for top stardom.

Vera herself wasn't aware of this until she saw him for the first time on the screen. One night, realizing she had never seen his work, she took her mother to a double feature, *Winchester 73* and *Peggy.* Rock had minor roles in both of them, and when he made his first appearance Vera's mother gasped. "Why, I know him!" she said. "He's the one who raids our ice-box!"

ALREADY the bobby-soxers have latched on to Rock's good looks, and his overnight popularity is not far away. Vera is still overly cautious about marriage.

"I think too much, I guess," she says.

Rock understands, though. In fact, they are very similar in disposition. They love the same things—the water skiing up at Lake Arrowhead on Sundays, dancing, roast beef, dogs, quiet evenings in front of a fireplace, music—the list is endless. They both love to eat, particularly when it's Rock's mother who has cooked the dinner.

In the middle of a conversation one night he said that if they got married, he'd like to take her to his grandfather's farm in Illinois for their honeymoon. "I think that would be wonderful," Vera said. "Better than Honolulu or any place like that."

Even their failings are similar. Both of them forget about phone calls, are always late for appointments, careless about little things, and it's a toss-up as to which is the worse procrastinator. Vera finishes work for the day in *Belle of New York,* then takes a dancing lesson, loses all sense of time, and is an hour late for a date. Or Rock will wander into the gym at his studio and start boxing, and forget to show up. Always, the one who is kept waiting is furious, but can say nothing about it, for it would be a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

Rock Hudson, according to his friends, was a wonderful and humble guy when he started on his Hollywood career, and more important, still is. All signs point to the fact that his feet will stay firmly on the ground when the adulation of the fans starts pouring over him. Vera still feels a little misplaced in Hollywood. There is no hauteur about her, no false pretence. She doesn't try to be "sharp," doesn't bend over backward to effect fast repartee in her conversation. She speaks the same way she did the day she left Cincinnati. As a matter of fact, Vera is trying to live a Cincinnati life in Hollywood—and Rock's trying to live a Winnetka life in Hollywood. Cincinnati and Winnetka are two of the many places in America where men and women know each other for a long time, sometimes many years, before they decide that they have a solid basis for a happy marriage.

Vera is slightly amused by the contradictory reports of the press. "If somebody says we've cooled off," she says, "it means we haven't been to Ciro's or the Mocambo recently. Then we go to a premiere together, and the next day a columnist has us engaged again." But she's fair about it, too. "I don't blame them for being confused. We don't have it straight ourselves."

To the suggested possibility that she and Rock have nothing more than friendship between them, she gives her head a quick little shake and says, "Oh, no—it isn't anything like that! I'm attracted to him—definitely." But she admits that this is different, that there is none of the flutter which accompanied her first love. She wonders if that sort of youngish excitement ever happens again, or if a second love is always more mature, a quieter thing that makes companionship more important.

Vera hasn't said, in so many words, that her love is deep enough for marriage. It's still possible that some day a man will come along whose charm will sweep all of her caution into a cocked hat. At any rate, no matter who gets her hand, Vera-Ellen is well worth trying for. Men date the sleek and snooty glamor girls for conquest and excitement, but Vera is the type men marry. THE END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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his life's no open book

(Continued from page 66) of nothing with housewife-wizardry and motherly love.

There weren't many movies or fancy trips for the Keels. The whole family pitched in to paint and paper the house whenever redecorating was needed. They shared in other projects by which honest families exhibit their self respect.

They also shared the farm! Grace Keel was the oldest of five children of the Osterkamps, who had 110 acres not far from Gillespie. There were Sunday dinners or picnics out at Grandma and Grandpa's. There were two or three week vacations for the boys there, too; quantities of rich milk from the herd of Jersey cows; platters heaped with fried chicken from the egg-money flocks; crocks heaped with Grandma's delicious cookies. And the woods were filled with wonders for Harry, as he was called, to explore.

All these filled the wonderfully happy days before Howard was 11, before the day his father suddenly died.

Then Howard's mother had to take over. It would have been simpler, perhaps, for Mrs. Keel to have taken her boys and moved in with her parents, but she was determined not to impose on her now elderly parents. Instead she supported her boys by doing the things she knew best—baking crusty bread, washing and ironing, nursing here, and cleaning there.

"I used to take for granted the things my mother did for us before that," Howard says briefly but with feeling. "I guess most kids just think it's coming to them. But when she had to go out to do them for others to earn money to take care of *me*, that was *different*."

Howard's brother was old enough to join the Civilian Conservation Corps which the government designed to get able young men off the breadlines into some productive work. He, however, was too young to join the CCC to relieve his mother of his care. Howard brooded over being a burden to her. In his desperate effort to do something about it, he took to riding the rails to various towns looking for work. Sometimes the cops caught him and sent him back. Sometimes he came home of his own accord. But he'd always wind up jobless, bewildered and hopeless.

There were those who called him "a wild one" but his mother didn't listen. Neither did his public school music teacher who'd watched him listen to a tune once and immediately reproduce it on his trombone.

"Howard," she told him, "you have a very rare gift. You have a perfect musical ear! If you'd just practice, you could go anywhere you want to in the music field someday," she insisted repeatedly.

But *someday* didn't interest Howard. He was worried about the present, and was too busy scheming schemes which might bring immediate money into the house to waste time practicing. So busy that his health began to fail.

Grace Keel saw what was happening, so she packed their old model A and headed West. They settled in the mild climate of Fallbrook, California, a town of about 1,000, not far from the CCC camp where Howard's brother was located. Mrs. Keel settled into the pattern of washings, ironings, sewing, bread-baking and whatever other work she could get. It was hard going, but her reward was seeing Howard's health return fast. He grew rugged enough to play on the high school's football, basketball, and baseball teams. Rugged enough to get into mischief, and earn himself the reputation of being one of the boys most likely to be called to the principal's office—

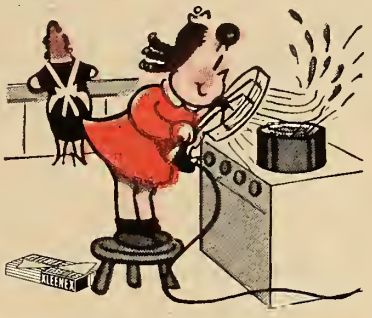
Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

To remove grease from soup, try—

☐ *Lettuce* ☐ *A fan*

Skim grease off soup by dousing lettuce leaf with cold water, then pass leaf over soup surface. To skim through kitchen chores, use Kleenex. It's a grease-getter! Grand for "mop-ups." Only Kleenex has that handy Serv-a-Tissue box!





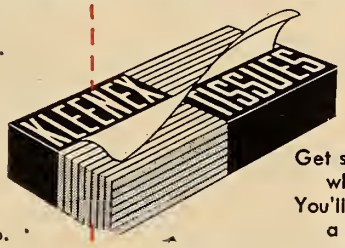
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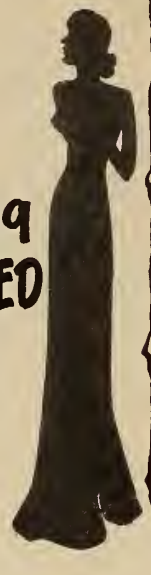
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"And not for anything petty either," Howard recalls dryly. Despite his native intelligence, he kept his grades at the danger point, and just managed to graduate with his class.

All the time, though, he managed to get odd jobs after school to help out. Remembering them today, he covers them with, "Oh, just anything I could get. Washing dishes in restaurants and things like that."

One of his stories about Grandma Osterkamp reveals another kind of work he did. "One time during World War I when hired hands weren't to be had, Grandpa was trying to get the last of the silage in before dark, and a threatening storm. He asked Grandma if she'd just round up their herd of Jerseys and get them into the barn where he could milk them by lantern light. Quite a bit later, he went to the barn and found she'd milked every one of them—22 to be exact." After telling the story he'll ask, "Ever milk a cow? Looks simple, but unless you're really used to it, you get an ache all the way up your arm." And as he pantomimes an experienced milker's routine, one gets the idea that Grandma wasn't the only one in the family who has sat on a three-legged stool for hours.

School out, he headed for Los Angeles where he got jobs in restaurants, once as a singing waiter. Those jobs generally ended in explosive scenes since young Howard had determined not to take any guff from anybody, and restaurant patrons aren't always straight out of Emily Post. Finally he landed a job as a mechanic at Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica. Things had never been so good. He loved to work with his hands; and besides it meant a steady weekly pay-check for the Keels again.

Somewhere about this time a hasty, youthful marriage took place. It is impossible to say more about it. Howard himself never mentions it. And when queried, his former co-workers at Douglas don't remember anything about it, though they remember Howard well. It is as if this short-lived romance never existed.

While at Douglas, Howard entered the adult education program at Los Angeles High School, studying voice with the night class. As only one of 40 in the class he obviously didn't get private lessons.

"But those classmates provided an audience," he'll tell you. "The most critical I've ever faced. They didn't mind telling you off one bit!" he smiles, undoubtedly remembering some particularly sharp personal criticism.

That class provided the springboard which bounced him to his present stardom. One of the members managed to land a small role in an English language opera being presented in nearby Pasadena. Unable to appear at the last minute, he sent Howard in his place.

In the audience was the late George Huston, a fine professional actor and singer of radio, stage and screen. Huston's hobby was helping promising young talent. And successfully too, as John Raitt, Brian Sullivan and other present stars can attest. Through Huston's interest, and under his guidance Howard lost his "I-only-sing-for-fun" attitude toward his voice. Convinced by Huston that he might really go places if he took his talent seriously, Howard settled down to do so.

In the meantime, he was progressing at Douglas, too. After a short stint at North American Aviation, Douglas called him back to a better job as an outside manufacturing representative. This job meant considerable cross country travel.

The traveling job made it possible for him to enter some scattered music contests. He won the annual Mississippi Valley Festival Singing Contest while in East Moline, Illinois. Before he moved on, the director, Dr. Bulard, who Howard remembers with deep gratitude, fixed it for him to enter Chicago's big musical contest. Howard walked away with the prize there, too. His triumph in the big city led to professional concert dates in Rockford, Illinois; Davenport, and Muscatine, Iowa.

With a couple of professional appearances under his belt, he auditioned for the National Concert Agency back in California. They sent him to audition for Oscar Hammerstein II. The famous writer-producer promptly hired him as vacation replacement for John Raitt in the Broadway production of *Carousel.*

"I didn't have any stage fright then. I didn't know enough to," Howard says now. "It wasn't until I substituted for Curley in *Oklahoma!* that I got scared. Once you've succeeded in walking on stage, singing and being charming throughout that first act, you're constantly scared you can never do it again. I've never had to be pushed on the stage the way some veterans as well as newcomers have, but I was terrified all right. Remember, I'd had no real musical training—just a little experience and a lot of luck which I wasn't used to.

Shelley Winters' latest quote: "I want to succeed so badly I'm willing to work for it."
Hedda Hopper in The New York Daily News

"But I soon got the musical help I needed. Frank Vespia, a swell guy who sang in the *Oklahoma!* chorus, hounded me into going to his voice coach, 'Papa' Rossi. Papa had retired as a star of the San Carlos Opera Company, and now helped young singers. He listened to me go through a few bars, made no fuss whatsoever, just said he'd coach me. It took me awhile to realize how fine he really was. Just being with him was inspiring. Not only did he do more for me vocally than anyone else could—he was a good friend."

With his own natural talent, and Papa's help, Howard fulfilled the hopes of Rodgers and Hammerstein so well on Broadway, that they selected him for the role of Curley in their London company of *Oklahoma!*

"London was wonderful!" Howard says.

London was just as enthusiastic about him. He was a tremendous hit there. Such a hit that he got his first movie role there—in the British picture *The Small Voice.* This in turn brought him Hollywood's serious attention, with MGM holding out the biggest bait of the season, the lead role in *Annie Get Your Gun.*

But better than professional prestige, London gave him *the* girl. Helen Anderson came from Florida to England to dance in the chorus of *Oklahoma!* Howard took her home to California, and they were married in historic Mission Inn in Riverside, on January 3, 1949. The following year a daughter was born.

That's about all anybody knows about his immediate family. For although Helen makes some rare public appearances with him, Howard won't let out a peep about his family if his vis-a-vis happens to be a reporter. He might let it drop that he went to Florida last summer to meet his wife's parents for the first time. He'll even admit that he liked the folks and the town they live in. But don't ask him what town!

He might let loose with a few four-letter words concerning nosey reporters. He might give a short character sketch of actors who climb to stardom on publicity rather than talent. He might turn on his fabulous charm, a charm that can make anybody forget what they came for, and

just be happy with what they've got.

But more likely, he'll switch deftly to a story about Grandma Osterkamp. Maybe about the time, years ago, when she had to have all her teeth pulled. She drove the horse and buggy the 18 miles to the dentist, had the work done, and then drove back to the farm where she bustled around getting dinner for her husband, five children, and the hired hands! Howard will explain, "She wasn't pushed into it. She didn't do it to make a good story. She did it because she wanted to do it for her own satisfaction. And not for anybody else's."

Howard believes that's what makes her so wonderfully different. That's why he wants to be just like her. That's why he lives the way he does . . . for his own satisfaction. And the rest of the world will just have to be satisfied with that. THE END

what men have done to me

(*Continued from page 63*) stay with me when she occasionally comes to Hollywood. I'm grateful for her interest in my career, and I try to demonstrate my gratitude.

Grips and gaffers and electricians who work on my pictures refer to me as a pretty good egg. I try to be.

Stories that I act like a prima donna on the set are laughable. I remember only too well when I myself worked in the line as a chorus girl. I am no haughty, snobbish social climber; no lonely, embittered woman obsessed with her career.

Thanks to Douglas, I try to live graciously. I work and will continue to work because I love it, and because I also have four children to support.

WHEN I'm wrong about anything, I admit it readily. It took time to learn how to do it, but I learned. Only a year or so ago, I was making a picture with Vincent Sherman, a very fine director. Somehow, I couldn't follow his direction. I lost my temper and in front of the entire crew, cried, "I just don't know what you want me to do. I don't think you do yourself."

Five minutes later, I was back on the set. "Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "a little while ago you heard me blow my top at Mr. Sherman. In front of all of you, I should now like to apologize."

That's no great accomplishment, of course—but it was a man who taught me that the admission of error is an integral part of character.

When I'm wrong I up and say I'm wrong. I don't dilly-dally about it. I try to treat my associates with fairness and honesty. I pay my secretary and the children's nurse as much as I can possibly afford. I learned a long time ago that chiseling on help never pays.

I also learned from a man that there is more to marriage than sex—mind you, I'm not knocking it—but love is infinitely more than that.

It was Franchot Tone, my second husband, who contributed greatly to my intellectual development, and I don't mind admitting it one bit.

Franchot was a Phi Beta Kappa at Cornell. He came from a line of distinguished ancestors. Wolfe Tone, the great Irish revolutionary, was one of his forebears.

Franchot helped me cultivate a strong liking for literature and art and opera. When I was going through that stage, I used to have as many people of culture and taste for dinner and Sunday breakfast as I could possibly manage.

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A few of the gossip columnists made fun of me. They mocked me, called me "Lady Crawford." I was burned up, but only for a while because I realized they had a job to do. If they wanted to kid me—well, I think the years have proven pretty conclusively that I'm one actress who can take it.

There is nothing shameful about the pursuit of knowledge. If my folks had been wealthy, perhaps I would have been sent to finishing school and a good university, and after that a year abroad. But they weren't wealthy; and I've always had to make my own way. It takes brain power to do that.

Franchot helped me develop that brain power, to channel it into a better understanding of the arts. I love to read. I now understand good music. Looking at a really fine painting means something to me. I perceive the artistic motivation behind the work. People aren't born with a sense of art appreciation. They have to learn, to be taught. I was taught by a man.

My house today is pretty well-decorated. I have some fine paintings. They reflect my taste. Taste doesn't come to a woman overnight. It's a gradual process compounded of trial and error and integration.

It was also Franchot who taught me a few things about a dollar. "Acting," he pointed out, "isn't a very secure profession, my dear. Save a few bucks while you can."

I listened and I invested some of my savings in real estate. I own an apartment house in Beverly Hills, and it's pretty good income property. During the years I wasn't working—after I left Metro and before I went to Warner Brothers—that income came in mighty handy.

I am not tight with a dollar, and so far as I can see or read—no one has ever accused me of that. I'm not going into a long list of my charities, but I believe money is meant to be spent, and I've spent plenty of it on all things, including dozens of worthwhile charities.

I've made bad investments, too—but there's no sense in crying over spilled milk.

It was a man who taught me that, too. Forgive me, if I don't mention his name. There are a few things about my love-life I prefer not to share.

Practically everything I know I've been taught by men . . . not only the good things like kindness, humility, graciousness, and being a regular fellow. They taught me perseverance, and how to fight and hold on.

I remember how many people came up to me after I left Metro and said, "Joan, you're being foolish. What difference does it make? Suppose your parts aren't so hot. It's still money."

"If you believe in something firmly enough," I answered, "then you should be ready to fight for it." Well, I fought until I got the parts I wanted. I went without work for more than two years. Fair-weather friends left me by the dozen. Reporters ignored me. Gossip columnists said I wasn't news any more. I went all through that, but I hung on until I got the right role. It was *Mildred Pierce*, and it won me an Academy Award.

I've also fought to keep my marriages going. I remember the time an actor who, supposedly, was a deep friend of mine kept pumping such verbal rubbish into my husband's ear as, "Why don't you step out on Joan? I know some real cute girls over at the studio."

This actor proceeded to get my husband drunk. They went out on a double date, and I got wind of the fact. I wasn't worried about the actor. I was worried about my husband.

After all, the girl in question might have blackmailed him or involved us in a pretty huge scandal. I found my husband wit this so-called "cutie." I took him hom and sobered him up. He was apologeti and grateful. I myself was terribly hur but by holding on and fighting, I save our marriage, at least for a while.

If a girl wants anything in this worl —and I still believe it's a man's world— she has to fight for it. Maybe she doesn show she's fighting. Maybe she appear sweet, simple, feminine, and naive bu underneath she must be imbued with som sort of drive, some sort of push, or sh will never get anywhere.

As I said before, I am in the positior fortunate or unfortunate—however yo look at it—of having to support mysel and four children.

This is a little rough. I should muc prefer to be married to a millionaire, t sit on my south side most of the day relax in the sun, and sport a beautifu tan. But no can do. I must work.

When you work in a man's world, yo adopt some of the male accoutrement. am direct. I call a spade a spade. I mak decisions quickly. I keep my word. Whe I make a date with anyone, male or female that date is kept. I value friendship to highly to endanger it.

If you read anywhere that Joan Craw ford is not in the market for marriage that she's had her fill of it, that she been reported as saying, "No more hus bands for me!"—it is pure poppycock.

I am not disillusioned with marriage. I is still the most perfect state for man an woman. I would marry tomorrow if th right fellow came along—so there!

The fact that I've been married three times in the past, I regret. I regret tha they weren't lasting. Some of the blam must have been mine. I readily accep a share, and am wiser now. I know a littl more about life and men and the bird and the bees, and if I walk down the aisl again it will probably be for keeps.

Actors generally don't make good hus bands, so the chances are I won't marry an actor. But then again, a girl can neve tell.

At the moment, I am not sour, embit tered, man-crazy, money-mad, domineer ing, haughty, snobbish, or condescending I am a normal woman in the prime o life who works for a living as an actress I love fans who ask me for autographs. sign all of them. I love to pose with movie goers. I love to answer their mail. I'm flattered when they go see me in motion pictures. I get a thrill when I buy a new gown. It does my ego a world of good when three men call up and ask for a date in the same evening.

In short, I am a normal woman with normal desires, and normal habits.

Anything said to the contrary is simply untrue. THE END

(Joan Crawford will soon be seen in Warners' This Woman Is Dangerous.—*Ed.)*



Director Vince Sherman once got public apology from Joan. She learned "to err is human."

what now, princess?

(*Continued from page 38*) few questions," he young woman replied.

"You're a reporter!" Rita screamed. She natched the two children away, ran to the loor and flung it open. "Get out!" she shouted. "Get out!"

The girl, who was a reporter for a local Los Angeles newspaper, did just that.

That incident was only the beginning. All that day, reporters kept streaming n and out of the hotel. After a while, the lesk clerk discarded the ridiculous pre-ense that "Miss Hayworth isn't even egistered here."

As for Rita, she almost went out of her nind. The phone would ring, and she would pick it up.

"A call for you, Miss Hayworth."

"Find out who it is, please."

"It's your father."

"Very well, I'll take it."

Only it wasn't her father, and it wasn't her brother, and it wasn't her agent or any of the other people she really wanted to speak to. It was the newspaper boys.

"We have a report from Aly Khan in Paris," said one. "Aly says, 'I'm willing to give up my unstable way of life and even quit racing horses if she'll come back to me.' What've you got to say about that, Miss Hayworth?"

"I know absolutely nothing about that," Rita answered. "My decision was made when I arrived in New York."

The phone would ring again. Rita would reach for it. "Your agent's on the phone, Miss Hayworth. Mr. Abe Lastvogel."

"Hello, Abe. How are you?"

"Fine, Rita. How was the trip?"

"Is this Abe? Is this Abe Lastvogel?"

"Listen, Miss Hayworth. Are you and the Prince gonna go back together again?"

It got so bad after a while that Rita had to agree to a press conference. But, then, whatever made her think she could sneak into Hollywood, stay at one of the largest hotels in town, and then drive back to Nevada completely unnoticed?

At the press conference, Rita was very gracious. She posed for pictures with the children. Previously, the little girls had been photographed swimming in the hotel pool.

HERE's the way the first press conference went:

Reporter: Your husband's lawyer arrived in New York from Paris yesterday. He says he will attempt a reconciliation between you and the Prince. Do you have anything to say about that?

Rita: I've made my decision.

Reporter: How about the religious education of your daughter Yasmin? Is that what's holding up the divorce?

Rita: She can make her own decision about that when she's 21.

Reporter: If Aly Khan gives up gambling and horse racing—will you take him back?

Rita: I repeat, I've made my decision.

Reporter: We understand your lawyer, Bartley Crum, has been in Paris talking to the Prince? Was it about the settlement? What did the Prince have to say?

Rita: Mr. Crum won't be here until tomorrow. I won't know until then.

Reporter: Haven't you spoken to him over the phone?

Rita: No.

Reporter: Do you think your marriage to Aly Khan was a big mistake?

Rita: I'm older and wiser now, I hope.

Reporter: Do you plan to go back to films or will you just live on the financial settlement?

Rita: I'm definitely going back to films

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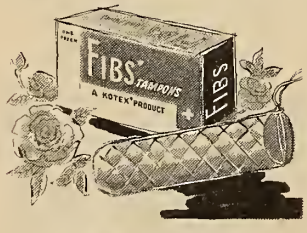
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just as soon as the studio is ready for me.

Reporter: Will your first picture be a musical or a drama?

Rita: I still love to dance, but I haven't danced for two and a half years. It would probably take me four months to get in shape for dancing. I'm going to do a picture, but right at this moment I haven't the slightest idea of what it will be.

Reporter: When your residence in Nevada was completed a week or so ago, why didn't you file for divorce?

Rita: My lawyer wasn't there.

Reporter: Which lawyer?

Rita: Mr. Crum.

Reporter: While you're in town, do you plan to go out or just stay around the hotel?

Rita: I have lots of friends here. I certainly hope to go out.

Reporter: With anyone in particular?

Rita: No one in particular.

Reporter: You've been in Europe a long time. While you were abroad, did you miss Hollywood?

Rita: No, but it's good to be back.

Reporter: You say you plan to drive back to Nevada in a few days?

Rita: Those are my plans.

THE following day, Rita's attorney, Bartley Crum, and Aly Khan's attorney, Charles Torem, arrived in Los Angeles. Both of these gentlemen had talked with Aly Khan in Paris. Both were tired and unshaven when they reached Beverly Hills.

Torem, however, carried with him a message for Rita from Aly.

The essence of the message was this: Would Rita please not do anything for the next six months? Would she please hold up the divorce for that period? In those six months, Aly would have a chance to come to the United States or to work out some equitable financial settlement for her and Yasmin.

Rita insisted that she wanted no money for herself.

It was then suggested that Rita meet Aly in Bermuda and discuss the possibility of a reconciliation.

This, Rita refused to do.

She did, however, agree to postpone her Reno divorce for six months providing the Prince met "one primary condition."

The condition was that after the six months had elapsed, the Prince would agree to cooperate in a Reno divorce, if by that time no reconciliation had been effected.

It is plain that Rita never wants to return to Aly Khan. When she left him last April in the middle of an African safari, she'd had enough.

She realized then that the Prince was too old to change, that he would remain a perennial playboy whose life revolved around horses, gambling, and beautiful women.

Rita Hayworth believes that all able-bodied men should work for a living, and she doesn't mean working over a roulette table.

She also feels that women are just as valuable as men. According to the Moslem tradition, this is not so, which is why Aly Khan offered to settle far less on Yasmin than he has on his two sons by a previous marriage.

A few weeks ago, Aly offered to start a trust fund for Yasmin with a principal of $250,000. In addition, he would send Rita $10,000 every three months for the little girl's support. Whatever was unnecessary or left over from that figure would be added to the trust fund, the lump sum to revert to Yasmin when she reached 21.

This is less than Frank Sinatra settled on his family, and Sinatra isn't even titled, let alone a prince with millions.

Rita spurned Aly's offer. "Yasmin is every bit as valuable as a son," she insists.

If Aly settled $3,000,000 on each of his sons, then Yasmin is worth an equal amount.

JUST where Aly is supposed to get all this money no one knows. His father, the Aga Khan, received his fortune by way of tribute from all the Moslems in the world. Once each year he is given his weight in gold. Supposedly, he hands some of this over to his number-one son, Aly. But the Aga isn't too pleased with Aly these days. He not only liked Rita personally, but when Aly took Rita to such Moslem strongholds as Nairobi and Madagascar, the natives went crazy about her. This made the Aga Khan a more admired figure than ever before.

Once Aly was married to Rita, the Moslem followers felt that, at long last, the playboy had settled down, and that this heir to the Moslem dynasty was preparing in a sensible way to accept his religious duties.

What happened?

Rita took Yasmin, left Aly in Africa, and came back to Hollywood—the implication being that as a husband, Aly was a great hunter.

What Rita fears most is that Aly will contest her Nevada divorce. Technically, if he so chooses, he can accuse Rita of desertion. A contested divorce would also mean exposing their private life in court.

Rita doesn't want this, and neither does Aly.

In fact, Aly wants no divorce at all. He knows how upset his father is about all the current and past notoriety, and there always lurks the possibility that the Aga will disinherit him.

Aly feels that he can make Rita happy by treating her as an equal and a beloved wife. Moslems never treat their wives as equals, but in this case Aly is willing to make an exception.

From all indications, however, Rita isn't buying any reconciliations.

The question is: What now, Princess? Where do you go from here?

Rita has worked most of her life and feels that she can keep at it for at least another 15 years. Currently, she is back on Columbia's payroll at $2,500 a week.

That she will marry again goes without saying. She believes in mirriage, even though three of them crashed at her feet. However, no one can predict who her fourth husband will be.

When she checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel in July, a reporter happened to notice that Ted Stauffer was in the lobby. Stauffer, the man for whom Hedy Lamarr gave up everything, furniture included, used to be one of Rita's favorite boyfriends. But he's married to Hedy now, and out of the running.

Of late, Gilbert Roland, who was once married to Norma Talmadge, has been beating a constant path to Rita's hotel suite. Roland has known Rita for many years, and supposedly is very much in love with her. One of the town's great lovers, Roland ardently wooed Doris Duke while she was in Hollywood.

There's no doubt that he would like to get married again. But whether Rita would have him is problematical. For several weeks she refused to dine in public with him and their friendship was kept a secret.

All the love that Rita has right now seems to be concentrated on her daughters, the oldest one of whom is vaguely aware of her mother's troubles. "Why is our picture in the papers so much?" she asked Rita recently. But that's only one of the questions Rita has to face. There are a lot more she must be asking herself and finding even harder to answer. THE END

this time it's real

(*Continued from page 57*) be going with her for almost a year just to pass the time away."

As for Jean MacDonald, she says, "I have no engagement ring as yet, and the question of marriage hasn't been broached, but Pete's practically the only boy I've been dating for a year.

"Right at this moment if he were to ask me to marry him, I'd probably say no. Maybe you don't believe that, but when and if Pete ever proposes, or any man for that matter—I want him to be absolutely sure that I'm the girl he wants for life.

"I don't know if Pete's arrived at that point yet. All I know is that he is one of the finest, most considerate, most intelligent young men I've ever dated."

How well Jean really knows Peter remains to be seen. A few years ago, one Hollywood actress was certain that she had young Lawford dangling on the hook when suddenly he walked out and never phoned her again. Later, she attributed his sudden defection to the fact that she had just moved to a district in Los Angeles where the telephone toll was 15 cents.

Such tales, however, are of little interest to Jean. To her, he is kind, generous and thoughtful. After all, wasn't it Peter who suggested that she come to Hollywood? Wasn't it he who spoke to the big boys at his studio about giving Jean a job in the publicity department? Wasn't it he who introduced her to his friends and made her feel at home? Wasn't it he who went to no end of expense to see that she was comfortable when she flew to visit him in Australia?

In her book, Peter Lawford is okay.

CHAPTER one of that book began last January when Pete, en route to Australia for the filming of *Kangaroo*, stopped off in Honolulu with fellow-actor Dick Boone for a little relaxation.

Pete, as everyone in Hollywood readily acknowledges, specializes in three hobbies: beach sports, charades, and girls.

After a day of surf-riding and sun-bathing at Waikiki, Pete and Dick were in the mood for a little feminine companionship. Hawaii, being one of the most hospitable places on earth, Pete had only to mention his desire. In a flash, he was dating Charlotte Faye, and Dick was dating Jean MacDonald, two of the Islands' prettiest girls. Like many civic-minded gals in Honolulu, these two spent most of their leisure time at Tripler General Hospital, visiting wounded soldiers who'd been evacuated from Korea.

"Our first meeting was a funny thing," Jean recalls. "Because actually it wasn't our first. I'd met Peter at New Haven a few years previously. I'd gone up to Yale with a boy from Scotland to see a Yale-Dartmouth football game, and he happened to run into Peter. He introduced me, and that's all there was to it. In Honolulu, I wasn't his date at all. He was dating Bubsby—that's what everyone calls Charlotte Faye. But after a while, Bubsby got tied up, and I went around with Peter and Dick. We were a threesome on the beach. We had a great time, and I really hated to see them leave. Australia sounded so far away.

"But then a wonderful thing happened. Mrs. Lewis Milestone, whose husband was scheduled to direct *Kangaroo*, suggested that I fly to Australia with her and tour the Orient. That sounded divine, not only because I've always been interested in the Orient, but it meant seeing Peter again. I spoke to Mother, and she said all right.

"Two weeks later, we flew to Sydney and from there to Port Augusta where Pete and Dick were making the picture. In Port Augusta I really got to know Peter. I don't think he'd ever been to Australia before, but he certainly got the feel of things, and the Australians really liked him.

"There wasn't much to do at night. We used to see two movies a week, and we played 'the game' a lot. And there was swimming and horseback riding."

Love may have bloomed in Australia, but Jean is reticent about admitting it. Intelligent beyond her years, she weighs her words most carefully before she speaks.

People who've read about her and her flying trips to Australia and Hawaii somehow get the notion that she's a wealthy, giddy society girl who followed a handsome young actor around the world. But this isn't a true picture of her.

JEAN is the only child of divorced parents. Originally from Indianapolis, she was taken to Hawaii by her parents when she was only eight. A few years ago she was sent to Finch, a finishing school in New York. Upon graduation she returned to the Islands where she got a job on a local newspaper, helping to gather society news.

When Peter finished *Kangaroo* in Australia, he stopped off in Honolulu on his way back to the States, and, for three days, he and Jean took long walks along the beach, talking about themselves.

Pete realized rather suddenly that Jean was the dream girl he'd always been dreaming about. She was the girl he'd unknowingly described two years before to a young woman reporter who'd asked him what sort of woman he would consider marrying. "Let me put it this way," Pete said at the time, "I like a girl who has poise, charm, and breeding, but she must also be what I call a beach girl. I love the beach and everything that goes with it. After a day at the beach, I usually like to dress up and go to Romanoff's. That's why this ideal girl of mine has to be a slick chick, too—a girl who has social know-how like Gloria McLean (Jimmy Stewart's wife) or Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt.

"I also like breeding in a girl's looks. There are many girls with long blonde hair and sexy figures whom men consider beautiful. But I don't. To me a girl with a well-groomed look, not the flamboyant type, but a quiet beauty who radiates health and vitality is the greatest beauty of them all. I go for the typical college types, not movie sirens. I like a girl to be long-legged and wholesome looking, with a clean-cut, happy face.

"I need more than a beautiful girl for a wife. I want a stimulating companion, and someone whose personality fits in with mine."

When he got to know Jean MacDonald, Pete realized that here was the girl he'd always been talking about.

"Look, Jean," he said, "you say you're interested in writing and journalism. Why don't you come to California? There's more opportunity there."

"Do you honestly think so, Pete?"

"Of course I do. Los Angeles is really the place for you."

That's about all the urging Jean needed. A few weeks later she was living in Los Angeles, a house guest of the Lewis Milestones. Sharman Douglas, who has been prominently mentioned with Lawford, tossed a welcoming party for Jean, and she was launched. But Jean wasn't interested primarily in the social rigamarole of Hollywood. She was interested in getting a job, and getting to know Peter better.

First she went to work for a doctor named Rex Ross, setting up a filing system for him, and putting his office in shape. Then she began dating Lawford rather

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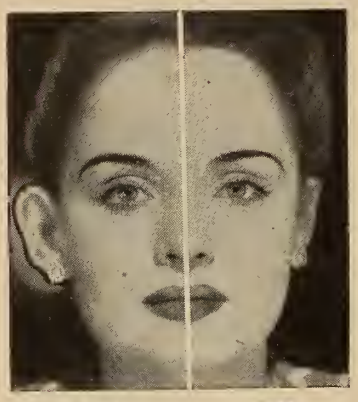


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regularly. And all the Peter Lawford-Sharman Douglas talk stopped. Apparently, these two had been telling the truth. They were only good friends. But Pete and Jean, it seemed, were more than good friends. Potentially, they were husband and wife. Pete was extremely busy during the summer making a picture with Janet Leigh, but whenever he had any time off, he and Jean would spend it together.

Jean took a little apartment in Westwood, and on Sundays, Pete would come by, pick her up in his Cadillac, and down they'd speed to the beach.

Early in August, Pete was pretty tired. The Peter Balcoms invited him to come to Honolulu and stay in the house they'd rented from Florence Hayward, one of the world's top interior decorators. Pete accepted the offer with thanks.

When his plane took off for Hawaii, Jean MacDonald was also aboard. Immediately, word spread that Jean and Pete were eloping. Why else would Jean go back to Honolulu?

"There was absolutely no thought of any elopement," Jean explains. "My mother was ill in Honolulu, and she was thinking of moving back to the States, so she wanted to talk to me and have me pick out any of the furnishings I wanted. It just happened that Peter was going to the Islands at the same time. It was a lucky break. Both of us had a little company coming and going."

By the time Peter and Jean returned to Hollywood, everyone was convinced that they were genuinely in love.

LAWFORD, who hates to admit that he's fallen for any one girl, confessed that his feelings for Jean were "serious." When friends of his, for example, asked for Jean's phone number before he took off for England, Lawford insisted that she had no phone. Of course she had, but Pete didn't cherish the idea of having any competition while he was away.

Naturally, the few eligible men in town began asking whether or not Pete had given Jean an engagement ring.

Jean said that officially she was not engaged to Peter. But, she added, "Come October maybe something will happen."

A girl who knows Jean intimately confided to friends the other day that, "If there is no engagement announcement sometime this fall, Mr. Lawford is going to have to get himself a new girl. Jean is much too smart, she has too much character to be strung along. She will be flashing an engagement ring very soon, or Peter will be back dating the cute little co-eds from UCLA down at the beach."

The next move is Lawford's; and if his love for Jean is strong enough, he will move in the right direction. After 10 years of playing the field, Mrs. Lawford's boy is ready for matrimony. The only thing that might hold him back is the fact that he may not know it. THE END

nothing but blue skies

(*Continued from page 37*) Suddenly, she was conscious of how uncomfortable she felt in her new evening gown, specially designed in Paris by a famous French couturier. It didn't fit properly. She was painfully aware, too, of her excess-weight, which made her slim legs wobble as they balanced on high heels. *"Please, dear God, tonight is so important to me. My whole future depends on it. Please make everything go all right,"* she silently prayed. Everyone in the



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audience, from the Duchess of Kent, sitting in the Royal Box with Danny Kaye as guests of managing director, Val Parnell, to the "gallery girls," who had saved their last half crowns for a reserved seat, wanted her to make good. Judy was no stranger to them. They were devoted and loyal fans, with a tremendous admiration for her great talent. When they had read about her attempted suicide, their hearts were torn with sympathy for anyone so young and gifted, despairing of life. Before she even had a chance to sing a note, they embraced her with such a thunderous ovation that she was left speechless. Her unabashed tears of happiness expressed her gratitude. From that moment on and during her entire four weeks' S.R.O. engagement at the Palladium, London was hers. She sang better than she had ever sung in her life. For 40 solid minutes at a time she went through familiar favorites like "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby," "Hallelujah," "Limehouse Blues," and a medley from her MGM musicals, always winding up with just a baby spot on her as she enthralled a spellbound audience with "Over The Rainbow." And if this tiny figure (who would toss off her high heels for comfort) made you gulp with emotion, it was because you knew that no longer were these just words that she'd sung so many times before. Now, every lyric applied especially to her. "Somewhere over the rainbow her skies *were* blue—and the dreams she had dared to dream *really* had come true!" She was singing about herself. The dream-song she had made famous had come true.

To Judy, this fulfillment meant three things. It justified Val Parnell's confidence in her. He had booked her in spite of the many warnings that she might be seized again with an emotional hysteria and miss a performance. It brought her $10,000 a week, a much needed addition to her rapidly diminishing bank account. In spite of her vast earnings from her movie career and recordings, she had arrived in London virtually broke. It gave her a new lease on life and a radiant glow that she never had at the height of her success in Hollywood. No doctor's prescription could have been better medicine than her getting away from the insular life in which she has lived ever since she was 15. She's 28 now, the mother of five-and-a-half-year-old Liza Minnelli, and yet incredibly enough, this is the first time that she's had any freedom from disciplinary pressure of any kind. For the first time, she isn't being told what *not* to eat, who *not* to see, where *not* to go. She's eating bread and potatoes and all the other starches she's ogled longingly for years and never could have. No longer is she starving herself into a streamlined figure—and a physical collapse. Once again, she looks like that happy and healthy little girl whom George Jessel first discovered singing in a Chicago company and "Garlanded" with the name that was to bring her bittersweet fame throughout the world.

In Hollywood, Judy's life was bounded by her studio and her home. She saw the same faces day after day, and heard the same shop talk. Like every youngster who grows up in a large family circle, she was taken for granted. Traveling to Europe for the first time was an open sesame to a new world. In London, she saw the generations of tradition behind a great Empire. The changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, Scotland Yard, Windsor Castle, the National and Tate Galleries, Drury Lane, became realities to her instead of familiar process shots. At the Tower of London, she gaped at the fabulous jewels handed down throughout the years from one royal family to another—a collection that would

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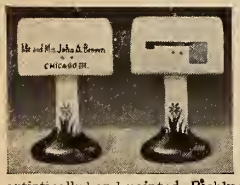


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make even such connoisseurs (and collectors!) as Sonja Henie and Paulette Goddard, blink! With her adored daughter, Liza she strolled the beautiful gardens of Battersea Park to watch the fireworks in celebration of the Festival of Britain. And together they drove through the rolling green of the English countryside, where some of the Elizabethan villages, with their thatched-roof houses have stood for centuries.

This was a world outside her movie world—and she devoured it with the eagerness of a child. Not only new vistas, but new friends came into her life too. Other great artists like Vivien Leigh, Larry Olivier and Noel Coward extended their generous hospitality to her. "She is the greatest singer of popular songs I have ever heard, because she sings from the heart," Noel exclaimed the night of the Sid Field Benefit. This was the night that every great British entertainer and every visiting American star appeared in a mammoth midnight show; and Judy, singing "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby," got the biggest ovation of the evening.

Her reception in London was duplicated everywhere she toured. In Birmingham, Blackpool, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, she played to the same enthusiastic response. On her closing nights in both Edinburgh and Dublin, the whole audience rose and sang "Auld Lang Syne," while hundreds of eager fans rushed down to the footlights and onto the stage to thank her for this one magical evening. It was in Edinburgh that some hundreds of grubby youngsters from "Poverty Row" waited all day at the stage entrance for her. The name Judy Garland meant nothing to them. They had never seen her on the screen because they had never been inside a movie house. Even a ha'-penny would have been more than they could afford. But they had heard about the "bonnie lassie" from America, and they wanted a glimpse of her. Judy was so touched by their pathetic, dirty young faces, that one matinee she bought seats for all of them, and treated them to an ice cream and cake party on stage afterwards. The night of her closing, they took up their vigil at the stage entrance, and when she came out, a five-year-old tot, prodded by the rest of the group, bashfully handed her a small nosegay of flowers. Where they had collected the shillings for it Judy had no idea, but if they had been sprinkled with diamonds, it couldn't have meant more to her.

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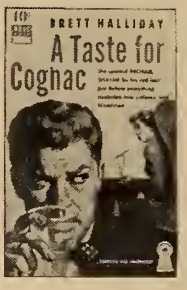
Three times a day, Pat and I telephone each other. Usually about nothing—"How are you, what gives, whoya seein', nobody, g'bye." We could talk Esperanto and it wouldn't matter, just so we were hearing the other's voice.

If I'm going to be late getting home, I tell Pat on the phone and then he stops off on his way home to pick up the chops or steak or fryers. Once Diana Lynn asked me how I handled the food-shopping situation when I was working and I told her. "Humm," she said. "I don't think I've been married long enough to ask John to do the shopping."

I mentioned this to Pat that night. Next day when I got home, Pat was grinning. "Diana's been married long enough now," he said. "I just met John at the market."—Mona Freeman



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Judy was Sid Luft, who acted as her business manager, buffer, and guiding mentor. It was he who booked her engagements with enough time between to rest and safeguard her health. It was he who sorted out the countless requests and invitations, and took the brunt of abuse when he thought it best to say no. It was he who beaued her to the gay spots around town when she wanted to unwind and relax after her two shows a night. And it was he who accompanied her to Paris and the Riviera for a holiday spree. There were plenty of tall, dark, handsome Britishers, Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Frenchmen around who would have liked to cut in, but they didn't stand a chance—Judy only had eyes for Sid. Whether or not this romance, which started when they ran into each other accidentally in N. Y. about a year ago, will wind up at the altar, is still a moot question. Certainly, at the moment, any marriage plans are premature. Sid's divorce from Lynn Bari won't be final until January, and there'll be plenty of legal matters to be straightened out before then, especially involving the custody of their three-year-old son. During that time, Judy will be continuing her tour "inside U.S.A.," including two nights at the famed Carnegie Hall in N. Y. There's also the possibility of her making a sequel to *Meet Me in St. Louis* for Freddie Finkelhoffe, namely *Meet Me in New York*. Sid will be busy with his own plans for his picture based on "Man O'War." Sid let Judy sail back to the States without him, knowing that the William Morris Agency, which now represents her, is well equipped to handle the rest of her tour. Whether this severance of their business relationship will have any effect on their romantic interest in each other, remains to be seen. Judy is still on the best of terms with Vince Minnelli, and always will be, because of their mutual love for their daughter, Liza, and their respect for each other's talent. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that this close bond may eventually reconcile them. In any event, no matter what Judy's future date with romance is, she'll be emotionally prepared to handle it now. Without realizing it, she herself summed up her emergence from her dark, unhappy past at a house party given by Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier. A young actress was a topic of conversation, and caused Judy to turn to me and exclaim, "I see her heading for the same nervous breakdown that almost ruined my life. I only wish I could talk to her and help her avoid the same pitfalls. Unfortunately, though, one can only learn from one's own experience. THE END

love crazy

(*Continued from page 51*) The great love of Betty Hutton and Norman Krasna had lasted exactly five days.

On the surface it would appear that the whole thing had been a big lie, a joke, maybe; possibly a publicity stunt. But none of these things were true. It might actually have *been* love. At any rate, it was a serious matter, and the conclusion sent Betty Hutton into a shell of retirement that, at this writing, she has not yet emerged from.

THE incident of a hasty engagement and a quick separation is, of course, not too odd; nothing to get terribly excited about. But, in Betty Hutton's case, it took on an added importance mainly because a couple of weeks before she had been engaged to another man—and had also said, "This is it!" His name was Pete Rugolo, a newcomer to Hollywood and, according to the studio people, a music arranger of talent.

For eight weeks before Betty began dating Norman Krasna, Betty had been inseparable from Rugolo. They dined together, played together, and had their pictures taken in loving poses together every time they got into a place where photographers worked. It was a cinch they would be married. Or so it seemed.

Although the excitement wasn't the same as with Krasna, the happiness, on Betty's part, was. Her co-workers at Paramount could tell exactly what the state of her romantic life was by the way she walked to the sound stage in the morning. If she had had a quarrel the night before, she would stomp down the studio street looking at nobody and without saying hello to anyone, her face as long as a fishing pole. But if things had gone well, she would dance to her work, slapping people on the back and exchanging greetings with total strangers.

It is this "on" or "off" personality of Betty Hutton's that is the key to the entire character of her love life. There are no half way romances with her; it's all or nothing at all. And this doesn't apply only to love. Her life is a frenetic thing, filled with gaiety one moment—and misery and sorrow the next.

They tell a story about Betty that is said to be typical of her. She had been restless for weeks until somebody brought up the name of a girl friend she hadn't seen for months. Betty immediately went to the phone to call her. The line was busy, so she tried again in a minute or two. The line was busy for an hour, and finally Betty was sitting at the telephone like a wild woman, dialing and slamming down the receiver as though her life depended on her getting the number.

Finally, the phone rang and the friend wasn't there. Betty got busy and for two days called everywhere she could think of to get her girl friend on the line. Finally, she succeeded and invited the girl to come and spend a few days with her. The girl didn't think she could make it right then, but Betty pressed so that she finally accepted and showed up the next morning prepared to spend maybe a week.

The two girls threw their arms about one another and Betty was wild with delight. She scampered all over the house, laughing, joking, making plans. About two in the afternoon, the girl friend was worn out, so she lay down to rest for a moment.

IT HAPPENED TO ME



While vacationing in Hollywood, I visited the Carthay Theater and mingled in the crowds of avid movie followers. One of my favorite actresses walked up and I called loudly, "Marta Toren!"

My voice was drowned out amid the noise of the crowd. But behind me, I heard someone whisper dramatically, "Now see here, you guys, let's keep the voices down!"

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Betty watched her, then began to glower. She snapped at anyone who spoke to her. She was miserable. That evening some people came in and someone asked an old pal what the matter was.

"Betty's tired of her," the pal said.

"But she invited her. And she's only been here a few hours!"

"That's Betty," said the friend. "She's just bored with her now—and she won't be happy until she gets out of the house."

That's Betty Hutton. Sudden mad passions for people and things—and then sudden boredom that turns almost to hatred.

With two exceptions, this has been true of Betty Hutton's romances.

The first time Betty was in love—really in love—her friends will tell you, was shortly after she came to work at Paramount. She had been a band singer, a hit in Broadway shows and now she was in the movies with every possibility of becoming a smash. Those first weeks on the lot were wonderful. The new girl was the gayest thing the studio employees had ever seen. She didn't talk, she chattered. She didn't laugh, she roared. She didn't walk, she leaped about like a kitten.

Then one day she fell in love with a director. It was a one-sided affair because the director happened to be happily married. This, however, was no help to Betty. She was madly in love. Being of a pretty proper turn of mind, though, she didn't do anything about it. She just grew quiet, then somber, and then she began to look haggard and she was as much fun as a funeral.

The whole temper of the lot changed. It seemed as though a dark cloud had descended on the studio. Nobody laughed anymore. And during the waiting periods between takes the company sat around and glumly waited for the day to be over.

When she didn't have to be on the set, Betty would sit in her dressing room, from which she could see the door to the director's office, and wait to catch a glimpse of him. She would sit in the window for hours, obscured by the curtains, and wait for one look—and then she'd go back to the other room and weep. It lasted for a couple of months. A long time for Betty.

It is conceded that this was real love—even though nothing ever came of it. She didn't fall in love again until years later when she met and married Ted Briskin.

BETWEEN the director and Briskin, though, there were many other men. Dates, just dates. It seemed that Betty would meet a fellow, sound as though she was going to like him, and then not talk to him two days later. She wanted to meet someone very badly—but just didn't seem to have any luck at it. Most of the men she went out with were neither present successes nor too hopeful about their future. Betty was quoted as saying:

"I wish I could meet a guy who could just take care of *me*. Some fellow with a good job and a lot of ambition who could support me and a family."

She did, in 1945—and shortly afterwards became Mrs. Ted Briskin.

They will tell you that life in the Briskin household was not all peace and light. There were times, and the neighbors will attest to this, that it appeared the roof might be coming off the place any minute. There were quarrels, but there was also much happiness. Betty, it appeared, was able to cope with her moods much better when she had the security of a home and husband. If she had had a bitter night, she would come into the studio in the morning grumpy, but after a telephone call from home, assuring her that everything was all right, she would perk up and lightly get through the day.

Her associates liked this, and looked forward to the time when Betty would save all of her bombastic temperament for the screen. When the news that she was to have a baby came out, they thought:

"This, for sure, will do it!"

The first child, Lindsay Dianne, was born in November, 1946, and with her baby, Betty found an outlet for her love, something that belonged to her completely, and she settled down considerably. A second daughter, Candice, was born April 14, 1948—and Betty simmered down still more.

Nobody in Hollywood ever really understood Ted Briskin. He was definitely not the Hollywood type. He was handsome, as handsome as most of the top stars themselves, but his background was foreign to the movie colony types and he didn't mix with them very well.

When Ted and Betty began going about to the Hollywood parties and to the cafes, it was hard to believe she was the same girl. Briskin is a stickler for propriety and more reserved than average. When he and Betty went out some of it rubbed

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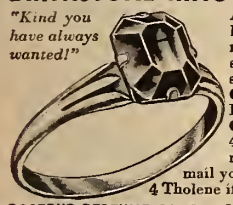


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off on her, for she was almost stuffy at times. The girl who would have at one time leaped across a restaurant to sit in a friend's lap and kiss him all over his face became the cool and nodding kind.

Love, aside for the now well-known bickering at home—something that can be expected in any family—was wonderful and had done a world of good for Betty.

Then, a couple of years ago, it became common knowledge that the Briskins were not getting along at all. Ted, they said, was very unhappy with a situation that kept him away from his family's business, the Revere Camera Company, in Chicago.

Even though love ruled the household, it appeared certain that the rift between Ted and Betty would widen and split right down the middle. Ted started a camera company in Hollywood, with Betty as a partner, but the operation was small and soon folded for lack of interest.

If you saw Betty Hutton right after Ted moved out of the house, you would have known that she had suffered grievously by the separation. She wept for weeks and seemed inconsolable. She was unhappy *all* the time, even when she was supposed to be working, a new thing for her, because Betty had always been able to pull herself together to shoot a mad singing number or a comedy sequence.

It serves no purpose to recount here the off-again on-again months that followed with Betty and Ted, except to point out that it was obvious she was very much in love with him and wanted to find some solution to their problem. The last time they got together, as a matter of fact, she went to Chicago to talk to him and then announced to the press that she was going to live with Ted in the East and just journey to Hollywood to make movies. That, of course, wasn't a workable plan, so the separation became final—and a divorce followed.

Then came Pete Rugolo—and the plans to marry again. Then came Norman Krasna—and another plan to marry. And maybe before this page is printed there will be another man.

What does it all add up to?

It says, and quite definitely, that Betty Hutton is an unhappy woman unless she is in love and married. It says that she must make up her mind as to just what she does want—the hasty, frantic life she portrays for her casual friends, or the true, sincere life she so seldom lets people see, but that she so desperately wants, really.

There is a part of her make-up that never lets her be idle. She wants people around her all the time, laughing and telling jokes, and talking show business. She has to have action all the hours of the day. She likes to have her friends come to call, but the moment they stop being amusing, she can't stand them. She wants love—but she just won't make room for it.

Long before Betty Hutton came to Hollywood, she was a sober-minded little girl of 14. She was singing with the Vincent Lopez orchestra, straight songs, ballads sung with feeling and meaning. She was doing all right, she thought, until one of the members of the band told her that Lopez was going to fire her.

That night she walked out on the stage to do her numbers as usual, but she was angry. To the devil with the script, she thought, and she began making fun of the songs. She slammed all over the stage, kissing the musicians, knocking over the microphones and raising old Ned in general, while the stunned Lopez watched her.

When it was all over, she went to the dressing room to pack, and Lopez found her there. He looked at her oddly for a moment. Then he said:

"Why haven't you done that before? You were sensational!"

Betty was astonished. But from that night on, it was the way she always worked. It got her to Broadway and from Broadway to the movies—and in the movies it made her a star.

Maybe that's what's the matter with her personal life. She thinks she always has to be on, always yaking it up and clowning, or crying, doing it big.

If she would go back to the ballad singer of 14, she might find the real Betty Hutton. One who could find a quiet happiness.

At any rate, Betty Hutton is confused in love today. And she will leave a string of men in love with her confused, too. There is at present Pete Rugolo and Norman Krasna. Maybe Ted Briskin.

If only she would take the advice she gave to Shelley Winters at a party a few months ago. They met and someone began talking about Shelley's front-page shenanigans with Farley Granger.

"Look, Shelley," Betty said, "save it for the screen. I know."

But does she?

THE END

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